

Macbeth

5.3

Enter Macbeth, the Doctor of Physic, and attendants

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5
'Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false
 thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT There is ten thousand±±

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SERVANT Soldiers, sir. 15

MACBETH

Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul, those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT The English force, so please you. 20

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

Seyton!±±I am sick at heart

When I behold±±Seyton, I say!±±This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf, 25
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. 30
Seyton!

Enter Seyton

SEYTON What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armour.

SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet. 35

MACBETH I'll put it on.

Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies 40

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote 45

Cleanse the fraught bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

(*To an attendant*) Come, put mine armour on. Give me
my staff. 50

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

(*To an attendant*) Come, sir, dispatch.±±If thou couldst,
doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo, 55

That should applaud again. (*To an attendant*) Pull't off,

I say.
(*To the Doctor*) What rhubarb, cyme, or what
 purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
 them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

MACBETH (*To an attendant*) Bring it after me. 60

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR (*aside*)

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
Exeunt