
Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight. 35

LADY MACBETH Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,

Would have informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him, 40

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH Give him tending.

He brings great news. *Messenger exits.*

The raven himself is hoarse 45

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood. 50

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers, 55

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark 60

To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,

Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!

FTLN 0395 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 FTLN 0396 This ignorant present, and I feel now 65
 FTLN 0397 The future in the instant.

FTLN 0398 MACBETH My dearest love,
 FTLN 0399 Duncan comes here tonight.

FTLN 0400 LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?
 MACBETH

FTLN 0401 Tomorrow, as he purposes. 70
 FTLN 0402 LADY MACBETH O, never
 FTLN 0403 Shall sun that morrow see!
 FTLN 0404 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 FTLN 0405 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 FTLN 0406 Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye, 75
 FTLN 0407 Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent
 FTLN 0408 flower,
 FTLN 0409 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
 FTLN 0410 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 FTLN 0411 This night's great business into my dispatch, 80
 FTLN 0412 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 FTLN 0413 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

FTLN 0414 MACBETH We will speak further.

FTLN 0415 LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.
 FTLN 0416 To alter favor ever is to fear. 85
 FTLN 0417 Leave all the rest to me.

They exit.

Scene 6

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King [Duncan,] Malcolm,
 Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and
 Attendants.*

DUNCAN

FTLN 0418 This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
 FTLN 0419 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 FTLN 0420 Unto our gentle senses.