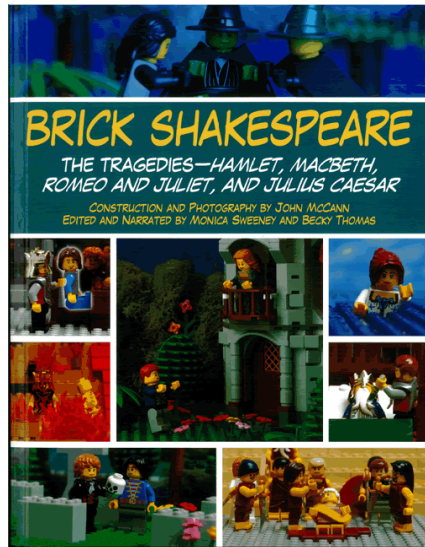


The following scene is from:

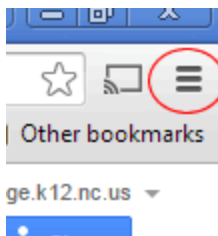


You can buy the whole book at [Skyhorse Publishing](http://www.skyhorsepublishing.com).

## Act III. Scene I (1–143).



In the early wake of King Duncan's violent murder, an old man, Ross, and Macduff discuss the horror of the crime and what it means for Scotland. Macbeth has led them to believe that the guards in King Duncan's chamber were responsible for his death, and that he killed them in a seemingly loyal fit of rage for having supposedly murdered his beloved King. He has also planted the idea that King Duncan's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, paid the two guards to kill their father, and that their subsequent flight is indicative of their guilt. In this discussion, it is revealed that Macbeth will go to Scone to be crowned as King, while the body of King Duncan will go to Colmekill to be buried in his family tomb. The witches' initial prophecy is now fulfilled.



Suggested viewing for this document: Click VIEW and select FULL SCREEN. Then Look in the upper right hand corner and your screen should resemble the picture to the left. Find the icon circled in red. Click the three line icon and zoom to 175%.



**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou played'st most foully for't. Yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well  
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.



**MACBETH**

Here's our chief guest.

**LADY MACBETH**

If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast  
And all thing unbecoming.



**MACBETH**

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

**BANQUO**

Let Your Highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
Forever knit.



**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.



**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.  
Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.



**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.



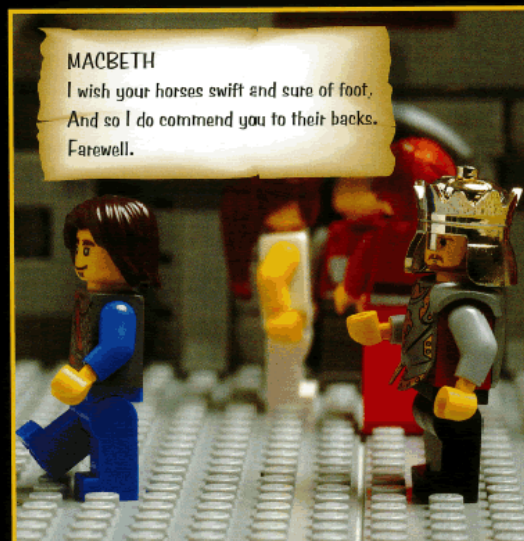
**MACBETH**

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?



**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.



**MACBETH**

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.



**MACBETH (cont.)**

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night. To make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone. While then, God be with you!



**MACBETH (cont.)**

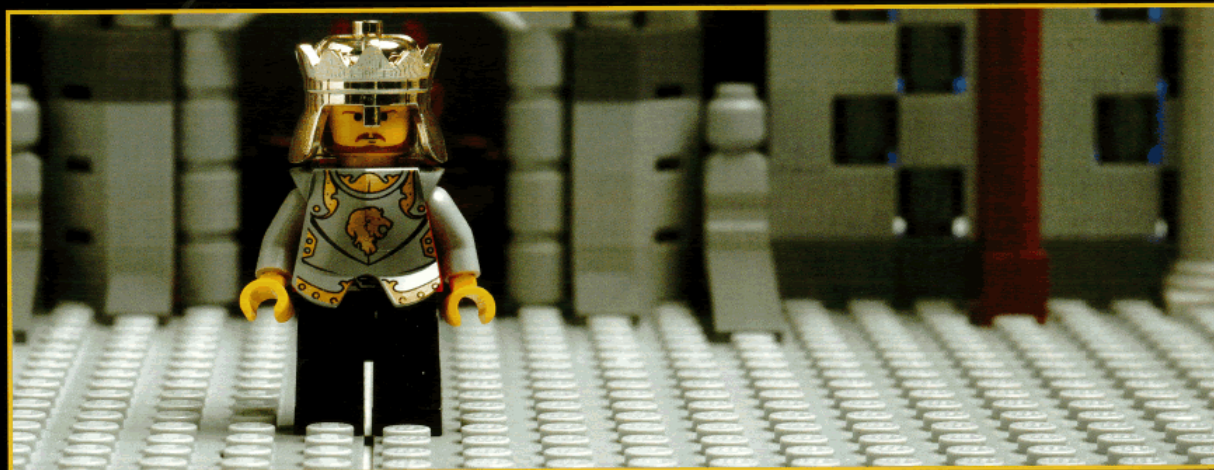
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

