

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT
Lady Macbeth Raven Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: The raven himself is hoarse

that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty!

Make thick my blood; stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature

shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it!

Come you murdering ministers, wherever in your sightless substances you wait on nature's mischief!

Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry

BOTH: 'Hold, hold!'