

ENGLISH LITERATURE QUOTATIONS

FOR A
SIMPLE

NOTE: THIS BOOK HAS NOT YET BEEN
COMPLETED – IT WILL OCCASSIONALLY BE
UPDATED WITHIN THE NEXT TWO MONTHS
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VERSION 3.4

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Using this book

USING THIS BOOK

1 This is a chapter

1 *Macbeth by William Shakespeare*

Act	Scene	Summary
1	1	The three Witches meet during a storm and declare their intention to meet Macbeth
	2	Sergeant tells King Duncan and Malcolm about Macbeth and Banquo's bravery against the Thane of Cawdor, Macbeth is ordered to be the Thane of Cawdor
	3	The Witches meet Macbeth and Banquo, telling Macbeth he will be Thane of Cawdor and a future king, and that Banquo will not be a future king but his descendants will rule
	4	Duncan praises Macbeth and tells him he will visit his castle in Inverness, and announces Malcolm as heir to the throne
	5	Lady Macbeth is told about Duncan's visit and wants to kill him for Macbeth to be king
	6	Duncan arrives
	7	Macbeth worries about Lady Macbeth's will to murder Duncan, Lady Macbeth insults him
2	1	Banquo and Macbeth speak about the Witches, Macbeth then sees a hallucination of a bloody dagger and forces himself to continue
	2	Lady Macbeth drugged Duncan's guards, Macbeth killed Duncan and brings the bloody daggers, they smear them on the guards and go to sleep when they hear knocking
	3	The knocking continues, the guard lets Macduff and Lennox in, they go to see Duncan but he is dead, Macbeth kills the guards, Malcolm and Donaldbain flee the country
	4	An old man tells Rosse of the strange omens before Duncan's death, Macbeth is to be crowned as Duncan's successor
3	1	Banquo suspects Macbeth killed Duncan, Macbeth plans Banquo's murder and sends two murderers to kill Banquo and Fleance on their way back from horseback riding
	2	Macbeth and Lady Macbeth discuss the danger Banquo presents
	3	The two murderers and a third kill Banquo, but Fleance escapes
	4	Macbeth sees the Ghost of Banquo in his seat at the banquet, Lady Macbeth says Macbeth is ill and dismisses the people, Macbeth says he will consult the Witches
	5	Hecate tells the Witches that they need to prepare special spells to delude Macbeth
	6	Lennox and another Lord discuss the suspicious deaths of Duncan and Banquo, the support of Malcolm from the King of England and Macduff's will to overthrow Macbeth
4	1	<p>the Witches give three apparitions to answer Macbeth's questions:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - an armed head warns Macbeth against Macduff - a bloody child, declaring that no man born of a woman can harm him - a crowned child to assure him that he will not be conquered until the forest at Birnam marches to Dunsinane <p>A parade of eight kings appear, escorted by Banquo's ghost, showing that these are his descendants who will rule</p> <p>Macbeth is told about Macduff's desertion, so Macbeth decides he will kill Macduff's family</p>
	2	<p>Lady Macduff is upset about Macduff's departure and tells her son he is dead</p> <p>A messenger tells them of their danger, and then the Murderers kill the boy and his mother</p>
	3	Malcolm tests Macduff's loyalty to Scotland through pretending to confess to wrongdoing, and they both vow to launch an army against Macbeth in return for Lady Macduff's murder

1 – Macbeth

5	1	Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep and moans about blood on her hands, mentioning the murders of Duncan, Lady Macduff and Banquo in front of a Gentlewoman and Doctor
	2	Scottish rebels against Macbeth warn of the approaching English army led by Malcolm, Macduff and Siward at Birnam Wood
	3	Macbeth says he does not fear the invaders because of the assurances of the Apparitions The Doctor says he cannot cure Lady Macbeth of her hallucinations
	4	Malcolm orders his soldiers to carry tree branches as camouflage
	5	Seyton reports to Macbeth that Lady Macbeth is dead, and a messenger reports that Birnam Wood appears to be moving, Macbeth declares himself ready to die
	6	Malcolm, Siward and Macduff approach the castle
	7	Macbeth fights Siward and kills him
	8	Macbeth fights Macduff, who proclaims that he was surgically removed from his mother's womb before birth, and Macduff kills Macbeth
	9	Macduff appears with Macbeth's head and hails Malcolm as King of Scotland, who declares his supporters as Earls of Scotland

MACBETH

Act 1

Stay, you imperfect speakers

such prophetic greeting

Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me
Without my stir.

Let not light see my black and deep desires.

We will proceed no further in this business.

Act 2

(to Banquo) It shall make honour for you.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee.

