

Ross

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Banquo

What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Angus

Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.
Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Banquo

That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
This supernatural soliciting]

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Banquo

Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo

New horrors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo

Very gladly.

Macbeth

Till then, enough. Come, friends.