

First Folio (1623)

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme 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 vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sute with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.

Modern (2004, New Penguin Shakespeare)

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,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
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. –
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. – I see thee still;
And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. – Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
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.

Macbeth

they liue, or dye.

Who's there? what hoa?

I had don't.

Enter Macbeth.

My Husband?

I haue done the deed: Didst thou not heare a noyse?

not you speake?

When?

Now.

As I descended?

I.

Hearke,
who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Donalbaine.

This is a sorry sight.

a sorry sight.

There's one did laugh in's sleepe, And one cry'd Murther,
that they did wake each other: I stood, and heard them:
But they did say their Prayers, And addrest them
again to sleepe.

two lodg'd together.

One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.

not so deepely.

But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen
stuck in my throat.

make vs mad.

Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rael'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

doe you meane?

Lady Macbeth

Enter Lady.

That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire. Hearke, peace:
it was the Owle that shriek'd, The fatall Bell-man,
which giues the stern'st good-night. He is about it,
the Doores are open: And the surfeted Groomes
doe mock their charge With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

there? what hoa?

Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

heare a noyse?

I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

When?

Now.

As I descended?

I.

i'th' second Chamber?

Donalbaine.

a sorry sight.

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

again to sleepe.

There are two lodg'd together.

God blesse vs.

Consider it not so deepely.

in my throat.

These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

in Life's Feast.

What doe you meane?