

Act 3, Scene 1 Enter BANQUO BANQUO enters. Ere the bat hath flown His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note. 95 100 105 110 MACBETH Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept All by the name of dogs. This I made good to you In our last conference, passed in probation with you, How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments, Who wrought with them, and all things else that might To half a soul and to a notion crazed Say, "Thus did Banquo." MACBETH Well, did you think about what I said? You should know that it was Banquo who made your lives hell for so long, which you always thought was my fault. But I was innocent. I showed you the proof at our last meeting. I explained how you were deceived, how you were thwarted, the things that were used against you, who was working against you, and a lot of other things that would convince even a half-wit or a crazy person to say, "Banquo did it!" Let your remembrance Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we Must lave our honors in these flattering streams, And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are. The valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike. No Fear Shakespeare – Macbeth (by SparkNotes) –32– Original Text Modern Text SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world. BANQUO My lord, I won't miss it. 35 MACBETH We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed In England and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention. Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown And put a barren scepter in my grip, Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding. Just as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, mutts, shaggy lapdogs, swimming dogs, and wolf-dog crossbreeds are all dogs. Fear Shakespeare – Macbeth (by SparkNotes) –30– Original Text Modern Text 40 MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot, And so I do commend you to their backs. Act 3, Scene 2, Page 2 LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH No Fear Shakespeare – Macbeth (by SparkNotes) –34– Original Text Modern Text 30 Come on, gentle my lord, Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Before the bat flies through the castle, and before the dung beetle makes his little humming noise to tell us it's nighttime, a dreadful deed will be done. If 't be so, For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered; Put rancors in the vessel of my peace Only for them; and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! If this is true, then I've tortured my conscience and murdered the gracious Duncan for Banquo's sons. Now, if you have a station in the file, Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't, And I will put that business in your bosoms, Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect. Fear Shakespeare – Macbeth (by SparkNotes) –33– Original Text Modern Text Exeunt MURDERERS The MURDERERS exit. BANQUO Ay, my good lord. MACBETH Argh!