



View and Compare

What aspects of Macbeth's character do these images convey?



John Gielgud, Piccadilly Theatre, London (1942)

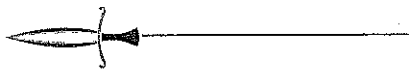
Laurence Olivier, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, England (1955)



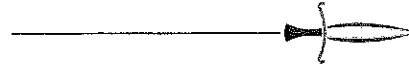
Raul Julia, New York Shakespeare Festival



Toshiro Mifune as Macbeth, *The Throne of Blood* (film, 1957)



Act 2



SCENE 1

The court of Macbeth's castle.

It is past midnight, and Banquo and his son Fleance cannot sleep. When Macbeth appears, Banquo tells of his uneasy dreams about the witches. Macbeth promises that they will discuss the prophecies later, and Banquo goes to bed. Once alone, Macbeth imagines a dagger leading him toward the king's chamber. When he hears a bell, the signal from Lady Macbeth, he knows it is time to go to Duncan's room.

[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.]

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

5 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

Give me my sword.

10 Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

15 This diamond he greets your wife withal

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up

In measureless content.

Macbeth. Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo. All's well.

20 I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.

To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth. I think not of them.

Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,

4-5 There's husbandry . . . all out:
The heavens show economy
(husbandry) by keeping the lights
(candles) out—it is a starless night.

6 heavy summons: desire for
sleep.

14 largess to your offices: gifts to
the servants' quarters.

16 shut up: went to bed.

17-19 Being . . . wrought: Because
we were unprepared, we could not
entertain the king as we would
have liked. Do you believe in
Macbeth's sincerity here?

22 can entreat an hour: both have
the time.



We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.

25 **Macbeth.** If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.

Macbeth. Good repose the while!

30 **Banquo.** Thanks, sir. The like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
35 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
40 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

25–29 If you . . . be counseled:
Macbeth asks Banquo for his support (**cleave to my consent**), promising honors in return. Banquo is willing to increase (**augment**) his honor provided he can keep a clear conscience and remain loyal to the king (**keep my bosom . . . clear**). How do you think Macbeth feels about Banquo's virtuous stand?

33–43 Is this a dagger . . . to use:
Macbeth sees a dagger hanging in midair before him and questions whether it is real (**palpable**) or the illusion of a disturbed (**heat-oppressed**) mind. The floating, imaginary dagger, which leads (**marshal'st**) him to Duncan's room, prompts him to draw his own dagger. Is Macbeth losing his mind?



Act 2, Scene 2:
Duncan's murder,
Jon Finch as
Macbeth (film, 1971)



45 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
 50 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 55 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
 And take the present horror from the time,
 60 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

44-45 Mine eyes . . . the rest:
 Either his eyes are mistaken (fools)
 or his other senses are.

46 on thy blade . . . blood: drops
 of blood on the blade and handle.

60-61 Whiles I . . . gives: Talk
 (threat) delays action (deeds).

63 knell: funeral bell.

SCENE 2

Macbeth's castle.

As Lady Macbeth waits for her husband, she explains how she drugged Duncan's servants. Suddenly a dazed and terrified Macbeth enters, carrying the bloody daggers that he used to murder Duncan. He imagines a voice that warns, "Macbeth shall sleep no more" and is too afraid to return to the scene of the crime. Lady Macbeth takes the bloody daggers back so that the servants will be blamed. Startled by a knocking at the gate, she hurries back and tells Macbeth to wash off the blood and change into his nightclothes.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me
 bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
 5 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
 possets,

3 fatal bellman: town crier.

5 surfeited grooms: drunken
 servants.

6 possets: drinks.



View and Compare

In the scene portraying Duncan's murder, how do you interpret the dynamics between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in each photo?

Act 2, Scene 2: After Duncan's murder, Derek Jacobi as Macbeth and Cheryl Campbell as Lady Macbeth, Royal Shakespeare Company (1993)



Act 2, Scene 2: After Duncan's murder, Toshiro Mifune as Macbeth and Isuzu Yamada as Lady Macbeth, *The Throne of Blood* (film, 1957)





That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [*Within*] Who's there? What, ho?

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
10 And 'tis not done! The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

[*Enter Macbeth.*]

My husband!

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

15 **Lady Macbeth.** I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

20 **Macbeth.** This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.
But they did say their prayers and addressed them

25 Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodged together.

