

Macbeth

3.2

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant

LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT Madam, I will.

5

Exit

LADY MACBETH Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,

10

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard. What's done is done.

MACBETH

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.

15

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

20

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

25

Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH Come on, gentle my lord,

Sleek o'er your rugged looks, be bright and jovial
Among your guests tonight.

MACBETH So shall I, love, 30
And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo. Present him eminence
Both with eye and tongue; unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams
And make our faces visors to our hearts, 35
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH You must leave this.

MACBETH
O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

LADY MACBETH
But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH
There's comfort yet, they are assailable. 40
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH What's to be done? 45

MACBETH
Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.±±Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond 50
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still. 55
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So prithee go with me.

Exeunt