**Санкт-Петербургский национальный исследовательский университет информационных технологий, механики и оптики.**

Факультет Программной Инженерии и Компьютерной Техники



Лабораторная работа №3 предмет

" Регулярные выражения"

«Информатика»

Вариант: 3,2,0

Выполнил

Студент группы P3112 Нгуен Тхи Ми Ту Преподаватель:

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**Санкт-Петербург**

2020г

1. **Задание на 70 баллов**

**Вариант 3**: Дан текст. Требуется найти в тексте все фамилии, отсортировав их по алфавиту. Фамилией для простоты будем считать слово с заглавной буквой, после которого идут инициалы.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ввод | Вывод |
| Студент Вася вспомнил, что на своей лекции Балакшин П.В. упоминал про старшекурсников, которые будут ему помогать: Анищенко А.А. и Машина Е.А. | Анищенко Балакшин Машина |

* **Код:**

import re

input = open('text1.txt','r', encoding="utf-8")

f = input.read()

pattern = "([А-ЯЁ][а-яё]+)\s[А-ЯЁ]\.[А-ЯЁ]\."

x= re.findall(pattern,f)

x.sort()

print(x)

* **Результаты запуска программы:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ввод | Вывод |
| Мои любимые учителя - Миугриев Д.К. и Гайдамаков А.С. | 'Гайдамаков', 'Миугриев' |
| Бызова В.С. - моя однокурсница. Она мне очень помогла | 'Бызова' |
| Ломоносов М.В. - учёный-энциклопедист, основатель Московского университета (1711-1765) | 'Ломоносов' |
| К нашему клубу присоединятся студенты: Бусыгин И.С., Колесенкова Е.Е., Никонова Н.И., Инюшин А.С. | 'Бусыгин', 'Инюшин', 'Колесенкова', 'Никонова' |
| Уважаемые студенты, я сегодня заболел, поэтому Колесников Е.Е. и Залевский Д.Е. преподают вам новые уроки. | 'Залевский', 'Колесников' |

1. **Доп. задание №1**

Для выполнения задания скачайте текстовый документ по ссылке, соответствующей вашему варианту:

Номер ИСУ: 18 → Описание: Макбет ( <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1lBo2ExJSIWc-goGx4Ton517dlIr2Q8qC/view> )

Вариант 2: Придумайте способ, как проверить корректность работы вашего регулярного выражения и проверьте его: Все предложения, в которых используется две и более запятых.

* **Ввод:** ‘text.txt’
* **Код:**

import re

input = open('text.txt', 'r', encoding = "utf-8")

output = open("textwithmorethan2commases.txt", 'w', encoding ="utf-8")

f = input.read()

f = f.replace('\n', ' ')

for i in range(10):

f = f.replace(' ', ' ')

match = re.search('[A-Z][^.?!]+,[^.?!]+,[^.?!]+[!.?]', f)

f = str.replace(f, match[0], "")

match = re.search('[A-Z][^.?!]+,[^.?!]+,[^.?!]+[!.?]', f)

while match != None:

output.write(match[0])

output.write('\n')

f = str.replace(f, match[0], "")

match = re.search('[A-Z][^.?!]+,[^.?!]+,[^.?!]+[!.?]', f)

output.close();

* **Результаты запуска программы:** textwithmorethan2commases.txt

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

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 damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore.

But all's too weak; For brave Macbeth -well he deserves that name- Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd 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 unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Mark, King of Scotland, mark.

No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd, Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

Yes, As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharged with double cracks, So they Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell- But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

From Fife, great King, Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyal traitor The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict, Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm, Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude, The victory fell on us.

That now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition; Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch, Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master the Tiger; But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

I myself have all the other, And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card.

Weary se'nnights nine times nine Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine; Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

The weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about, Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice again, to make up nine.

What are these So wither'd and so wild in their attire, That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are on't?

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!

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

If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favors nor your hate.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

The Thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and to be King Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor.

The King hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his.

Silenced with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death.

