

# The Tragedy of Macbeth

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## SCENE VI. Forres. The palace.

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord*

### LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The  
gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key--  
As, an't please heaven, he shall not--they  
should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

### Lord

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth  
Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these--with Him above  
To ratify the work--we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours:  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

**LENNOX**

Sent he to Macduff?

**Lord**

He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.'

**LENNOX**

And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed!

**Lord**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

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