

On Going On  
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William Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act V, Scene III, Macbeth speaking:

I have lived long enough. My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have, but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath  
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.  
. . . I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.  
Give me my armor.