

Angus Sides
Speaking scenes: 3, 22, 29
Non-speaking scenes: 2, 4, 6

Scene 3
(second half)

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS

We are sent

**To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.**

ROSS

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

For it is thine.

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS

**Who was the thane lives yet;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.**

MACBETH

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO

That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen--
This supernatural Soliciting Cannot be ill, cannot be good:
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

[Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO

New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt

Scene 22

SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

Lennox: Student

Angus: Student

Scot 1 and 2: Students

LAIRD

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenues burn in them.

ANGUS

Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them.

LENNOX

What does the tyrant?

Scot 1

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad, and minutely revolts
Upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands
Move only in command, nothing in love.

ANGUS

Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

SCOT 2

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Scot 1

Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

LAIRD

Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

Scot 1

Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching

Scene 29

Lennox: Student

Angus: Student

Soldiers: Students

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers

SIWARD

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
But like a man he died.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ANGUS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd. Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL (Including Soldiers)

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM

My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt