

The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born 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
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

20

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd : why have you
 left the chamber ?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has ? 30

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business :
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely ? From this time
 Such I account thy love. *Art thou afraid*
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting ' I dare not ' wait upon ' I would,'
 Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

39

40

41

Macbeth. Prithee, peace :
 I dare do all that may become a man ;

39-41. She urges him to take a step nearer to active murder than before.