

Cumberland 1827 John Cumberland (publ.), Macbeth ...
as now performed at the Theatres Royal, London (London,
1827).

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<woodcut -- "R. Cruikshank, del. / White, Sc. / Macbeth. /
Macbeth. Speak if you can: -- What are you? / Act I. Scene 3.">

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MACBETH:
A TRAGEDY,
In Five Acts,
BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.--G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, -- CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS, -- RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, -- AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.
By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.

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REMARKS.

Macbeth.

If we have pronounced Hamlet the most sublime, and Lear the
most pathetic, of all tragedies -- the distinction of being the grandest

conception of human genius belongs to Macbeth. The just and beautiful reflections on the nature and condition of man -- on time and eternity -- give Hamlet a character for sublimity beyond any other of Shakspeare's productions. In Macbeth, very different sensations are excited: we are introduced to a race of beings --

"That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't."

We have the dread machinery of the supernatural world influencing and accelerating the fate of one individual: for the horrible crimes of Macbeth seem opposed to his original nature -- which is open, brave, and generous -- and we almost acquit him of them, regarding him as the passive victim of a mysterious and uncontrollable destiny.

Macbeth's great crime is ambition --

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods!"

but that passion had remained latent, or rather harmless, in his bosom, but for the daring spirit of his wife, who attacks his pride, by imputing to cowardice his irresolution to do evil; which is, in fact, the last struggle of expiring virtue. She knew him to be ambitious: but she doubted if he had the recklessness for the furtherance of that ambition. He would attain honour and dignity, nor be very scrupulous as to the means of their attainment, so as they depended not on his own individual agency. He would be great -- but he would rather that greatness were unlawfully thrust upon him, than openly seek it by injustice and violence. How finely has Shakspeare distinguished this particular feature in the character of Macbeth: --

"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."

Though the predictions of the weird sisters had awakened in Macbeth some vague and mysterious feelings of ambition, the atrocious idea of Duncan's regicide had never entered his mind previously to his interview with his wife, to whom he announces the expected arrival of the king: --

"Duncan comes here to-night.
---- And when goes hence?
To-morrow, as he purposes."

When, with a ferocious abruptness unparalleled in woman, she replies,

"O, never shall sun that morrow see!"

She then unfolds to him her projected scheme of Duncan's murder; to which Macbeth listens with almost supernatural awe, regarding her as a being placed beyond the sphere of humanity, and exclaiming with wonder --

"Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males."

To every suggestion of pity and compunction -- to every tie of nature and hospitality, the aged king being his kinsman and guest -- she replies with bitter and sarcastic reproaches. He is alternately goaded and excited by appeals to his courage, and by the glorious *all-hail hereafter*; when he resolves to do the deed -- but not before he had uttered a sentiment of unequalled truth and beauty: --

"I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none."

The horror and remorse of Macbeth -- the bold and intrepid spirit of his wife, the one guilty and heart-stricken, the other savage and undaunted -- the hushed and subdued tone with which she chides his pusillanimity -- the terrifying whispers that pass between them -- the bursts of anguish that force themselves from Macbeth -- and the horrible phantoms of his disturbed imagination -- render the scene of Duncan's regicide the most impressive on dramatic record. Still, Shakespeare was too great a master of the human heart, to draw the fiend-like character of Lady Macbeth without some redeeming quality. This daring woman, who could fearlessly grasp the dagger and enter the chamber of the murdered Duncan, boasts her own capacity to do the deed, but for this compunctious feeling --

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don 't."

This affecting image is introduced with wonderful propriety and art; and shows that, even in the most depraved and hardened spirits, the holy ties of nature are still felt and acknowledged.

The predictions of the weird sisters, which had given to Macbeth the throne, had promised its succession to the race of Banquo. The career of crime once begun, Macbeth, to falsify this prediction, determines upon the murder of Banquo and Fleance. Macduff next becomes the object of his distrust and fears: his family are slaughtered at one fell swoop. But the measure of his guilt is now full, and his trials begin. The distraction and death of his wife -- the coming of Birnam-wood to Dunsinane -- the juggling prediction of the witches -- and the consequent overthrow of his proudest hopes and schemes. Standing between earth and hell -- between human and everlasting retribution -- his mental and physical energies bear him through every trial; and he meets his fate with a constancy and courage that claim all our regret, and much of our esteem, -- regarding him as a being whose noble and magnanimous nature has been perverted by one seductive and master-passion -- ambition.

