

Macbeth

1.5

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a letter

LADY MACBETH *(reading)* `They met me in the day of success,
and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in
desire to question them further, they made themselves
air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the 5
wonder of it came missives from the King, who all-hailed
me ^aThane of Cawdor^o, by which title before these weird
sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
time with ^aHail, King that shalt be!^o This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, 10
that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to
thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature. 15
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, 20
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst 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 25
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Servant

What is your

tidings?

SERVANT

The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it. 30
Is not thy master with him, who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation?

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O never

Shall sun that morrow see.

60

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't. He that's coming

65

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear.

70

To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt