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MACBETH.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, king of Scotland.

Malcolm,     )  
Donalbain,  ) his sons.

Macbeth,    )  
Banquo,     ) generals of the King's army.

Macduff,    )

Lennox,     )

Ross,        ) noblemen of Scotland.

Menteith,  )

Angus,      )

Caithness,  )

Fleance, son to Banquo.

Siward, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young Siward, his son.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A **Sergeant**.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and  
Messengers.

Scene: Scotland: England.

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THE TRAGEDY OF  
MACBETH.

ACT I.

Scene I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,  
When the battle 's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: -- anon!

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Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,  
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

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

Mal. This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald --  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him -- from the western isles

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Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,

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Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell --  
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[Exit **Sergeant**, attended.]

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should  
he look

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That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

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

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. 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.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,

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And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I 'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

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

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
 He shall live a man forbid:  
 Weary **se'nnights** nine times nine  
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
 Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

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

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!  
 Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

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

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

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

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of  
 Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king  
 hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be  
none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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

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With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

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

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

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

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success: and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent

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

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He hadd me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

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

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

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind. -- Thanks for your pains. --  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

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The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen.  
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,

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

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,  
chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.

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Ban. New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Forres. ø The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and  
Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

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They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth





I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

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Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

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

Scene V. Inverness. ø Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I  
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to  
question them further, they made themselves air, into which  
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, "Thane  
of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters sa-  
luted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with  
"Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to  
deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant

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of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,  
and farewell.'

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

Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

**Mess.** The king comes here to-night.

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

**Mess.** So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

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Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;  
He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.]

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

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The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence f  
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady Macb. Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI. ø Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

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Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

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And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

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

Lady M. Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. ø Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with  
dishes and service and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

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Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgement here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

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Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the  
chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

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And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
That they have done 't?

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Lady M. Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene I. Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in  
heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

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Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who 's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your **offices**:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,

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I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,



The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the **one half-world**  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

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With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan. for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

**Scene II. The same.**

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made  
me bold;  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!  
Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

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

Macb.           [Within] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked  
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

**Enter Macbeth.**

  My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a  
    noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

Macb.                               When?

Lady M.                               Now.

Macb.                                       As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!  
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.                                       Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.           [Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

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Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried  
    'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

Lady M.                               There are two lodged together.

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

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

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

Lady M.                               These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep' -- the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast, --

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

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Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy  
thane,

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

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

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.

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

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour. but I shame

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To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear a  
knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark! more  
knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers: be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[Knocking within.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exeunt.]

**Scene III. The same.**

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter  
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking  
within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on **th'** ex-  
pectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about

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you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [Knocking within.] Knock,  
knock! Who 's there, in **th'** other devil's name? Faith,  
here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales  
against either scale; who committed treason enough for  
God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock!  
Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither,  
for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you  
may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock;  
never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold  
for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to  
have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose  
way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon,  
anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

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

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lech-  
ery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire,  
but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes  
him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off;  
it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand  
to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a

sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for

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him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

**Enter Macbeth.**

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible

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Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

**Re-enter Macduff.**

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. )

What 's the matter?

Len. )

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

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves. [Exeunt Macb. and Len.  
Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

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As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [Bell rings.

**Enter Lady Macbeth.**

Lady M. What 's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

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

**Enter Banquo.**

O Banquo, Banquo!  
Our royal master 's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

**Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.**

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant  
There 's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

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

Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken here,  
where our fate,  
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?  
Let 's away;  
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all **but** Malcolm and Donalbain.]

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Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are  
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross **with** an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

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That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?



Old M. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses -- a thing most strange and  
certain --  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up

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Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:  
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Scene I. Forres. ø The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,

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But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them --  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine --  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well  
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as  
queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.  
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

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Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

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

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.

[Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt **all but Macbeth and an Attendant.**

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

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To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know

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That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms

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Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege.  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

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

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives --

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this  
hour at most,

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

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[Exeunt Murderers.]

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

Scene II. ∅ The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

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Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

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

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces visards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

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

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

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

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Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:  
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. ø A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

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First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually --  
So all men do -- from hence to the palace-gate  
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

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

Sec. Mur. We have lost  
Best half of our affair.

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

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Scene IV. ø Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross,  
Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

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

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:  
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure  
The table round. [Approaching the door] There 's blood  
upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.



Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

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Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's  
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [Aside] Then comes my fit again: I had else  
been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

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

Lady M. My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

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

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's  
place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.  
 Macb. Where?  
 Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?  
 Macb. Which of you have done this?  
 Lords. What, my good lord?  
 Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.  
 Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.  
 Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well: if much you note him, You shall offend him and extend his passion: Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

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Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.  
 Lady M. O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all 's done, You look but on a stool.  
 Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?  
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.  
 Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?  
 Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.  
 Lady M. Fie, for shame!  
 Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the time has been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: this is more strange Than such a murder is.

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Lady M. My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide  
thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

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The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! [Exit Ghost.

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

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

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Lady M. A kind good night to all!  
[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.]

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augures and understood relations have  
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:  
There 's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

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

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

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

Scene V. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.

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I am for the air; this night I 'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:  
And you all know security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.  
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.  
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be  
back again. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Forres. ø The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret **farther**: only I say

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Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
 For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well: and I do think  
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key --  
 As, an 't please heaven, he shall not -- they should find  
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord.    The son of Duncan,  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
 Lives in the English court, and is received  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace

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That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
 That, by the help of these, with Him above  
 To ratify the work, we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours:  
 All which we pine for now: and this report  
 Hath so exasperate the king that he  
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.    Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time  
 That clogs me with this answer.'

Len.    And that well might  
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
 Fly to the court of England and unfold  
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
 May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed!

Lord.

I 'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.]

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ACT IV.

Scene I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.'

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights **has** thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

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Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

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

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains:  
And now about the cauldron sing,

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Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.  
[Hecate retires.]

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,  
Or from our masters?

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Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.



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

All. Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. **First Apparition:** an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

First Witch. He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

**First App.** Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[Descends.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more, --

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's ano-  
ther,  
More potent than the first.

Thunder. **Second Apparition:** a bloody Child.

**Sec. App.** Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

**Sec. App.** Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.]

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Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. **Third Apparition:** a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

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

All. Listen, but speak not 't.

**Third App.** Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.

[Descends.]

Macb.

That will never be:

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

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All.

Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.]

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

**A show of eight Kings, ø the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's  
Ghost following.**

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth? Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet? A seventh? I 'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

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First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round,  
That this great king may kindly say  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious  
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

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

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

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

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The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. Fife. ø Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

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

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So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

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

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,

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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.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be **hang'd**.

Son. And must they all be **hang'd** that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

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L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm? -- What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He 's a traitor.  
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!  
First Mur. What, you egg!  
[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

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Son. He has kill'd me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you! [Dies.  
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'  
[Exeunt murderers, following her.]

Scene III. England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something  
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb

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To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

Macd.                                   Bleed, bleed, poor country:  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;  
**The** title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

Mal.                                    Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think withal

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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.

Macd.                                    What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

Macd.                                    Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal.                                    I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

Macd.    Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may

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Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

Mal.    With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more, that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd.    This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath **foisons** to fill up your will  
Of your mere own: all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

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Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

Macd.    O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd.    Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,



When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

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At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command:  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray  
you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

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I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

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

Macd. O, relation

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Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.



My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

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Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

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ACT V.

Scene I. Dunsinane. **Ante-room** in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can per-  
ceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. 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.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes!

This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their **sense is** shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

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Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

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

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. 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.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh,

oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, --

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have

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known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. 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.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:  
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. The country near Dunsinane.

**Drum and colours.** Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:

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Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd **cause**  
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

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And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds,  
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.]

Scene III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. There is ten thousand --

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

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Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,

When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord.

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As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,







That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

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

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

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Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, ø and  
their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

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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.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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

Scene VII. ∅ Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 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.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

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

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

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

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

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

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

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

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

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

Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.  
[Exeunt. Alarum.

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Scene VIII. ø Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou lovest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'  
[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old  
Siward, Ross, **the other Thanes**, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

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

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

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

Siw. Then he is dead?

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

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

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

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

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

Siw. He's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:

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

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. 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,

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.