

*Macbeth* (1.1.9-25)

CAPTAIN

Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And Fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,  
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like Valor's minion, carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,  
And fixed his head upon our battlements.