



# MACBETH

---

WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

By William Shakespeare

**THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH**

Dramatis Personae.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.  
MALCOLM, }  
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH, }  
BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.

LADY MACBETH, wife to Macbeth.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, }  
ROSS, }  
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.  
ANGUS, }  
MENTEITH, }

LADY MACDUFF, wife to Macduff.  
BOY, son to Macduff.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.  
YOUNG SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.

A CAPTAIN, serving under Duncan.  
An English DOCTOR.  
A Scottish DOCTOR, attending on Lady Macbeth.  
Waiting-GENTLEWOMAN, attending on Lady Macbeth.  
A PORTER.  
An OLD MAN.  
A SOLDIER.

1st MURDERER, 2nd MURDERER, 3rd MURDERER.

HECATE, Queen of the Witches.  
1st WITCH, 2nd WITCH, 3rd WITCH. Three other WITCHES.

The GHOST OF BANQUO.  
1st APPARITION, an armed Head.  
2nd APPARITION, a bloody Child.  
3rd APPARITION, a Child crowned.  
A Show of EIGHT KINGS.

A Sewer, Lords, Attendants, Hautboys, Torch-bearers, Drummers, Standard Bearers, Soldiers, Messengers.

Scene: Scotland; England.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 1.

Scene 1. An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

1st Witch When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2nd Witch When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3rd Witch That will be ere the set of sun.

1st Witch Where the place?

2nd Witch Upon the heath.

3rd Witch There to meet with Macbeth.

1st Witch I come, Greymalkin!

2nd Witch Paddock calls.

3rd Witch Anon!

All Witches Fair is foul, and foul is fair;  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.  
[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 2. A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with ATTENDANTS, meeting a bleeding CAPTAIN.

Duncan What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

Malcolm This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

Captain Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald -  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him -from the Western Isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth -well he deserves that name -  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him  
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,  
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Duncan O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

Captain As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,  
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbished arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan Dismayed not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Captain Yes,  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell -  
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Duncan So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.  
[Exit CAPTAIN with some ATTENDANTS.]

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Who comes here?

Malcolm The worthy Thane of Ross.

Lennox What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross God save the king!

Duncan Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,  
The victory fell on us -

Duncan                      Great happiness!

Ross                              That now  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Duncan    No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross    I'll see it done.

Duncan    What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1st Witch    Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch    Killing swine.

3rd Witch                      Sister, where thou?

1st Witch    A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munched, and munched, and munched. `Give me' quoth I.  
`Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'th' Tiger;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2nd Witch    I'll give thee a wind.

1st Witch    Thou'rt kind.

3rd Witch    And I another.

1st Witch    I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I'th' shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay;  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his penthouse lid.  
He shall live a man forbid.  
Weary sennights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

2nd Witch                      Show me, show me.

1st Witch    Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
    Wracked as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.

3rd Witch    A drum! A drum!  
    Macbeth doth come.

All Witches    The Weird sisters, hand in hand,  
    Posters of the sea and land,  
    Thus do go about, about;  
    Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
    And thrice again to make up nine.  
    Peace! The charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth    So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo    How far is't called to Forres? What are these,  
    So withered and so wild in their attire,  
    That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,  
    And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught  
    That man may question? You seem to understand me  
    By each at once her choppy finger laying  
    Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
    And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
    That you are so.

Macbeth                      Speak, if you can. What are you?

1st Witch    All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2nd Witch    All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3rd Witch    All hail, Macbeth! -that shalt be king hereafter.

Banquo    Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
    Things that do sound so fair?  
    [To the WITCHES.] I'th' name of truth,  
    Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
    Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
    You greet with present grace and great prediction  
    Of noble having and of royal hope,  
    That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.  
    If you can look into the seeds of time  
    And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch Hail!

2nd Witch Hail!

3rd Witch Hail!

1st Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis,  
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence; or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[WITCHES vanish.]

Banquo The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth Into the air, and what seemed corporal  
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.

Banquo Were such things here as we do speak about,  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth Your children shall be kings.

Banquo You shall be king.

