LADY MACBETH:

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. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst high
That wouldst thou holliest; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "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 valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter [a servant as] Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSAGER:

The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH:

Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation?

MESSAGER:

So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of' him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.