

Learn with the experts – Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

**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 valor  
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?

**Macbeth:** Pr'ythee, peace!  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**Lady Macbeth:** What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

**Macbeth:** If we should fail?

**Lady Macbeth:** We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,--

Where to the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

**Macbeth:** Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have don't?

**Lady Macbeth** Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

**Macbeth:** I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.