**Act 2 Scene 1**

**Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.   
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?   
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.**Thou marshall’st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
**Mine eyes are made the fools o’th’other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest.**  **I see thee still**  
**And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,**  
**Which was not so before.** **There’s no such thing:**  
**It is the bloody business which informs**  
**Thus to mine eyes**. **7** Now o’er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, **and wicked dreams abuse**  
**The curtained sleep.** **Witchcraft celebrates**  
**Pale Hecate’s off’rings, and withered murder  
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.  
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design**   
**Moves like a ghost.** Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk**, for fear**  
**Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,**   
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. **Whiles I threat, he lives:**  
**Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.**

*A bell rings*

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

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