

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH

Macbeth, Act II scene 1: ENSEMBLE SOLILOQUY

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

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 yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

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

There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse The curtain'd sleep;

Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it.

Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

