

ACT II. SCENE II.

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So brainsickly 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.

Macbeth. I'll go no more : 50
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye 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. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark ! more
knocking :
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !
[*Exeunt.*]