

Macbeth

By William Shakespeare

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## Characters in the Play

Three Witches, the Weïrd 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 5

'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; 15

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. 25

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, 35  
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and  
Banquo?

CAPTAIN

I must report they were 40  
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. 50

LENNOX

So should he look that seems to speak things  
strange.

ROSS God save the King.

DUNCAN Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane? 55

ROSS From Fife

Where Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor, 60  
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
And to conclude, 65

The victory fell on us.

That now Sweno,

The Norways' king, craves composition.  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 70  
Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present  
death, 75

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'nights, 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 Weïrd 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 afeard 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, 110  
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     25  
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 35  
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     45  
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. 50  
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     55  
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 25  
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 30  
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.35

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. 50

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

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 60

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. 70

LADY MACBETH O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Bear welcome in your eye, 75  
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,80  
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. 85  
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, 5  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have 10  
observed,  
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

DUNCAN See, see our honored hostess!— 15  
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 20  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house.  
DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 25  
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,     15  
Not bear the knife myself.

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     25  
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

He has almost supped. Why have you left the     30  
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     35  
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? 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 90

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 95  
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. 15

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal, 20

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 Weïrd Sisters. 25

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 30

business,

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

It shall make honor for you. 35

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 45  
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. Knock.

. Retire we to our chamber. 85

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, 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 blessed 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 150  
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.

DONALBAIN

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? 30

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. 35

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? 45

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. 50

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 55  
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 foully for 't.

But that myself should be the root and father           5  
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,           15  
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  
'Twi't 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   35  
With strange invention. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.           40

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 gospelled

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,       10  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making.  
What's done is done.

MACBETH

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.   15  
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, 30  
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.       40

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?       50

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 15

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. 30

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. 5

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 10  
Be large in mirth. He approaches the Murderer.

There's  
blood upon thy face.

MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then. 15

MACBETH

Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

My lord, his throat is cut.

MACBETH

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance. 20

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. 30

MACBETH Thanks for that.

No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves again. Murderer exits. 35

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. 45

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honor roofed,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present,

ROSS His absence, sir, 50

grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir. 55

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;

120

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 135

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 Weïrd 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' chiefest 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 50

His wisdom can provide. that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed. 55

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.

Music and a song: "Black Spirits," etc. Hecate exits.

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 135

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? 140

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!— 150  
Come in, without there.

Enter Lennox.

LENNOX What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weïrd Sisters?  
Came they not by you? 155

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 165  
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.

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors. 5

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 much

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 'dst never fear the net nor lime, 40

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? 45

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? 55

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? 60

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 65  
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! 75

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 wail; 10

What know, believe;

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.

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 5  
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 15  
her.

DOCTOR you should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no  
witness to confirm my speech. 20

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 30  
seem thus washing her hands.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes  
from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more  
strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.

Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. 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. 65  
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 70

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 75

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, <sup>LENNOX</sup> 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: 5

"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 speak'st 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 <sup>[[ ]]</sup> 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 speak'st.

They fight, and young Siward is slain.

MACBETH Thou wast born of        15  
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,        20  
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; 25  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. 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. Fight. Alarum. 10

MACBETH 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 15  
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. 20

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 30  
"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 35  
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.