Macbeth
By William Shakespeare
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Characters in the Play

Three Witches, the Weird Sisters
DUNCAN, king of Scotland
MALCOLM, his elder son
DONALBAIN, Duncan’s younger 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
FLEANCE, his son
MACDUFF, a Scottish noble
LADY MACDUFF
Their son
Scottish Nobles:
  LENNOX
  ROSS
  ANGUS
  MENTEITH
  CAITHNESS
SIWARD, commander of the English forces
YOUNG SIWARD, Siward’s son
A Captain in Duncan’s army
An Old Man
A Doctor at the English court
HECATE
Apparitions: an Armed Head, a Bloody Child, a Crowned Child, and eight nonspeaking kings
Three Messengers, Three Servants, a Lord, a Soldier
Attendants, a Sewer, Servants, Lords, Thanes, Soldiers (all nonspeaking)
ACT 1

Scene 1
Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH
When shall we three meet again?
SECOND WITCH
When the battle’s lost and won.
THIRD WITCH
There to meet with Macbeth.
ALL
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
.
They exit.

Scene 2
Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

DUNCAN
What bloody man is that?
MALCOLM  This is the sergeant
Who fought 'Gainst my captivity. Say to the King the knowledge of the broil.
CAPTAIN
The merciless Macdonwald
from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; But all’s too weak;
For brave Macbeth
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th’ chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
DUNCAN
O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!
CAPTAIN
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 captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
CAPTAIN
I must report they were As cannons overcharged with double cracks, So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe. But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.
DUNCAN
So well thy words become thee as thy wounds: Go, get him surgeons.
The Captain is led off by Attendants.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?
MALCOLM  The worthy Thane of Ross. LENNOX
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.
ROSS  God save the King.
DUNCAN  Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
ROSS  From Fife
Where 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, And to conclude, The victory fell on us. That now Sweno, The Norways' king, craves composition. Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
DUNCAN
No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.
ROSS  I'll see it done.
DUNCAN
What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
They exit.

Scene 3
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH
A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap
"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,
SECOND WITCH
I'll give thee a wind.
FIRST WITCH
I myself have all the other, 15
I'll drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day 20
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, 25
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.
SECOND WITCH  Show me.
FIRST WITCH
Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come. Drum within. 30
THIRD WITCH
Macbeth doth come.
ALL, dancing in a circle
The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.

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, 40
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth
And yet are on 't?—Live you? You seem to understand me
You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
MACBETH  Speak if you can. What are you? 50
FIRST WITCH
Macbeth! Thane of Glamis!
SECOND WITCH
Macbeth! Thane of Cawdor!
THIRD WITCH
Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
BANQUO
why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? 55
Are you fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly you show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. 60
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
Lesser than Macbeth and greater.
THIRD WITCH
Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. 70
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
MACBETH
Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.
I know I am Thane of Glamis.
But how of Cawdor? 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.
Speak, I charge you.
Witches vanish.
BANQUO
Whither are they vanished?
MACBETH
Into the air, As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed! 85
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. 90
MACBETH
And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?
BANQUO
To th’ selfsame tune and words.—Who’s here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

ROSS
The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his.
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  100
and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom’s great defense,
And poured them down before him.
He bade me, call thee Thane of Cawdor,
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.
BANQUO  What, can the devil speak true?
MACBETH
The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?   115
ANGUS  Who was the Thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
MACBETH, aside  Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!  125
The greatest is behind.
Do you not hope your children
shall be kings,
BANQUO  That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  135
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles.     They step aside.
MACBETH, aside  Two truths are told  140
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success 145
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?
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not. 155
If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me without my stir.
BANQUO New honors come upon him, 160
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.
MACBETH, aside
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Let us toward the King.
Think upon what hath chanced, 170
and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
BANQUO Very gladly. 175
They exit.

Scene 4
Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants.

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 5
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your Highness’ pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. He died
As one that had been studied in his death 10
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 15
An absolute trust.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me.
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
MACBETH
The service and the loyalty I owe
In doing it pays itself.
DUNCAN
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
Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, shall shine
On all deservers.
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.
DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor.
MACBETH, aside
The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.
He exits.
DUNCAN
True, worthy Banquo. He is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed:
Flourish. They exit.

Scene 5
Enter Macbeth’s Wife, alone, with a letter.

LADY MACBETH, reading the letter
It is too full o’ th’ milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
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.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?
MESSENGER
The King comes here tonight.
LADY MACBETH
He brings great news. Messenger exits.
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. Stop up th’ access and passage to remorse,
Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry “Hold, hold!”

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!
MACBETH 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!
Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th’ innocent 
flower,  
But be the serpent under ’t.  
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 6  
Hautboys and Torches. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm,  
Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and  
Attendants.

DUNCAN  
This castle hath a pleasant seat.  
BANQUO  This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath  
Smells wooingly here.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
observed,  
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

DUNCAN See, see our honored hostess!—  
How you shall bid God ’ild us for your pains  
And thank us for your trouble.  
LADY MACBETH  All our service,  
In every point twice done and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house.  
DUNCAN  Where’s the Thane of Cawdor?  
Taking her hand.  
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly  
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.
They exit.

Scene 7
Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then 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 his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.
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. 15
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 25
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH
He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber? 30
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, 35
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? 40
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely?
Wouldst thou have that 45
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  50
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? 55
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
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 65
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 70
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain, 75
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only.
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon 80
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, 85
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, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?
FLEANCE
The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

BANQUO
What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
He gives Macbeth a jewel.
MACBETH Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.
BANQUO
I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.  
To you they have showed some truth.
MACBETH
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honor for you.  
BANQUO
but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counseled.
Banquo and Fleance exit.
MACBETH
Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell.
Servant exits.
Is this a dagger which I see before me?

    He draws his dagger.
Thou marshal’st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. 55
Now o’er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep.
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. 75
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
That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.
That death and nature do contend about them 10
Whether they live or die.
I laid their daggers ready; 15
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 20
Did not you speak?
MACBETH When?
LADY MACBETH Now.
MACBETH As I descended?
LADY MACBETH Ay.25
MACBETH Hark!—Who lies i’ th’ second chamber?
LADY MACBETH Donalbain.
MACBETH
There’s one did laugh in ’s sleep, and one cried 30
“Murder!”
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.
But they did say their prayers and addressed them
Again to sleep. 35
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.” 40
LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply.
MACBETH
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,
LADY MACBETH What do you mean?
MACBETH
Still it cried “Sleep no more!” to all the house.
“Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore 55
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. 60
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
Go, carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
MACBETH I’ll go no more. 65
Look on ’t again I dare not.
LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. She exits with the daggers. Knock within.
MACBETH Whence is that knocking? 75
How is ’t with me when every noise appalls me?
Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. 80
Knock.
. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed.

Knock.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 90
And show us to be watchers.

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

Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst. 95

They exit.

Scene 3
Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key. (Knock.) Knock, knock, knock! (Knock.) Knock, knock! (Knock.) Knock, knock! (Knock.) Knock, knock! 15

Never at quiet.—What are you? I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (Knock.)

Anon, anon! 20

The Porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox.

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

PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three 25 things.

MACDUFF What three things?

PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes. It makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; 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 40 requited him for his lie.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes. 45

Porter exits.
MACDUFF
Is the King stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH Not yet.
MACDUFF
He did command me to call timely on him. 50
MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

Macduff exits.

