

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.	4
SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.	7
SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.	8
SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.....	9
SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.....	10

ACT II 12

SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.	12
SCENE II. The same.....	13
SCENE III. The same.....	14
SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.	18

ACT III 19

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.	20
SCENE II. The palace.....	22
SCENE III. A park near the palace.....	23
SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.	24

SCENE V. A Heath.....	27
SCENE VI. Forres. The palace.	27

ACT IV 28

SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.	28
SCENE II. Fife. Macduff's castle.	31
SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace.....	33

ACT V 37

SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.	37
SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.	39
SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.....	39
SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.....	41
SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.	41
SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.....	42
SCENE VII. Another part of the field.	42
SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.....	43

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 villanies
 of nature
 Do swarm upon him--
 from the western isles
 Of kerns and
 gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his
 damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's
 whore: but all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth--well
 he deserves that name--
 Disdaining fortune, with
 his brandish'd steel,
 Which smoked with
 bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion
 carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands,
 nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him
 from the nave to the
 chaps,

And fix'd his head upon
 our battlements.
 DUNCAN
 O valiant cousin! worthy
 gentleman!
 Sergeant
 As whence the sun 'gins
 his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and
 direful thunders break,
 So from that spring
 whence comfort seem'd
 to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark,
 king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had
 with valour arm'd
 Compell'd these skipping
 kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord
 surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms and
 new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.
 DUNCAN
 Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth
 and Banquo?
 Sergeant
 Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or
 the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must
 report they were
 As cannons overcharged
 with double cracks, so
 they
 Doubly redoubled strokes
 upon the foe:
 Except they meant to
 bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorise another
 Golgotha,
 I cannot tell.
 But I am faint, my gashes
 cry for help.
 DUNCAN

So well thy words
become thee as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour
both. Go get him
surgeons.
Exit Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?
Enter ROSS

MALCOLM
The worthy thane of
Ross.

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

ROSS
God save the king!

DUNCAN
Whence camest thou,
worthy thane?

ROSS
From Fife, great king;
Where the Norwegian
banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most
disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor,
began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's
bridegroom, lapp'd in
proof,

Confronted him with self-
comparisons,
Point against point
rebellious, arm 'gainst
arm.

Curbing his lavish spirit:
and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN
Great happiness!

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

DUNCAN
No more that thane of
Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go
pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title
greet Macbeth.

ROSS
I'll see it done.

DUNCAN
What he hath lost noble
Macbeth hath won.
Exeunt

SCENE III. A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three
Witches

First Witch
Where hast thou been,
sister?

Second Witch
Killing swine.

Third Witch
Sister, where thou?

First Witch
A sailor's wife had
chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and
munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the
rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo
gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither
sail,
And, like a rat without a
tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch
I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch
Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch
And I another.

First Witch
I myself have all the
other,
And the very ports they
blow,
All the quarters that they
know

I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night
nor day

Hang upon his pent-
house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine
times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak
and pine:

Though his bark cannot
be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-
tost.

Look what I have.

Second Witch
Show me, show me.

First Witch
Here I have a pilot's
thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he
did come.

Drum within

Third Witch
A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.
 ALL
 The weird sisters, hand in
 hand,
 Posters of the sea and
 land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine and thrice
 to mine
 And thrice again, to make
 up nine.
 Peace! the charm's
 wound up.
 Enter MACBETH and
 BANQUO

MACBETH
 So foul and fair a day I
 have not seen.
 BANQUO
 How far is't call'd to
 Forres? What are these
 So wither'd and so wild in
 their attire,
 That look not like the
 inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live
 you? or are you aught
 That man may question?
 You seem to understand
 me,
 By each at once her
 chappy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips: you
 should be women,
 And yet your beards
 forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

MACBETH
 Speak, if you can: what
 are you?

First Witch
 All hail, Macbeth! hail to
 thee, thane of Glamis!
 Second Witch
 All hail, Macbeth, hail to
 thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch
 All hail, Macbeth, thou
 shalt be king hereafter!
 BANQUO
 Good sir, why do you
 start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so
 fair? I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that
 indeed
 Which outwardly ye
 show? My noble partner
 You greet with present
 grace and great
 prediction
 Of noble having and of
 royal hope,
 That he seems rapt
 withal: to me you speak
 not.

If you can look into the
 seeds of time,
 And say which grain will
 grow and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who
 neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your
 hate.

First Witch

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and
 greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much
 happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt get kings,
 though thou be none:
 So all hail, Macbeth and
 Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all
 hail!

MACBETH

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

Witches vanish

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles,
 as the water has,
 And these are of them.
 Whither are they
 vanish'd?

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Were such things here as
 we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the
 insane root

That takes the reason
 prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be
 kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH
And thane of Cawdor too:
went it not so?

BANQUO
To the selfsame tune and
words. Who's here?
Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS
The king hath happily
received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success;
and when he reads
Thy personal venture in
the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his
praises do contend
Which should be thine or
his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'
the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout
Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what
thyself didst make,
Strange images of death.
As thick as hail
Came post with post; and
every one did bear
Thy praises in his
kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down
before him.

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

ROSS
And, for an earnest of a
greater honour,
He bade me, from him,
call thee thane of
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail,
most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

BANQUO
What, can the devil speak
true?

MACBETH
The thane of Cawdor
lives: why do you dress
me
In borrow'd robes?

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

MACBETH
[Aside] Glamis, and thane
of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.
To ROSS and ANGUS

Thanks for your pains.
To BANQUO

Do you not hope your
children shall be kings,
When those that gave the
thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to
them?

BANQUO
That trusted home

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

MACBETH
[Aside] Two truths are
told,
As happy prologues to
the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.--I
thank you, gentlemen.
Aside

Cannot be ill, cannot be
good: if ill,
Why hath it given me
earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I
am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to
that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth
unfix my hair
And make my seated
heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of
nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible
imaginings:
My thought, whose
murder yet is but
fantastical,
Shakes so my single state
of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise,
and nothing is
But what is not.
BANQUO

Look, how our partner's
rapt.
MACBETH
[Aside] If chance will have
me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.
BANQUO
New horrors come upon
him,
Like our strange
garments, cleave not to
their mould
But with the aid of use.
MACBETH
[Aside] Come what come
may,
Time and the hour runs
through the roughest day.
BANQUO
Worthy Macbeth, we stay
upon your leisure.
MACBETH
Give me your favour: my
dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your
pains
Are register'd where
every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let
us toward the king.
Think upon what hath
chanced, and, at more
time,
The interim having
weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to
other.
BANQUO
Very gladly.
MACBETH
Till then, enough. Come,
friends.
Exeunt

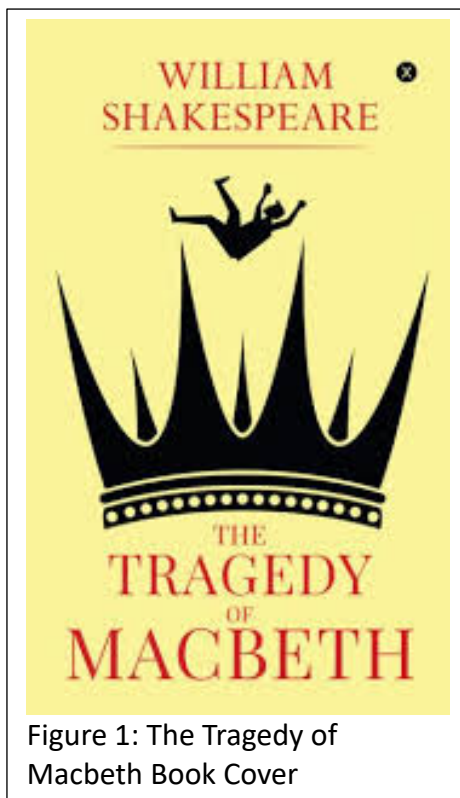


Figure 1: The Tragedy of
Macbeth Book Cover

**SCENE IV. Forres.
The palace.**

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN,
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, and Attendants
DUNCAN
Is execution done on
Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet
return'd?
MALCOLM
My liege,
They are not yet come
back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him
die: who did report
That very frankly he
confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness'
pardon and set forth
A deep repentance:
nothing in his life
Became him like the
leaving it; he died
As one that had been
studied in his death

To throw away the
dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
DUNCAN
There's no art
To find the mind's
construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on
whom I built
An absolute trust.
Enter MACBETH,
BANQUO, ROSS, and
ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude
even now
Was heavy on me: thou
art so far before
That swiftest wing of
recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would
thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both
of thanks and payment
Might have been mine!
only I have left to say,
More is thy due than
more than all can pay.
MACBETH
The service and the
loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.
Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties;
and our duties
Are to your throne and
state children and
servants,
Which do but what they
should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love
and honour.
DUNCAN
Welcome hither:

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

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

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

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

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

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

Exit

DUNCAN
True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt

SCENE V.
Inverness.
Macbeth's castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH
'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air,
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in

the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits
in thine ear;
And chastise with the
valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee
from the golden round,
Which fate and
metaphysical aid doth
seem
To have thee crown'd
withal.
Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?
Messenger
The king comes here to-
night.

