

MACBETH:

RHYTHM

1 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
2 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
3 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
4 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
5 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
6 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
7 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
8 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
9 As this which now I draw.
10 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
11 And such an instrument I was to use.
12 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
13 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
14 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
15 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
16 It is the bloody business which informs
17 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
18 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
19 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
20 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
21 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
22 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
23 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
24 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
25 Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
26 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
27 And take the present horror from the time,
28 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
29 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings.]
30 I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
31 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
32 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.