

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH

Lady Macbeth, Act I scene 5

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 to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, 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 'Hold, hold!'