LENNOX Goes the King hence today?
MACBETH He does. He did appoint so. 60
LENNOX
The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i’ th’ air, MACBETH ‘Twas a rough night. 70
LENNOX
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.
MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!
MACBETH AND LENNOX What’s the matter? 75
MACDUFF
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? 80
LENNOX Mean you his Majesty?
MACDUFF
Do not bid me speak.
See and then speak yourselves.
Macbeth and Lennox exit.
Awake, awake! 85
Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!
Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.
LADY MACBETH What’s the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? 95
MACDUFF O gentle lady,
’Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.

Enter Banquo.
O Banquo, Banquo, 100
Our royal master’s murdered.
LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.—

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

MACBETH
Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessèd time;

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

DONALBAIN What is amiss?
MACBETH You are, and do not know ’t.
MACDUFF Your royal father’s murdered.
MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done ’t.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood. 120
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. 125

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. LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF
Look to the lady.
MALCOLM, aside to Donalbain Why do we hold our 140 tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
DONALBAIN, aside to Malcolm
What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?
Let’s away. Our tears are not yet brewed. 145
MALCOLM, aside to Donalbain
Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.
BANQUO Look to the lady.
Lady Macbeth is assisted to leave.
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. Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.
MACDUFF  And so do I.  155
ALL  So all.
MACBETH
Let’s briefly put on manly readiness
And meet i’ th’ hall together.
ALL  Well contented.
All but Malcolm and Donalbain exit.
MALCOLM
What will you do? Let’s not consort with them.  160
I’ll to England.
DONALBAINE
To Ireland I. Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer.  165
The nearer bloody.
MALCOLM  This murderous shaft that’s shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim.
They exit.

Scene 4
Enter Ross with an Old Man.

OLD MAN
Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night
Hath trifled former knowings.  5
ROSS  Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man’s act,
Threatens his bloody stage.OLD MAN  ‘Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that’s done.
ROSS
And Duncan’s horses Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  20
Contending ‘gainst obedience,OLD MAN  ‘Tis said they eat each
other.
ROSS
They did so, to th’ amazement of mine eyes 25
That looked upon ‘t.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?
MACDUFF Why, see you not?  
ROSS Is ’t known who did this more than bloody deed?
MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain.
ROSS Alas the day,  
What good could they pretend?
MACDUFF They were suborned.  
Ross Malcolm and Donalbain, the King’s two sons,  
Are stol’n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.
ROSS ’Gainst nature still!  
Then ’tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
MACDUFF He is already named and gone to Scone  
To be invested.
ROSS Where is Duncan’s body?  
MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.
ROSS Will you to Scone?
MACDUFF No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.  
ROSS Well, I will thither.  
MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there.
ROSS Farewell, father.  
OLD MAN God’s benison go with you and with those  
That would make good of bad and friends of foes.  
All exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1
Enter Banquo.
BANQUO
Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the Weïrd Women promised, and I fear
Thou played’st most fouly for ’t.
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

MACBETH
Here’s our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH  If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast
MACBETH
Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I’ll request your presence.
BANQUO  Let your Highness Command upon me.
MACBETH  Ride you this afternoon?
BANQUO  Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH  Is ’t far you ride?
BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
’Twixt this and supper.
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. Goes Fleance with you?
BANQUO
Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon ’s.
MACBETH
Farewell.
Banquo exits.

While then, God be with you.

Lords and all but Macbeth and a Servant exit.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

SERVANT
They are, my lord, without the palace gate. 50

MACBETH
Bring them before us. Servant exits.
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.
There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him 60
My genius is rebuked. 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. 65
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.
No son of mine succeeding. If ’t be so,
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind; 70
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered.
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to th’ utterance.

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

MACBETH  Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been 85
Our innocent self.
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say “Thus did Banquo.”
FIRST MURDERER  You made it known to us.
MACBETH
Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave 100
And beggared yours forever?
FIRST MURDERER  We are men, my liege.
MACBETH
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect. 120
SECOND MURDERER  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 125
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. 130
MURDERERS True, my lord.
MACBETH
So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love, 140
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
SECOND MURDERER We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
MACBETH
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 150
And something from the palace.
And with him Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me 155
Than is his father's.
I'll call upon you straight. Abide within. 160
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 and a Servant.

LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?
SERVANT
Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
LADY MACBETH
Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
SERVANT Madam, I will.
He exits. 5
LADY MACBETH 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

Why do you keep alone, of sorriest fancies your companions making. What's done is done. 
MACBETH 
We have scorched the snake, not killed it. 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. 
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, 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. 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 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. 
LADY MACBETH What's to be done? 
MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still. Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. So prithee go with me. 
They exit.

Scene 3
Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER
Who commanded us to murder?
THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.
SECOND MURDERER, to the First Murderer
We can trust him, since he gave the orders.
FIRST Then stand with us.—
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch. 10
THIRD MURDERER I hear horses!
BANQUO, within Give us a light there, ho!
SECOND MURDERER Then 'tis he. The rest
FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.
THIRD MURDERER Almost a mile; but he does usually
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light! 20
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! 25
THIRD MURDERER Who did strike out the light?
THIRD MURDERER There's but one down. The son is fled.
FIRST MURDERER Well, let's away and say how much is done.
They exit.

Scene 4
Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

MACBETH You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome. They sit.
LORDS Thanks to your Majesty.
MACBETH Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
LADY MACBETH
Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer to the door.

MACBETH
See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ than
Be large in mirth. He approaches the Murderer.
There’s blood upon thy face.
MURDERER  ‘Tis Banquo’s then.
MACBETH
Is he dispatched?
MURDERER
My lord, his throat is cut.
MACBETH
Yet he’s good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.
MURDERER
, Fleance is ’scaped.
MACBETH, aside
else been perfect,
But Banquo’s safe?
MURDERER
Ay,. Safe in a ditch With trenchèd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
MACBETH
Thanks for that.
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.
Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth’s place.

MACBETH, to Lady Macbeth  Sweet remembrancer!—
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,
ROSS  His absence, sir,
MACBETH
The table’s full.
LENNOX  Here is a place reserved, sir.
MACBETH Where?
LENNOX Here, What is 't that moves you
MACBETH Which of you have done this?
LORDS What, my good lord? 60
MACBETH, to the Ghost
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. The fit is momentary;
Are you a man? 70
MACBETH
Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
LADY MACBETH O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
MACBETH
Prithee, see there. Behold, look! To the Ghost. Lo,
how say you?
Ghost exits.
LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?
MACBETH
If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame! 90
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
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns
LADY MACBETH My worthy lord, 100
Your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table
And to Banquo, whom we miss.
LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.
They raise their drinking cups.
MACBETH, to the Ghost
Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee.
LADY MACBETH Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
MACBETH, to the Ghost What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou 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
ROSS What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH
I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.
Question enrages him. But go at once.
LENNOX Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.
LADY MACBETH A kind good night to all. 150
Lords and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth exit.
MACBETH It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
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? 160
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. 165
More shall they speak, 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.
They exit.

**Scene 5**
Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

FIRST WITCH
Why, how now, Hecate? You look angrily.

HECATE
Have I not reason, beldams as you are?
Saucy and overbold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
And I,
Was never called to bear my part
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who,
Loves for his own ends,
. Get you gone,
Meet me i’ th’ morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
This night I’ll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap’rous drop profound.
, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes ’bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals’ chiepest enemy.
Music and a song.
Hark! I am called..    Hecate exits. 35
Sing within “Come away, come away,” etc.
FIRST WITCH
Come, let’s make haste. She’ll soon be back again.
They exit.

**Scene 6**
Enter Lennox and another Lord.

LENNOX
My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead. 5
the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain 10
To kill their gracious father?
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?
Ay, and wisely, too, 15
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that I say
He has borne all things well.
That had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should 20
find
What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
But peace. For from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear 25
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
LORD The son of Duncan
Lives in the English court and is received 30
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid
That, by the help of these
we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
LENNOX Sent he to Macduff?
LORD He did, and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 45
The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
LENNOX  
Advise him to a caution t’ hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed.  

LORD  I’ll send my prayers with him.  
They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH  
Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poisoned entrails throw.  
Boil thou first i’ th’ charmèd pot.  
The Witches circle the cauldron.  

ALL  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.  
SECOND WITCH  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

HECATE  
O, well done! I commend your pains,  
And everyone shall share i’ th’ gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing  
Enchanting all that you put in.

SECOND WITCH  
Something wicked this way comes.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH
How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?
ALL  A deed without a name. 50
MACBETH
I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.

FIRST WITCH  Speak. 65
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.
ALL  Come high or low; 75
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. 80
FIRST APPARITION
Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me.
He descends.
MACBETH
Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more— 85
FIRST WITCH
He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

SECOND APPARITION
Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn 90
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, 95
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king
And wears upon his baby brow the round 100
And top of sovereignty?
ALL Listen but speak not to 't.
THIRD APPARITION
Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until 105
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? 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 115
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! 120
Cauldron sinks. Hautboys.
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?
ALL
Show his eyes and grieve his heart. 125
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.
Why do you show me this?
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
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?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights.
Our duties did his welcome pay.
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 Lennox.

LENNOX  What's your Grace's will?
MACBETH
Saw you the Weird Sisters?
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
Macduff is fled to England.
MACBETH  Fled to England?
LENNOX  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.
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. 175
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
What had he done to make him fly the land?
ROSS
You must have patience, madam.
LADY MACDUFF  He had none.
ROSS  You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
LADY MACDUFF
Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly?
As little is the wisdom, where the flight 15
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 much20
further;
But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea 25
I take my leave of you.
Shall not be long but I’ll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.
Should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.       Ross exits.
LADY MACDUFF  Sirrah, your father’s dead. 35
And what will you do now? How will you live?
SON
As birds do, mother.
With what I get.
LADY MACDUFF
Poor bird, thou 'dost 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.
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?
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.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER
Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known, I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man’s advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones! Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.  Messenger exits.  80
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, 85
Do I put up that womanly defense
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
MURDERER  Where is your husband?
LADY MACDUFF
I hope in no place so unsanctified  90
Where such as thou mayst find him.
MURDERER  He’s a traitor.
SON
Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!
MURDERER  What, you egg?
Stabbing him.
SON  He has killed
me, mother.
Run away, I pray you.
Lady Macduff exits, crying “Murder!” followed by the
Murderers bearing the Son’s body.

Scene 3
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MALCOLM
Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF  Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall’n birthdom. Each new morn 5
new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland
MALCOLM  What I believe, I’ll wait;  10
What know, believe;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well. 15
You may offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T’ appease an angry god.  20
MACDUFF
I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM 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. 30
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 strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
MACDUFF I would not be the villain that thou think’st
MALCOLM Be not offended.
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
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,
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, being compared
With my confineless harms.
MACDUFF Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.
MALCOLM I grant him smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there’s no bottom,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
my lust
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
MACDUFF  Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours.
We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
MALCOLM  were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
And my more-having would
make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
MACDUFF  Yet do not fear.
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.
MALCOLM
But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp’rance,
Nay, had I power, I should
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
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,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat’st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland.
Thy hope ends here!
MALCOLM  Macduff, this noble passion,
hath from my soul
reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor.
I 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, and delight
No less in truth than life. 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.

Enter Ross.

MACDUFF  See who comes here.
MALCOLM
My countryman
MACDUFF
cousin, welcome
MACDUFF
Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSS  Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself.
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made.
MALCOLM  What’s the newest grief?
ROSS  
I saw the tyrant’s power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers
MALCOLM  Be ’t their comfort
We are coming thither. England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
ROSS  Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
MACDUFF  If it be mine,
Keep it not from me.
ROSS  
Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered.
MACDUFF  My children too?
ROSS  
Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
MALCOLM  Be comforted.
Let’s make us med’cines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF
He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say “all”? O hell-kite! All?
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. Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Heaven rest them now.
MALCOLM
Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger.
MACDUFF
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Within my sword’s length set him.
MALCOLM
Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking

ACT 5

Scene 1
Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?
GENTLEWOMAN Since his Majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her 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 A great perturbation in nature,
In this slumb’ry agitation what at any
time have you heard her say?
GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report after
her.
DOCTOR you should.
GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no
witness to confirm my speech.
Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

here she comes. This is her very guise and, fast asleep. Observe her;

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command. 25

DOCTOR 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.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two. Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. 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.

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;

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. 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.  
Look after her.  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance  
And still keep eyes upon her.  
They exit.

**Scene 2**  
Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

MENTEITH  
The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them,  
Shall we well meet them.  
MENTEITH  What does the tyrant?  
CAITHNESS  
Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love.  
march we on  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.  
LENNOX  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.  
They exit marching.

**Scene 3**  
Enter Macbeth, the Doctor, and Attendants.

MACBETH  
Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.  
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.

Enter Servant.
SERVANT  There is ten thousand—
MACBETH  Geese, villain?
SERVANT  Soldiers, sir.
MACBETH  What soldiers, whey-face?
SERVANT  The English force, so please you.
MACBETH  Take thy face hence. Servant exits.
Seyton! This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
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  How does your patient, doctor?
DOCTOR  Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
MACBETH  Cure her of that.
DOCTOR  Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH  put mine armor on. Give me my staff.
Attendants begin to arm him.

They exit.
Scene 4
Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward’s son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers, marching.

SIWARD
What wood is this before us?
MENTEITH The Wood of Birnam.
MALCOLM
Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear ’t before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
SIWARD
We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before ’t.
MALCOLM
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
MACDUFF Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

They exit marching.

Scene 5
Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.

MACBETH
Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
What is that noise?
SEYTON
It is the cry of women, my good lord. He exits.
MACBETH
I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
As life were in ’t. I have supped full with horrors. 15
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Enter Seyton.
Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON  The Queen, my lord, is dead.
MACBETH  She should have died hereafter.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.
MESSENGER

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.
MACBETH  Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

Let me endure your wrath if ’t be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.
MACBETH  If thou speakest false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
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.
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 exit.

Scene 6
Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army, with boughs.

MALCOLM

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

They exit.
Alarums continued.
Scene 7
Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter young Siward.

YOUNG SIWARD  What is thy name?
MACBETH  My name's Macbeth.
YOUNG SIWARD  The devil himself could not pronounce a title
YOUNG SIWARD  Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speakest.
They fight, and young Siward 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  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 bruited. Let me find him, Fortune, And more I beg not.
He exits. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

SIWARD  The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
MALCOLM  We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
They exit. Alarum.

Scene 8
Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH
Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword?
Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF  Turn, hellhound, turn!
MACBETH
Of all men else I have avoided thee. 5
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. 10
MACBETH  With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd 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.  15
MACBETH
Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
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 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
And damned be him that first cries “Hold! Enough!”
They exit fighting. Alarums.

They enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain. Macduff exits carrying off Macbeth’s body. Retreat and flourish. Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

MALCOLM
I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 40

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

MALCOLM
Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS
Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt.
But like a man he died.

SIWARD Then he is dead?
ROSS
Ay, and brought off the field.

SIWARD Had he his hurts before?
ROSS
Ay, on the front.

SIWARD Why then, God’s soldier be he! 55
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. 60

SIWARD He’s worth no more.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth’s head.

MACDUFF
Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands 65
Th’ usurper’s cursèd head. The time is free.

Hail, King of Scotland! 70

ALL Hail, King of Scotland! Flourish.

MALCOLM
We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen, 75

So thanks to all at once and to each one.
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
Flourish. All exit.