

## MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.

I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.  
Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts.  
There's no such thing:  
Whiles I threat, he lives:  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.