

The harvest is your own.

<i>Duncan.</i>	My plenteous joys,	33
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves		34
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,		35
And you whose places are the nearest, know		36
We will establish our estate upon		37
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter		38
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must		39
Not unaccompanied invest him only,		40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine		41
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,		42
And bind us further to you.		43

<i>Macbeth.</i>	The rest is labour, which is not used for you:	44
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful		45
The hearing of my wife with your approach;		46
So, humbly take my leave.		

<i>Duncan.</i>	<i>My worthy Cawdor!</i>	47
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<i>Macbeth.</i> [<i>Aside.</i>]	The Prince of Cumberland! that is a	
step,		48
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,		49
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;		50
Let not light see my black and deep desires:		51
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be		52
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.	[<i>Exit.</i>]	53

<i>Duncan.</i>	True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,	54
And in his commendations I am fed;		55
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,		56
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:		57
It is a peerless kinsman.	[<i>Flourish. Exeunt.</i>]	58

33. *The harvest is your own.* This suggests suspicion of Macbeth's loyalty.

47. *My worthy Cawdor.* A slight emphasis on the adjective would imply that the King is satisfying himself that the former thane was a traitor.