

Macbeth

By William Shakespeare
Edited by Barbara A. Mowat and Paul Werstine
with Michael Poston and Rebecca Niles
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Created on Jul 31, 2015, from FDT version 0.9.2.

Characters in the Play

Three Witches, the Weïrd Sisters

DUNCAN, king of Scotland

MALCOLM, his elder son

MACBETH, thane of Glamis

LADY MACBETH

SEYTON, attendant to Macbeth

Three Murderers in Macbeth's service

Both attending upon Lady Macbeth:

 A Doctor

 A Gentlewoman

A Porter

BANQUO, commander, with Macbeth, of Duncan's army

MACDUFF, a Scottish noble

LADY MACDUFF

Their son

Apparitions: an Armed Head, a Bloody Child, a Crowned Child, and
eight nonspeaking kings

Actor 1

Witches
Duncan
Lady Macbeth
Malcolm
First Murderer
Seyton
Son Macduff

Actor 2

Banquo
Macduff
Second Murderer
Banquo's Ghost
Apparitions
Lady Macduff
Doctor

Actor 3

Macbeth
Porter
Third Murderer
Gentlewoman

ACT 1

Scene 1

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH (ACTOR 1)

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

SECOND WITCH (ACTOR 1)

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH (ACTOR 1)

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH (ACTOR 1)

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH (ACTOR 1)

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH (ACTOR 1)

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH (ACTOR 1)

I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND WITCH (ACTOR 1)

Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH (ACTOR 1)

Anon.

ALL (ACTOR 1)

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Scene 2

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan.

DUNCAN (ACTOR 1)

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state. Hail, brave friend Banquo!
What a haste looks through his eyes!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

BANQUO (ACTOR 2) Doubtful it stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. 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 rebel, Macdonwald.
 There he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

BANQUO

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

DUNCAN

Dismayed not this our captain, Macbeth?

BANQUO

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.
 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!

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

BANQUO I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

They exit.

Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH (ACTOR 1) Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH (ACTOR 1) Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH (ACTOR 1) Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap
 And munched and munched and munched. "Give me," quoth I.

“Aroint thee, witch,” the rump-fed runnion cries.
 Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ th’ *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’nnights, 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,
 Wracked as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

THIRD WITCH

A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

ALL, *dancing in a circle*

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.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
 How far is ’t called to Forres?—What are these,
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like th’ inhabitants o’ th’ 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 choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. 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, that shalt be king hereafter!

Witches vanish. Enter Banquo.

BANQUO (ACTOR 2)

Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear?

Witches appear.

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!

Witches vanish.

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.

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.

BANQUO I am sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks,
And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor,
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine. What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

BANQUO Who was the Thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH, *aside* Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. *To Banquo.* Thanks for your pains.
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.—

MACBETH, *aside* Two truths are told

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.
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, *aside* Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH, *aside*
 If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
 Without my stir.

BANQUO, *aside* 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, I stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH
 Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Let us toward the King.
 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.

MACBETH Till then, enough.

They exit.

Scene 4

Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Macbeth, and Banquo.

DUNCAN (Actor 1)
 O worthiest cousin,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)
 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 (ACTOR 2) There, if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN —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; From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

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.

They exit.

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.

He exits.

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone, with a letter.

LADY MACBETH (ACTOR 1), *reading the letter*

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 King, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor," by which title, before, these Weïrd 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 might'st 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.

The King comes here tonight.

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 (ACTOR 3) My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH
 Tomorrow, 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 th' 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 favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

They exit.

Scene 7

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

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 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 th' inventor. This even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned 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 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 (ACTOR 1)

He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored 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,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' 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 plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed 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 drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' 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 marked 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 clamor 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.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Banquo with a torch before him.

BANQUO (ACTOR 2) How goes the night,?
 The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.
 And she goes down at twelve. I take 't 'tis later.
 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 Macbeth.

Who's there?

MACBETH (ACTOR 3) A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.
 He hath been in unusual pleasure. All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three Weïrd 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.

Banquo exits.

MACBETH

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-oppressèd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw. *He draws his dagger.*
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' 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. Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's off'rings, 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, 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.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH (ACTOR 1)

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
 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.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3), *within* 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 he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth with bloody daggers.

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' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH 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

Methought 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 labor'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 he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.
She exits with the daggers. Knock within.

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. *Knock.*
 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. *Knock.*
 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. *Knock.*
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst.
They exit.

Scene 3

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

PORTER (ACTOR 3) Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't. (*Knock.*) 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. (*Knock.*) 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. (*Knock.*) 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. (*Knock.*)

Anon, anon!

The Porter opens the door to Macduff.

I pray you, Macduff remember the porter.

MACDUFF (ACTOR 2)

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' th' 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?

PORTER Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

Porter becomes Macbeth.

MACDUFF

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 slipped 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 labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

Macduff exits. Silence.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH 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?
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.

Macbeth exits.

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.

Enter Macbeth.

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 (ACTOR 1) 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 father's murdered.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

MACDUFF

Those of his 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.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his 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?

MACDUFF

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.

MACBETH And so do I.

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

All but Malcolm exit.

MALCOLM, *aside*

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.
Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles. The near in blood,
The nearer bloody. 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.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Ross and Macduff.

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain did this more than bloody deed.
Alas the day, what good could they pretend?
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
May our old robes sit easier than our new.

All exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1 (cut this more)

Enter Banquo.

BANQUO (ACTOR 2)

Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the Weïrd Women promised, and I fear
Thou played'st 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.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

Here's our chief guest.
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
Forever 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
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
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.

Banquo exits.

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, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my grip,
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 Murderers.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER (ACTOR 1)

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.

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 forever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue you go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleft
All by the name of dogs. And 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 (ACTOR 2) I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath 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 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.

MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

Murderers exit.

