

Macbeth

5.2

*Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, soldiers,
with a drummer and colours*

MENTEITH

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS

Near Birnam Wood

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Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

CAITHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

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MENTEITH

What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

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ANGUS

Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands.
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

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MENTEITH

Who then shall blame

His pestered senses to recoil and start
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS

Well, march we on

25

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

LENNOX Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.
Exeunt, marching