

LADY MACBETH

A Dramatic Monolog

by
William Shakespeare



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From, the play.

ACT I, SCENE V. A room in Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter from her husband.

“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 with ‘Hail, king that shalt be!’ This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst 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 promis'd; yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the 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 holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst 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
To have thee crown'd withal.”

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