**ACT 3 SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

**Lords**

Thanks to your majesty.

**MACBETH**

Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

**LADY MACBETH**

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
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**

'Tis better thee without than he within.
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,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

**First Murderer**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

*Exit Murderer*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: 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.

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

**MACBETH**

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

**Lords**

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. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
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, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: 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! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

**Lords**

Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO*

**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,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. 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*

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

*Exeunt*