

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH

Macbeth, Act II scene 1

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;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest; 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; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd
murder, 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 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.