The only character in dramatic poetry at all comparable to Lady Macbeth, is the Clytemnestra of Æschylus. In depicting the fiercest passions of the human breast, our Shakspeare may stand in proud rivalry with the Greek dramatist. There is nothing in Clytemnestra so grand as Lady Macbeth's invocation to the infernal spirits, after Seyton's announcement of the intended visit of the king; nor so impressive as her sleeping horrors, when the appalling images of Duncan's murder pass before her mind. Clytemnestra's passion is revenge, deadly and implacable; that of Lady Macbeth is ambition, animated by a fierceness and courage wholly superhuman. The catastrophe, as

regards Lady Macbeth, is finely conceived. Her restless and aspiring mind, wanting that continual excitement which the passing gratification of her highest ambition no longer supplies, finds leisure for retrospection; and, finally, sinks beneath an accumulated load of guilt, beyond all hope of pardon and repentance.

This tragedy bears a close resemblance to the Trilogy of Æschylus: it is divided into a regular series of events, separated from each other by a considerable distance of time but still sufficiently con-

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nected to form a consistent and well-constructed fable. As, in the Trilogy, the murder of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the Eumenides, or contention among the gods, are successively exhibited: so, in Shakspeare's tragedy, we have the regicide of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, and the fall of Macbeth. The furies of Æschylus are closely interwoven with the plot -- they hover round Orestes, and impel his fate: in Macbeth they are still more influential; they open the drama, carry on its progress, and bring it to a close. The Greek chorus, which serves but to explain the plot, in the English tragedy occupies a considerable part of the action. In Æschylus, these supernatural beings are *agents* -- in Shakspeare they are *principals* -- hideous, anomalous, and immortal.

In the construction of his fable, in the extent and variety of his incidents and characters, Shakspeare is as far above the Greek poet as the latter is above every other, ancient or modern. In contemplating the extensive series of events that is embraced in Macbeth, the restrictions of time and place vanish from our minds; and we feel it impossible to subject this astonishing production of human genius to the ordinary rules of dramatic criticism. It may want some portion of the majestic simplicity that belongs to Æschylus; but in the poet of antiquity, where shall we find the profundity and richness of thought and expression -- the intense interest -- the wildness and sublimity -- that kindle in every page of Shakspeare? Let it not be said that, even in this drama, devoted to the exhibition of the most terrible passions, he omitted an opportunity of exciting our tenderest emotions: the agonising scene where Macduff receives the account of the slaughter of his family, is a master-piece in this way.

The reign of Elizabeth was fruitful in superstition. The reformed religion had as yet done little towards abolishing those barbarous customs and prejudices, the remnants of a rude and ignorant age. Witchcraft was not thought inconsistent with the now orthodoxy: it was not confined to the mere vulgar herd, but pervaded every class of society, from the cottage to the throne. The clergy were not backward in sounding the alarm; denouncing from their pulpits all those who were suspected of being its ministers. And on whom did the suspicion light? On such women "which be commonly old, lame, bleare-eyed, pale, fowle, and full of wrinkles; poore, sullen, and papists."/* These were accused of holding dominion, not only over the destinies of men and cattle, but the elements themselves! If the wind blew, or a storm arose, the cry was, "Ring the bells and burn the witches!"/† If a farmer's crop was blighted, or a murrain spread amongst his cattle, it was the avowed handy-work of these malignant old ladies. Nay, if her majesty suffered "under excessive anguish by pains of her teeth,"/‡ it was charitably attributed to their diabolical agency. The accession of King James to the throne fairly put the seal to this absurd and cruel superstition. The republication of

his Dæmonologie, in 1603, added to the popular phrensy; and the Popish flames that had barely ceased to smoke from the burning of heretics, were re-kindled with true Protestant fury for the purpose of exterminating this unhappy race. That so attentive an observer as Shakspeare should have availed himself of this popular superstition, will create no surprise. And how has he done it? The witchcraft that we have alluded to, is low, sordid, and disgusting: the weird sisters of Shakspeare are highly spiritualized and informed. They are immaterial essences, whose region is clouds and darkness -- whirlwind and tempest: --

/* Discoverie of Witchcraft, by Reginald Scott. /† Ibid
/‡ Strype's Annals, vol. iv. p. 7.

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"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And *these* are of them."

They are the fit ministers of nature's mischief, to do --

"A deed without a name."

From the moment Macbeth encounters them on the blasted heath, to the incantation scene in the cave, they are the chief personages of the drama. They are alternately his tempters and betrayers. It has been suggested that Shakspeare borrowed his machinery from an old play called "The Witch," written by Thomas Middleton. But the witches of Middleton are weak and puerile, compared to those of Shakspeare. Middleton took his witches as the gross superstition of the age had painted them: he borrowed every thing from tradition, and nothing from genius. Shakspeare adopted the superstition, and engrafted upon it all the wildness and terror of his powerful imagination; hence his Weird Sisters are the most highly wrought pictures of supernatural agency that the world has yet produced.

Of this play, the imagery is bold, the thoughts just and noble, and the language of an elevated tone, befitting a subject of such dread solemnity and awe. Macbeth's address to the air-drawn dagger -- his melancholy retrospect of his past life, "*I have lived long enough*" -- and his reflections on the quick stealing pace of time, and of the vanity and mutability of human life, in that celebrated passage --

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and -- to-morrow,"

may claim particular commendation. In the latter, he seems as it were to have suddenly stumbled upon fate -- it is the last gush of sentiment from his noble and perverted mind.

Those who remember Mrs. Pritchard, have given it as their opinion, that the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons was far, very far, above the efforts of that great actress, however extraordinary they might have been. Such testimony, while it confirms our own ideas upon the subject, shows that art is progressive, to a certain point; and that Siddons might even be excelled in turn, did we not feel assured that she had reached that limitary point where human exertion must stop -- *perfection*. And we would fain imagine, that could Shakspeare have seen her enter, reading the letter, or in the banquet scene -- could he have beheld her pacing with silent steps her chamber

-- her eyes bending on vacancy -- her lips †fmoving convulsively -- her voice audible, but in fearful whispers -- could he have marked her hurried pace --

"Her solemn pause -- her whisper dread --
Her quick terrific start -- 'To bed! to bed'/*" --

and have heard her deep sigh of anguish, when she exclaims, "*All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand*" -- he would have acknowledged the art of Siddons second only to *his own*. Kemble's Macbeth ranked among his grandest efforts -- it was finely conceived, and perfect as study and genius could make it. Mr. Young is of Kemble's school: his Macbeth partakes of many of his master's qualities. Mr. Kean can hardly be said to play Macbeth: he is deficient in almost every requisite for the character. Mr. Macready and Mr. Warde have both attempted it: but we say with Hamlet, "Conception is a blessing; but not as ye shall conceive. As there is but one step from the *sublime* to the *ridiculous*, having mentioned Siddons, we may just add that *Mrs. Bunn* has acted Lady Macbeth.

>> D----G.

/* The Modern Dunciad.

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Costume.

MACBETH. -- First dress: Scarlet silk and cotton plaid †jack e and tartan, trimmed with brass buttons and gold fringe -- silk flesh body and pantaloons -- russet sandals -- scarlet roqueleau. Second dress: Purple velvet robe -- white satin tunic, embroidered very richly and trimmed with ermine -- rich brocaded morning gown, lined with crimson satin and ermine -- scarlet leather sandals.

MALCOLM. -- Scarlet silk and cotton plaid jacket and tartan, embroidered -- silver leather and spangles on scarlet cloth -- flesh worsted body and pantaloons -- russet sandals.

KING. -- Crimson velvet jacket and robe, very richly embroidered -- gilt leather and spangles and gold fringe -- flesh silk body and pantaloons -- red morocco sandals.