Macbeth And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Banquo To th' selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Ross The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' selfsame day  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail

Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And poured them down before him.

Angus    We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

Ross    And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor;  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,  
For it is thine.

Banquo                                      What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth    The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me  
In borrowed robes?

Angus                                      Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth    [Aside.]                                  Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind.  
[To ROSS and ANGUS.]    Thanks for your pains.  
[To BANQUO.]    Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

Banquo                                      That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth    [Aside.]                                  Two truths are told  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. [Aloud.] I thank you, gentlemen.  
[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? -I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,



Shakes so my single state of man  
That function is smothered in surmise,  
And nothing is but what is not.

Banquo Look how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth [Aside.]  
If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me  
Without my stir.

Banquo New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth [Aside.] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth Give me your favour; my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registered where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
[To BANQUO.]  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim having weighed it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo Very gladly.

Macbeth Till then, enough. Come, friends.  
[Exeunt.]

+++++

Scene 4. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and ATTENDANTS.

Duncan Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet returned?

Malcolm My liege,  
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Duncan There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.  
He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and servants  
Which do but what they should by doing everything  
Safe toward your love and honour.

Duncan Welcome hither.  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

Duncan My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

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

Duncan My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! -that is a step  
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires.  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.

Duncan True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.  
It is a peerless kinsman.  
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 5. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady Macbeth [Reads.] "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor', by which title before, these Weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do' if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What is your tidings?

Messenger The king comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? -who, were't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

Messenger So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming;  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth Give him tending;  
He brings great news.

[Exit MESSENGER.

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry `Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

Macbeth                                My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth                            And when goes hence?

Macbeth    Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth                            O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue; look like th' innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth    We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth                            Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 6. Inverness. Before the Castle.

HAUTBOYS and TORCHES.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and ATTENDANTS.

Duncan    This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air  
          Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
          Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo                            This guest of summer,  
          The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
          By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
          Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,  
          Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
          Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.  
          Where they most breed and haunt I have observed  
          The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan                            See, see, our honoured hostess!  
          The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
          Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
          How you shall bid God-'ield us for your pains,  
          And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth                            All our service,  
          In every point twice done and then done double,  
          Were poor and single business to contend  
          Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
          Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
          And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
          We rest your hermits.

Duncan                            Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
          We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
          To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
          And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
          To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
          We are your guest tonight.

Lady Macbeth                            Your servants ever  
          Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
          To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
          Still to return your own.

Duncan                            Give me your hand,  
          Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,  
          And shall continue our graces towards him.  
          By your leave, hostess.

[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 7. Inverness. A Room in the Castle.

HAUTBOYS and TORCHES.

Enter a SEWER, and divers SERVANTS with dishes and service, and pass over the

stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macbeth If it were done, when 'tis done then 'twere well  
It were done quickly. If th' assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success -that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all -here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgement here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubin horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on th'other -

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! What news?

Lady Macbeth He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth Hath he asked for me?

Lady Macbeth Know you not he has?

Macbeth We will proceed no further in this business.  
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting `I dare not' wait upon `I would',

Like the poor cat i'th' adage?

Macbeth    Prithee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth    What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me -  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this.

Macbeth    If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth    We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Macbeth    Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

Lady Macbeth    Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

Macbeth    I am settled; and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
[Exeunt.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 2.

Scene 1. Inverness. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him.

Banquo How goes the night, boy?

Fleance The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Banquo And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance I take't 'tis later, sir.

Banquo [Giving his sword.]

Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out.

[Giving the torch.] Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

Enter MACBETH, and a SERVANT with a torch.

Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

Macbeth A friend.

Banquo What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

Macbeth Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three Weird sisters:  
To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth I think not of them;  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Banquo At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth If you shall cleave to my consent when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,



I shall be counselled.

Macbeth                                Good repose the while.

Banquo    Thanks, sir; the like to you.  
[Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.]

Macbeth    Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready  
              She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.  
[Exit SERVANT.]

              Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
              The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
              I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!  
              Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
              To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
              A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
              Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
              I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
              As this which now I draw.  
              Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
              And such an instrument I was to use.  
              Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,  
              Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;  
              And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
              Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
              It is the bloody business which informs  
              Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
              Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
              The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates  
              Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,  
              Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf  
              Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
              With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
              Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
              Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear  
              Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts  
              And take the present horror from the time  
              Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.  
              Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.  
              I go, and it is done -the bell invites me.  
              Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
              That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.]

[Exit.]

+ + + + +

Scene 2. The Same.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth    That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.  
                      What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! -Peace;  
                      It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman  
                      Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.  
                      The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
                      Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them  
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [Within.]                      Who's there? What, ho!

Lady Macbeth Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. -Hark! -I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macbeth I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

Macbeth                      When?

Lady Macbeth                      Now.

Macbeth                      As I descended?

Lady Macbeth Ay.

Macbeth Hark!  
Who lies i'th' second chamber?

Lady Macbeth                      Donalbain.

Macbeth [Looking at his hands.] This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried `Murder!'  
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;  
But they did say their prayers and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth                      There are two lodged together.

Macbeth One cried `God bless us', and `Amen' the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
List'ning their fear, I could not say `Amen'  
When they did say `God bless us'.

Lady Macbeth Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth But wherefore could not I pronounce `Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and `Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth                      These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth Methought I heard a voice cry `Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep' -the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast -

Lady Macbeth What do you mean?

Macbeth Still it cried `Sleep no more!' to all the house;  
`Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more'.

Lady Macbeth Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth I'll go no more.  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.

[Knocking within.

Macbeth Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! -they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth My hands are of your colour, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.

[Knocking within.

I hear a knocking  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.

[Knocking within.

Hark, more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.  
[Knocking within.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! -I would thou couldst.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. The same.

Knocking within. Enter a PORTER.

Porter Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key.

[Knocking within.

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there i'th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. -Come in time! -Have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.

[Knocking within.

Knock, knock! Who's there i'th' 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 within.

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 within.

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 th' everlasting bonfire.

[Knocking within.

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the Porter.

[Opens the gate.

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macduff Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

Porter Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macduff I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter That it did, sir, i'the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs

sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macduff Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Lennox Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth Good morrow, both.

Macduff Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth Not yet.

Macduff He did command me to call timely on him.  
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth I'll bring you to him.

Macduff I know this is a joyful trouble to you,  
But yet 'tis one.

Macbeth The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

Macduff I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit.

Lennox Goes the king hence today?

Macbeth He does; he did appoint so.

Lennox The night has been unruly. Where we lay  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatched to th' woeful time; the obscure bird  
Clamoured the livelong night. Some say the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth 'Twas a rough night.

Lennox My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff O horror, horror, horror! -Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth &

Lennox What's the matter?

Macduff Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence  
The life o'th' building.

Macbeth                              What is't you say? The life?

Lennox    Mean you his majesty?

Macduff   Approach the chamber and destroy your sight  
            With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.  
            See, and then speak yourselves.  
[Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.]

                                  Awake! Awake!  
Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see  
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites  
To countenance this horror!  
[Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth                        What's the business,  
            That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
            The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Macduff                              O gentle lady,  
            'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;  
            The repetition in a woman's ear  
            Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

                                  O Banquo, Banquo!  
            Our royal master's murdered!

Lady Macbeth                        Woe, alas!  
            What, in our house?

Banquo                              Too cruel anywhere.  
            Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself  
            And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

Macbeth    Had I but died an hour before this chance  
            I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
            There's nothing serious in mortality.  
            All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,  
            The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
            Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Donalbain What is amiss?

Macbeth You are, and do not know't.  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm O, by whom?

Lennox Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows. They stared, and were distracted.  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth O, yet I do repent me of my fury  
That I did kill them.

Macduff Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? -No man.  
Th' expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,  
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make's love known?

Lady Macbeth Help me hence, ho!  
[Swooning.]

Macduff Look to the lady.

Malcolm [Aside to DONALBAIN.]  
Why do we hold our tongues that most may claim  
This argument for ours?

Donalbain [Aside to MALCOLM.] What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
May rush and seize us? Let's away;  
Our tears are not yet brewed.

