MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed 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 valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldest 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,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

MACBETH: Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH: What heart was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, 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. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH: If we should fail?
LADY MACBETH: We fail?
But "screw your courage to the sticking place" And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep — Where the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail "so convince" That memory, the warden of the brain, Shall be a false, and the receipt" of reason A limbeck" only. When in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?"  
MACBETH: Bring forth men — children only!
For thy undaunted spirit should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,"
When we have marked with blood those slumber two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done it?

LADY MACBETH: Who dares receive it other,"
As we shall make our griefs and churlish roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH: I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent" to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock" the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. Exeunt.

66. But: only. the sticking place; the notch into which is fitted the string of a crossbow. 64. chamberlains: attendants on the bedchamber. 65. wassail: carouse, drink. 66-68. warder... only: (The brain was thought to be divided into three ventricles: imagination in front, memory at the back, and between them the seat of reason. The veins of wine, arising from the stomach, would deaden memory and judgment.) 69. receipt: receptacle, ventricle. 68. limbeck: device for distilling liquids. 72. spongy: soaked, drunken. 73. quell: murder. 74. melle: (The same word as mellen: substance, temperament. 75. received: i.e., as truth. 78. other: otherwise. 79. As: inasmuch as. 80-81. bend... agent: strain every muscle. 82. mock: deceive.