

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.
Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition,
but without the illness should attend it.
Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
To have thee crowned withal.