

# 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,

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.

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  
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'nights 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:

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

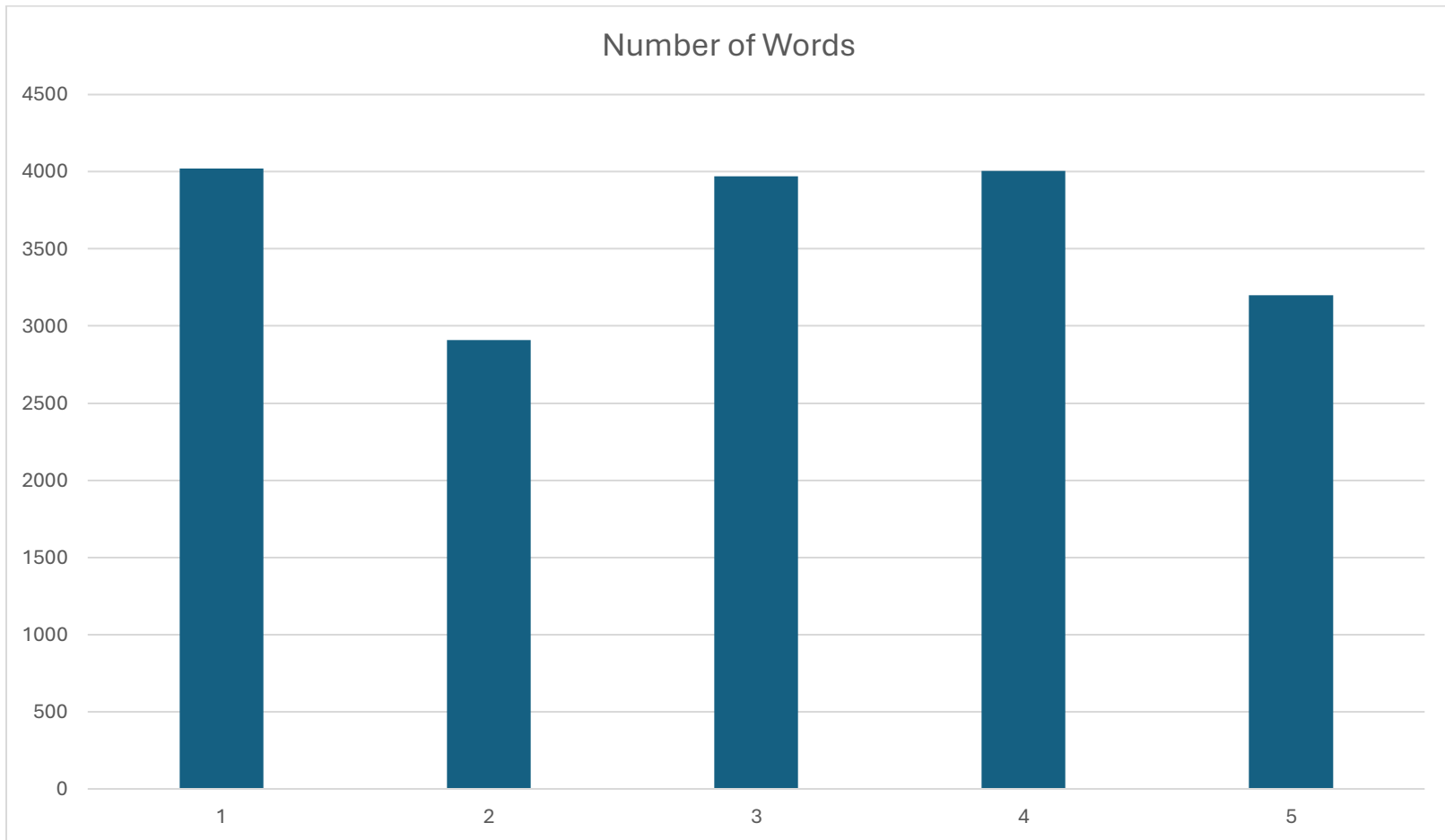
You owe this strange  
intelligence? or why

Act	Number of Words
1	4020
2	2907
3	3969
4	4004
5	3199

Here is the table that goes  
with the graph.



Here is an image that I found relating to MACBETH.



This graph shows the number of words per each scene.

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'dst have, great  
Glamis,

That which cries 'Thus  
thou must do, if thou  
have it;

And that which rather  
thou dost fear to do

Than wishest should be  
undone.' Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits  
in thine ear;

And chastise with the  
valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee  
from the golden round,

Which fate and  
metaphysical aid doth  
seem

To have thee 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  
dunest 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

Nimble 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 holp 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 afeard

To be the same in thine  
own act and valour

As thou art in desire?  
Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the  
ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine  
own esteem,

Letting 'I dare not' wait  
upon 'I would,'

Like the poor cat i' 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

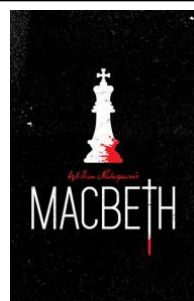
I am settled, and bend up

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



Here is an image that I  
found relating to  
MACBETH.

## 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

'Twill be 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 cleft

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 angerly.

HECATE

Have I not reason,  
beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold?  
How did you dare

To trade and traffic with  
Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of  
death;

And I, the mistress of  
your charms,

The close contriver of all  
harms,

Was never 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. Anteroom 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.*

#### *Dunsinane. 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 daring, 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 aweary 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.*  
*Dunsinane. 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 bruided. 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

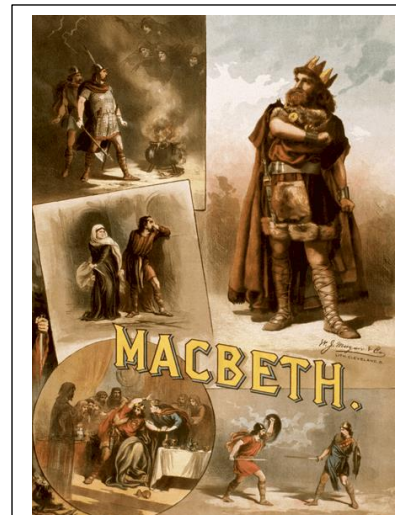
That calls upon us, by the  
grace of Grace,

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



Here is a photo of MACBETH.