From Macbeth Act 3, Scene 2

LADY MACBETH

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Disclosure Discovery Decision