

## Spelling list: English Literature - Macbeth Act 1

Vocabulary List from Macbeth Act 1 - spelling and conceptual practice

|           |  |
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| foul      | Fair is <b>foul</b> , and <b>foul</b> is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air.   |
| report    | What bloody man is that? He can <b>report</b> , As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.  |
| rebel     | Worthy to be a <b>rebel</b> , for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him.  |
| minion    | For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name-- Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smoked with bloody execution, Like valour's <b>minion</b> carved out his passage Till he faced the slave. |
| hail      | All <b>hail</b> , Macbeth! <b>hail</b> to thee, thane of Glamis!   |
| noble     | My <b>noble</b> partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of <b>noble</b> having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  |
| partner   | My noble <b>partner</b> You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.   |
| prophetic | Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such <b>prophetic</b> greeting?  |
| earnest   | And, for an <b>earnest</b> of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.   |
| vantage   | Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and <b>vantage</b> , or that with both He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not.                                    |
| harbinger | I'll be myself the <b>harbinger</b> and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach.   |
|           | Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a  |

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| peerless | <b>peerless</b> kinsman.   |
| weird    | ...these <b>weird</b> sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!'.  |
| dire     | Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full Of direst cruelty!                             |
| gall     | Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for <b>gall</b> , you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature's mischief! |
| frieze   | No jutty, <b>frieze</b> , Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.                                      |
| deed     | First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the <b>deed</b> .  |