**LADY MACBETH**

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter,

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,

Duncan comes here tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never shall sun that morrow see!

Look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it.

Only look up clear.

Leave all the rest to me. (ravens squawk)

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements.

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