

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Shakespeare homepage | Macbeth | Entire play

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ACT I

SCENE I. A

DESERT PLACE.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

First Witch

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

Second Witch

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

Paddock calls.

Third Witch

Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A

CAMP NEAR

FORRES.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Sergeant

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that? He can report,

ACT	WORDS
ACT1	3950
ACT2	2909
ACT3	3971
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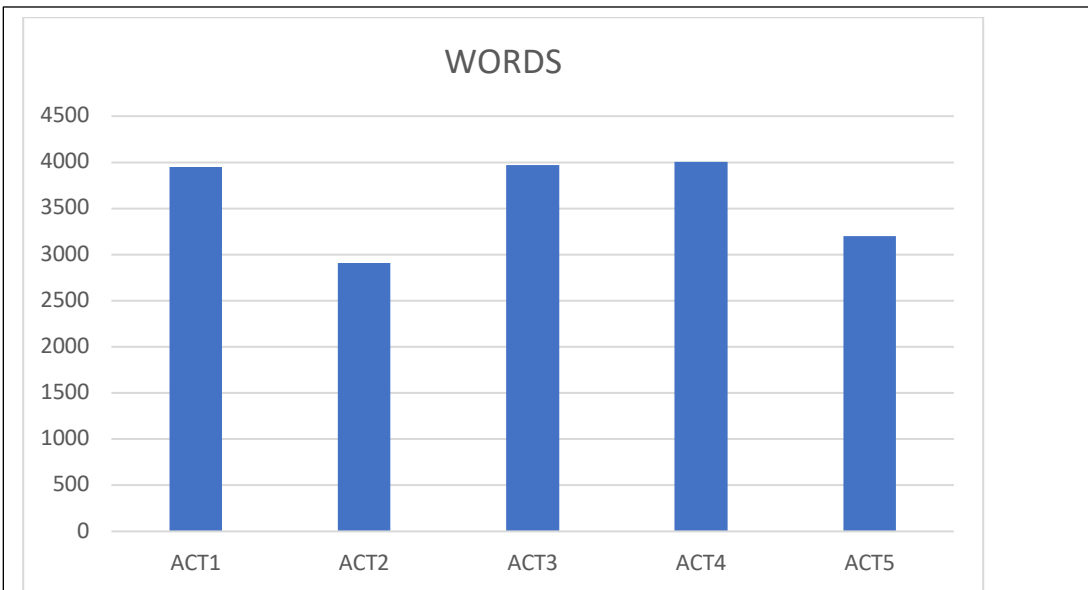
Chart 1 – Blah blah blah

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.
Sergeant
Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling
together
And choke their art. The merciless
Macdonwald--
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,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too
weak:
For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that
name--
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd
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 unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN
O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sergeant
As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd
to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels,
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of
men
Began a fresh assault.
DUNCAN
Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sergeant
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 memorise 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 Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?
Enter ROSS

MALCOLM
The worthy thane of Ross.



Graph 1 Blah blah blah



Macbeth Painting

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 camest 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, lapp'd 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 III. A

HEATH NEAR

FORRES.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch

Where hast thou been, sister?

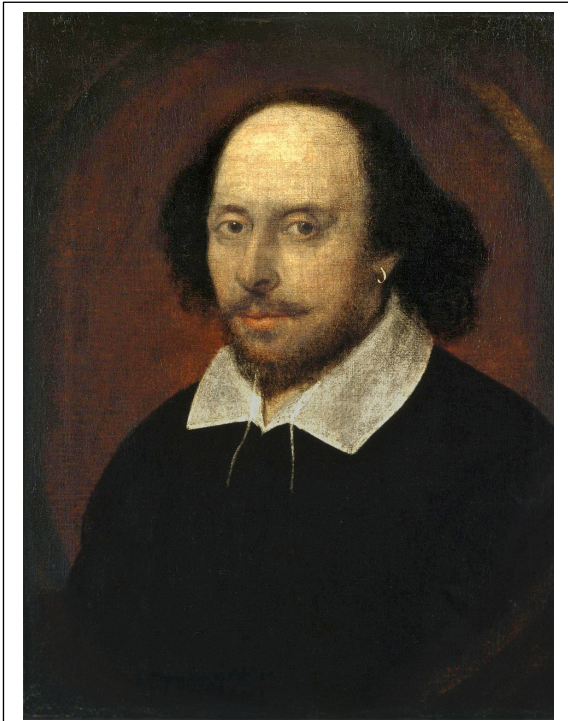
Second Witch

Killing swine.

Third Witch

Sister, where thou?