Malcolm [Aside to DONALBAIN.] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo Look to the lady!  
[Exit LADY MACBETH, attended.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff                      And so do I.

All                              So all.

Macbeth   Let's briefly put on manly readiness  
And meet i'th' hall together.

All                              Well contented.  
[Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.]

Malcolm   What will you do? Let's not consort with them.  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain   To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

Malcolm                      This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.  
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Without the Castle.

Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN.

Old Man   Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross                              Ha, good father,  
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
Is't night's predominance or the day's shame  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb  
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man                              'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

Ross   And Duncan's horses -a thing most strange and certain -  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,



Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

Old Man                    'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross    They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes  
         That looked upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

                                 Here comes the good Macduff.  
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff                    Why, see you not?

Ross    Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macduff    Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross                        Alas the day!  
         What good could they pretend?

Macduff                    They were suborned.  
         Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
         Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
         Suspicion of the deed.

Ross                        'Gainst nature still!  
         Thriftless ambition that will ravin up  
         Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
         The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macduff    He is already named, and gone to Scone  
         To be invested.

Ross                        Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff    Carried to Colmekill,  
         The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
         And guardian of their bones.

Ross                        Will you to Scone?

Macduff    No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross                        Well, I will thither.

Macduff    Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,  
         Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross    Farewell, father.

Old Man    God's benison go with you, and with those  
         That would make good of bad, and friends of foes  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 3.

Scene 1. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all  
As the Weird women promised; and I fear  
Thou playedst most foully for't. Yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Sennet sounded.

Enter MACBETH as King, LADY MACBETH as Queen, LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

Macbeth Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth If he had been forgotten  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo Let your highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
Forever knit.

Macbeth Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.  
Is't far you ride?

Banquo As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth Fail not our feast.

Banquo My lord, I will not.

Macbeth We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon's.

Macbeth I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.

[Exit BANQUO.

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night.  
To make society the sweeter welcome,  
We will keep ourself till suppertime alone.  
While then, God be with you.

[Exeunt all but MACBETH and a SERVANT.

Sirrah, a word with you.  
Attend those men our pleasure?

Servant They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macbeth Bring them before us.

[Exit SERVANT.

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! Who's there?

Re-enter SERVANT, with two MURDERERS.

Now, go to the door and stay there till we call.

[Exit SERVANT.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Murderer It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth Well then, now  
Have you considered of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self? This I made good to you  
In our last conference; passed in probation with you  
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say `Thus did Banquo'.

1st Murderer You made it known to us.

Macbeth I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,  
And beggared yours for ever?

1st Murderer We are men, my liege.

Macbeth Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs. The valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition from the bill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i'th' worst rank of manhood, say't,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2nd Murderer I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

1st Murderer And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance  
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macbeth Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Murderer True, my lord.

Macbeth So is he mine; and in such bloody distance  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life; and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2nd Murderer We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1st Murderer Though our lives -

Macbeth Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done tonight,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness; and with him,  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,  
Fleance his son that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I'll come to you anon.

2nd Murderer We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth I'll call upon you straight: abide within.  
[Exeunt MURDERERS.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.  
[Exit.

+++++

Scene 2. Forres. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a SERVANT.

Lady Macbeth Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

Lady Macbeth Say to the king I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

Servant Madam, I will.  
[Exit.

Lady Macbeth Naught's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

Macbeth We have scorched the snake, not killed it;  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.  
Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,  
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macbeth So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you.  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue;  
Unsafe the while that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams  
And make our faces visors to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth You must leave this.

Macbeth O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady Macbeth But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macbeth There's comfort yet; they are assailable.  
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth What's to be done?

Macbeth Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wings to th' rooky wood.  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Forres. A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace.

Enter three MURDERERS.

1st Murderer But who did bid thee join with us?

3rd Murderer Macbeth.

2nd Murderer He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

1st Murderer Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3rd Murderer Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2nd Murderer Then 'tis he; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i'th' court.

1st Murderer His horses go about.

3rd Murderer Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate  
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2nd Murderer A light, a light!