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.

This is a sorry sight

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

No, this my hand would rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine

there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade

Our fears in Banquo stick deep

wail his fall who I myself struck down

I require a clearness

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.

Better be with the dead [...] Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck

Act 3

The worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed

(to Ghost) Thou canst not say I did it.
Never shake thy gory locks at me.

I have a strange infirmity

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Blood will have blood.

Act 4

(Apparition 1) Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Beware Macduff. Beware the thane of Fife.

(Apparition 2) none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

(Apparition 3) Macbeth shall never be
vanquished until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo. Down!

Act 5

I will not be afraid of death and bane

She should have died hereafter

Ring the alarum-bell! – Blow, wind! Come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

(to Macduff) Curse you for telling me this [...] damn the first man who cries "Stop! Enough!"

LADY MACBETH

Act 1

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

Unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.

And take my milk for gall

And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell [...] Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark

Look like th'innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.

Only look up clear.
To alter favour ever is to fear.

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?

And live a coward in thine own esteem

What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?

I would, while it was smiling in my face, [...] dashed the brains out

Act 2

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight

Consider it not so deeply.

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

Infirm of purpose!

My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

Act 3

Say to the king I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Are you a man?

This is the very painting of your fear. [...] A woman's story at a winter's fire
Authorised by her grandam

What, quite unmanned in folly?

Act 4

Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot! Out, I say! – One, two.

What, will my hands never be clean!

Here's the smell of blood still.
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.

What's done cannot be undone.
– To bed, to bed, to bed!

BANQUO

Act 1

So withered and so wild in their attire

*Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?*

You shall be king.

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear

Act 3

*Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may 'st revenge – O slave!*

THE WITCHES

Act 1

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.*

(to cat) I come, Graymalkin!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Act 3

*Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful*

*Double, double toil and trouble, (repeated later)
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.*

Act 4

Seek to know no more

*FIRST WITCH: show
SECOND WITCH: show
THIRD WITCH: show*

2 – A Christmas Carol

2 A Christmas Carol *by Charles Dickens*

Stave	Summary
1	Scrooge is working in his counting house and watching over his clerk, Bob Cratchit
	He does not want to pay for another lump of coal to heat the office
	Scrooge's nephew, Fred, wishes Scrooge a Merry Christmas but Scrooge does not want it
	When he comes home, he thinks he can see an image of Marley on his doorknocker
	After double locking the door and sitting by the fire in his nightgown, the bells go off and he sees Marley's Ghost, wrapped in chains
	Marley's Ghost warns Scrooge of his ways and urges him to change them
	He is warned of three ghosts which he will encounter over the next three nights
2	
3	
4	
5	

Stave 1

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner!

Hard and sharp as flint

solitary as an oyster

warning all human sympathy to keep its distance

old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house

a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer

boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart

(Fred) a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time

“Good afternoon!”, said Scrooge (repeated 5 times)

to decrease the surplus population

darkness is cheap and Scrooge liked it

There’s more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

3 – An Inspector Calls

3 An Inspector Calls by JB Priestley

Arthur Birling

(heavy-looking, rather portentous man)

I speak as a hard-headed business man

lower costs and higher prices

community and all that nonsense

wretched girl's suicide

I can't accept any responsibility

I've got to cover this up as soon as I can

(Eric) because you're not the kind of father a chap could go to

(to Sheila) you hysterical young fool

(to Eric) You're the one I blame for this

There's every excuse for what your mother and I did

Probably a socialist or some sort of crank

Sybil Birling

When you're married you'll realize that men with important work to do sometimes have to spend nearly all their time and energy on their business

Girls of that class –

You know of course that my husband was Lord Mayor only two years ago and that he's still a magistrate

We've done a great deal of useful work in helping deserving cases

I think she only had herself to blame

I consider I did my duty

Go and look for the father of the child. It's his responsibility

find this young man and make sure he's compelled to confess in public his responsibility

Sheila, I simply don't understand your attitude

Sheila Birling

(at the start) mummy
(progressively) mother

I know I'm to blame

we really must stop these silly pretences

so I am really responsible

you don't seem to have learnt anything

between us we killed her

these girls aren't cheap labour – they're people

Eric Birling

(who is uneasy, sharply) *Here, what do you mean?*

(involuntarily) *My God!*

I'd have let her stay

That might have started it

(Eric enters, looking extremely pale and distressed)

You know, don't you?

I was in that state when a chap easily turns nasty

she was pretty and a good sport

*you killed her
yes, and you killed her
you killed them both*

I did what I did

Gerald Croft

(Sheila) *I knew anyhow you were lying about those months last year*

(breaks off) *My God!*

I'm sorry, Sheila

But how do you know it's the same girl?