LADY MACBETH
Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with
him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for
preparation.

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

LADY MACBETH
Give him tending;
He brings great news.
Exit Messenger

The raven himself is
hoarse
That croaks the fatal
entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.
Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal
thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the
crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty! make
thick my blood;
Stop up the access and
passage to remorse,
That no compunctious
visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose,
nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come
to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall,
you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your
sightless substances
You wait on nature's
mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the
dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see
not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through
the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'
Enter MACBETH

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

MACBETH
My dearest love,
Duncan comes here 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
 jutting, 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

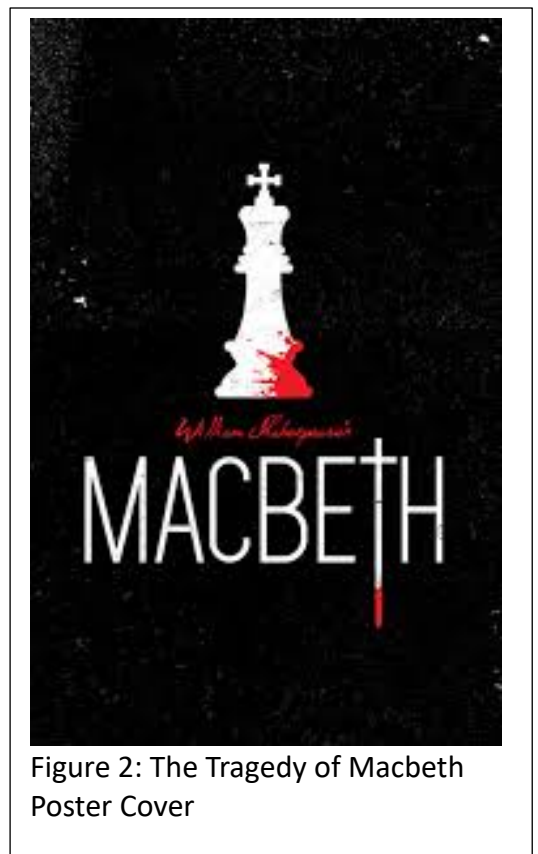


Figure 2: The Tragedy of Macbeth Poster Cover

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
 know n?