3rd Murderer 'Tis he.

1st Murderer Stand to't.

Banquo It will be rain tonight.

1st Murderer Let it come down.

[1st MURDERER strikes out the light while the 2nd and 3rd MURDERERS set upon BANQUO.

Banquo O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies.

[Exit FLEANCE.

3rd Murderer Who did strike out the light?

1st Murderer Was't not the way?

3rd Murderer There's but one down; the son is fled.

2nd Murderer We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1st Murderer Well, let's away and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Forres. A Room of State in the Palace.

A banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

Macbeth You know your own degrees, sit down. At first and last,

The hearty welcome.

Lords Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

[Walks among the tables.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter 1st MURDERER, to the door.

Macbeth See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even -here I'll sit, i'th' midst.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.

[Approaches the door.

[To 1st MURDERER.] There's blood upon thy face.

1st Murderer 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatched?

Murderer My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macbeth Thou art the best o'th' cut-throats;



Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:  
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

1st Murderer Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air;  
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

1st Murderer Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth Thanks for that.  
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone; tomorrow  
We'll hear ourselves again.

[Exit 1st MURDERER.]

Lady Macbeth My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home.  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

Lennox May it please your highness sit?

Enter the GHOST OF BANQUO, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macbeth Here had we now our country's honour roofed  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance.

Ross His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth The table's full.

Lennox Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth Where?

Lennox Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macbeth Which of you have done this?

Lords What, my good lord?

Macbeth [To the GHOST.] Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross Gentlemen, rise; his highness it not well.

Lady Macbeth Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat,  
The fit is momentary. Upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him  
You shall offend him and extend his passion.  
Feed, and regard him not.  
[Aside to MACBETH.] Are you a man?

Macbeth [Aside to LADY MACBETH.]  
Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

Lady Macbeth O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth Prithee, see there!  
Behold! Look! Lo! How say you?  
Why, what care I if thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

[GHOST disappears.]

Lady Macbeth What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth Fie, for shame!

Macbeth Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,  
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine -fill full.  
I drink to th' general joy o'th' whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

Re-enter GHOST.

Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords                                  Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth [Seeing the GHOST.]

Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth                                  Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom -'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth   What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mock'ry, hence!

[GHOST disappears.]

                                Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady Macbeth   You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

Macbeth                                  Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe  
When now I think you can behold such sights  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross    What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth   I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse.  
Question enrages him. At once, good night.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

Lennox                                  Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

Lady Macbeth                    A kind good night to all.  
[Exeunt LORDS and ATTENDANTS.]

Macbeth    It will have blood; they say blood will have blood.  
              Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
              Augurs and understood relations have  
              By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
              The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady Macbeth    Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macbeth    How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person  
              At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth                    Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth    I heard it by the way, but I will send.  
              There's not a one of them but in his house  
              I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow -  
              And betimes I will -to the Weird sisters.  
              More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know  
              By the worst means the worst. For mine own good  
              All causes shall give way. I am in blood  
              Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,  
              Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
              Strange things I have in head that will to hand,  
              Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady Macbeth    You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth    Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
              Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
              We are yet but young in deed.  
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 5. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, meeting HECATE.

1st Witch    Why, how now, Hecate! You look angerly.

Hecate    Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
              Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
              To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
              In riddles and affairs of death;  
              And I, the mistress of your charms,  
              The close contriver of all harms,  
              Was never called to bear my part,  
              Or show the glory of our art?  
              And, which is worse, all you have done  
              Hath been but for a wayward son,  
              Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
              Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
              But make amends now. Get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i'th' morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and everything beside.  
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon.  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,  
And that distilled by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;  
And you all know security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Song within, 'Come away, come away' etc.]

Hark, I am called. My little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Exit.]

1st Witch Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 6. Forres. A Room in 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 walked too late,  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,  
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't would have angered 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 failed  
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 t' 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.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 4.

Scene 1. Forres. A Room in a House.

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, to a boiling cauldron.

1st Witch   Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2nd Witch   Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3rd Witch   Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch   Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poisoned entrails throw.  
Toad that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Sweltered venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All Witches   Double, double toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All Witches Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3rd Witch Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digged i'th' dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

All Witches Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and three other WITCHES.

