Act 3 Sc 2

To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. ’Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear; and under him  
My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me

And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If’t be so,  
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind;  
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered,  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.  
Rather than so, come Fate into the list.  
And champion me to th’utterance.

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