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

ACT	WORD
ACT 1	4,022
ACT 2	2,909
ACT 3	3,971
ACT 4	4,006
ACT 5	3,202

Table 1: Number of Words in Each Act

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

WORDS vs ACT

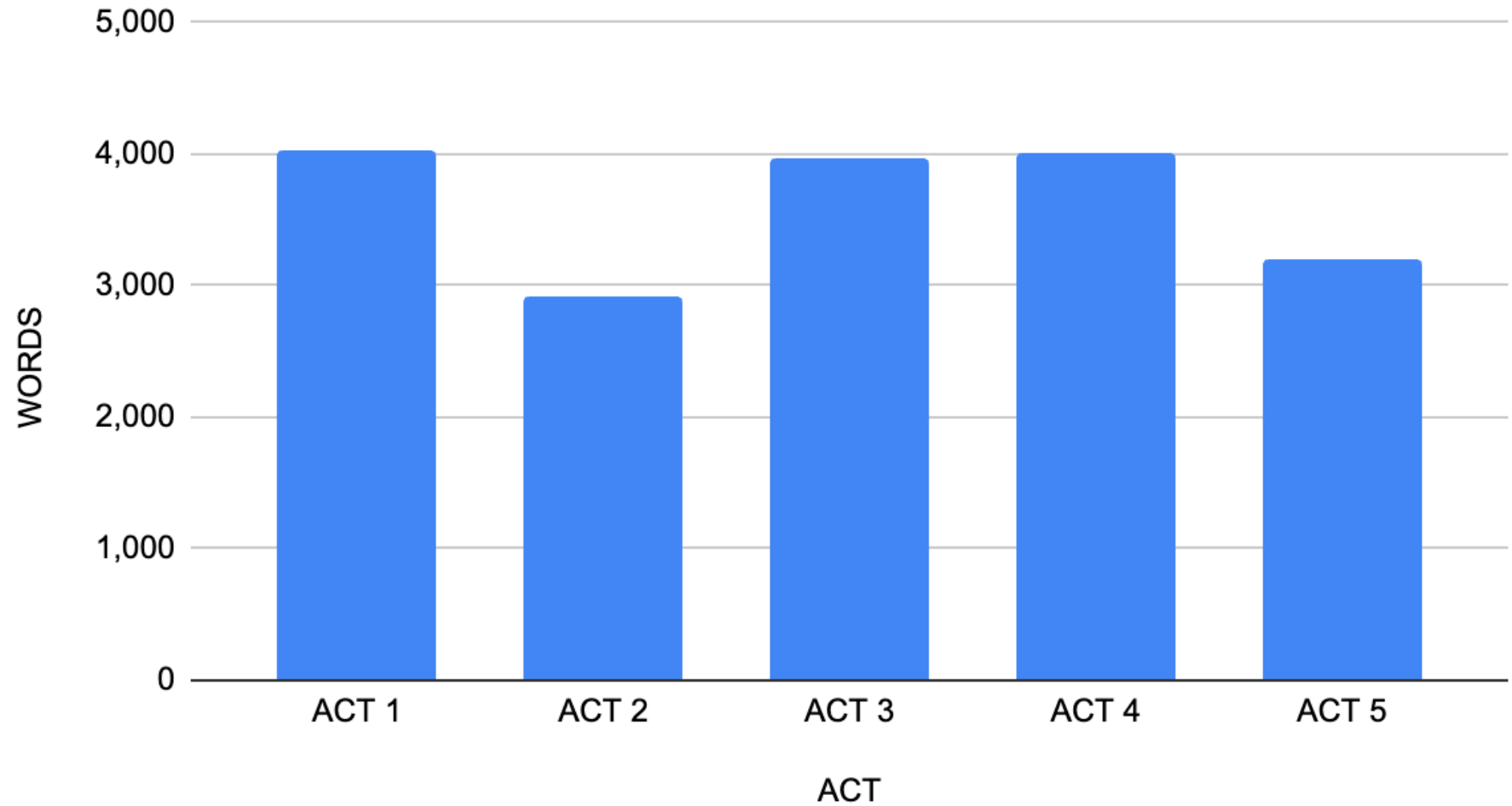


Figure 3: Table Chart of the Words in Each Act

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

'Twillt this and supper: go
not my horse the better,

I must become a

borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody

cousins are bestow'd

In England and in Ireland,
not confessing

Their cruel parricide,
filling their hearers

With strange invention:

but of that to-morrow,

When therewithal we

shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you

to horse: adieu,

Till you return at night.

Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift
and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you
to their backs. Farewell.

Exit BANQUO

Let every man be master
of his time

Till seven at night: to
make society

The sweeter welcome, we
will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone:

while then, God be with
you!

Exeunt all but MACBETH,
and an attendant

Sirrah, a word with you:

attend those men

Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord,

without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.--

Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his

royalty of nature

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

dares;

And, to that dauntless
temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that

doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is

none but he

Whose being I do fear:

and, under him,

My Genius is rebuked; as,
it is said,
Mark Antony's was by
Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the
name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to
him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to
a line of kings:
Upon my head they
placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre
in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd
with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine
succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I
filed my mind;
For them the gracious
Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel
of my peace
Only for them; and mine
eternal jewel
Given to the common
enemy of man,
To make them kings, the
seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate
into the list.
And champion me to the
utterance! Who's there!
Re-enter Attendant, with
two Murderers

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

Was it not yesterday we
spoke together?
First Murderer
It was, so please your
highness.
MACBETH

Well then, now
Have you consider'd of
my speeches? Know
That it was he in the
times past which held you
So under fortune, which
you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I
made good to you
In our last conference,
pass'd in probation with
you,
How you were borne in
hand, how cross'd,
the instruments,
Who wrought with them,
and all things else that
might
To half a soul and to a
notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Murderer
You made it known to us.
MACBETH
I did so, and went further,
which is now
Our point of second
meeting. Do you find
Your patience so
predominant in your
nature
That you can let this go?
Are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man
and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath
bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for
ever?
First Murderer
We are men, my liege.
MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go
for men;
As hounds and
greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and
demi-wolves, are cleft
All by the name of dogs:
the valued file
Distinguishes the swift,
the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the
hunter, every one
According to the gift
which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed;
whereby he does receive
Particular addition. from
the bill
That writes them all alike:
and so of men.
Now, if you have a station
in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of
manhood, say 't;
And I will put that
business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes
your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart
and love of us,
Who wear our health but
sickly in his life,
Which in his death were
perfect.
Second Murderer
I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and
buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I
am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Murderer
And I another
So weary with disasters,
tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my lie on
any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
MACBETH
Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.
 Both Murderers
 True, my lord.
 MACBETH
 So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life: and though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.
 Second Murderer
 We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.
 First Murderer
 Though our lives--
 MACBETH
 Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him--

