

Macbeth

2.1

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch before him

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO *(giving Fleance his sword)*

Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that, too. 5

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the curse—Ad thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

MACBETH A friend.

10

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesse to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up 15

In measureless content.

MACBETH

Being unprepared

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.

To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH

I think not of them;

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Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business

If you would grant the time.

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

If you shall cleave to my consent when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO

So I lose none

25

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

MACBETH Good repose the while.

BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you.

30

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance

MACBETH *(to the Servant)*

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppresseÁd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

40

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

45

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

50

The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

55

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives. 60
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Exit