

## Seyton Sides

Speaking scenes: 23, 25

### Scene 23

#### SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

**Seyton (Pronounced “ 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.

