

SIDE E

Testing Macduff, probing his loyalties. How far will he follow you?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms. I grant him bloody,
luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; Better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house,
Destroying them for wealth. Had I pow'r, I'd
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.