

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Shakespeare homepage | Macbeth | Entire play

Table of Contents

ACT I	3
SCENE I. A desert place	3
SCENE II. A camp near Forres	3
SCENE III. A heath near Forres	5
SCENE IV. Forres. The palace	10
SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle	11
SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle	13
SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle	14
ACT II	16
SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle	16
SCENE II. The same	17
SCENE III. The same	20
SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle	24
ACT III	25
SCENE I. Forres. The palace	25
SCENE II. The palace	28
SCENE III. A park near the palace	29
SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace	30
SCENE V. A Heath	34
SCENE VI. Forres. The palace	34
ACT IV	36
SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron	36
SCENE II. Fife. Macduff's castle	39
SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace	41

ACT V..... 47
SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle. 47
SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane. 49
SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle..... 50
SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood..... 51
SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle. 52
SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle. 53
SCENE VII. Another part of the field. 53
SCENE VIII. Another part of the field. 54

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,

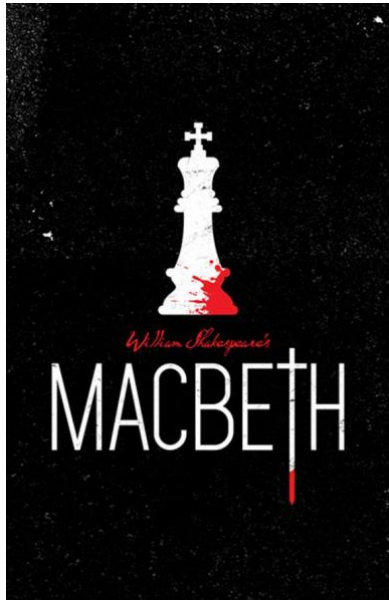
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his
passage

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

Picture #1: Incredible



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.

Picture #2: Hilarious

MACBETH (in 3 Panels)



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

ACT #	Words
ACT 1	4020
ACT 2	2907
ACT 3	3969
ACT 4	4004
ACT 5	3200

Life Changing Caption and Table
Whoo

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!

