*MACBETH* SOLILOQUY EXCERPTS

# Lady Macbeth: Act 1, Scene 5, lines 1-31

(reading a letter) *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* 5

*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 “Hail, king that shalt be!” This have I*

*thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of* 10

*greatness, that thou might’st not lose the dues of*

*rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is*

*promised thee. 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;  15

It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way: 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,  20

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ld’st 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  25

And chastise with the valor of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crowned withal.

# Macbeth: Act 1, Scene 7, lines 1-28

If it were done when ’tis done, then ’twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We’d jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here, that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice  10

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips. He’s here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20

And pity, like a naked newborn babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven’s cherubim, horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself

And falls on th' other–