

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Macbeth

ACT 4 Scene 3

Malcolm, Macduff, Ross

MACDUFF

Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face...

MALCOLM

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;
but something
You may deserve of him through me...

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny!

MALCOLM

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

Here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword...

MACDUFF

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell...

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM

Macduff, this noble passion,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Now we'll together; Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

(Enter Ross)

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave;

MALCOLM

What's the newest grief?

MACDUFF

How does my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

ROSS

They were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF

how goes't?
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd:

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven!

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

MACDUFF

And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

ROSS

I have said.

MALCOLM

Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part?

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!