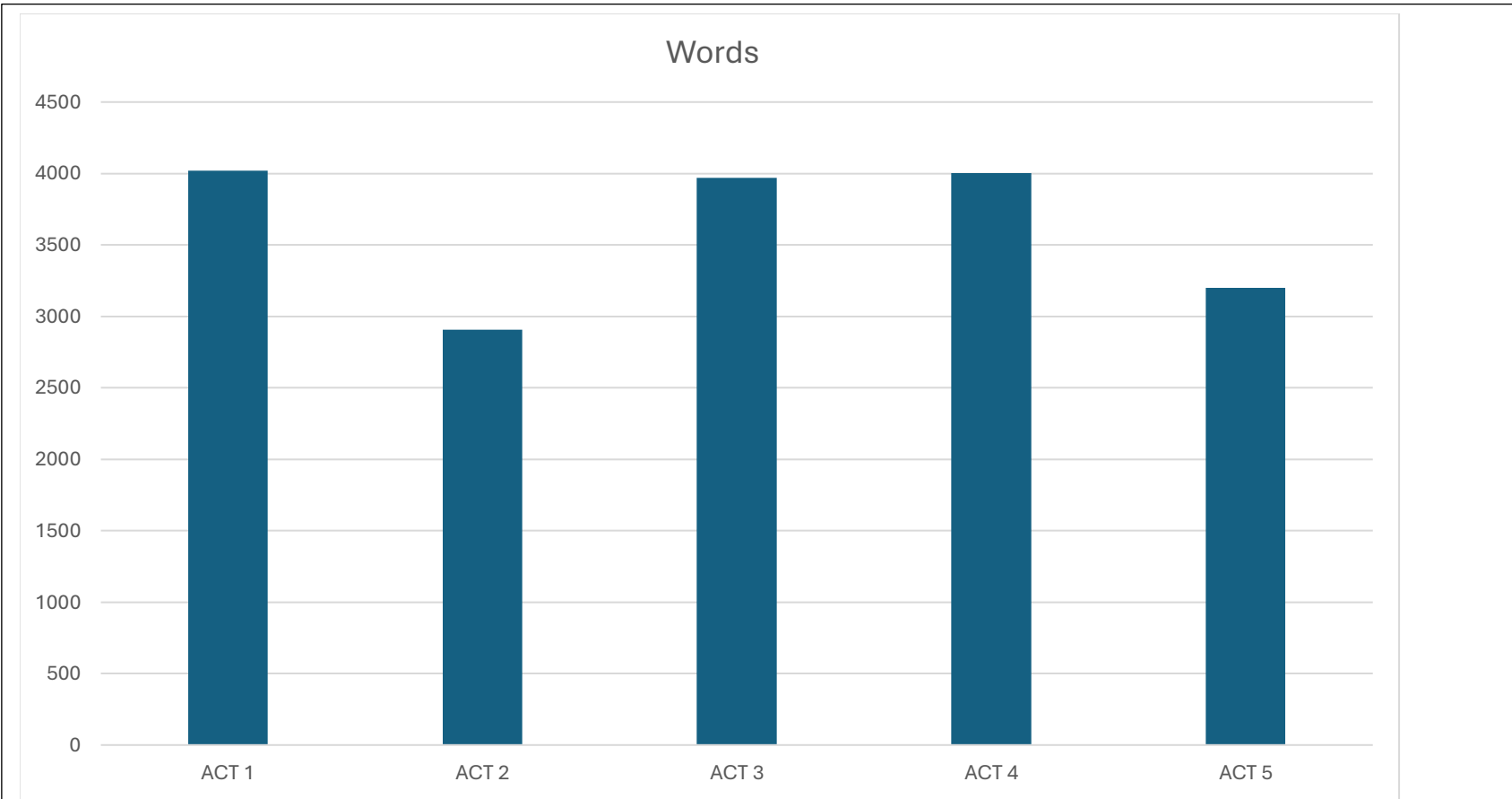


Chart: That's a lot of words

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
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 afeard of what thyself didst
make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did
bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great
defence,
And 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,

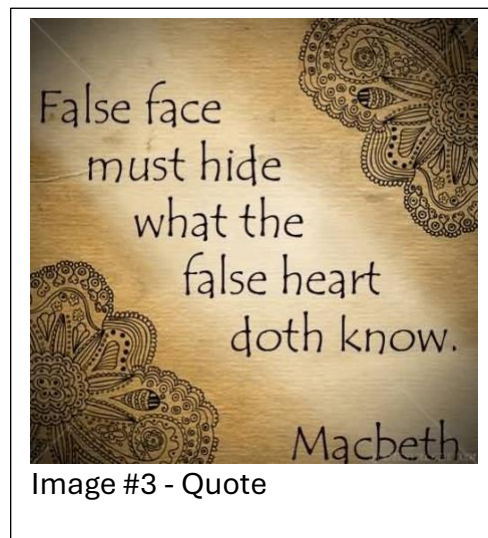
As happy prologues to the swelling ACT
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you,
gentlemen.

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,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set
forth

A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the
face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.
Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and
ANGUS

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

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and
servants,

Which do but what they should, by doing
every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

DUNCAN

Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble
Banquo,

That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
BANQUO
There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
DUNCAN
My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
MACBETH
The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.
DUNCAN
My worthy Cawdor!
MACBETH
[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
Exit
DUNCAN
True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.
Flourish. Exeunt

SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter
LADY MACBETH
'They met me in the day of success: and I have
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire
to question them further, they made themselves air,
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver

thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by
being
ignorant of what greatness is promised
thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt
be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst
be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou
wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst
have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if
thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden
round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth
seem
To have thee crown'd withal.
Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Messenger

The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't
so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger

So please you, it is true: our thane is
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had
scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me

here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-
full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to

remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace

between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's

breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering

ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come,

thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of

hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it

makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of

the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail

hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where
men

May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your
eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the
innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's
coming

Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my
dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to
come

Give solely sovereign sway and
masterdom.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN,
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and
Attendants

DUNCAN

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

BANQUO

This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does
approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this
bird

Hath made his pendent bed and
procreant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,

The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN

See, see, our honour'd hostess!

