

From Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act 1 – Scene V

(Piece begins with the first line spoken.)

Spoken:

“The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.”

Sung:

*“That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'”*

Modern translation by Emma Stafford

The messenger is short of breath, as he announces the entrance of Duncan into my house where he will soon die.

Come to me, spirits which will assist me in murderous thoughts, make me less feminine and more like a man and fill me from my toe to head with deadly cruelty! Make my blood thick so it clogs up my veins, this way I will not feel guilt and so no human compassion can stop my plan of murder. Come to my breasts and replace the milk with bile, you evil agents, wherever you are, waiting to commit an evil act. Come thick night and cover where I am with smoke from hell so my sharp knife cannot see the person I am killing and so heaven can't see through the darkness to tell me "Stop, Stop!"