

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

**MACBETH PROJECT**  
Lady Macbeth Letter Soliloquy, Act 1

**BOTH:** 'They met me in the day of success:

and I have learned by the perfectest 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 wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;'

by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with

**BOTH:** 'Hail, king that shalt be!'

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, 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; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way:

**BOTH:** 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, and yet wouldst wrongly win:

Thou'ldst 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; and chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

**BOTH:** To have thee crown'd withal.