**Act 1, Scene 5 – Lady Macbeth (Part 1)**

**Activities:**

1. What is happening in this scene?
2. ‘I fear thy nature; it is too full o’the milk of human kindness’ – What does Lady Macbeth think about her husband here?
3. ‘Pour my spirits in thine ear’ – What is Lady Macbeth planning on doing here?
4. What would a contemporary audience think of Lady Macbeth? Why would they think this?
5. How is Lady Macbeth critical of her husband?
6. Why do you think Macbeth mentions nothing of Banquo’s prophecy in his letter?
7. How is Lady Macbeth presented as ambitious in this scene? Answer as annotations on your sheet using quotations to back up your ideas.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire  
to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in  
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'  
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  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

INCREASING CHALLENGE