

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Ensemble Soliloquy: Macbeth's Dagger Speech

1. Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand?
2. Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
3. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight?
4. or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
5. I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw.
6. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
7. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, or else worth all the rest;
8. I see thee still, and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, which was not so before.
9. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes.
10. Now o'er the one halfworld nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep.
11. Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk,
12. for fear thy very stones prate of my whereabouts.
13. Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings]
14. I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
ALL: That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Sergeant Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together and choke their art.

The merciless Macdonwald--Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature do swarm upon him—

from the western isles of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name-- disdaining fortune,

with his brandish'd steel, which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage till he faced the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

BOTH: And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

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MACBETH PROJECT

Lady Macbeth Letter Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: 'They met me in the day of success:

and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.

When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.

Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;'

by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with

BOTH: 'Hail, king that shalt be!'

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised:

Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way:

BOTH: thou wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win:

Thou'ldst have, great Glamis, that which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it; And that which rather thou dost fear to do, than wishest should be undone.

Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear; and chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

BOTH: To have thee crown'd withal.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT
Lady Macbeth Raven Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: The raven himself is hoarse

that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty!

Make thick my blood; stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature

shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it!

Come you murdering ministers, wherever in your sightless substances you wait on nature's mischief!

Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry

BOTH: 'Hold, hold!'

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MACBETH PROJECT

Macbeth Vaulting Ambition Soliloquy, Act 1

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly:

that but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here;

that we but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:

BOTH: He's here in double trust;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself.

Besides, this Duncan hath been so clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking-off;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe, striding the blast, 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

BOTH: And falls on the other.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Lady Macbeth Hope Drunk Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: 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,'?

What beast was't, then, that made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it,

BOTH: 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.

BOTH: We fail!

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

his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince that memory, shall be a fume.

What cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan?

BOTH: We shall make our griefs and clamour roar upon his death!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Banquo Soliloquy, Act 2

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all as the weird women promised, and, I fear, thou play'st most foully for't:

yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity, but that myself should be the root and father of many kings.

If there come truth from them—As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—

Why, by the verities on thee made good, may they not be my oracles as well, and set me up in hope?

But hush! no more.

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MACBETH PROJECT

Porter Soliloquy, Act 2

BOTH: Here's a knocking indeed!

If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock, knock!

Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:

come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock!

Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock, knock!

Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock;

never at quiet! What are you?

But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
(*Knocking*)

Anon, anon! I pray you,

BOTH: remember the porter.

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MACBETH PROJECT

Lennox Soliloquy, Act 3

The night has been unruly: where we lay, our chimneys were blown down;
and, as they say, lamentings heard i' the air;

strange screams of death, and prophesying with accents terrible...

Of dire combustion and confused events new hatch'd to the woeful time:
the obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night:

some say, the earth was feverous and did shake

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MACBETH PROJECT

Macbeth Fears in Banquo Soliloquy, Act 3

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.

BOTH: Our fears in Banquo stick deep;

and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear:

and, under him, my Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

He chid the sisters when first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

BOTH: Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so, for Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

BOTH: For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man, to make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list.

BOTH: And champion me to the utterance!

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MACBETH PROJECT

Macbeth Full of Scorpions Soliloquy, Act 3

BOTH: We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth.

Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; treason has done his worst:

nor steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, can touch him further.

BOTH: O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Ere the bat hath flown his cloister'd flight, there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Come, seeling night, scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

Light thickens; and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Things bad begun make strong themselves

BOTH: by ill.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT
Lady Macbeth Mad Soliloquy, Act 5

BOTH: Out, damned spot! out, I say!—

One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.

BOTH: Hell is murky...

*Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

*The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?

BOTH: What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

*No more o'that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

*Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.— I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

*To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand.

BOTH: What's done cannot be undone.— To bed, to bed, to bed

[* denotes a conversation which actually happened }

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MACBETH PROJECT
Macbeth Tomorrow Soliloquy, Act 5

Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is still 'They come:'

our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forced with those that should be ours, we might have met them darest, beard to beard, and beat them backward home.

BOTH: I have almost forgot the taste of fears;

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd to hear a night-shriek; and my fall of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir as life were in't:

I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts cannot once start me.

BOTH: To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.

BOTH: Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more:

it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

BOTH: Signifying nothing.

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MACBETH PROJECT

Malcolm Soliloquy, Act 5

We shall not spend a large expense of time before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you.

My thanes and kinsmen, henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named.

What's more to do, which would be planted newly with the time, as calling home our exiled
friends abroad that fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers

BOTH: Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands took off her life;

this, and what needful else that calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, we will perform in
measure, time and place:

So, thanks to all at once and to each one, whom we invite to see us

BOTH: crown'd at Scone.