The love that follows us sometime is our
trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I
teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH

All our service

In every point twice done and then done
double

Were poor and single business to
contend

Against those honours deep and broad
wherewith

Your majesty loads our house: for those
of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,

We rest your hermits.
DUNCAN
Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
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 afraid
To be the same in thine own ACT and
valour

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of
life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace:

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

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprise to
me?

When you durst do it, then you were a
man;

And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor
place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both:

They have made themselves, and that
their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
as you

Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-
place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is
asleep--

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard
journey

Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put
upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the
guilt

Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should
compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be received,

When we have mark'd with blood those
sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very
daggers,
That they have done't?
LADY MACBETH
Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour
roar
Upon his death?
MACBETH
I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest
show:
False face must hide what the false heart
doth know.
Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a
torch before him
BANQUO
How goes the night, boy?
FLEANCE
The moon is down; I have not heard the
clock.
BANQUO
And she goes down at twelve.
FLEANCE
I take't, 'tis later, sir.
BANQUO
Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry
in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that
too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful
powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that
nature
Gives way to in repose!
Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a
torch

Give me my sword.
Who's there?
MACBETH
A friend.
BANQUO
What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-
bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and
shut up
In measureless content.
MACBETH
Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
BANQUO
All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird
sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
MACBETH
I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to
serve,
We would spend it in some words upon
that business,
If you would grant the time.
BANQUO
At your kind'st leisure.
MACBETH

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance
clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH

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

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let
me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed
brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was
going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of
blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing:
It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one
halfworld

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse

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

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his
stealthy pace.

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards
his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-
set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the
time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat,
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold
breath gives.

A bell rings

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
Exit

SCENE II. The same.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me
fire.

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal
bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd

their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

MACBETH

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

Looking on his hands

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried

'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas in incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

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

Knocking within

I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter
Porter

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

Knocking within

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

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

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

Knock,
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
Knocking within

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.
Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

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

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

MACDUFF
What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter
Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink

may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him

in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter

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

up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast

him.

MACDUFF

Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH

The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

Exit

LENNOX

Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

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

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH LENNOX

What's the matter.

MACDUFF

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

MACBETH

What is 't you say? the life?

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX

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

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH
What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to
parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
MACDUFF
O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.
Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!
LADY MACBETH
Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
BANQUO
Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.
Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with
ROSS

MACBETH
Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had lived a blessed time; for, from this
instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere
lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN
What is amiss?
MACBETH
You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACDUFF
Your royal father 's murder'd.
MALCOLM
O, by whom?
LENNOX
Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't:
Their hands and faces were an badged
with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we
found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no
man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
MACBETH
O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
MACDUFF
Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate
and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay
Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden
blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach
in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the
murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who
could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
LADY MACBETH
Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF
Look to the lady.
MALCOLM
[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold
our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for
ours?
DONALBAIN
[Aside to MALCOLM] What should be
spoken here,
where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize
us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
MALCOLM
[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong
sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
BANQUO
Look to the lady:
LADY MACBETH is carried out

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of
work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and
thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
MACDUFF
And so do I.
ALL
So all.
MACBETH
Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
ALL
Well contented.
Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

MALCOLM
What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to
England.
DONALBAIN
To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we
are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near
in blood,
The nearer bloody.
MALCOLM
This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that
theft
Which steals itself, when there's no
mercy left.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter ROSS and an old Man

Old Man

Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have
seen

Hours dreadful and things strange; but
this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS

Ah, good father,

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

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock,
'tis day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:

Is't night's predominance, or the day's
shame,

That darkness does the face of earth
entomb,

When living light should kiss it?