As thick as hail Came post with post, and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense, And pour'd them down before him.

We are sent To give thee, from our royal master, thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.

And for an earnest of a greater honor, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor.

In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane, For it is thine.

Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd and proved, Have overthrown him.

That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the Thane of Cawdor.

But 'tis strange; And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths, Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence- Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme-I thank you, gentlemen.

If ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth?

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature?

Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings: My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man that function Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is But what is not.

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

New honors come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use.

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

But I have spoke With one that saw him die, who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

The service and the loyalty lowe, In doing it, pays itself.

Your Highness' part Is to receive our duties, and our duties Are to your throne and state, children and servants, Which do but what they should, by doing everything Safe toward your love and honor.

Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserved, nor must be known No less to have done so; let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

My plenteous joys, Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.

Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers.

That is a step On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies.

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.

Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, King that shalt be!

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be What thou art promised.

What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Thou'ldst have, great Glamis, That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it; And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone.

Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valor of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.

One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

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!

Make thick my blood, Stop up the access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between The effect and it!

Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, your murthering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature's mischief!

Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell That my keen knife see not the wound it makes Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark To cry, "Hold, hold!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters.

To beguile the time, Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under it.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

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

No jutty, frieze, Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle; Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed The air is delicate.

See, see, our honor'd hostess!

All our service In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business to contend Against those honors deep and broad wherewith Your Majesty loads our house.

For those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose To be his purveyor; but he rides well, And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him To his home before us.

Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all -here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'ld jump the life to come.

But in these cases We still have judgement here, that we but teach Bloody instructions, which being taught return To plague the inventor.

He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murtherer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself.

Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against The deep damnation of his taking-off, And pity, like a naked new-born babe Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.

I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other.

We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honor'd me of late, and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

When you durst do it, then you were a man, And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man.

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.

When Duncan is asleep- Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him- his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume and the receipt of reason A limbeck only.

Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done't?

What, sir, not yet at rest?

This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up In measureless content.

Being unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect, Which else should free have wrought.

I think not of them; Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, It shall make honor for you.

So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counsel'd.

Thanks, sir, the like to you.

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight?

Or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee still, And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, Which was not so before.

Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murther, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost.

Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabout, And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st good night.

There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murther!

Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen," When they did say, "God bless us!

Macbeth does murther sleep" -the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast- LADY MACBETH.

Why, worthy Thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things.

If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

No, this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Knock, knock, knock!

Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.

Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose.

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made shift to cast him.

Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion and confused events New hatch'd to the woeful time.

O horror, horror, horror!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself!

Up, up, and see The great doom's image!

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time, for from this instant There's nothing serious in mortality.

All is but toys; renown and grace is dead, The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopped, the very source of it is stopp'd.

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment?

Here lay Duncan, His silver skin laced with his golden blood, And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murtherers, Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breech'd with gore.

Who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make 's love known?

What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?

And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet And question this most bloody piece of work To know it further.

Threescore and ten I can remember well, Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings.

Ah, good father, Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage.

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

And Duncan's horses-a thing most strange and certain- Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.

How goes the world, sir, now?

They were suborn'd: Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons, Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them Suspicion of the deed.

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weird women promised, and I fear Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings.

If there come truth from them (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine) Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well And set me up in hope?

Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth as Queen, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I'll request your presence.

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 'Twixt this and supper.

We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd In England and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention.

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Tis much he dares, And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor To act in safety.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding.

If't be so, For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind, For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd, Put rancors in the vessel of my peace Only for them, and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings -the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list, And champion me to the utterance!

This I made good to you In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you: How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, Who wrought with them, and all things else that might To half a soul and to a notion crazed Say, "Thus did Banquo.

I did so, and went further, which is now Our point of second meeting.

Are you so gospel'd, To pray for this good man and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave And beggar'd yours forever?

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, waterrugs, and demi-wolves are clept All by the name of dogs.

The valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike; and so of men.

Now if you have a station in the file, Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it, And I will put that business in your bosoms Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

And I another So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it or be rid on't.

