### **ACT II, SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle**

*[Macbeth has been wavering on the murder plan. He thinks to do the deed quickly to get it over with--he clearly has no stomach for this business. Then he begins to back out of the idea completely, thinking of all Duncan has done for him in the past, and worrying what people who once honored him will think of him if he is caught murdering the king. His wife enters in his moment of indecision.]*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**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?

**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 afeard

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?

**MACBETH:** Prithee, 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--

Whereto 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 limbeck 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 received,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,

That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour 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.

*Exeunt*