

*Enter Gruach*

How now? What news?

**GRUACH** She has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

**MACBETH** Hath she asked for me?

**GRUACH** Know you not she has?

**MACBETH** We will proceed no further in this business:  
She hath honoured me of late, and I have bought  
golden opinions from all sorts of people  
which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
not cast aside so soon

**GRUACH** Was the hope drunk  
wherein you dressed yourself? Has it slept since?  
and wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
at what it did so freely? From this time  
such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
to be the same in thine own act and valour  
as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
and live a coward in thine own esteem,  
letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'  
like the poor cat in the adage?

**MACBETH** Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man;  
who dares do more is none

**GRUACH** What beast was it, then,  
that made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
and to be more than what you were, you would  
be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
they have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
how tender it is to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,

have plucked my nipple from her boneless gums,  
and dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
have done to this

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**GRUACH**

We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking-place  
and we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —  
whereto the rather shall her day's hard journey  
soundly invite her — her two servants  
will I with wine and wassail so convince,  
that memory, the warder of the brain,  
shall be a fume: when in swinish sleep  
their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
what cannot you and I perform upon  
the unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
her spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only

for thy undaunted mettle should compose  
nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
when we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
of her own chamber and used their very daggers,  
that they have done it?

**GRUACH**

Who dares receive it other

as we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
upon her death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up

each corporal agent to this terrible feat  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show  
false face must hide what the false heart doth know