So is he mine, and in such bloody distance That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life; and though I could With barefaced power sweep him from my sight And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Who I myself struck down.

We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

Within this hour at most I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, The moment on't; fort must be done tonight And something from the palace (always thought That I require a clearness); and with him- To leave no rubs nor botches in the work- Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour.

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content.

Why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on?

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly.

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.

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, Can touch him further.

Come on, Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honors in these flattering streams, And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed.

Come, seeling night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale!

Light thickens, and the crow Makes wing to the rooky wood; Good things of day begin to droop and drowse, Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

So, prithee, go with me.

Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends, For my heart speaks they are welcome.

I had else been perfect, Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, As broad and general as the casing air; But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in To saucy doubts and fears -But Banquo's safe?

Safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head, The least a death to nature.

The feast is sold That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis amaking, 'Tis given with welcome.

Here had we now our country's honor roof'd, Were the graced person of our Banquo present, Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance!

His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise.

Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth.

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

O, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authorized by her grandam.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear.

The time has been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns, And push us from our stools.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble.

Why, so, being gone, I am a man again.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admired disorder.

Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder?

I will tomorrow, And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst.

I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Why, how now, Hecate?

Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold?

How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death, And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.

Music and a song within, "Come away, come away.

I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late, Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fled.

Did he not straight, In pious rage, the two delinquents tear That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Ay, and wisely too, For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny't.

So that, I say, He has borne all things well; and I do think That, had he Duncan's sons under his key- As, an't please heaven, he shall not -they should find What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

For from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace.

The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect.

Thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy King, upon his aid To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward; That by the help of these, with Him above To ratify the work, we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage, and receive free honors- All which we pine for now.

He did, and with an absolute "Sir, not I," The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time That clogs me with this answer.

Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time.

Toad, that under cold stone Days and nights has thirty-one Swelter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake; Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg and howlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witch's mummy, maw and gulf Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, Liver of blaspheming Jew, Gall of goat and slips of yew Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, Finger of birth-strangled babe Ditch-deliver'd by a drab, Make the gruel thick and slab.

And now about the cauldron sing, Like elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

Open, locks, Whoever knocks!

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?

I conjure you, by that which you profess (Howeer you come to know it) answer me: Though you untie the winds and let them fight Against the churches, though the yesty waves Confound and swallow navigation up, Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down, Though castles topple on their warders' heads, Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure Of nature's germaines tumble all together Even till destruction sicken, answer me To what I ask you.

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths, Or from our masters'?

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks; Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.

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

But yet I'll make assurance double sure, And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live, That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, And sleep in spite of thunder.

What is this, That rises like the issue of a king, And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty?

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.

Rebellion's head, rise never till the Wood Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time and mortal custom.

Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart!

And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

Ay, sir, all this is so.

Come,sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round, That this great King may kindly say Our duties did his welcome pay.

Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word Macduff is fled to England.

And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: The castle of Macduff I will surprise, Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

To leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion, and his titles, in a place From whence himself does fly?

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.

My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself.

But for your husband, He is noble, wise, Judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season.

I dare not speak much further; But cruel are the times when we are traitors And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move.

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee.

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

If he were dead, you'ld weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person.

But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly.

Why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defense, To say I have done no harm -What are these faces?

Each new morn New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out Like syllable of dolor.

What I believe, I'll wall; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest.

I am young, but something You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking?

I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonors, But mine own safeties.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds.

But for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

It is myself I mean, in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confineless harms.

I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin That has a name.

But there's no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness.

Your wives, your daughters, Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up The cestern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear That did oppose my will.

With this there grows In my most ill-composed affection such A stanchless avarice that, were I King, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, Desire his jewels and this other's house, And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been The sword of our slain kings.

The king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them, but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting it many ways.

Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accursed And does blaspheme his breed?

Thy royal father Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee, Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she lived.

Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts To thy good truth and honor.