Macbeth. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear. I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"

30 **Lady Macbeth.** Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.

35 **Macbeth.** Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,

9–10 Why does the sound of Macbeth's voice make his wife so afraid?

11 confounds: destroys. If Duncan survives, they will be killed (as his attempted murderers)

27–28 as they . . . fear: He imagines that the sleepers could see him listening to their exclamations of fear, with his hands bloody like those of an executioner.

28–33 Why is Macbeth so troubled by the fact that he cannot say "Amen"?



Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
40 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
45 You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them and smear
50 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
55 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
60 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No. This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. [*Enter Lady Macbeth.*]

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your color, but I shame
65 To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking.
70 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*]

36-40 the innocent sleep . . . life's feast: Sleep eases worries (**knits up the raveled sleeve of care**), relieves the aches of physical work (**sore labor's bath**), soothes the anxious (**hurt minds**), and nourishes like food. Why is Macbeth so concerned about sleep?

47 this filthy witness: the evidence, that is, the blood.

56-57 I'll gild . . . guilt: She'll cover (**gild**) the servants with blood, blaming them for the murder. How is her attitude toward blood different from her husband's?

61-63 This my hand . . . one red: The blood on my hand will redden (**incarnadine**) the seas.

68-69 Your constancy . . . unattended: Your courage has left you.

70-71 lest . . . watchers: in case we are called for and found awake (**watchers**), which would look suspicious.

73 To know . . . myself: To come to terms with what I have done, I must forget about my conscience.



SCENE 3

Within Macbeth's castle, near the gate.

The drunken porter staggers across the courtyard to answer the knocking. After Lennox and Macduff are let in, Macbeth arrives to lead them to the king's quarters. Macduff enters Duncan's room and discovers his murder. Lennox and Macbeth then go to the scene, and Macbeth, pretending to be enraged, kills the two servants. Amid all the commotion, Lady Macbeth faints. Duncan's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, fearing for their lives, quietly leave, hoping to escape the country.

[Enter a Porter. Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key.

[Knock.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time! Have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. *[Knock.]*

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator! *[Knock.]* Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English

2 old turning the key: plenty of key turning. Hell's porter would be busy because so many people are ending up in hell these days.

4 Belzebub: a devil.

Act 2, Scene 3: The porter (right), with Lennox and Macduff, in a stage production of *Macbeth* (1948)





tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose.
Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose.
15 [Knock.] Knock, knock! Never at quiet! What are you?
But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devilporter it no
further. I had thought to have let in some of all
professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting
bonfire. [Knock.] Anon, anon! [Opens the gate.] I pray
20 you remember the porter.

[Enter Macduff and Lennox.]

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

25 **Macduff.** What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance.
30 Therefore much drink may be said to be an
equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars
him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades
him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not
stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and,
35 giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I
requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong
for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I
40 made a shift to cast him.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

[Enter Macbeth.]

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

45 **Macduff.** He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

4-13 The porter pretends he is welcoming a farmer who killed himself after his schemes to get rich (**expectation of plenty**) failed, a double talker (**equivocator**) who perjured himself yet couldn't talk his way into heaven, and a tailor who cheated his customers by skimping on material (**stealing out of a French hose**).

23 **second cock**: early morning, announced by the crow of a rooster.

28-35 The porter jokes that alcohol stimulates lust (**lechery**) but makes the lover a failure.

36-40 More jokes about alcohol, this time described as a wrestler finally thrown off (**cast**) by the porter, who thus paid him back (**requited him**) for disappointment in love. Cast also means "to vomit" and "to urinate," two other ways of dealing with alcohol.

45 **timely**: early.

46 **slipped the hour**: missed the time.



Macbeth. The labor we delight in physics pain.

50 This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Lennox. Goes the King hence today?

Macbeth. He does; he did appoint so.

Lennox. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
55 Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the earth
60 Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[*Enter Macduff.*]

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth and Lennox. What's the matter?

65 **Macduff.** Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macbeth. What is't you say? the life?

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

70 **Macduff.** Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
75 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell!

[*Bell rings.*]

[*Enter Lady Macbeth.*]

49 **physics:** cures.

51 **limited service:** appointed duty.