BANQUO. -- Green silk and cotton plaid jacket and tartan, embroidered -- silver leather and spangles -- cotton flesh body and pantaloons -- russet sandals.

MACDUFF. -- Ibid. -- worsted flesh body and pantaloons.

LENOX. -- Scarlet plaid jacket and tartan, embroidered -- gilt leather and spangles -- flesh body and pantaloons -- russet sandals.

ROSSE. -- Ibid.

SIWARD. -- Coat of mail.

PHYSICIAN. -- Black velvet old English dress -- black stockings -- shoes and roses.

LADY MACBETH. -- First dress: Black velvet, trimmed with point lace -- plaid sarcenet scarf. Second dress: White satin, trimmed with silver -- scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with ermine and silver -- coronet for the head. Third dress: White muslin morning wrapper, trimmed with lace -- veil -- *ibid*.

GENTLEWOMAN. -- Green satin dress, trimmed with silver --
spangled veil.

HECATE. -- Plaid witch's gown -- black gauze robe, with stars --
flesh hose -- sandals, &c.

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Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatres Royal,
London.

	Drury Lane. 1824.	Drury Lane. 1827.	Covent Garden. 1827.
Duncan (King of Scotland)	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
Malcolm	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Younge.	Mr. Mason.
Donalbain	Miss C. Carr.	Miss Wilmott.	Mr. Henry.
Macbeth	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Warde.
Banquo	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Egerton.
Macduff	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Serle.
Lenox	Mr. Younge.	Mr. Wakefield.	Mr. Horrebrow.
Rosse	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Mude.	Mr. Baker.
Fleance	Master Carr.	Mast. Wieland.	Master Boden.
Siward	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Ley.
Physician	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Mears.
First Witch	Mr. Gattie	Mr. Gattie	Mr. Blanchard.
Second Witch	Mr. Knight.	Mr. J. Russell.	Mr. Keeley.
Third Witch	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Sherwin.	Mr. Meadows.
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Bunn.	Mrs. Bunn.	Mrs. Faucit.
Gentlewoman	Miss Phillips.	Mrs. Field.	Mrs. Wilson.
Hecate	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. J. Isaacs.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they
have seen acted. The Stage Directions are given from their own
personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right
Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper
Entrance; M. D. Middle Door.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre;
L. C. Left of Centre.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. -- The open Country. -- Thunder and Lightning.
Lamps down.

Three Witches discovered.

First W. (C.) When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second W. (L. C.) When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third W. (R. C.) That will be ere th' set of sun.

First W. Where the place?

Second W. Upon the heath.

Third W. There to meet with --

First W. Whom?

Second W. Macbeth. [Noise of a cat.

First W. I come, Graymalkin. [Noise of a toad.

Second W. Paddock calls.

First W. Anon.

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

[Thunder and lightning. -- Exeunt First and Second
Witch, L. Third Witch, R.

SCENE II. -- The Palace of Fores. -- Flourish of Trumpets
and Drums, L. -- Lamps up.

Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, †Donalblain, L.; Lenox
goes R. and Rosse, R. C., and two Chamberlains, with
Wands, L., meeting a bleeding Officer, supported by two
Guards, R.

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

Mal. (L. C.) This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

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

Ser. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdowald

From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses 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;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

King. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. 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.

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

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the bare, the lion.
But I am faint, my gushes cry for help.

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

[Exeunt Sergeant and two attendants, R.]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Fife.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

Ros. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter Macduff, R.

Macd. (R.) God save the king!

King. (C.) Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Macd. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwayan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

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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; --

King. Great happiness!

Macd. (R. C.) That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest; -- go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done.

[Exeunt Macduff and Lenox, R.]

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

[Flourish of trumpets and drums. -- Exeunt, L.]

SCENE III. -- A Heath. -- Bridge in the background
over the Mountains. -- Thunder and Lightning. -- Lamps
down.

Enter the Three Witches -- First, R. S. E., Second, L. S. E.
Third, R.

First W. (C.) Where hast thou been, sister?

Second W. (L.) Killing swine.

Third W. (R.) Sister, where thou?

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

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

Second W. I'll give thee a wind.

First W. Thou art kind.

