MACBETH:
One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
List'ning 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 I not 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:
Methought 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 labor's bath, 
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, 
Chief nourisher in life's feast —

LADY MACBETH:
What do you mean?

MACBETH:
Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house; 
"Glamis hath murdered 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 bruisingly 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'ld gild* the faces of the grooms withal, 
For it must seem their guilt. [She takes the daggers, and ] exit. Knock within.

MACBETH:
Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me? 
What hands are here? Hah! 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.*

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

LADY MACBETH:
My hands are of your color, but I shume 
To wear a heart so white. (Knock) I hear a 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.* (Knock) 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.*

Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! 

Exit.