**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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