

Johnson and Steevens 1803 'Macbeth', in Samuel Johnson and George Steevens (eds.), The plays of William Shakspeare, 5th ed., rev. Isaac Reed, vol. 10 (London, 1803), 1--337.

1 sig B

MACBETH.

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8

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland:

Malcolm,)
Donalbain,) his Sons.

Macbeth,)
Banquo,) Generals of the King's Army.

Macduff,)

Lenox,)

Rosse,)
Menteth,) Noblemen of Scotland.

Angus,)

Cathness,)

Fleance, Son to Banquo.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the
English Forces:

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

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

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in

England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

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11

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

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

12

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

13

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: -- Anon. --

14

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

[Witches vanish.]

15

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm,
Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting
a bleeding Soldier.

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!

16

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;

17 sig C

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

18

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 smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;

19

And 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.

20

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion

21

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 Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norwayan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

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

Sold. Yes;

22

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

23

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 sur-
geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.

24

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

25

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwayan banners flout the sky,

26

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan 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; ----

27

Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive
Our bosom interest: -- Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

28

Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
2 Witch. Killing swine.
3 Witch. Sister, where thou?
1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: --
Give me, quoth I:

29

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

30

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:

31

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,

32

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1 Witch. Thou art kind.
3 Witch. And I another.
1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

33 sig D

I'the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

34

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

35

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be **tempest-toss'd**.
Look what I have.
2 Witch. Show me, show me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.
[Drum within.
3 Witch. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

36

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

37

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 Fores? -- What are
these,

38

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?

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

39

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

40

3 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,

41

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.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!
3 Witch. Hail!
1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

42

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick 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 staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

43

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not
so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, 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: Silenc'd with that,

44

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,

45

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

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade 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 judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both

46

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. 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,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,

47

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. --
Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb.

Two truths are told,

48

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: -- If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

49 sig E

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

50

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

Ban. New honours come upon him

51

Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-
sure.

52

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 chanc'd; 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.]

53

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

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

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

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,

54

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. -- O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment

55

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,

60

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 va-
liant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

61

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in 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 saluted me, and **referred** me to the coming on
of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have
I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner
of greatness; that thou **mightest** not lose the dues of
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: -- Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

62

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st 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. ---- What is your
tidings?

63

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

64

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Attendant.]

65 sig F

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, 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,

66

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring minis-
ters,
Wherever in your sightless substances

67

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;

68

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!* ---- Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

69

Enter Macbeth.

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

70

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
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,

71

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

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

72

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

73

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made

74

His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, 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 yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

75

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,

76

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,

We rest your hermits.

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

Lady M. Your servants ever

77

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.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

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

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

78

It were done quickly: If the assassination

79

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

80

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, --
We'd jump the life to come. -- But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice

81 sig G

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

82

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, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

83

That tears shall drown the wind. -- I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. -- How now, what news?

84

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you
left the chamber?

85

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? Would'st 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?

86

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

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,

87

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!

88

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 wassel so convince,

89

That memory, the warder of the brain,

90

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck 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

91

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 receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

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

92

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.]

93

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a Servant,
with a torch before them.

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 husban-
dry 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!

94

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose! -- Give me my sword; --

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

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:

95

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
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,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

96

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, -- when
'tis,

97 sig H

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

98

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

99

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

[Exit Banquo.]

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 marshal'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,

100

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

101

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

102

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,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. -- Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

103

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

104

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

105

And take the present horror from the time,

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.]

111

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his 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 lodg'd 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.

112

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,

113 sig I

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

114

*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
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:

115

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

116

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

117

Making the green -- one red.

118

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

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

119

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

120

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.] 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. [Knock.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would
thou could'st! [Exeunt.]

121

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 turn-
ing the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock:
Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a
farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of
plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about
you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock,
knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name?
'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in

122

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.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there?
'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for
stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor;

123

here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] 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.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

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.

124

Macd. What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it pro-
vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance:
Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equi-
vocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars
him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it per-
suades 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.

125

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me:
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

126

Macd. Is thy master stirring? --
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

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, physicks pain.
This is the door.

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

127

Len. Goes the king
From 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 prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

128

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

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

129 sig K

Re-enter Macduff.

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

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

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. -- Awake! awake! --
[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell: -- Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself -- up, up, and see
The great doom's image! -- Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.

130

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. ---- O Banquo! Banquo!

131

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where. ----
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

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

132

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 it:
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 badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:

They star'd, 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, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

133

The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. -- Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

134

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 re-
frain,

135

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

136

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,

137

May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
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 undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

138

Macb. 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 Mal. and Don.]

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.

139

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.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and 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.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

140

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

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

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,

141

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.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff: ----

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

142

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.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! -- Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

143

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

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

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

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

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

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.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;

144

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.

Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady

Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, 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-things** unbecoming.

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

145 sig L

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 desir'd 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?

146

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

147

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

148

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 us.