**ATTENDANT**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.



**MACBETH (cont.)**

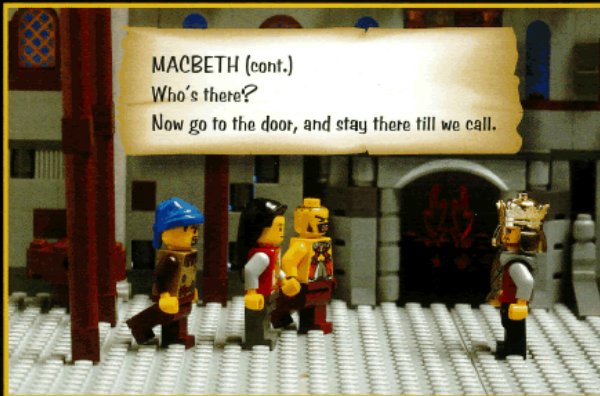
To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophetlike,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,



MACBETH (cont.)

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man  
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th'utterance!—



MACBETH (cont.)

Who's there?

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.



MACBETH (cont.)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER

It was, so please Your Highness.



MACBETH

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self. This I made good to you  
In our last conference, passed in probation with you  
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave  
And beggared yours forever?



First Murderer  
We are men, my liege.



MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept  
All by the name of dogs. The valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive  
Particular addition from the bill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i'th' worst rank of manhood, say't;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

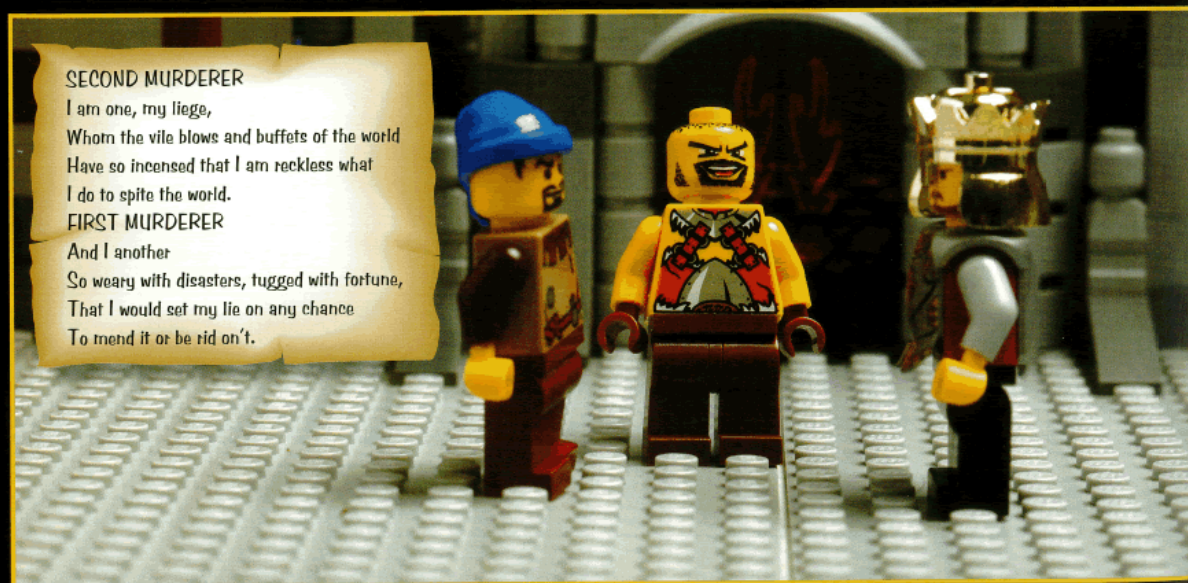


SECOND MURDERER

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER

And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my lie on any chance  
To mend it or be rid on't.





MACBETH

Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine, and in such bloody distance  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life. And though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.



SECOND MURDERER

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER

Though our lives—



**MACBETH**

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,  
The moment on't, for't must be done tonight,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness. And with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I'll come to you anon.

**BOTH MURDERERS**

We are resolved, my lord.



**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.



**MACBETH (cont.)**

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.