Third W. And I another.

First W. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

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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 seven nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot he lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second W. Show me, show me.

First W. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[A march at a distance. -- Begin to raise lamps very gradually, so that they may be full up when Macbeth enters.]

Third W. 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.

[The Witches join hands and turn whilst they repeat these lines; they continue turning, until the second gets into the C., facing the audience; she then bends her head thrice over the hands of the other two, and speaks; after which the third and first do the same, and part hands as they retire to R.]

Second W. Thrice to thine --

Third W. And thrice to mine --

First W. And thrice again --

All. To make up nine.

First W. Peace! the charm's wound up. [Retire to R.]

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and part of the Army, L. U. E., remainder halt on the Bridge. -- Order of procession: Officer, standard, six Guards, Officer, six Guards, two Officers, Macbeth, Banquo. On the bridge: Officer, three Guards, Standard, three Guards. The twelve Guards and four Officers range on L.

Macb. Command they make a halt upon the heath.

[Within.] Halt, halt, halt.

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

Ban. (L. C.) How far is't called to Fores? [Observing the Witches.] What are these,
So +whither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,

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And yet are on't? -- Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? [Each Witch lays the fore-finger of her right hand on her lips, and, with her left hand, points to Macbeth.] 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. (L.) Speak if ye can: what are you?

[Each Witch takes her finger quickly from her lips before
she speaks.

First W. (R.) All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

Second W. (R.) All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
of Cawdor!

Third W. (R.) All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king
hereafter!

[Each Witch drops on her knee. They continue to point at
Macbeth, till Banquo adjures them "I' the name of
truth," at which they all start up.

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 +wrapt 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 W. Hail!

Second W. Hail!

Third W. Hail!

First W. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second W. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third W. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! [Going, R.

Macb. [Crossing to the Witches.] Stay -- you imper-
fect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death, I know I'm thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,

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Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?

[Thunder and lightning. -- Witches vanish, R.

Speak, I charge you.

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 of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

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. [Flourish, R.]
Who's here?

Enter Macduff and Lenox, R.

Macd. (R. C.) 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 self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Len. (R.) We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macd. 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. [Aside.] What! can the devil speak true?

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

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Macd. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose;
For treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
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,
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,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence. Cousins, a word, I pray you.
[They retire up the stage.]

Macb. [In front.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme -- I thank you, gentlennen. --
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 wrapp'd.

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

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

18

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.

[To Banquo.]

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.

[March. -- Wind instruments without. -- Exeunt, R. -- The Officers and Soldiers commence their march from R. to L. when the scene closes.

SCENE IV. -- The Palace of Fores. -- Flourish of trumpets and drums.

Enter King Duncan, Donalbain, Malcolm, Rosse, and two Chamberlains, L.

King. (C.) Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. (R. C.) 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;
Implored 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,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macduff, Macbeth, Banquo, and Lenox, L.

O, worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art not so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,

19

That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mac. (L. C.) The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants:
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. [Macbeth crosses behind
to R.] Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. (L.) There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. -- Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: [All bow to Malcolm.] which
honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave, my worthy Cawdor.

[All except Macbeth retire and converse.

[Crosses to R.] The prince of Cumberland! -- That is a
step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit Macbeth, L.

King. [Advances.] True, worthy Banquo; he is full
so valiant:

20

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 of trumpets and drums. -- Exeunt King and
Banquo, Malcolm and Donalbain, Macduff, Lenox, and
Rosse, and two Chamberlains.

SCENE V. -- Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth, R., reading a letter.

Ly. M. (R. C.) -- "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 burn'd in desire to question them farther, they made themselves -- air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood wrapped in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd 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 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 shall attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the 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 Seyton, L.

What is your tidings?

21

Sey. The king comes here to-night.

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

Sey. 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.

Ly. M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. -- [Exit Seyton, L.
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all 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; †
Shake my fell purpose; nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall †me 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, L.

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

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

Ly. M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Ly. 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 it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put

22

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.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. -- The Gates of Inverness Castle.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter King Duncan, Banquo, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, and two Chamberlains,
R. S. E. Malcolm, Donalbain, and Macduff, pass over to L.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

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

Enter two Servants, Lady Macbeth, Seyton, and two
Ladies, from the Castle Gates.

