

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

GRUACH I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

GRUACH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

GRUACH Ay

MACBETH Hark - who lies in the second chamber?

GRUACH Donalbain

MACBETH This is a sorry sight

GRUACH A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight

MACBETH There's one did laugh in his 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
again to sleep

GRUACH 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
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen'
when they did say 'God bless us'

GRUACH 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

GRUACH These deeds must not be thought
after these ways: so, it will make us mad

MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more,
Macbeth does murder sleep: the innocent sleep,
sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
chief nourisher in life's feast —

GRUACH 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 -

GRUACH Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
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
the sleepy grooms with blood

MACBETH I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done:
look on it again I dare not.

GRUACH Infirm of purpose!
give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
that fears a painted devil. If she 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 it with me, when every noise appals me?
what hands are here? Ha? They pluck out mine eyes.
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 Gruach

GRUACH My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white — 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 — Hark! More knocking
to bed, 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.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking - I would thou couldst!