To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.
 Both Murderers
 We are resolved, my lord.
 MACBETH
 I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
 Exeunt Murderers

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

SCENE II. The palace.

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

LADY MACBETH
 Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.
 Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy
 Should be without regard: what's done is done.
 MACBETH
 We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
 She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign
levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I
pray, be you:

Let your remembrance
apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,
both with eye and
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in
these flattering streams,
And make our faces
vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

O, full of scorpions is my
mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that
Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

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

SCENE III. A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers

First Murderer

But who did bid thee join
with us?

Third Murderer

Macbeth.

Second Murderer

He needs not our
mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we
have to do

To the direction just.

First Murderer

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers
with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated
traveller apace
To gain the timely inn;
and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO

[Within] Give us a light
there, ho!

Second Murderer

Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note
of expectation

Already are i' the court.

First Murderer

His horses go about.

Third Murderer

Almost a mile: but he
does usually,

So all men do, from

hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

Second Murderer

A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and

FLEANCE with a torch

Third Murderer

'Tis he.

First Murderer

Stand to't.

BANQUO

It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer

Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO

BANQUO

O, treachery! Fly, good

Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O

slave!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

Third Murderer
Who did strike out the
light?

First Murderer
Wast not the way?

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

Second Murderer
We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer
Well, let's away, and say
how much is done.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

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

MACBETH
You know your own
degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty
welcome.

Lords
Thanks to your majesty.
MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with
society,
And play the humble
host.

Our hostess keeps her
state, but in best time
We will require her
welcome.

LADY MACBETH
Pronounce it for me, sir,
to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they
are welcome.
First Murderer appears at
the door

MACBETH
See, they encounter thee
with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here
I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon
we'll drink a measure
The table round.
Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.
First Murderer
'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH
'Tis better thee without
than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
First Murderer
My lord, his throat is cut;
that I did for him.

MACBETH
Thou art the best o' the
cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for
Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
First Murderer
Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH
Then comes my fit again:
I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble,
founded as the rock,
As broad and general as
the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd,
cribb'd, confined, bound
in

To saucy doubts and
fears. But Banquo's safe?
First Murderer
Ay, my good lord: safe in
a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched
gashes on his head;

The least a death to
nature.

MACBETH
Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent
lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time
will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.
Get thee gone: to-
morrow
We'll hear, ourselves,
again.
Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH
My royal lord,
You do not give the
cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd,
while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome:
to feed were best at
home;

From thence the sauce to
meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare
without it.

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

LENNOX
May't please your
highness sit.
The GHOST OF BANQUO
enters, and sits in
MACBETH's place

MACBETH
Here had we now our
country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person
of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather
challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

ROSS

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his
promise. Please't your
highness

To grace us with your
royal company.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved,
sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done
this?

Lords

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did
it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his
highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my
lord is often thus,
And hath been from his
youth: pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary;
upon a thought

He will again be well: if
much you note him,

You shall offend him and
extend his passion:

Feed, and regard him not.

Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that
dare look on that
Which might appal the
devil.

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting
of your fear:

This is the air-drawn
dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O,

these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear,

would well become

A woman's story at a

winter's fire,

Authorized by her

grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such

faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!

behold! look! lo!

how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou

canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our

graves must send

Those that we bury back,

our monuments

Shall be the maws of

kites.

GHOST OF BANQUO

vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in
folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere
now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute
purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too,
murders have been

perform'd

Too terrible for the ear:

the times have been,

That, when the brains

were out, the man would
die,

And there an end; but

now they rise again,

With twenty mortal

murders on their crowns,

And push us from our

stools: this is more

strange

Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack
you.

MACBETH

I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my

most worthy friends,

I have a strange infirmity,

which is nothing

To those that know me.