53–60 Lennox discusses the strange events of the night, from fierce winds to the continuous shrieking (**strange screams of death**) of an owl (**obscure bird**). The owl's scream, a sign of death, bodes more (**new hatched**) uproar (**combustion**) and confusion.

65–68 Macduff mourns Duncan's death as the destruction (**confusion**) of order and as sacrilegious, violating all that is holy. In Shakespeare's time the king was believed to be God's sacred representative on earth.

71 **new Gorgon:** Macduff compares the shocking sight of the corpse to a Gorgon, a monster of Greek mythology with snakes for hair. Anyone who saw a Gorgon turned to stone.

75 **counterfeit:** imitation.

77 **great doom's image:** a picture like the Last Judgment, the end of the world.

78 **sprites:** spirits. The spirits of the dead were supposed to rise on Judgment Day.



80 **Lady Macbeth.** What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Macduff. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak!
The repetition in a woman's ear

85 Would murder as it fell.

[Enter Banquo.]

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

[Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.]

90 **Macbeth.** Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
95 Is left this vault to brag of.

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.]

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know't.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm. O, by whom?

100 **Lennox.** Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.
They stared and were distracted. No man's life
105 Was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. O, yet I do repent me of my fury
That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
110 The expedition of my violent love

81 trumpet calls to parley: She compares the clanging bell to a trumpet used to call two sides of a battle to negotiation.

91–95 for from . . . brag of: From now on, nothing matters (**there's nothing serious**) in human life (**mortality**); even fame and grace have been made meaningless. The good wine of life has been removed (**drawn**), leaving only the dregs (**lees**). Is Macbeth being completely insincere, or does he regret his crime?

101 badged: marked.



115 Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady.

120 **Malcolm.** [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain. [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brewed.

125 **Malcolm.** [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo. Look to the lady.

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

130 And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet it' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

135 **Malcolm.** What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

140 **Donalbain.** To Ireland I. Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

110–111 The . . . reason: He claims his emotions overpowered his reason, which would have made him pause to think before he killed Duncan's servants.

113 breach: a military term to describe a break in defenses, such as a hole in a castle wall.

118 Lady Macbeth faints. Is she only pretending?

119–120 Why do . . . ours: Malcolm wonders why he and Donalbain are silent, since they have the most right to discuss the topic (**argument**) of their father's death.

126–129 Banquo suggests that they all meet to discuss the murder after they have dressed (**our naked frailties hid**), since people are shivering in their nightclothes (**suffer in exposure**).

129–132 Though shaken by fears and doubts (**scruples**), he will fight against the secret plans (**undivulged pretense**) of the traitor. Do you think Banquo suspects Macbeth?

135–137 Malcolm does not want to join (**consort with**) the others because one of them may have plotted the murder.



Malcolm. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse!
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking
145 But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*]

145–146 There's . . . left: There's good reason (**warrant**) to steal away from a situation that promises no mercy.

SCENE 4

Outside Macbeth's castle.

[*Enter Ross with an Old Man.*]

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

1–4 Nothing the old man has seen in seventy years (**threescore and ten**) has been as strange and terrible (**sore**) as this night. It has made other times seem trivial (**hath trifled**) by comparison.

Ross. Ah, good father,
5 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
10 When living light should kiss it?

6–10 By the clock . . . kiss it: Though daytime, an unnatural darkness blots out the sun (**strangles the traveling lamp**).

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

12–13 a falcon . . . and killed: The owl would never be expected to attack a high-flying (**tow'ring**) falcon, much less defeat one.

Ross. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),
15 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

15 minions: best or favorites.

Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.

17 contending 'gainst obedience: The well-trained horses rebelliously fought against all constraints.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
20 That looked upon't.

[*Enter Macduff.*]

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?



Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborned.
25 Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own live's means! Then 'tis most like
30 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macduff. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
35 And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

40 **Old Man.** God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

24 What . . . pretend: Ross wonders what the servants could have hoped to achieve (**pretend**) by killing; **suborned:** hired or bribed.

27–29 He is horrified by the thought that the sons could act contrary to nature (**'gainst nature still**) because of wasteful (**thriftless**) ambition and greedily destroy (**raven up**) their father, the source of their own life (**thine own live's means**).

31–32 to Scone . . . invested: Macbeth went to the traditional site (**Scone**) where Scotland's kings were crowned.

40–41 The old man gives his blessing (**benison**) to Macduff and all those who would restore good and bring peace to the troubled land.