King. (C.) See, see! our honour'd hostess! --
The love, that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid heaven yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Ly. M. (L. C.) 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,
And the late dignities heap'd upon them,
We rest your hermits.

King. 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 holp for him

23

To his home before us; fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

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

King. Give me your hand;

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

[Flourish of trumpets and drums. -- Exeunt, through the castle gates, two Servants, King and Lady M., Malcolm and †Donaldbain, two Ladies, Banquo and Macduff, Rosse and Lenox, two Chamberlains and Seyton.

SCENE VII. -- Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Macbeth, R.

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
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
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 cherubim, hors'd
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

24

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side. How now! what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth, R.

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

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Ly. 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 should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Ly. 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' 'th' adage? [Crossing to L.

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

Ly. M. What beast was it, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than 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 but so sworn
As you have done to this. [Crosses to R.

Macb. If we should fail --

Ly. M. (R. C.) 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

25

Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their 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. (L. C.) Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted metal 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?

Ly. 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, R.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. -- Macbeth's Castle at Inverness. -- The Gallery. -- Lamps a little down.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch, R.

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. (R.) I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. (R. C.) There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.

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!

Enter Seyton, with a torch, and Macbeth, L.

Who's there?

26

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesse to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

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

Ban. (R. C.) All's well.
I dream'd 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 franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, up stairs, L.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Seyton, L.

[Going towards R.] Is this a dagger which I see before
me,

The handle toward my †head? 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 that 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;

27

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now 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,
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 where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. [A clock strikes two.
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, R. -- Thunder and lightning.

Enter Lady Macbeth, L.

Ly. 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 howl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night -- [Crosses to R.] --
He is about it;
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their
possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [Within.] Who's there? -- What, ho!
Ly. 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 them. -- Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't -- My husband!

Re-enter Macbeth, R.

Macb. I have done the deed: -- didst thou not hear a
noise!
Ly. M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

28

Macb. When?
Ly. M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Ly. M. Ay.
Macb. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Ly. M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Showing his hands.

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

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cry'd "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.

Ly. M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cry'd, "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.

Ly. 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.

Ly. 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!"

To all the house, --

"Macbeth doth 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 --"

Ly. 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!"

Ly. M. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

29

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.

Ly. 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 †these grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit Lady Macbeth, R. -- Knocking within, M. D.]

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.

Ly. M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white -- [Knocking.] -- 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.] -- Hark! more
knocking;

Get on your night-gown, 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 my-
self. [Knocking.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Oh, would thou
couldst! [Knocking.]
[Exit Lady Macbeth, pulling Macbeth away, L.]

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Seyton, M. D. --
Lamps up.

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

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

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

30

Enter Macbeth and exit Seyton, L.

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.

[Throwing open the door leading to the King's bed-
chamber, R.

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

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,
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 feverish, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Re-enter Macduff, R. D.

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

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

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

Macb. (C.) What is it you say? the life?

Len. (L. C.) Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight
With a new Gorgon: -- [Macbeth and Lenox cross to R.]
Do not bid me speak;

31

See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exit Macbeth and Lenox, R.

Awake! awake!

[Up the stage.

Ring the alarum-bell! -- Murder! and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! -- Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! -- [The bell rings out.

Enter Banquo and Rosse down the stairs, L. U. E.

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

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox, R.

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

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain down stairs, R. U. E.

Mal. 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. Oh, 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.

[Exeunt +Malcomb and Donalbain, R. D.

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

Macd. [Starting.] 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
Out-ran the pauser reason. -- Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

32

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 breach'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great band of Heaven I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together;
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II. -- A Wood on the Skirt of a Heath. -- Thunder
and Lightning. -- Lamps down.

Enter the three Witches, and a Chorus of Witches.

First Singing W. Speak, sister, speak -- is the deed
done?

Second Singing W. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

Third Singing W. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single; following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue;
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

First S. W. He must --

Second S. W. He shall --

Third S. W. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

First W. Now let's dance.

Second W. Agreed.

Third W. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

First W. When cattle die, †ahout we go;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

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And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

Second W. When †maids and †wives are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
Let's have a dance upon the heath, --
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

First W. Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme, --

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

Second W. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
And when with none of these we meet --

Chor. We dance †the echoes of our feet.

Third W. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [Exeunt different ways.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. -- Macbeth's Castle at Inverness. -- Lamps up.

Enter Macduff, L., meeting Lenox, R.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

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Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Len. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up

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.

Len. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to †Comes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of his bones.

Len. Will you to Scone?

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

Len. Well, I will thither. [Crosses to L.

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

adieu,

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

[Exeunt Macduff, R., Lenox, L.

SCENE II. -- The Palace at Fores.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, R.

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;
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? --

[Flourish of trumpets and drums.

But hush; no more.

Enter Macbeth, as King; Seyton, Rosse, and four
Officers, M. D.

Mac. Here's our chief guest:
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
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

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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.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not. [Crosses to L.]

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 and Fleance, L.]

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, heaven be with
you! [Exeunt, M. D.]

Sirrah, a word: attend those men our pleasure?

Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. [Alone.] Bring them before us --

[Exeunt Seyton, L.]

To be thus, is nothing: --

But to be safely thus -- our fears in Banquo
Stick deep:

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 it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I 'filed my mind;

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For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
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!

Enter Seyton, with two Officers, L. D.

Go to the gate and stay there till we call.

[Exit Seyton, R.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First O. It was so, please your highness.

Macb. Well, then, now

Have you considered of my speeches?

Do you find

Patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'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?

Second O. 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 O. 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.

First O. 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 bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second O. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us --

First O. 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,
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.

First O. We are resolved, my lord

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

[Exeunt Officers, L. D.]

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

Enter Lady Macbeth, as Queen, and Seyton, R.

Ly. M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

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

Sey. Madam, I will. [Crosses behind, and exit, L.]

Ly. 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, L.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making, --
Using those thoughts which should †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 killed it, --
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, or 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 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 domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further! [Retires to R.]

Ly. M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

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

Ly. 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.

Ly. 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:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

[Exeunt, L.]

SCENE III. -- A Park near the Palace, at Fores. --
Lamps down.

Enter the two Officers, L.

First O. 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.

Second O. Hark! I hear horses.

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

First O. Then is it he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

Second O. His horses go about.

First O. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Second O. A light, a light!

First O. 'Tis he.

Enter Fleance, with a torch, and Banquo, R.

Ban. It will rain to-night.

[Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, L.]

First O. Let it come down. [Exeunt Officers, L.]

Ban. [Within.] O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly!

Fle. [Within, L.] Murder! murder! murder!

Ban. [Within L.] Thou mayst revenge. -- O, slave!
O, O, O! [Dies.]

Re-enter Officers.

First O. Why didst strike out the light

Second O. Was't not the way?

First O. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Second O. We have lost the best half of our affair.

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

SCENE IV. -- The Banqueting Room, in the Palace,
at Fores. -- Music. -- A Banquet prepared.

Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, †Bosse, Lenox, Seyton,
Attendants, Guards, &c. discovered.

Macb. [On throne, R.] You know your own degrees,
sit down: at first,

And last, the hearty welcome.

Ros. [R. of right table.] Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Ly. M. [On throne, L.] Pronounce it for me, sir, to
all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

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. --

Enter First Officer, L. D., Macbeth leaves the throne to
meet him.

There's blood upon thy face.

First O. (L.) 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. (L. C.) Is he despatch'd?

First O. My lord, his throat is cut: that I did for him.

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

That did the like for Fleance.

First O. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

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 t'ears. -- But Banquo's safe?

First O. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; that 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 Officer, L.

Ly. 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;
Frome 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. [L. of left table.] May it please your highness, sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
[Crosses to R.

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

[The blood-stained ghost of Banquo enters, and occupies the vacant chair on L.

Ros. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it 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. [Seeing Banquo.] Which of you have done this?

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Len. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou must not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ros. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Ly. 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. -- [Leaves the throne, and goes
to Macbeth.] Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Ly. M. (R.) 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,
(Imposters to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!
When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. (R. C.) Pr'ythee, see there! [Pointing to Banquo]
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, L.