Come, love and health to

all;

Then I'll sit down. Give

me some wine; fill full.

I drink to the general joy

o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend

Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to

all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords

Our duties, and the

pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF

BANQUO

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight!
let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless,
thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation
in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom:
'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure
of the time.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged
Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or
the Hyrcan tiger;

Take any shape but that,
and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be
alive again,

And dare me to the desert
with thy sword;

If trembling I inhabit
then, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence,
horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO
vanishes

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

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the
mirth, broke the good
meeting,

With most admired
disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,

And overcome us like a
summer's cloud,

Without our special
wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition
that I owe,

When now I think you can
behold such sights,

And keep the natural
ruby of your cheeks,

When mine is blanched
with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he
grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At
once, good night:

Stand not upon the order
of your going,

But go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better
health

Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH
and LADY MACBETH

MACBETH

It will have blood; they
say, blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known
to move and trees to
speak;

Augurs and understood
relations have

By magot-pies and
choughs and rooks
brought forth

The secret'st man of

blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with
morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How say'st thou, that
Macduff denies his

person

At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

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

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

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

And betimes I will, to the
weird sisters:

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

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

All causes shall give way: I
am in blood

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

Returning were as
tedious as go o'er:

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

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

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all
natures, sleep.

MACBETH

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

Is the initiate fear that
wants hard use:

We are yet but young in
deed.

Exeunt



Figure 4: The Tragedy of Macbeth Scene

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;
 Thysself 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:
 Revenges 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 aweary of the
sun,
And wish the estate o'
the world were now
undone.
Ring the alarum-bell!
Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with
harness on our back.
Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter
MALCOLM, SIWARD,
MACDUFF, and their
Army, with boughs
MALCOLM

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

SIWARD

Fare you well.

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

Let us be beaten, if we
cannot fight.

MACDUFF

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

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter MACBETH
MACBETH

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

YOUNG SIWARD

What is thy name?

MACBETH

Thou'lt be afraid to hear
it.

YOUNG SIWARD

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

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

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

No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorred
tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou
speak'st.

They fight and YOUNG
SIWARD is slain

MACBETH
Thou wast born of
woman
But swords I smile at,
weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's
of a woman born.
Exit

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

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

Enter MALCOLM and
SIWARD

SIWARD
This way, my lord; the
castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on
both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do
bravely in the war;
The day almost itself
professes yours,
And little is to do.
MALCOLM
We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
SIWARD
Enter, sir, the castle.
Exeunt. Alarums

SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH
MACBETH
Why should I play the
Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?
whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.
Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF
Turn, hell-hound, turn!
MACBETH
Of all men else I have
avoided thee:
But get thee back; my
soul is too much charged
With blood of thine
already.
MACDUFF
I have no words:
My voice is in my sword:
thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee
out!
They fight

MACBETH
Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the
intrenchant air

With thy keen sword
impress as make me
bleed:
Let fall thy blade on
vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,
which must not yield,
To one of woman born.
MACDUFF
Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom
thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was
from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
MACBETH
Accursed be that tongue
that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my
better part of man!
And be these juggling
fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a
double sense;
That keep the word of
promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
I'll not fight with thee.
MACDUFF
Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show
and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our
rarer monsters are,
Painted on a pole, and
underwrit,
'Here may you see the
tyrant.'
MACBETH
I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before
young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the
rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be
come to Dunsinane,

And thou opposed, being
of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last.
Before my body
I throw my warlike shield.
Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that
first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

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

MALCOLM

I would the friends we
miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and
your noble son.

ROSS

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

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the
field: your cause of
sorrow

Must not be measured by
his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier
be he!

Had I as many sons as I
have hairs,

I would not wish them to
a fairer death:

And so, his knell is
knoll'd.

MALCOLM

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

SIWARD

He's worth no more
They say he parted well,
and paid his score:

And so, God be with him!
Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with
MACBETH's head

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art:
behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed
head: the time is free:

I see thee compass'd with
thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation
in their minds;

Whose voices I desire
aloud with mine:

Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a
large expense of time
Before we reckon with
your several loves,

And make us even with
you. My thanes and
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the
first that ever Scotland
In such an honour
named. What's more to
do,
Which would be planted
newly with the time,
As calling home our
exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of
watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel
ministers
Of this dead butcher and
his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by
self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and
what needful else
That calls upon us, by the
grace of Grace,
We will perform in
measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once
and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us
crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. Exeunt