Old Man

'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On
Tuesday last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and
kill'd.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses--a thing most
strange and certain--

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they
would make

War with mankind.

Old Man

'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS

They did so, to the amazement of mine
eyes

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF

Why, see you not?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS

Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF

They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two
sons,

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon
them

Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS

'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF

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

ROSS

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF

Carried to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his
predecessors,

And guardian of their bones.

ROSS

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
ROSS
Well, I will thither.
MACDUFF
Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
ROSS
Farewell, father.
Old Man
God's benison go with you; and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends
of foes!
Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO
BANQUO
Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promised, and, I
fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was
said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and
father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them--
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches
shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no
more.
Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as
king, LADY MACBETH, as queen,
LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and
Attendants

MACBETH
Here's our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
MACBETH
To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,
And I'll request your presence.
BANQUO
Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my
duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
MACBETH
Ride you this afternoon?
BANQUO
Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH
We should have else desired your good
advice,
Which still hath been both grave and
prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-
morrow.
Is't far you ride?
BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'x't 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
ourselves

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be
with you!

Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an
attendant

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

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.--Our fears in

Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis
much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his
mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his
valour

To ACT in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,

My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon
me,

And bade them speak to him: then
prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless
crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal
hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I
murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list.

And champion me to the utterance!

Who's there!

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

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

Exit Attendant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?
Know
That it was he in the times past which
held you
So under fortune, which you thought had
been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in
probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how
cross'd,
the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things
else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Murderer
You made it known to us.

MACBETH

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

First Murderer

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves,
are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the
subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous
nature

Hath in him closed; whereby he does
receive
Particular addition. from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your
bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the
world

Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Murderer

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with
fortune,

That I would set my lie on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACBETH

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I
could

With barefaced power sweep him from
my sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his
fall

Who I myself struck down; and thence it
is,

That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common
eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Second Murderer
We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Murderer
Though our lives--
MACBETH
Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour at most
I will advise you where to plant
yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the
time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-
night,
And something from the palace; always
thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
Fleance his son, that keeps him
company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the
fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves
apart:
I'll come to you anon.
Both Murderers
We are resolved, my lord.
MACBETH
I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
Exeunt Murderers

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
Exit

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant
LADY MACBETH
Is Banquo gone from court?
Servant
Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
LADY MACBETH
Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Servant
Madam, I will.
Exit

LADY MACBETH
Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.
Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep
alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions
making,
Using those thoughts which should
indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without
all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is
done.
MACBETH
We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our
poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both
the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the
dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to
peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his
grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged
looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath
flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's
summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy
hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there
shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and
the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys
do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold
thee still;
Things bad begun make strong
themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.
Exeunt

SCENE III. A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers

First Murderer

But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer

Macbeth.

Second Murderer

He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do

To the direction just.

First Murderer

Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks
of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near
approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Murderer
Hark! I hear horses.
BANQUO
[Within] Give us a light there, ho!
Second Murderer
Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Murderer
His horses go about.
Third Murderer
Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace
gate
Make it their walk.
Second Murderer
A light, a light!
Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a
torch

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

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

Third Murderer

Who did strike out the light?
First Murderer
Wast not the way?
Third Murderer
There's but one down; the son is fled.
Second Murderer
We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Murderer
Well, let's away, and say how much is
done.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH,
LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords,
and Attendants

MACBETH
You know your own degrees; sit down: at
first

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best
time

We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the
midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a
measure
The table round.
Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.
First Murderer
'Tis Banquo's then.
MACBETH
'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
First Murderer
My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.
MACBETH
Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet
he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst
it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
First Murderer
Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
MACBETH
Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the
rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's
safe?
First Murderer
Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
MACBETH
Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm
that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom
breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone:
to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.
Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH
My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-
making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best
at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is
ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
MACBETH
Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
LENNOX
May't please your highness sit.
The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits
in MACBETH's place

