

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Porter Soliloquy, Act 2

BOTH: Here's a knocking indeed!

If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock, knock!

Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:

come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock!

Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock, knock!

Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
(*Knocking*)

BOTH: Knock, knock;

never at quiet! What are you?

But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
(*Knocking*)

Anon, anon! I pray you,

BOTH: remember the porter.