

Lennox Sides
Speaking scenes: 2, 15, 22
Non-speaking scenes: 4, 6, 29

Scene 2

A camp near Forres.

Lennox: Student

Angus: Student

Donalbain: Student

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, ANGUS with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant

DUNCAN

What bloody men are these?

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil

As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant

Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--

Worthy to be a rebel, --from the western isles

Of savage hirelings is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth with his brandish'd steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion carved out his passage

and then unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements!

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

Exit Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS,

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes!

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof
Confronted him with self comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

Scene 15

The same. Hall in the palace.

Lennox: Student

Banquet Guests: Students

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Banquet Guests and Attendants

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down
Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer

My lord, his throat is cut;
That I did for him.

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

First Murderer

Most royal sir . . . Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
Clear as the casing air – But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer

Ay, my good Lord, safe in a ditch he lies,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head.

MACBETH

Thanks for that. Get thee gone, tomorrow we
Will hear ourselves again.

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

ROSS

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

BANQUET GUESTS

Done what, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here!

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

BANQUET GUESTS

Our duties, and the pledge.

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again.
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

why, so: being gone,
I am a man again.- Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX

**Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!**

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH

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