I am yet Unknown to woman, never was forsworn, Scarcely have coveted what was mine own, At no time broke my faith, would not betray The devil to his fellow, and delight No less in truth than life.

Whither indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth.

Ay, sir, there are a crew of wretched souls That stay his cure.

Their malady convinces The great assay of art, but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good King, Which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do.

How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people, All swol'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stamp about their necks Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction.

Alas, poor country, Almost afraid to know itself!

Where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems A modern ecstasy.

The dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.

When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor Of many worthy fellows that were out, Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight, To doff their dire distresses.

If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

To relate the manner Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer, To add the death of you.

Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

Naught that I am, Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls.

But, gentle heavens, Cut short all intermission; front to front Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

Come, go we to the King; our power is ready, Our lack is nothing but our leave.

Since his Majesty went into the field, have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep.

Fie, my lord, fie!

No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that.

Oh, oh, oh!

Well, well, well- GENTLEWOMAN.

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale.

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

To bed, to bed, to bed.

God, God, forgive us all!

Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file Of all the gentry.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Now does he feel His secret murthers sticking on his hands, Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love.

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Then fly, false Thanes, And mingle with the English epicures!

Seyton-I am sick at heart, When I behold- Seyton, I say!

My way of life Is fall'n into the sear, 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.

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round, Hang those that talk of fear.

Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

Come, sir, dispatch.

If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug Would scour these English hence?

Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Enter Malcolm, old Seward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Tis his main hope; For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things Whose hearts are absent too.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

Were they not forced with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears: The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't.

I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death.

Out, out, brief candle!

It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it.

Well, say, sir.

As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The Wood began to move.

If thou speak'st false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much.

Fear not, till Birnam Wood Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane.

Arm, arm, and out!

Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

You, worthy uncle, Shall with my cousin, your right noble son, Lead our first battle.

Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath, Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

Either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, I sheathe again undeeded.

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight, The noble Thanes do bravely in the war, The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do.

Enter, sir, the castle.

Turn, hell hound, turn!

Despair thy charm, And let the angel whom thou still hast served Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripp'd.

Then yield thee, coward, And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, "Here may you see the tyrant.

I will not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou opposed, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last.

Lay on, Macduff, And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!

Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Some must go off, and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.

He only lived but till he was a man, The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

Hail, King, for so thou art.

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl That speak my salutation in their minds, Whose voices I desire aloud with mine- Hail, King of Scotland!

My Thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honor named.

What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time, As calling home our exiled friends abroad That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life; this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace We will perform in measure, time, and place.

1. **Доп. задание №2:**

Вариант 0: Написать регулярное выражение, которое проверяет корректность email и в качестве ответа выдаёт почтовый сервер (почтовый сервер – часть email идущая после «@»). Для простоты будем считать, что почтовый адрес может содержать в себе буквы, цифры, «.» и «\_», а почтовый сервер только буквы и «.». При этом почтовый сервер, обязательно должен содержать верхний уровень домена («.ru», «.com», etc.)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ввод | Вывод |
| students.spam@yandex.ru | yandex.ru |
| example@example | Fail! |
| example@example.com | example.com |

* **Код:**

import re

def validateEmail(email):

return re.findall(r'^[a-zA-Z\.\_1-9\-\.\_]+@([a-z1-9]+\.[a-z1-9]+)',email)

email = 'hieu\_de\_choat\_879797(@itmo.ru'

valid = validateEmail(email)

if valid:

print(valid)

else:

print('Fail!')

* **Результаты запуска программы:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ввод | Вывод |
| can\_you\_123@itmo.ru | itmo.ru |
| mytu\*74@gmail.com | Fail! |
| jasmine@yandex. | Fail! |
| youand.i@gmail.com | gmail.com |
| @itmo.ru | Fail! |

1. **Вывод:**

Я познакомилась с Regex. Это очень полезно, используется для проверки электронной почты, номера телефона, ... очень быстро и удобно, но помимо этого синтаксис regEx легко забыть и запутать.