

Macbeth

1.6

*[Hautboys and torches.] Enter King Duncan,
Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and attendants*

KING DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate.

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Enter Lady Macbeth

KING DUNCAN See, see, our honoured hostess! 10

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH

All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double, 15
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

KING DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Your servants ever 25
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in count

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

KING DUNCAN Give me your hand.
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt