

PRESHOW

(7:25)

[FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH separately join admission line outside.]

(7:30)

[The door opens and audience begins to enter the dimly lit space, among them FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH, who seat themselves far apart from one another.]

(7:50)

[ANGUS stumbles on, bleeding, gasping, falls, sways to his feet, falls again and lies unconscious.]

(7:55)

[FIRST WITCH stands, creeps over to ANGUS and gives him a kick. ANGUS doesn't move. FIRST WITCH whistles and the SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH join her in looting ANGUS.]

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!

ALL: Paddock calls anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[FIRST WITCH and SECOND WITCH exit separately as THIRD WITCH returns to her seat.]

ACT 1

Scene 1.

[A trumpet call to arms, offstage, as DUNCAN, MALCOLM, LENNOX and MACDUFF enter. ANGUS moans and tries to rise.]

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

MALCOLM: The worthy Thane of Angus
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the queen the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

ANGUS: Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN: O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

ANGUS: No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN: Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

ANGUS: Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell—
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN: So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.
[MACDUFF moves to support ANGUS.]
 Who comes here?

MALCOLM: The worthy Thane of Ross.

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

ROSS: God save the queen!
[Exit ANGUS and MACDUFF.]

DUNCAN: Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

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

DUNCAN: Great happiness!

ROSS: That now
 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men
 Till he disbursèd, 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 DUNCAN & MALCOLM one way; exit ROSS & LENNOX another.]

Scene 2.

[Enter FIRST WITCH and SECOND WITCH separately.]

FIRST WITCH: Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH: Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH (*standing from her seat*): Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And mounched, and mounched, and mounched.
 "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: Th' art 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' th' shipman's card.
 I'll drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his penthouse lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary sev'nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
 Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH: Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH: Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[THIRD WITCH has wandered off and now drums a military march on something resonant.]

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 called to Forres?—What are these
 So withered, and so wild in their attire?

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, that shalt be King hereafter!

BANQUO: *[to MACBETH]* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? *[to the WITCHES]* 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 favors 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.

[SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH sit down in the audience as FIRST WITCH exits.

FIRST WITCH becomes PORTER.]

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

MACBETH: Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

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

MACBETH: Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO: You shall be King.

MACBETH: And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

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

[Enter ROSS and LENNOX.]

ROSS: The queen hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success; and when she reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 Her wonders and her praises do contend
 Which should be thine or hers. Silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,
 She finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post, and every one did bear
 Thy praises in her kingdom's great defense,

And poured them down before her.

LENNOX: We are sent
To give thee, from our royal lady, thanks.

ROSS: And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
She bade me, from her, call thee Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

BANQUO: *[aside to MACBETH]* What, can the devil speak true?

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

LENNOX: 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 laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH: *[aside]* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. *[to ROSS and LENNOX]* Thanks for your pains.
[aside 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: *[aside to MACBETH]* 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.
[to ROSS and LENNOX] 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.—
[BANQUO, ROSS and LENNOX exit.]

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function

Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

[BANQUO, LENNOX and ROSS enter.]

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 honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
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 favor. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the Queen.

[Exit ROSS and LENNOX. BANQUO moves to follow but MACBETH detains him.]

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

BANQUO: Very gladly.
[Exeunt BANQUO and MACBETH.]

Scene 3.

*[A flourish of trumpets, offstage, as DUNCAN, MALCOLM, MACDUFF and ANGUS
(bandaged) enter.]*

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

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

DUNCAN: There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

[Enter MACBETH.]

O worthiest cousin!

[Enter BANQUO, LENNOX and ROSS.]

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

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

DUNCAN: Welcome hither.
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
 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: Son, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our own son, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland.

[to MACBETH] From hence to Inverness, and bind us further.

MACBETH: The rest is labor, 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!
[Exit MACBETH.]

Let's after him, for 'tis a peerless kinsman.
*[A flourish of trumpets, offstage, as DUNCAN, MALCOLM, MACDUFF, BANQUO,
 ANGUS, ROSS and LENNOX exit.]*

Scene 4.

[Enter MACBETH.]

MACBETH: 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 MACBETH.]

Scene 5.

[Enter LADY MACBETH with a letter.]

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

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

[PORTER enters.]

What is your tidings?

PORTER: The Queen comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH: Thou'rt mad to say it!
 Is not thy master with her? who, were't so,
 Would have informed for preparation?

PORTER: 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 PORTER.]

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

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

[Enter MACBETH.]

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

MACBETH: My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH: And when goes hence?

MACBETH: Tomorrow, as she purposes.

LADY MACBETH: O never
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like th' innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. She 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 favor ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[LADY MACBETH kisses MACBETH. MACBETH exits. LADY MACBETH regards her own appearance; then moves into the audience and addresses them.]

LADY MACBETH: Ye must needs rise to greet Her Majesty.
 Let no tongue wag inhospitality
 Was e'er at Inverness by monarch met;
 Therefore as ladies, and as gentlemen,
 Rise, and present the Queen your quality.

[The audience stands and LADY MACBETH induces them to applaud as DUNCAN, MALCOLM, BANQUO, LENNOX, ANGUS, MACDUFF and ROSS enter the space through the outside door. DUNCAN quiets the audience and bids them be seated; then addresses them.]

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

[LADY MACBETH presents herself and curtsies.]

See, our honored hostess!

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

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

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

LADY MACBETH: Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

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

[Exeunt LADY MACBETH, DUNCAN, MALCOLM, ANGUS, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF and ROSS. DUNCAN becomes FLEANCE.]

Scene 6.

[Enter MACBETH.]

MACBETH: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With her 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 th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. She's here in double trust:
 First, as I am her kinsman and her subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as her host,
 Who should against her murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne her faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in her great office, that her virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of her taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other—

[Enter LADY MACBETH.]

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH: She has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH: Hath she asked for me?

LADY MACBETH: Know you not she has?

MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:

She hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valor
 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?

MACBETH: 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;

ACT 2

Scene 1.

[Darkness. Enter FLEANCE with light, followed by BANQUO.]

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 cursèd thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

[Enter PORTER with light, followed by MACBETH.]

Give me my sword!

Who's there?

MACBETH: A friend.

BANQUO: What, sir, not yet at rest? The Queen's a-bed:

She hath been in unusual pleasure and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond she greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

MACBETH: Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO: All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH: I think not of them.

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

BANQUO: At your kind'st leisure.

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

It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO: So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

I shall be counseled.

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 PORTER.]

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-oppresdèd 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 half-world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, she 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 MACBETH.]

Scene 2.

[Darkness still. Enter LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire.

[THIRD WITCH screams from her seat.]

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it.

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

[Enter MACBETH with bloody hands and daggers.]

MACBETH: Who's there? What, ho!

LADY MACBETH: Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done! Th' attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had she not resembled
 My mother as she slept, I had done't.—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!

[They listen in silence, then MACBETH beholds his bloody hands.]

This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH: A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

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

LADY MACBETH: There are two lodged together.

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

LADY MACBETH: Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH: But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
 I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
 Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH: These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

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

LADY MACBETH: What do you mean?

MACBETH: Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
 "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more."

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

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

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

[Exit LADY MACBETH. MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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

[Enter LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH: My hands are of your color, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white.

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

I hear 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.

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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.

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exeunt MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.]

Scene 3.

[Darkness still. MACDUFF knocks on the outside door. Enter PORTER, drunk.]

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

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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.

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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.

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

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

[MACDUFF knocks on the outside door.]

Anon, anon!

[PORTER opens the outside door and presents his open palm to MACDUFF and LENNOX as they enter.]

I pray you, remember the porter.

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 o' 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 queen stirring, worthy Thane?

MACBETH: Not yet.

MACDUFF: She did command me to call timely on her:
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH: I'll bring you to her.

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 MACDUFF through the door.]

LENNOX: Goes the queen hence to-day?

MACBETH: She does: she did appoint so.

LENNOX: The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to th' woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamored 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.

[Enter MACDUFF.]

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

LENNOX: What's the matter?

MACDUFF: Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

MACBETH: What is't you say? the life?

LENNOX: Mean you Her 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!

[to the PORTER] Ring the alarum bell. *[to offstage & audience]* Murder and treason!

Banquo and Angus! Ross! 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! *[to the PORTER]* Ring the bell.

[The PORTER exits and rings the bell offstage as LADY MACBETH enters.]

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

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

[Enter BANQUO.]

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH: Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

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

[Enter MACBETH and LENNOX from the Queen's Chamber as ROSS and ANGUS enter from elsewhere.]

MACBETH: Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessèd 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.]

MALCOLM: What is amiss?

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

MACDUFF: Your royal mother's murdered.

MALCOLM: O by whom?

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

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

MACDUFF: Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH: Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
Her silver skin laced with her golden blood,
And her gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH [*fainting*]

Help me hence, ho!

<p>MACDUFF: Look to the lady. ANGUS: She swoons! BANQUO: Look to the lady! <i>[MACDUFF, BANQUO, ANGUS, LENNOX, MACBETH and ROSS rush to LADY MACBETH.]</i></p> <p><i>[LENNOX and ROSS carry out LADY MACBETH.]</i></p>	<p><i>[MALCOLM moves off into the audience.]</i> MALCOLM: <i>[aside]</i> Why do I hold my tongue, That most may claim this argument for mine? What should be spoken here, where my fate, Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize me? I'll away: my tears are not yet brewed, Nor my strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.</p>
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BANQUO: 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 pretense I fight
 Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF: And so do I.

ANGUS: So all.

MACBETH: Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' th' hall together.

ANGUS: Well contented.

[Exeunt BANQUO, MACDUFF, ANGUS and MACBETH.]

MALCOLM: What shall I do? I'll not consort with them.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. Where I am
 There's daggers in men's smiles. Therefore to England;
 I'll shift away. There's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[MALCOLM exits.]

Scene 4.

[Darkness still. Enter ROSS and the PORTER, sober again.]

PORTER: 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: By the clock
 'Tis day, yet night strangles the traveling 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?

PORTER: 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
 ROSS: And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

PORTER: 'Tis said they eat each other.

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

[Enter MACDUFF. While ROSS and MACDUFF converse, the PORTER fetches the intermission sign from offstage.]

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF: Why, see you not?

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

MACDUFF: Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS: Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF: They were suborned:

Malcolm is stol'n away, which puts upon him
 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 Colme-kill,
 The sacred storehouse of her 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.

[MACDUFF and ROSS exit as the PORTER sets up the sign for the FIRST INTERMISSION.]

PORTER: God's benison go with you, and with those
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[The PORTER exits. During the FIRST INTERMISSION, a banquet table is set up; and SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH exit. SECOND WITCH becomes SECOND MURDERER. THIRD WITCH becomes SEYTON.]

ACT 3

Scene 1.

[Enter ROSS and BANQUO. ROSS checks his clothing, looks over the audience and the room, then spies the intermission sign. He claps his hands twice and the PORTER enters. As the PORTER dismantles the intermission sign and exits with it, ROSS addresses the audience. PORTER becomes FIRST MURDERER.]

ROSS: All rise to greet their royal highnesses;

All rise to greet the King and Queen of Scotland!

[The audience stands. A flourish of trumpets sounded. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, LENNOX and ANGUS. MACBETH greets the audience, then motions for them to sit again.]

MACBETH: Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH: If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast.

MACBETH: Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO: Let your highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

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 tomorrow.

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO: As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twi'x't this and supper. Go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night,

For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH: Fail not our feast.

BANQUO: My lord, I will not.

MACBETH: We hear our bloody cousin is bestowed

In luxury in England; not confessing

His cruel parricide, filling his hearers

With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,

[BANQUO bows and begins his exit.]

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.

[BANQUO bows again and exits.]

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!

[Exit MACBETH, LADY MACBETH one way; ANGUS, LENNOX and ROSS another.]

Scene 2.

[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?

[Enter FLEANCE.]

Come, boy. 'Tis time.

[Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE by the outside door.]

Scene 3.

[Enter MACBETH.]

MACBETH: Sirrah, a word with you:

[Enter SEYTON.]

attend those men

Our pleasure?

SEYTON: They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH: Bring them before us.

[Exit SEYTON.]

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus—
Our fears in Banquo stick deep,
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
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 prophetlike,
 They hailed him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance! Who's there?
[Enter SEYTON, FIRST MURDERER and SECOND MURDERER.]
 Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit SEYTON.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER: It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH:

Well then, now

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

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 gospelled
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
 And beggared yours for ever?

FIRST MURDERER: We are men, my liege.

MACBETH: Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter: so of men.
 Now if you have a station in the file,

Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

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, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH: Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

SECOND MURDERER: True, my lord.

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

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' th' time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done tonight
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

SECOND MURDERER: We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH: I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.
[Exeunt FIRST MURDERER and SECOND MURDERER.]

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

[Exit MACBETH.]

Scene 4.

[Enter LADY MACBETH and SEYTON.]

LADY MACBETH: Is Banquo gone from court?

SEYTON: Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH: Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SEYTON: Madam, I will.

[Exit SEYTON.]

LADY MACBETH: Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

[Enter MACBETH.]

How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH: We have scorched the snake, not killed it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in her grave;

After life's fitful fever she sleeps well.

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch her further.

LADY MACBETH: Come on.

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

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

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we must lave

Our honors 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 cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH: What's to be done?

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

[Exeunt MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.]

Scene 5.

[Enter FIRST MURDERER, SEYTON and SECOND MURDERER.]

FIRST MURDERER: But who did bid thee join with us?

SEYTON: 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.

[FIRST MURDERER motions a go-ahead, and SEYTON exits through the outside door.]

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.

[SEYTON sticks his head in the door.]

SEYTON: Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO: *[heard from outside]* Give us a light there, ho!

[SEYTON enters and closes the door as FIRST MURDERER watches out the window.]

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.
 SEYTON: Almost a mile: but he does usually—
 So all men do—from hence to th' palace gate
 Make it their walk.
[BANQUO and FLEANCE come walking along the outside window with a light.]
 SECOND MURDERER: A light, a light!
 THIRD MURDERER: 'Tis he.
 FIRST MURDERER: Stand to't.
[FIRST MURDERER, SECOND MURDERER and SEYTON assume their ambush positions as BANQUO and FLEANCE enter by the outside door.]
 BANQUO: It will be rain tonight.
 FIRST MURDERER: Let it come down.
[SECOND MURDERER and SEYTON set upon BANQUO. FIRST MURDERER smashes the light and surreptitiously smears blood upon his face.]
 BANQUO: O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
 Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[FIRST MURDERER slashes BANQUO's throat. BANQUO dies as FLEANCE flees through the outside door, pursued by SECOND MURDERER.]
 SEYTON: Who did strike out the light?
 FIRST MURDERER: Was't not the way?
 SEYTON: There's but one down; the son is fled.
[Enter SECOND MURDERER through the outside door.]
 SECOND MURDERER: We have lost best half of our affair.
 FIRST MURDERER: Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[Exeunt FIRST MURDERER, SECOND MURDERER and SEYTON. SECOND MURDERER becomes LADY ROSS. SEYTON becomes LADY LENNOX.]

Scene 6.

[Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS.]
 MACBETH: You know your own degrees: sit down.
 At first and last the hearty welcome.
 ANGUS: 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 steps into the space.]
 MACBETH: See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
 Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst:
[As MACBETH sits, he spies FIRST MURDERER. MACBETH stands and approaches FIRST MURDERER while banquet continues.]
 Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. —There's blood upon thy face.
 FIRST MURDERER: 'Tis Banquo's then.
 MACBETH: 'Tis better thee without than he within.
 Is he dispatched?
 FIRST MURDERER: My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
 MACBETH: Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats.
 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.
[During the following conversation, enter LADY ROSS and LADY LENNOX. ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS rise and greet them and then ROSS, LADY ROSS, LENNOX, LADY LENNOX and ANGUS again sit at LADY MACBETH's invitation.]
 MACBETH: Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 As broad and general as the casing air:
 But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
 To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
 FIRST MURDERER: Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,
 The least a death to nature.
 MACBETH: Thanks for that.
 There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
 No teeth for th' present.—Get thee gone. Tomorrow
 We'll hear ourselves again.
[Exit FIRST MURDERER. FIRST MURDERER becomes FIRST WITCH.]
 LADY MACBETH: My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
 That is not often vouchèd, 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!
[MACBETH raises a toast.]
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both!
[MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LADY ROSS, LENNOX, LADY LENNOX and ANGUS drink.]
 LENNOX: May't please your Highness sit.
 MACBETH: Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present—
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance!
 ROSS: His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
 To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH: The table's full.

LENNOX: Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH: Where?

LENNOX: Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH: Which of you have done this?

ANGUS: 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.*[aside to MACBETH]*—Are you a man?

MACBETH: Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall 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.

LADY MACBETH: What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH: If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH: Fie, for shame!

MACBETH: Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed

Too terrible for the ear. The times has been

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH: My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH: I do forget.
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
 Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
 I drink to the general joy o' th' 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.

ROSS & LENNOX & ANGUS: Our duties, and the pledge.
*[MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LADY ROSS, LENNOX, LADY LENNOX and
 ANGUS drink.]*

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 armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mock'ry, hence! 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 are 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 ROSS, LADY ROSS, LENNOX, LADY LENNOX and ANGUS. LADY ROSS becomes SECOND WITCH, LADY LENNOX becomes THIRD WITCH.]

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 maggot-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 tomorrow,
 And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know
 By the worst means the worst. For mine own good
 All causes shall give way: I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

LADY MACBETH: You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

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

[Exeunt MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.]

Scene 7.

[Enter ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS. LENNOX and ANGUS hang back as ROSS continues on his way. When ROSS exits, LENNOX speaks.]

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, she was dead.
 And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot think how monstrous 'twas for Malcolm
 To kill his gracious mother? damnèd 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 angered any heart alive

ACT 4

Scene 1.

[Enter FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH.]

FIRST WITCH: Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH: Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH: Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH: Round about the caldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelt' red venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot!

FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH & THIRD WITCH: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of pow' rful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH & THIRD WITCH: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witch's mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-delivered by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,

For th' ingredience of our caldron.

FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH & THIRD WITCH: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

[SECOND WITCH cries out.]

By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes:

[*MACBETH knocks on the outside door.*]

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[*MACBETH suddenly finds the door open and enters.*]

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

FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH & THIRD WITCH: 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 th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH: Call 'em, let me see 'em.

[*SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH spring on MACBETH and wrestle him to the ground as FIRST WITCH chants.*]

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.

FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH & THIRD WITCH: Come, high or low,
Thyself and office deftly show!

[*FIRST WITCH forces their concoction upon MACBETH. MACBETH writhes and convulses. THIRD WITCH moves behind an audience member. MACBETH starts in terror at sight of the audience member.*]

MACBETH: Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH: He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

THIRD WITCH: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

MACBETH: Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more—

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

*[FIRST WITCH indicates another audience member, behind which already stands
SECOND WITCH.]*

SECOND WITCH: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH: Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND WITCH: Be bloody, bold, and resolute! Laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

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.

*[MACBETH stares at a third audience member. The FIRST WITCH positions herself
behind him.]*

What is this,

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

THIRD WITCH: Listen—

SECOND WITCH: But speak not to't.

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

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?

THIRD WITCH: Seek to know no more.

MACBETH: I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!

*[FIRST WITCH, SECOND WITCH and THIRD WITCH exit. FIRST WITCH becomes
FIRST MURDERER. SECOND WITCH becomes SECOND MURDERER. THIRD
WITCH becomes YOUNG MACDUFF.]*

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

[Enter LENNOX.]

LENNOX: What's your grace's will?

MACBETH: Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX: No, my lord.

MACBETH: Came they not by you?

LENNOX: No indeed, my lord.

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

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

MACBETH: Fled to England?

LENNOX: Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH: Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

[Exit LENNOX; MACBETH starts to follow but lingers.]

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

[Exit MACBETH.]

Scene 2.

*[Enter YOUNG MACDUFF, fencing wildly with a toy sword and slashing
audience members, furniture and imaginary enemies to mincemeat.]*

LADY MACDUFF *[offstage]*: What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSS *[offstage]*: You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF *[offstage]*: He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS *[offstage]*: You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

[Enter LADY MACDUFF, with ROSS following.]

LADY MACDUFF: Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS: My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you.

[ROSS starts to exit.]

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!

[ROSS kisses her cheek or forehead and starts to exit but stops at the sound of her voice.]

LADY MACDUFF: Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

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

[Exit ROSS.]

LADY MACDUFF: Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

YOUNG MACDUFF: As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF: What, with worms and flies?

YOUNG MACDUFF: With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF: Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime.

YOUNG MACDUFF: 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 father?

YOUNG MACDUFF: Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

YOUNG MACDUFF: 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.

YOUNG MACDUFF: Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF: Ay, that he was.

YOUNG MACDUFF: What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, one that swears and lies.

YOUNG MACDUFF: And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF: Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

YOUNG MACDUFF: And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF: Every one.

YOUNG MACDUFF: Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, the honest men.

YOUNG MACDUFF: 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?

YOUNG MACDUFF: 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 GENTLEWOMAN.]

GENTLEWOMAN: Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
 Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
 Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
 I dare abide no longer.

[Exit GENTLEWOMAN.]

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?—What are these faces?

[Enter FIRST MURDERER and SECOND MURDERER.]

FIRST MURDERER: Where is your husband?

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

SECOND MURDERER: He's a traitor.

YOUNG MACDUFF: Thou li'st, thou shag-haired villain!

[YOUNG MACDUFF stabs SECOND MURDERER.]

SECOND MURDERER: What, you egg!

[SECOND MURDERER stabs YOUNG MACDUFF.]

Young fry of treachery!

YOUNG MACDUFF: He has killed me, mother:
 Run away, I pray you!

[YOUNG MACDUFF dies.]

LADY MACDUFF: Murder! Murder!

[Laughing, FIRST MURDERER and SECOND MURDERER chase LADY MACDUFF through the space, and then corner and murder her. Exit FIRST MURDERER and SECOND MURDERER.]

Scene 3.

[Enter MALCOLM, followed by 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 yelled out
 Like syllable of dolor.

MALCOLM: What I believe, I'll wail;
 What know, believe; and what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
 He hath not touched you yet.

MACDUFF: I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM: But Macbeth is.
 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge.

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 dishonors,
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF: Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee. 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

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

MACDUFF: O Scotland, Scotland!

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

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

MALCOLM: Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honor. 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 ROSS far off; he hesitates at the sight of MACDUFF, but then approaches.]

—See, who comes here?

MALCOLM: My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF: My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM: I know him now: good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS: Sir, amen.

MACDUFF: Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS: Alas, poor country!

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

MACDUFF: O relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM: What's the newest grief?

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

MACDUFF: How does my wife?

ROSS: Why, well.

MACDUFF: And all my children?

ROSS: Well too.

MACDUFF: The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

MACDUFF: Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

ROSS: When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
 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

ACT 5

Scene 1.

[Darkness. Enter GENTLEWOMAN, followed by the DOCTOR. During the opening lines, the GENTLEWOMAN takes down the sign for the SECOND INTERMISSION and stashes it backstage.]

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

GENTLEWOMAN: Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, 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 slumb'ry 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 in a nightgown with a light.]

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

GENTLEWOMAN: quarter of an hour.	LADY MACBETH: Yet here's a spot.
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DOCTOR: Hark! she speaks.

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 pow'r to account? Yet who would have thought the old bitch to have had so much blood in her?

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: This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily

DOCTOR (cont'd): in their beds.	LADY MACBETH: Wash your hands;
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LADY MACBETH (cont'd): put on your nightgown; look not so pale! I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on's grave.

LADY MACBETH (cont'd): To bed, to bed!	DOCTOR: Even so?
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LADY MACBETH: 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 LADY MACBETH.]

DOCTOR: Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN: Directly.

DOCTOR: Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.

My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:

I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN: Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt DOCTOR and GENTLEWOMAN.]

Scene 2.

[Sunlight. Enter ROSS, ANGUS and LENNOX, armed for war.]

ROSS: The English pow'r is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.

Who knows if Siward's son be with his father?

LENNOX: For certain, sir, he is, and many youths

That even now protest their first of manhood.

ROSS: Revenges burn in them.

ANGUS: Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them.

ROSS: But what does the tyrant?

LENNOX: Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distempered cause

Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS: Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

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

ROSS: Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
 [Exeunt ROSS, ANGUS and LENNOX.]

Scene 3.

[Enter MACBETH.]

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 GENTLEWOMAN.]

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

GENTLEWOMAN: There is ten thousand—

MACBETH: Geese, villain?

GENTLEWOMAN: Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH: Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-livered fool. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

GENTLEWOMAN: The English force, so please you.

[MACBETH slashes her face with his knife. GENTLEWOMAN cries out and clutches her cheek.]

MACBETH: Take thy face hence.

[Exit GENTLEWOMAN.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough. My way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton!

[Enter SEYTON.]

SEYTON: What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH: What news more?

SEYTON: All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH: I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armor.

SEYTON: 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH: I'll put it on.

[As MACBETH speaks and dresses, the DOCTOR surreptitiously enters and casually moves around the outside of the playing space toward the outside door.]

Send out more horses, skirr the country round.

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.

[MACBETH spies the DOCTOR.]

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR: *[coming forward]* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH: Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR: Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH: Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR: Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

MACBETH: —Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[Exeunt MACBETH and SEYTON. The DOCTOR eyes the outside door.]

DOCTOR: Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.
*[Enter SEYTON, looking for the DOCTOR. The DOCTOR nods and follows SEYTON
 offstage.]*

Scene 4.

[Enter ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS. ROSS addresses the audience..]

ROSS: Arise and stand, you worthy Scots, for hither
 Young Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, doth come.
*[The audience stands. Enter from another direction MALCOLM, SIWARD,
 YOUNG SIWARD and MACDUFF; ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS greet them, and
 then MALCOLM inspects the audience and gestures for them to sit.]*

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

ROSS: We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD: What wood is this before us?

ROSS: 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.

ANGUS. It shall be done.

*[ANGUS, LENNOX and YOUNG SIWARD distribute leafy boughs to audience members
 in aisle seats.]*

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.

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 MALCOLM, SIWARD, YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, ROSS, LENNOX and
 ANGUS.]*

Scene 5.

[Enter MACBETH and SEYTON.]

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.

*[DOCTOR, YOUNG SIWARD, ANGUS and GENTLEWOMAN all loudly lament
 offstage.]*

What is that noise?

SEYTON: It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit SEYTON.]

MACBETH: I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

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

[Enter SEYTON.]

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON: The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH: She should have died hereafter;

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

[Enter GENTLEWOMAN with a bandaged face.]

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly!

GENTLEWOMAN: Gracious my lord,

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

MACBETH: Well, say, madam.

GENTLEWOMAN: As I did stand upon the parapet,
 I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

MACBETH: Liar and slave!

GENTLEWOMAN: 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: 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, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[MACBETH fights with YOUNG SIWARD and slays him with a wound to the front..
YOUNG SIWARD dies face-down.]*

MACBETH: Thou wast born of woman.

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

[Exit MACBETH.]

Scene 8.

[Screams of battle offstage. Enter MACDUFF from the outside door.]

MACDUFF: That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undecided.

[Screams of battle offstage.]

There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not.

[Enter MACBETH to another part of the stage, unaware of MACDUFF.]

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

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!

[MACDUFF and MACBETH fight.]

MACBETH: Thou lovest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

[MALCOLM and SIWARD approach the body.]

SIWARD: Then he is dead?

ROSS: Ay; weigh not sorrow by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD: Had he his hurts before?

[ROSS turns over YOUNG SIWARD's body.]

ROSS: Ay, on the front.

SIWARD: Why then, God's soldier be he!

[SIWARD kneels and embraces the corpse of YOUNG SIWARD.]

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

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

SIWARD: He's worth no more:

[During the following lines, SIWARD lets go of YOUNG SIWARD, arranges the body and closes his son's eyes.]

They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!

[MACDUFF staggers to his feet.]

MACDUFF: Hail, King! for so thou art: behold, where lies
Th' usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

[MACDUFF kneels.]

Hail, King of Scotland!

[ROSS, LENNOX and ANGUS kneel.]

ROSS & LENNOX & ANGUS & SIWARD: Hail, King of Scotland!

[A flourish of trumpets offstage.]

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 honor 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 fiendlike queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
*[An offstage flourish of trumpets. Exeunt MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, ROSS,
LENNOX and ANGUS.]*