First Witch



William Shakespeare

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon
cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'
the 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.
Second Witch
I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch
Thou'rt kind.
Third Witch
And I another.
First Witch
I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights 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.
Second Witch
Show me, show me.
First Witch
Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
Drum within

Third Witch
A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
ALL
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 call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the
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 chappy 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?
First Witch

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
 Second Witch
 All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
 Third Witch
 All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!
 BANQUO
 Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the 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.
 First Witch
 Hail!
 Second Witch
 Hail!
 Third Witch
 Hail!
 First Witch
 Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
 Second Witch
 Not so happy, yet much happier.
 Third Witch
 Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
 First Witch
 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
 MACBETH
 Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:



Macbeth 2015 Movie

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
 vanish'd?
 MACBETH
 Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
 melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had
 stay'd!

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 the 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' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid 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 pour'd 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 borrow'd robes?

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;

But under heavy judgment 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 labour'd in his country's wreck, I know
not;

But treasons capital, confess'd 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.--I thank you,
gentlemen.

Aside

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 smother'd 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 horrors 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 register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the
king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at
more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. FORRES. THE PALACE.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants
DUNCAN

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

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 confess'd 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
every thing
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 enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

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

DUNCAN
My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, 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 V.

INVERNESS.

MACBETH'S

CASTLE.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter
LADY MACBETH

'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest 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' the 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'ldst 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 crown'd withal.
Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?
Messenger
The king comes here to-night.
LADY MACBETH
Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd 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 the access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest 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 to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, 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 the
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 VI. BEFORE MACBETH'S 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 pendent bed and procreant
cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,

The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN

See, see, our honour'd 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 'ild 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 heap'd 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 help him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

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 VII.

MACBETH'S

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 the 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 judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd 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 cherubim,
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 the other.
Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?
LADY MACBETH
He has almost supp'd: why have you left the
chamber?
MACBETH
Hath he ask'd for me?
LADY MACBETH
Know you not he has?
MACBETH
We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd 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 dress'd 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 afraid
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' the 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 pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,
And dash'd 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
The 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 mark'd 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 II

SCENE I.

COURT OF MACBETH'S CASTLE.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing 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
Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heaven;
Their candles are all out. 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 a-bed:
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 show'd 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 counsell'd.

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' the 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

halfworld

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd
murder,

Alarum'd 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 II. THE

SAME.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me
fire.

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, 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
drugg'd
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. The 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' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

Looking on his hands

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
address'd 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.

Listening 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 ravell'd 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 murder'd 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 in 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 III.

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' the name of
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged
himself on the expectation of plenty: come
in
time; have napkins enow about you; here
you'll sweat for't.
Knocking within

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

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' the air; strange screams
of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the
obscure bird

Clamour'd 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' the 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! Ring the bell.

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 murder'd!
LADY MACBETH
Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
BANQUO
Too cruel any where.
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 stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACDUFF
Your royal father 's murder'd.
MALCOLM
O, by whom?
LENNOX

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't:
Their hands and faces were an 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, temperate and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay
Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the
murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd 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!
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 brew'd.

MALCOLM

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong
sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO

Look to the lady:

LADY MACBETH is carried out

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' the 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 IV. OUTSIDE MACBETH'S 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

Ah, good father,

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with
man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the 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 hawk'd at and kill'd.
ROSS
And Duncan's horses--a thing most strange
and certain--
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,
Turn'd 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 the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff.
Enter 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 suborn'd:
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 wilt 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 III

SCENE I.

FORRES. THE

PALACE.

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst 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, Ladies, 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

To-night 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
For ever 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 to-
morrow.

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 bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-
morrow,

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 supper-time alone: while then, God be
with you!
Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

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 fear'd: '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 hail'd 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 wrench'd 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
murder'd;
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 seed of Banquo
kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list.
And champion me to the utterance! Who's
there!
Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

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

Exit Attendant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now

Have you consider'd 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, pass'd in probation
with you,

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd,
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.'

First 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
gospell'd

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?

First 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' the 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.
 Second Murderer
 I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the
 world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.
 First Murderer
 And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with
 fortune,
 That I would set my lie on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.
 MACBETH
 Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.
 Both Murderers
 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.
 Second Murderer
 We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.
 First 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' the
 time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-
 night,
 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.
 Both Murderers
 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 to-night.
 Exit

SCENE II. THE PALACE.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH

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

Servant

Madam, I will.

Exit

LADY MACBETH

Nought'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 scotch'd the snake, not kill'd 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 to-
night.

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 vizards 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 cloister'd 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 wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse;
While 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 III. A PARK NEAR THE PALACE.

Enter three Murderers
First Murderer
But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Murderer
Macbeth.
Second Murderer
He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First 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.
Third Murderer
Hark! I hear horses.
BANQUO
[Within] Give us a light there, ho!
Second Murderer
Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Murderer
His horses go about.
Third Murderer
Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace
gate
Make it their walk.
Second Murderer
A light, a light!
Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch

Third Murderer
'Tis he.
First Murderer
Stand to't.
BANQUO
It will be rain to-night.
First Murderer
Let it come down.
They set upon BANQUO

BANQUO
O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
Dies. FLEANCE escapes

Third Murderer
Who did strike out the light?
First Murderer
Wast not the way?

