

That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;' 21
 And *that which rather thou dost fear to do* 22
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, 23
 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.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it :
 Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, 30
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming :
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth. Give him tending ;
 He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.]

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 40
 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 dunest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, 50