MACBETH
Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo
present;
Who may I rather challenge for
unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
ROSS
His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't
your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
MACBETH
The table's full.
LENNOX
Here is a place reserved, sir.
MACBETH

Where?
LENNOX
Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?
MACBETH
Which of you have done this?
Lords
What, my good lord?
MACBETH
Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
ROSS
Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.
LADY MACBETH
Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you,
keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note
him,
You shall offend him and extend his
passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
MACBETH
Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
LADY MACBETH
O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you
said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and
starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well
become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's
done,
You look but on a stool.
MACBETH
Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod,
speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must
send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH
What, quite unmann'd in folly?
MACBETH
If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH
Fie, for shame!
MACBETH
Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle
weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been
perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have
been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more
strange
Than such a murder is.
LADY MACBETH
My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH
I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy
friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and
health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill
full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole
table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we
miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we
thirst,
And all to all.
Lords
Our duties, and the pledge.
Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

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

LADY MACBETH
Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH
What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian
bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm
nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible
shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
LADY MACBETH
You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
MACBETH

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

ROSS
What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH
I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good
night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX
Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH
A kind good night to all!
Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY
MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH
Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

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

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent
to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine
own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no

more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand;

Which must be acted ere they may be
scann'd.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

SCENE V. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting

HECATE

First Witch

Why, how now, Hecate! you look 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. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman
Doctor
I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Gentlewoman
Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen

her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

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

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

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

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

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

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

Doctor
How came she by that light?

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

Doctor
You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman
Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

Gentlewoman
It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus
washing her hands: I have known her
continue in
this a quarter of an hour.
LADY MACBETH
Yet here's a spot.
Doctor
Hark! she speaks: I will set down what
comes from
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.
LADY MACBETH
Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two:
why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie,
my
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need
we
fear who knows it, when none can call our
power to
account?--Yet who would have thought
the old man
to have had so much blood in him.
Doctor
Do you mark that?
LADY MACBETH
The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she
now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--
No more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all
with
this starting.
Doctor
Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.
Gentlewoman
She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of
that: heaven knows what she has known.
LADY MACBETH
Here's the smell of the blood still: all the

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!
Doctor
What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged.
Gentlewoman
I would not have such a heart in my
bosom for the
dignity of the whole body.
Doctor
Well, well, well,--
Gentlewoman
Pray God it be, sir.
Doctor
This disease is beyond my practise: yet I
have known
those which have walked in their sleep
who have died
holily in their beds.
LADY MACBETH
Wash your hands, put on your nightgown;
look not so
pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he
cannot come out on's grave.
Doctor
Even so?
LADY MACBETH
To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the
gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your
hand. What's
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed,
to bed!
Exit

Doctor
Will she go now to bed?
Gentlewoman
Directly.
Doctor
Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural
deeds

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

SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and
Soldiers
MENTEITH
The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenues burn in them; for their dear
causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
ANGUS
Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are
they coming.
CAITHNESS
Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?
LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
MENTEITH
What does the tyrant?
CAITHNESS
Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others that lesser
hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
ANGUS
Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-
breach;
Those he commands move only in
command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
MENTEITH
Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
CAITHNESS
Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's
purge
Each drop of us.
LENNOX
Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown
the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
Exeunt, marching

SCENE III. 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 dareful, beard
to beard,
And beat them backward home.
A cry of women within

What is that noise?

SEYTON

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

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
thoughts

Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a
word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.

Messenger

Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

Messenger

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon,
methought,
The wood began to move.
MACBETH
Liar and slave!
Messenger
Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it
coming;
I say, a moving grove.
MACBETH
If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be
sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam
wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and
out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be awearry of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now
undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come,
wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our
back.
Exeunt

SCENE VI. 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