Hecate O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And everyone shall share i'th' gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' etc. Then exeunt HECATE and the other three WITCHES.

2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

[Knocking.

Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

All Witches A deed without a name.

Macbeth I conjure you by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken - answer me  
To what I ask you.

1st Witch Speak.

2nd Witch Demand.

3rd Witch We'll answer.

1st Witch Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths  
Or from our masters'?

Macbeth Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1st Witch Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

All Witches Come, high or low,  
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. FIRST APPARITION, an Armed Head.

Macbeth Tell me, thou unknown power -

1st Witch He knows thy thought.  
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

1st  
Apparition Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macduff;  
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.  
[Descends.

Macbeth Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more -

1st Witch He will not be commanded. Here's another,  
More potent than the first.

Thunder. SECOND APPARITION, a Bloody Child.

2nd  
Apparition Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth -

Macbeth Had I three ears I'd hear thee.

2nd  
Apparition Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn



The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.

Macbeth Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure  
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. THIRD APPARITION, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

All Witches Listen, but speak not to't.

3rd

Apparition Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him.

[Descends.

Macbeth That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good!  
Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

All Witches Seek to know no more.

Macbeth I will be satisfied. Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron?

[Hautboys.

And what noise is this?

1st Witch Show!

2nd Witch Show!

3rd Witch Show!

All Witches Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of EIGHT KINGS, the last with a glass in his hand.  
BANQUO following.

Macbeth Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. -Filthy hags,  
Why do you show me this? -A fourth? -Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?  
Another yet? -A seventh? I'll see no more.  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.  
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,  
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.  
[Exeunt the KINGS and BANQUO.]

What, is this so?

1st Witch Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights.  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round,  
That this great king may kindly say  
Our duties did his welcome pay.  
[Music. The WITCHES dance, and then vanish.]

Macbeth Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.  
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox What's your grace's will?

Macbeth Saw you the Weird sisters?

Lennox No, my lord.

Macbeth Came they not by you?

Lennox No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damned all those that trust them. I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Lennox 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth Fled to England!

Lennox Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth [Aside.] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o'th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights! [To LENNOX.] Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSS.

Lady Macduff What had he done to make him fly the land?

Ross You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff He had none.  
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff Wisdom! -to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.  
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

Ross My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'th' season. I dare not speak much further;  
But cruel are the times when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. [To BOY.] My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross I am so much a fool, should I stay longer  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.  
I take my leave at once.

[Exit.

Lady Macduff                      Sirrah, your father's dead;  
    And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son   As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff                      What, with worms and flies?

Son   With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff   Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,  
    The pitfall nor the gin.

Son   Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.  
    My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff   Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

Son   Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff   Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son   Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff   Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i'faith,  
    With wit enough for thee.

Son   Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff   Ay, that he was.

Son   What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff   Why, one that swears and lies.

Son   And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff   Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son   And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff   Every one.

Son   Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff   Why, the honest men.

Son   Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers  
enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff   Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a  
father?

Son   If he were dead you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good  
sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff   Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here. Hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer.

[Exit.

Lady Macduff Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence  
To say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS.

What are these faces?

Murderer Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff I hope in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Murderer He's a traitor.

Son Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

Murderer What, you egg?  
Young fry of treachery!

[Stabbing him.

Son He has killed me, mother!  
Run away, I pray you.

[Dies.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' pursued by the MURDERERS.

+++++

Scene 3. England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Malcolm Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men

Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm                                   What I believe I'll wail;  
What know believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well;  
He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but something  
You may discern of him through me; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,  
T' appease an angry god.

Macduff   I am not treacherous.

Malcolm                                   But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon.  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose.  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff                                   I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm   Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child -  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love -  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff                                   Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs;  
The title is affeered. Fare thee well, lord.  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

Malcolm                                   Be not offended;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways, than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff                                      What should he be?

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.

Macduff                                      Not in the legions  
            Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned  
            In evils to top Macbeth.