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

He exits.

Scene 2
Enter Macbeth's Lady.

LADY MACBETH (ACTOR 1) 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 (ACTOR 3)
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 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 tonight.

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-born 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.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER (ACTOR 1)

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER (ACTOR 3) Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER (ACTOR 2), *to the First 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 traveler apace
 To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER Hark, I hear horses. Then 'tis he. The rest

That are within the note of expectation
 Already are i' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

Almost a mile; but he does usually
 (So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to 't.

BANQUO, *to Fleance* It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!

The three Murderers attack.

BANQUO

O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge—O slave!

He dies. Fleance exits.

THIRD MURDERER

Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER Was 't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER There's but one down. The son is fled.

FIRST MURDERER We have lost best half of our affair.

THIRD MURDERER Well, let's away and say how much is done.

They exit.

Scene 4 (Unsure?)

Banquet. Enter Macbeth and Lady Macbeth (Audience as lords).

MACBETH (ACTOR 3) (*to audience?*)

You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Ourself 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 (ACTOR 1)

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter Second Murderer to the door.

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. *He approaches the Murderer.* There's
blood upon thy face.

SECOND MURDERER (ACTOR 2) 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?

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.

MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH, *aside*

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?

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.

Murderer exits.

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, 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.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo (Actor 2), and sits in Macbeth's place.

MACBETH, *to Lady Macbeth* Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both!

LADY MACBETH 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.

LADY MACBETH His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH

The table's full.

LADY MACBETH Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH Where?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

to the Ghost

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

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. *Drawing Macbeth aside.*
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

Prithce, see there. Behold, look! *To the Ghost.* 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 exits.*

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 time 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.

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.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here!

MACBETH, *to the Ghost*

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.
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.

Ghost exits.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder. (*to audience*) He grows worse and
worse.
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. A kind good night to all.
Lords and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth exit.

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 Weïrd 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.

They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.**The Witches circle the cauldron.*

ALL (ACTOR 1)

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 blindworm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet'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.

SECOND WITCH

Cool it with a baboon's blood.
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Knocking.

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

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 yeasty 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.

FIRST WITCH

Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderers' gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL Come high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech but say thou naught.

FIRST APPARITION (ACTOR 2)

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.

He descends.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harped my fear aright.

FIRST WITCH

Here's another more potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

SECOND APPARITION (ACTOR 2) Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

He 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.

THIRD APPARITION (ACTOR 3)

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.

He descends.

MACBETH That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!
Rebellious dead, 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!

Cauldron sinks. 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 eighth king with a glass in his hand, and Banquo last.

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. 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 th' 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 twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.

The Apparitions disappear.

What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Music. The Witches dance and vanish.

MACBETH

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

Enter Seyton.

SEYTON (ACTOR 1) What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weird Sisters?

SEYTON No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

SEYTON 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?

SEYTON

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

MACBETH Fled to England?

SEYTON Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH, *aside*

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.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

LADY MACDUFF (ACTOR 2)

What had he done to make him fly the land?
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
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.
Sirrah, your father's dead.
And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON (ACTOR 1)

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 'dst 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 enough 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 Murderer.

What are these faces?

THIRD MURDERER (ACTOR 3) Where is your husband?

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

THIRD MURDERER He's a traitor.

SON
Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

THIRD MURDERER What, you egg?
Stabbing him. Young fry of treachery!

SON He has killed me, mother.
Run away, I pray you.
*Lady Macduff exits, crying "Murder!" followed by the
Murderer bearing the Son's body.*

Scene 3

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MACDUFF (ACTOR 2)
I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM (ACTOR 1) 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 Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
 In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM
 Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave-taking?

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM 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. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
 From overcredulous 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—

A letter.

MACDUFF What's the newest grief?
 If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

MALCOLM
 Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
 Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
 Were on the quarry of these murdered deer
 To add the death of you.

MACDUFF My children too?

ROSS
 Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

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.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR (ACTOR 2) I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN (ACTOR 3) 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 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR 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 anyone, 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 You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are 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 (ACTOR 1) Yet here's a spot.

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?

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. O, O, O!

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. 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.

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. *Lady Macbeth exits.*

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.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

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 Seyton.

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

SEYTON (ACTOR 1) There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SEYTON Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

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

SEYTON The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence. *Seyton exits.*
 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 sere, 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.

Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.—
 How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR (ACTOR 2) 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.

Attendants begin to arm him.

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.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

They exit.

Scene 4

Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MALCOLM (ACTOR 1)

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

MACDUFF (ACTOR 2) We doubt it nothing.

MALCOLM

What wood is this before us?

MACDUFF 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.

MACDUFF It shall be done.

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth and Seyton.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

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 within of women.

What is that noise?

SEYTON (ACTOR 1)

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

He exits.

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 slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON The Queen, my lord, is dead.

He exits.

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 Seyton.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

SEYTON Gracious my lord,

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

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

SEYTON

I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

Upon the next tree shall 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 th' 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 th' estate o' th' world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!—Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
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.

Seyton draws his sword.

SEYTON What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

SEYTON

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

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

SEYTON

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

MACBETH No, nor more fearful, Seyton.

SEYTON

Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant. With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight, and Seyton is slain.

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman.

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

He exits.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF (ACTOR 2)

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou beest 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 undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.

He exits. Alarums.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH (ACTOR 3)

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 (ACTOR 2) Turn, hellhound, 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.

Fight. Alarum.

MACBETH Thou lovest labor.

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 ripped.

MACBETH

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed 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' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon 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 damned be him that first cries "Hold! Enough!"

They exit fighting. Alarums.

They enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain. Malcolm enters.

MACDUFF

Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands
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.
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish.

MALCOLM (ACTOR 1)

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 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 crowned at Scone.

Flourish. All exit.