LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

Stage Directions / Character Reaction

Audience Reaction

MACBETH. *Within*. Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't. My husband!

*Enter MACBETH.*

MACBETH. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

MACBETH. When?

LADY MACBETH. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY MACBETH. Ay.

MACBETH. Hark!   
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.

MACBETH. *Looking on his hands.*

This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"  
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodg'd together.

MACBETH. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"  
When they did say, "God bless us."

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH. I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Audience Reaction

Stage Directions / Character Reaction

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?

MACBETH. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:  
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.   
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH. I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

*Exit. Knocking within*

MACBETH. Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your color, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear knocking  
At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. — [Knocking within.] Hark, more  
knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers: — be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

*Knocking within.*Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*Exeunt.*