

Macbeth Act III, Scene iv Abridged Text

A hall in the palace. A banquet is laid out.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords and Attendants.

Lady Macbeth: My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer.

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Lennox: May't please your highness, sit.

Macbeth: Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,

Ross: 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. [To Macbeth.] 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!
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?
[To Ghost.] Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

Ghost of Banquo exits.

Lady Macbeth: What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth: If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth: My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth: I do forget.
Give me some wine; fill full.

Enter Ghost of Banquo.

I drink to the general joy o'th'whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here!

Lords: Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth: Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Lady Macbeth: Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom.

Macbeth: Hence, horrible shadow.
Unreal mockery, hence.

Ghost of Banquo exits.

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: 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 Lords and Attendants.

Macbeth: It will have blood they say: blood will have blood.

Lady Macbeth: You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth: Come, we'll to sleep.
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

Glossary

avaunt: go away.

give the cheer: make toasts to guests.

locks: hair.

the order of your going: lords would leave a feast in order of importance.

