

Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Act 2, Scene 2

*Lady Macbeth is in the Hall waiting for her husband to kill King Duncan. She worries that the chamberlains have awakened while he does the deed.*

LADY MACBETH:

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold; what hath quench'd them hath govern me fire. Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st goodnight. He is about it: the doors are open; and the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets, that death and nature do contend about them, whether they live or die.

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked and 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready. He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't.

My husband! I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. Consider it not so deeply. These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Why, worthy thane, you do unbend your noble strength, to think so brain sickly of things. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures: 'tis the eyes of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; for it must seem their guilt.