Malcolm                                      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; and my desire  
            All continent impediments would o'erbear  
            That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth  
            Than such a one to reign.

Macduff                                      Boundless intemperance  
            In nature is a tyranny. It hath been  
            Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
            And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
            To take upon you what is yours. You may  
            Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
            And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
            We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
            That vulture in you to devour so many  
            As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
            Finding it so inclined.

Malcolm                                      With this there grows  
            In my most ill-composed affection such  
            A staunchless avarice that, were I king,  
            I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
            Desire his jewels, and this other's house;  
            And my more-having would be as a sauce  
            To make me hunger more, that I should forge  
            Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
            Destroying them for wealth.

Macduff                                      This avarice  
            Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
            Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
            The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;  
            Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
            Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
            With other graces weighed.

Malcolm    But I have none. The king-becoming graces,  
            As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,  
            Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

Macduff                                    O Scotland, Scotland!

Malcolm    If such a one be fit to govern, speak.  
              I am as I have spoken.

Macduff                                    Fit to govern?  
No, not to live! O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,  
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Hath banished me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm                                    Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From overcredulous haste. But God above  
Deal between thee and me, for even now  
I put myself to thy direction and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly  
Is thine and my poor country's to command;  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff    Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
              'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a DOCTOR.



Malcolm                           Well, more anon.  
Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doctor   Aye, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces  
The great assay of art, but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

Malcolm                           I thank you, doctor.  
[Exit DOCTOR.]

Macduff   What's the disease he means?

Malcolm                           'Tis called the Evil.  
A most miraculous work in this good king,  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swell'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers, and, 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSS.

Macduff                           See who comes here.

Malcolm   My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Macduff   My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm   I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross                               Sir, amen.

Macduff   Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross                               Alas, poor country,  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing  
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air  
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell  
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff                           O relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm                         What's the newest grief?

Ross    That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
        Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff                         How does my wife?

Ross    Why, well.

Macduff                         And all my children?

Ross                                 Well too.

Macduff    The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross    No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macduff    Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes't?

Ross    When I came hither to transport the tidings  
        Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
        Of many worthy fellows that were out,  
        Which was to my belief witnessed the rather  
        For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.  
        [To MALCOLM.] Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland  
        Would create soldiers, make our women fight  
        To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm                         Be't their comfort  
        We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
        Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men -  
        An older and a better soldier none  
        That Christendom gives out.

Ross                                 Would I could answer  
        This comfort with the like. But I have words  
        That would be howled out in the desert air,  
        Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff                         What concern they?  
        The general cause, or is it a fee-grief  
        Due to some single breast?

Ross                                 No mind that's honest  
        But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
        Pertains to you alone.

Macduff                         If it be mine  
        Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Ross    Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
        Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
        That ever yet they heard.

Macduff                         Hum! I guess at it.

Ross    Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes

Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner  
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,  
To add the death of you.

Malcolm                      Merciful heaven!  
What, man! Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macduff   My children too?

Ross                      Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

Macduff                      And I must be from thence!  
My wife killed too?

Ross                      I have said.

Malcolm                      Be comforted.  
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge  
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff   He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? -O hell-kite! -All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm   Dispute it like a man.

Macduff                      I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!  
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Malcolm   Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff   O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too.

Malcolm                      This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long that never finds the day.

[Exeunt.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 5.

Scene 1. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC and a WAITING-GENTLEWOMAN.

Doctor I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman Since his majesty went into the field I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doctor What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth Yet here's a spot.

Doctor Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! -a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doctor Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh-oh-oh!

Doctor What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor Even so?

Lady Macbeth To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit.

Doctor Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman Directly.

Doctor Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with DRUM and COLOURS, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and SOLDIERS.

Menteith The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.

Angus Near Birnam Wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith What does the tyrant?

Caithness Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain  
He cannot buckle his distempered cause  
Within the belt of rule.

Angus Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith Who then shall blame  
His pestered senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

Caithness Well, march we on  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

Lennox Or so much as it needs  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.  
[Exeunt, marching.

+++++

Scene 3. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR OF PHYSIC, and ATTENDANTS.

