

Macbeth Imagery



Image strands: motherhood and birth

And pity like a naked new-born babe.

Image strands: birds and beasts

A falcon, towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

Image strands: sleep and dreams

The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.

Image strands: light and dark

Come, sealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

**Sorting/Pairing
Story Making**



Macbeth Imagery

Teachers' notes

Preliminary activity

Class work in groups of three to six. Each group is given one of three pictures: a crown, a dagger or a witch's hat. Groups brainstorm words or phrases associated with the pictures and write them on sugar paper for wall display or each group can present orally to the class.

Class work in different groups of two, three or four. They construct a mini story including all three items using the wall posters to help them. Groups can then tell the story or act out (in mime?) for the rest of the class.

Image matching and categorising

Small groups are given a set of cards containing quotations from Macbeth that can be sorted or paired. They could decide on the criteria but you can regulate the difficulty of the task by choosing criteria and quotations from those provided here. Groups could go on to hunt out more themes and more images.

Webaddress: <http://www.collaborativelearning.org/macbethimagery.pdf>

Devised at a development workshop in 1998 and last updated 20th April 2021

Our collaborative talk for learning activities are designed to:

...build on prior knowledge.

...move from concrete to abstract thinking.

...ensure everyone works with everyone else.

...extend social language into curriculum language.

...provide motivating ways to go over the same topic more than once.

If you can persuade students to do something simple together they will later jointly attempt something more difficult and challenging.

Good for all pupils!

Vital for EAL pupils!

COLLABORATIVE LEARNING PROJECT

Project Director: Stuart Scott

We support a network of teaching professionals to develop and disseminate accessible talk-for-learning activities in all subject areas and for all ages.

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Macbeth image strands: motherhood and birth

Yet I do fear your nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall.....

And pity like a naked new-born babe.

I have given suck and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl.

Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macbeth image strands: birds and beasts

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Yes
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his love's mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here.

And Duncan's horses.....
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out....as they would
Make war against mankind.
...'Tis said they ate each other.

Th'obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night.

He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight -
Her young ones in her nest - against the owl.

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight
.....there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Light thickens and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.

A falcon, towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

Macbeth image strands: light and dark

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Stars hide your fires!
Let not light see my dark and deep desires.

Come, sealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

By the clock tis day
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Receive what cheer you may
The night is long that never finds the day.

Macbeth image strands: sleep and dreams

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep.

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep"

The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.

.....infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