(at the end) *Everything's all right now, Sheila. What about this ring?*

I suppose it was inevitable

(Birling) *lower costs and higher prices*
(Gerald) *Hear, hear!*

I don't come into this suicide business

(Birling) *son of Sir George Croft*

Inspector Goole

It's my duty to ask questions

Public men, Mr Birling, have responsibilities as well as privileges

(an impression of massiveness, solidity and purpose)

Burnt her inside out, of course

but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us

*We don't live alone.
We are members of one body.
We are responsible for each other.*

then they will be taught it in fire and bloody and anguish. Good night.

4 – Power and Conflict

4 Power and Conflict from Poems Past and Present, AQA Anthology

Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley

stand in the desert

shatter'd visage

whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command

which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless
things

the hand that mocked them and the heart that
fed

boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away

London by William Blake

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

black'ning church appals

Runs in blood down palace walls

How the youthful harlot's curse

And blights with plagues the marriage hearse

The Prelude (extract) by William Wordsworth

(led by her)

Leaving behind her still [...] Small circles [...]
Until they melted all into one track

Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line

The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky

a huge peak, black and huge,
as if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head.

in grave and serious mood

for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense

Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields

were a trouble to my dreams.

My Last Duchess by Robert Browning

Looking as if she were alive

Will't please you sit and look at her?

The curtain I have drawn for you

they would ask me, if they durst

how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere

My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name

I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped altogether

The Charge of the Light Brigade

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:

All in the valley of Death
Rode **the six hundred.** [...]
Into the valley of Death
Rode **the six hundred.** [...]
Into the valley of Death
Rode **the six hundred.** [...]
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode **the six hundred.** [...]
Then they rode back, but not
Not **the six hundred.** [...]
All that was left of them,
Left of **six hundred.** [...]
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble **six hundred!**

shot and shell [...]
shatter'd and sunder'd
All the world wonder'd

4 – Power and Conflict

Exposure by Wilfred Owen

Our brains ache in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...

confuse our memory [...]
Worried by silence [...]
sentries whisper, curious, nervous

What are we doing here?

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.

Slowly our ghosts drag home

Nor ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit [...]
For love of God seems dying.

All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens

Storm on the Island by Seamus Heaney

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate

Blast: you know what I mean [...]
you can listen to the thing you fear

Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs

And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.
We are bombarded by the empty air.

Strange, it is a huge nothing we fear

Bayonet Charge by Ted Hughes

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,

Bullets smacking the belly out of the air

The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye

Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest

In bewilderment then he almost stopped

Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running

And crawled in a threshing circle

King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries

His terror's touchy dynamite.

Remains by Simon Armitage

On another occasion, we get sent out

And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.

I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.

sort of inside out

tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry.

here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.

Poppies by Jane Weir

individual war graves

spasms of paper red

Sellotape bandaged around my hand

the gelled
blackthorns of your hair

A split second
and you were away, intoxicated

without
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves

inscriptions on the war memorial

an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind

War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.

Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do.

of running children in a nightmare treat

Something is happening.

a half-formed ghost.

A hundred agonies in black and white

he earns his living and they do not care.

Tissue by Imtiaz Dharker

Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.

the kind you find in [...] the back of the Koran [...] written in the names and histories

pages smoothed and stroked and turned

If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily
they fall away on a sigh, a shift

Maps too.

Fine slips from grocery shops [...] might fly our lives like paper kites.

with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,
of paper smoothed and stroked

turned into your skin.

4 – Power and Conflict

The Emigrée by Carol Rumens

There once was a country...
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
I am branded by an impression of sunlight.
The white streets of that city
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It tastes of sunlight.
I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

Checking Out Me History by John Agard

Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me
Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity
bout 1066 and all dat
bout Dick Whittington and he cat
no dem never tell me bout dat
de man who discover de balloon
and de cow who jump over de moon [...] de dish ran away with de spoon
see-far woman
of mountain dream
fire-woman
hopeful stream
to freedom river
a healing star
a yellow sunrise

Kamikaze by Beatrice Garland

the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver
a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous
they treated him
as though he no longer existed
was no longer the father we loved.
he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

PAPER 1 – SHAKESPEARE AND THE 19TH- CENTURY NOVEL

A MACBETH

B A CHRISTMAS CAROL

PAPER 2 – MODERN TEXTS AND POETRY

A AN INSPECTOR CALLS

B POWER AND CONFLICT

C UNSEEN POETRY
