# Seyton Sides

Speaking scenes: 23, 25

Scene 23

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Seyton (Pronouced "See-ton"): Student

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants

#### **MACBETH**

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Boy

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

## Boy

There is ten thousand--

#### **MACBETH**

Geese, villain!

Boy

Soldiers, sir.

## **MACBETH**

Go cut thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

#### Boy

The English force, so please you.

# **MACBETH**

Take thy face hence.

Exit Boy

Seyton!--I am sick at heart,

When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have lived long enough: the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, Seyton!

#### Enter SEYTON

## **SEYTON**

What is your gracious pleasure?

## **MACBETH**

Give me my armour.

# **SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

#### MACBETH

I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. How does your patient, doctor?

# **Doctor**

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

#### **MACBETH**

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

#### Doctor

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

#### MACBETH

Throw med'cin to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Nor rhubarb, cyme, nor purgative drug,
Will scour these English hence. Seyton, send out.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

#### Exeunt

Scene 25

**Dunsinane.** Within the castle.

**SEYTON:** Student

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours

## **MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up:

A cry of women within

What is that noise?

## **SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit

#### **MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears; The time has been when my fell of hair Would at a night-shriek rouse and stir As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

# **SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

#### **MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter Boy

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

## Boy

As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move.

#### MACBETH

Liar and slave!

## Boy

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so: Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove.

#### MACBETH

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.-- Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell!

Bell rings

Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

## Exeunt