Third Murderer
There's but one down; the son is fled.
Second Murderer
We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Murderer
Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. THE SAME. HALL 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.

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.

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

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

The table round.
Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

First 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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,

bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's
safe?

First 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 the present. Get thee gone: to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again.

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, 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't please your highness sit.
The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH's place

MACBETH
Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
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
Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS
Gentlemen, rise: his highness is 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. Are you a man?

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 OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH
What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH
If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH
Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have 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 the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

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

Lords
Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

MACBETH

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 arm'd rhinoceros, or the 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 mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

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 all but MACBETH and LADY
MACBETH

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 say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH
Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH
I hear 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 to-morrow,
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
Stepp'd 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
scann'd.

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 V. A HEATH.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting
HECATE

First Witch
Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.
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 call'd 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' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the 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 vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd 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
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
Music and a song within: 'Come away, come
away,' & c

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
Exit

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

SCENE VI.

FORRES. 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 walk'd too
late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance
kill'd,
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 'twould have anger'd 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 fail'd
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, to 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 IV

SCENE I. A CAVERN. IN THE MIDDLE, A BOILING CAULDRON.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches
First Witch
Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch
Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch
Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
ALL
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Second 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 owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
ALL
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
ALL
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Second Witch

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

HECATE

O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' & c

HECATE retires

Second Witch
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!
Enter MACBETH

MACBETH
How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is't you do?

ALL

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 yesty
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.

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First 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

Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch

He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First 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 harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

Second Apparition
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
MACBETH
Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Second 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
Listen, but speak not to't.
Third Apparition
Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd 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!
Rebellion's head, 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
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? and what noise is
this?
Hautboys

First Witch
Show!
Second Witch
Show!
Third Witch
Show!
ALL
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; GHOST OF BANQUO following

MACBETH
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:
down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. 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 the 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 two-fold balls and treble scepters
carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon
me,
And points at them for his.
Apparitions vanish

What, is this so?
First 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,
with HECATE

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 damn'd 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

Time, thou anticipatest 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 the edge o' the
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!--Where are these
gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

FIFE.

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' the 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. My pretty cousin,

Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF

Father'd 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'ldst 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?

First Murderer

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

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

First Murderer

He's a traitor.

Son

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer
What, you egg!
Stabbing him

Young fry of treachery!
Son
He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you!
Dies

Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!'
Exeunt Murderers, following her

SCENE III. ENGLAND. BEFORE 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 down-fall'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 yell'd 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 touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To 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 cheque thee: wear
thou
thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! 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 open'd, 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
damn'd
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 an one to reign.

MACDUFF

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The 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 stanchless 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 weigh'd.

MALCOLM

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, 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-scepter'd,
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,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd 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 over-credulous 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

Ay, 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 call'd 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 swoln 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 call'd our mother, but our grave; where
nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to
smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that
rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent
sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd 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 batter'd at their peace?
ROSS
No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.
MACDUFF
But 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 witness'd the
rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
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 howl'd 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 slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd
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'er-fraught 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 kill'd too?

ROSS

I have said.

MALCOLM

Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines 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 V

SCENE I.

DUNSINANE.

ANTE-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 night-gown
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 slumbry 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 is 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 practise: 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 whisperings 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 II. THE COUNTRY NEAR DUNSINANE.

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers
MENTEITH
The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenues 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 distemper'd 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 pester'd 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 medicine 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 III.

DUN SINANE. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, 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 got'st thou that goose look?

Servant

There is ten thousand--

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

Servant

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd 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 sear, 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 is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.

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 stuff'd 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, cyme, 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
 Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
 Doctor
 [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and
 clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.
 Exeunt

SCENE IV. COUNTRY NEAR BIRNAM WOOD.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM,
 SIWARD and 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.
 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.
 Soldiers
 It shall be done.
 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.
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 V.

DUNSINANE.

WITHIN THE

CASTLE.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with
drum and colours

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 of women within

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
cool'd
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 supp'd 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.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,
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 comest 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 it.

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

Messenger

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd 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 the 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 awearry of the sun,

And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Exeunt

SCENE VI.

DUN SINANE.

BEFORE THE

CASTLE.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, 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.

SIWARD

Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,

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

SCENE VII.

ANOTHER PART

OF THE FIELD.

Alarums. 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,

Brandish'd 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 unbatter'd 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 SIWARD

SIWARD

This way, my lord; the castle's gently
render'd:

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

SCENE VIII.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

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.

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

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 ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd 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' the
time:

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted on 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 damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the
other Thanes, and Soldiers

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

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
confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
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.
SIWARD
Had he his hurts before?
ROSS
Ay, on the front.
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 knoll'd.
MALCOLM
He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
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.
Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head

MACDUFF
Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where
stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd 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 crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. Exeunt