Macbeth Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.  
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee'. Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures.  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a SERVANT.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Servant There is ten thousand -

Macbeth Geese, villain?

Servant Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth Go, prick thy face and overred thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant The English force, so please you.

Macbeth Take thy face hence.

[Exit SERVANT.

Seyton! -I am sick at heart  
When I behold -Seyton, I say! -This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough. My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have, but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth What news more?

Seyton All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.  
Give me my armour.

Seyton 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth I'll put it on.  
Send out more horses; skirr the country round.  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, Doctor?

Doctor                                    Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies  
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth                                    Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor                                    Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth    Throw physic to the dogs! -I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
- Come, sir, dispatch. -If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. -Pull't off, I say! -  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor    Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

Macbeth            [To ATTENDANT.]    Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.  
[Exeunt all but the DOCTOR.]

Doctor    [Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.  
[Exeunt.]

+++++

Scene 4. Country near Birnam Wood.

Enter, with DRUM and COLOURS, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF,  
MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS, marching.

Malcolm    Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

Menteith                                    We doubt it nothing.

Old Siward    What wood is this before us?

Menteith    The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm    Let every soldier hew him down a bough



And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

Soldier                               It shall be done.

Old Siward   We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

Malcolm                               'Tis his main hope,  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff                               Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

Old Siward                             The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;  
Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

+ + + + +

Scene 5. Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with DRUM and COLOURS, MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS.

Macbeth   Hang out our banners on the outward walls.  
The cry is still 'They come'. Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

[A cry within of women.

  What is that noise?

Seyton   It is the cry of women, my good lord.  
[Exit.

Macbeth   I have almost forgot the taste of fears.  
The time has been my senses would have cooled  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue;  
Thy story, quickly.

Messenger Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

Macbeth Well, say, sir.

Messenger As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

Macbeth Liar and slave!

Messenger Let me endure your wrath if't be not so.  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive  
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: `Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane' -and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish th' estate o'th' world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind; come, wrack;  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.

+++++

Scene 6. Dunsinane. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with DRUM and COLOURS, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their ARMY, with boughs.

Malcolm Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

Old Siward Fare you well.  
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macduff Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[Exeunt. Alarums continued.

+ + + + +

Scene 7. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD.

Young Siward What is thy name?

Macbeth Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

Macbeth My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth No, nor more fearful.

Young Siward Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.  
[They fight, and YOUNG SIWARD is slain.

Macbeth Thou wast born of woman.  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.  
[Exit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,  
And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarums.

Enter MALCOLM and OLD SIWARD.

Old Siward This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Malcolm We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Siward Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarums.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macbeth Why should I play the Roman fool and die  
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth Of all men else I have avoided thee.  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

Macduff I have no words;  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out.

[They fight. Alarum.

Macbeth Thou lovest labour.  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

Macduff Despair thy charm,  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cowed my better part of man;  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense,  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o'th' time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole and underwrit  
`Here may you see the tyrant'.

Macbeth I will not yield  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damned be him that first cries `Hold, enough!'

[Exeunt, fighting.

Alarums. Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH is slain.

[Exit MACDUFF.

+ + + + +

Scene 8. Within the Castle.

Retreat. Flourish.

Enter, with DRUM and COLOURS, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, ROSS, THANES, and SOLDIERS.

Malcolm I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Old Siward Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.  
He only lived but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

Old Siward Then he is dead?

Ross Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

Old Siward Had he his hurts before?

Ross Ay, on the front.

Old Siward Why then, God's soldier be he.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.  
And so his knell is knolled.

Malcolm                                        He's worth more sorrow;  
And that I'll spend for him.

Old Siward                                    He's worth no more.  
They say he parted well and paid his score;  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macduff   Hail, king! -for so thou art. Behold where stands  
Th' usurper's cursed head. The time is free.  
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl  
That speak my salutation in their minds,  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail, King of Scotland!

All   Hail, King of Scotland!  
[Flourish.

Malcolm   We shall not spend a large expense of time  
Before we reckon with your several loves  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.  
[Flourish. Exeunt.