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The tragedy of macbeth act 3 scene 2

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court? Servant Ay, madam, but returns again to-night. LADY MACBETH Say to the king, I would attend his leisure For a few words. Servant Madam, I will. Exit LADY MACBETH Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content: 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. Enter MACBETH How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what's done is done. MACBETH We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly: better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, Can touch him further. LADY MACBETH Come on; Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night. MACBETH So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honours in these flattering streams, And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are. LADY MACBETH You must leave this. MACBETH O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. LADY MACBETH But in them nature's copy's not eterne. MACBETH There's comfort yet, they are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note. LADY MACBETH What's to be done? MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow Makes wing to the rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; While night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still; Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. So, prithee, go with me. Exeunt [Macbeth's castle. Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant] Is Banquo gone from court? Ay, madam, but returns again tonight. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content. 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. How now, my lord. Why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard — what's done is done. We have scorched the snake, not killed it. She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than, on the torture of the mind, to lie After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Treason has done his worst. Nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue. Unsafe the whilethe while, that we must lave our honours In these flattering streams, and make our faces Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife. Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. But in them nature's copy's not eterne. There's comfort yet, they are assailable; Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day. And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood. Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; While night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still. Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. In the royal palace at Forres, Banquo paces and thinks about the coronation of Macbeth and the prophecies of the weird sisters. The witches foretold that Macbeth would be king and that Banquo's line would eventually sit on the throne. If the first prophecy came true, Banquo thinks, feeling the stirring of ambition, why not the second? Macbeth enters, attired as king. He is followed by Lady Macbeth, now his queen, and the court. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth ask Banquo to attend the feast they will host that night. Banquo accepts their invitation and says that he plans to go for a ride on his horse for the afternoon. Macbeth mentions that they should discuss the problem of Malcolm and Donalbain. The brothers have fled from Scotland and may be plotting against his crown. Banquo departs, and Macbeth dismisses his court. He is left alone in the hall with a single servant, to whom he speaks about some men who have come to see him. Macbeth asks if the men are still waiting and orders that they be fetched. Once the servant has gone, Macbeth begins a soliloquy. He muses on the subject of Banquo, reflecting that his old friend is the only man in Scotland whom he fears. He notes that if the witches' prophecy is true, his will be a "fruitless crown," by which he means that he will not have an heir (3.1.62). The murder of Duncan, which weighs so heavily on his conscience, may have simply cleared the way for Banquo's sons to overthrow Macbeth's own family. The servant reenters with Macbeth's two visitors. Macbeth reminds the two men, who are murderers he has hired, of a conversation he had with them the day before, in which he chronicled the wrongs Banquo had done them in the past. He asks if they are angry and manly enough to take revenge on Banquo. They reply that they are, and Macbeth accepts their promise that they will murder his former friend. Macbeth reminds the murderers that Fleance must be killed along with his father and tells them to wait within the castle for his command. Read a translation of Act 3, scene 1 → Summary: Act 3, scene 2 Elsewhere in the castle, Lady Macbeth expresses despair and sends a servant to fetch her husband. Macbeth enters and tells his wife that he too is discontented, saying that his mind is "full of scorpions" (3.2.37). He feels that the business that they began by killing Duncan is not yet complete because there are still threats to the throne that must be eliminated. Macbeth tells his wife that he has planned "a deed of dreadful note" for Banquo and Fleance and urges her to be jovial and kind to Banquo during the evening's feast, in order to lure their next victim into a false sense of security (3.2.45). Read a translation of Act 3, scene 2 → Summary: Act 3, scene 3 It is dusk, and the two murderers, now joined by a third, linger in a wooded park outside the palace. Banquo and Fleance approach on their horses and dismount. They light a torch, and the murderers set upon them. The murderers kill Banquo, who dies urging his son to flee and to avenge his death. One of the murderers extinguishes the torch, and in the darkness Fleance escapes. The murderers leave with Banquo's body to find Macbeth and tell him what has happened. Read a translation of Act 3, scene 3 → Analysis: Act 3, scenes 1–3 After his first confrontation with the witches, Macbeth worried that he would have to commit a murder to gain the Scottish crown. He seems to have gotten used to the idea, as by this point the body count has risen to alarming levels. Now that the first part of the witches' prophecy has come true, Macbeth feels that he must kill his friend Banquo and the young Fleance in order to prevent the second part from becoming realized. But, as Fleance's survival suggests, there can be no escape from the witches' prophecies. Read more about foreshadowing in Macbeth. Macbeth and his wife seem to have traded roles. As he talks to the murderers, Macbeth adopts the same rhetoric that Lady Macbeth used to convince him to murder in Act 1, scene 7. He questions their manhood in order to make them angry, and their desire to murder Banquo and Fleance grows out of their desire to prove themselves to be men. In the scene with Lady Macbeth that follows, Macbeth again echoes her previous comments. She told him earlier that he must "look like the innocent flower, / But be the serpent under" (1.5.63–64). Now he is the one reminding her to mask her unease, as he says that they must "make [their] faces visors to [their] hearts, / Disguising what they are" (3.2.35–36). Yet, despite his displays of fearlessness, Macbeth is undeniably beset with guilt and doubt, which he expresses in his reference to the "scorpions" in his mind and in his declaration that in killing Banquo they "have scorched the snake, not killed it" (3.2.15). Read more about metaphors and similes in Macbeth. While her husband grows bolder, Lady Macbeth begins to despair—"Naught's had; all's spent," she says (3.2.6). It is difficult to believe that the woman who now attempts to talk her husband out of committing more murders is the same Lady Macbeth who earlier spurred her husband on to slaughter. Just as he begins to echo her earlier statements, she references his. "What's done is done" (3.2.14), she says wishfully, echoing her husband's use of "done" in Act 1, scene 7, where he said: "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well / It were done quickly" (1.7.1–2). But as husband and wife begin to realize, nothing is "done" whatsoever; their sense of closure is an illusion. Both characters seem shocked and dismayed that possessing the crown has not rid them of trouble or brought them happiness. The language that they use is fraught with imagery suggestive of suspicion, paranoia, and inner turmoil, like Macbeth's evocative "full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife" (3.2.37). Each murder Macbeth commits or commissions is intended to bring him security and contentment, but the deeper his arms sink in blood, the more violent and horrified he becomes. Read more about how the tone of Macbeth reflects characters' inner torment. By the start of Act 3, the play's main theme—the repercussions of acting on ambition without moral constraint—has been articulated and explored. The play now builds inexorably toward its end. Unlike Hamlet, in which the plot seems open to multiple possibilities up to the final scene, Macbeth's action seems to develop inevitably. We know that there is nothing to stop Macbeth's murder spree except his own death, and it is for that death that the audience now waits. Only with Macbeth's demise, we realize, can any kind of moral order be restored to Scotland. Read more about the corrupting power of unchecked ambition as a theme.

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