

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;

38 He brings great news.

Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse
39 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
40 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
41 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
42 And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
43 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
44 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
45 That no compunctious visitings of nature
46 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
47 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
48 And take my milk-for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
49 Wherever in your sightless substances
50 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
51 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
52 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
53 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
54 To cry "Hold, hold!"

LADY MACBETH

35 Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why,
36 then, 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my
37 lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we
38 fear who knows it, when none can call our power
39 to account?—Yet who would have thought the old
40 man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor

41 Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

42 The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—
43 What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'
44 that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with
45 this starting.