

**Messenger Sides**  
**Speaking scenes: 5, 12, 13**  
**Non-speaking scene: 8**

**Scene 5**

**Inverness. Macbeth's castle.**

**Messenger:** Student

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised - Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?

**Macbeth's Messenger**

**The king comes here to-night.**

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

## **Macbeth's Messenger**

**So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.**

**LADY MACBETH**

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

### *Exit Messenger*

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'



In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper.

**MACBETH**

Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

**MACBETH**

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.-

*Exit BANQUO*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night:  
To make society the sweeter welcome,  
We will keep ourself till supper-time alone:  
While then, God be with you.

*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and Macbeth's Messenger*

Sirrah, a word with you.  
Attend those men Our pleasure?

**Macbeth's Messenger**

**They are, my lord,  
Without the palace gate.**

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit Macbeth's Messenger*

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Who's there!

*Re-enter Macbeth's Messenger, with two Murderers*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*Exit Macbeth's Messenger*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Murderer**

It was, so please your highness.

**Scene 13**  
*The palace.*

**Macbeth's Messenger:** Student

*Enter LADY MACBETH and Messenger*

**LADY MACBETH**  
Is Banquo gone from court?

**Macbeth's Messenger**  
**Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.**

**LADY MACBETH**  
Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

**Macbeth's Messenger**  
**Madam, I will.      *Exit***

**LADY MACBETH**  
Nought'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*