

Macbeth: Figures of Speech & Analytical Template

Suggested uses

Sharpen literary skills by interpreting and illustrating these figures of speech. For each figure of speech, create an **Analytical Template / 1-Page Assessment** (see: **Model**).

How to create an **Analytical Template/ 1-page Assessment**:

1. Copy the original quote.
2. Identify the speaker
3. Cite source lines.
4. Paraphrase it.
5. Summarize it.
6. Contextualize it.
7. Illustrate it.

Paraphrase = translate
"word for word"

Summarize = capture
central meaning

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Have students organize and refine their work into **Classroom Artifacts / Creative Assessments**. Branch out artistically, e.g., painting, sculpture, tableaux, etc. Decorate walls and exhibit what students are learning.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him
(1.2.11-12)

If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me
(1.3.59-61)

Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?
(1.3.108)

Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.
(1.4.27-29)

The Prince of Cumberland. That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.
(1.4.48-50)

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
(1.5.23-26)

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.
(1.5.60-61)

Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.
(1.5.63-64)

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.
(1.7.10-12)

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other –
(1.7.25-28)

He hath honored me, of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
(1.7.32-35)

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely?
(1.7.35-38)

There's husbandry in heaven:
Their candles are all out.
(2.1.4-5)

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
(2.1.60)

Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
(2.3.58-59)

Confusion hath now made his masterpiece.
(2.3.65)

All is but toys: renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn...
(2.3.93-94)

Th' expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason.
(2.3.109-110)

Our tears are not yet brewed.
(2.3.124)

There's daggers in men's smiles.
(2.3.141)

By the clock, 'tis day.
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living night should kiss it?
(2.4.6-10)

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.
(3.2.13)

Treason has done his worst.
(3.2.24)

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
(3.2.36)

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!
(3.2.46-50)

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fear.
(3.4.26-27)

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.
(4.1.113)

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
(4.1.149)

Each new morn new winds howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face.
(4.3.4-5)

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds.
(4.3.39-41)

Your wives, you daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust.
(4.3.61-63)

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings.
(4.3.84-87)

The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
(4.3.209-210)

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
(5.2.20-22)

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck form the memory a rooted sorrow.
(5.3.40-41)
I have supped full with horrors.
(5.5.13)

Out, out, brief candle.
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
(5.5.23-28)

Make all our trumpets speak. Give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
(5.6.9-10)

Analytical Template

Illustrate	
Original Quote	
Speaker & Lines	
Paraphrase	Summary
Context	