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 Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

149

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. -- [Exit Atten.]
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
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

150

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 plac'd 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 it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;

151

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? --

152

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you

153

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 ø a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 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,

154

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?

1 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 cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file

155

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; 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,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

156

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

1 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.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody dis-
tance,

157

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd 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
Whom 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.

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

1 Mur. Though our lives ----

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,

158

And something from the palace; always thought,

159

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.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

160

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded: ---- Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

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.

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.

161 sig M

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 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,

162

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 place, 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 domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong 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:

163

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards 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.

164

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 sum-
mons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

165

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

166

Lady M. What's to be done?

167

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest

chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf 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

168

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

169

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

170

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading
to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

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

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he de-
livers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

171

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

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

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest

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

1 Mur. His horses go about.

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

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a Servant with a
torch preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

172

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly;

Thou may'st revenge. -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

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

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

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

173

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady
Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and At-
tendants.

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.

174

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. -- There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
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,

175

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

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. 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, confin'd, 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: ----
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,

176

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

Len. May it please your highness sit?
[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in
Macbeth's place.

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

177 sig N

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. **Here's** a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my 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.

Rosse. 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;

178

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?

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

179

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, 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. [Ghost disappears.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the
olden time,

180

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady 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;

181

Then I'll sit down: ---- Give me some wine, fill
full: ----

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

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.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

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

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
 [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
 have blood:

187

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
 speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
 forth

188

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?

189

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,
(Betimes I will,) unto 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
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

190

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.

191

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the Three Witches.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
 angerly.

192

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick 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,

193 sig O

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

194

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:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-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 magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,

195

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.

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.
1 Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.

196

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: -- marry, he was dead: --
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

197

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 it. 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

2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

202

3 Witch. Harper cries: -- 'Tis time, 'tis time.

203

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. ----

204

Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast 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.
2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

205

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet'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.
3 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;

206

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:

207

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

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

Enter Hecate, and the other Three Witches.

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

208

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Ø

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

209 sig P

2 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 mid-
night 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 lodg'd, and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

210

Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
sure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten

211

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

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

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, ----

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

212

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. -- Dismiss me: -- Enough.
[Descends.]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: -- But one word
more: --

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's
another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! --

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

App. Be bloody, bold,

And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.]

213

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. -- What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with
a Tree in his Hand, rises.

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.

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

214

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!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood

215

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. -- Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

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.]

1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch.
Show!

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

216

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand;
Banquo 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!

217

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,

218

Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! -- Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. -- What, is this so?

219

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: -- But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? --
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.
Macb. Where are they? Gone? -- Let this per-
nicious hour
Stand eye accursed in the calendar! --
Come in, without there!

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 **hanged**.

Son. And must they all be **hanged**, 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

226

there are liars and swearers enough 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'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

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,

227

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve

you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.
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.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

228

Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.

229

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

230

Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather

231

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new
morn,

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,
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,

236

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 compar'd
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'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a 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
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many

By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? -- Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner 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
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd 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;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight

241 sig R

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,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

242

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,
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;

243

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,

244

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

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 re-
move

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,

245

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent 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,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

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

246

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,

247

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for

ever,

248

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! --
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

249

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us **med'cines** of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. -- All my pretty
ones?

250

Did you say, all? -- O, hell-kite! -- All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,

251

At one fell swoop?

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
heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,

252

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.]

253

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentle-
woman.

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

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I

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have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching. -- In this slumbry 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.

255

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

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! -- **Fye, my lord, fye!** a soldier, and

256

afear'd? 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.

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

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: -- I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his 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 Lady Macbeth.

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.

258

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 amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by

Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

260

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. 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?

Cath. 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

261

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?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal;
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.]

262

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 consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.* ---- Then fly, false
thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:

263

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

264

Enter a Servant.

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

Ser. There is ten thousand ----

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

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

265

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. -- Seyton! -- I am
sick at heart,

When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

266

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,

267

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

268

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

269

Which the poor heart would fain deny, **but** dare
not.

Seyton! ----

270

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
ported.

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 more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine ar-
mour. --

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

271

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

272

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;

275

And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

276

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.]

277

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Sey-
ton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [A cry within, of Women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

278

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

279

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. --

280

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

281

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. ----

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Macb. Well, say, sir.

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

282

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[Striking him.]

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,

283

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*

284

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.]

285

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with **Drums** and Colours, Malcolm, old
Siward, Macduff, &c. and their Army, with
Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are: -- You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us 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. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. -- What's he,

286

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.

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.

287

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

288

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.

Re-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.

289 sig U

Re-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 charg'd
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 may'st 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.

290

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
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 believ'd,
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.

291

Macb. I'll 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 oppos'd, 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.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and
Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Le-
nox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth, and
Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.

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.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;

292

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?

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

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. 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:
So, God be with him! -- Here comes newer com-
fort.

293

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head on a
Pole.

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,

294

That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, --
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!
[Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
men,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, --
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

295

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.