Ly. M. What! quite unmanned in folly!

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Ly. M. Fie, for shame! [Returns to the throne.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human +stature purged 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. [Crosses to L.

Ly. 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: -- [Goes to the throne.] Give me some
wine, fill full.

[Seyton pours out the wine, and presents it to the King.
I drink to the general joy of 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.

Banquo's Ghost re-appears, R.

(L. C.) 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!

Ly. 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 inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence. -- [Exit Ghost, R., Macbeth fol-
lowing to the door.] Why so, being gone,
I am a man again.

Ly. 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.

Ros. What sights, my lord?

Ly. 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. [Exeunt all but the King and Queen.

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

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have,
By maggot pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

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

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his per-
son,

At our great bidding?

Ly. M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. -- I will to-morrow
(And †by times 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
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Ly. 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, R.]

SCENE V. -- The open Country. -- Thunder and
Lightning. -- Lamps down.

Enter the three Witches, L., meeting Hecate, R.

First W. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, †baldams, as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
While 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?
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:

I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Unto 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 sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.

[Exeunt the three Witches, L.

First Spirit. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!

Hec. Hark! I am call'd; -- my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Second S. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.
 Where's Stadlin?

Third S. Here;

Hec. Where's Puckle?

Fourth S. Here;

Fifth S. And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too;

Sixth S. We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of Witches, R. and L.

Chor. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
 From church-yard yew,
 I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[Hecate places herself in her chair.

Now I go, and now I fly.

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

O, what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

While the moon shines fair,

To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistress' fountains,

Over steeples, towers, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

[Hecate ascends into the air -- the Witches exeunt various
 ways.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV.

SCENE I. -- A Cave -- In the Middle a Cauldron boiling
 -- Thunder. -- Lamps down.

The three Witches discovered.

First W. (C.) Thrice the brindled cat hath new'd.

Second W. (L.) Thrice: and once the hedge-pig
 whin'd.

Third W. (R.) Harper cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.

First W. Round about the cauldron go
 In the poison'd entrails throw. ----

Toad, that under the cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty one;
 Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i'the charmed pot.

All. [Going round the cauldron.] Double, double toil
 and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

Second W. (C.) Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and 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. [Going round the cauldron.] Double, double toil
 and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

Third W. 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,
 Silver'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 chauldron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. [Going round the cauldron.] Double, double toil
and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
First W. (C.) Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, R. -- Spirits and the Chorus of Witches, L.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[All the Witches join hands and go round the cauldron --
Music and song.

Hec. Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

Cho. Around, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!

Fourth S. [Going to the cauldron.] Here's the blood of
a bat.

Hec. Put in that, put in that.

Fifth S. [Going to cauldron.] Here's Libbard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

Sixth S. [Going to the cauldron.] Here's juice of a
toad, and oil of adder;

Those will make the charm grow madder.

Hec, Put in all these; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench!
Hold -- here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

Cho. Around, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!

Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: --

[Heavy knocking without, L.

Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[Exeunt all but the three Witches.

Enter Macbeth, descending steps, L. U. E.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. (L. C.) I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me
To what I ask you.

First W. (R.) Speak.

Second W. (R.) Demand.

Third W. (R.) We'll answer.

First W. Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

First W. [Goes up to the cauldron and pours something
from a vial.] 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, rises through the
cauldron.

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

First W. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

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 harp'd my fear aright: but one word more --

First W. He will not he commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

Second Apparition, a bloody Child, rises through the
cauldron.

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.]

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 bow in his hand,
rises through the cauldron.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,

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And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud: and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his heart-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
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! --

[Thunder. -- The cauldron sinks.]

Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron?
And what noise is this?

[A deep groan.]

First W. Show!

Second W. Show!

Third W. Show!

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

[Apparition of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his
hand; and Banquo passes across from R. U. E. to L. U. E.]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down;
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls; -- and thy air,
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: --

Enter Banquo. -- The Witches vanish.

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?

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! --
Come in, without there!

49

Enter Seyton, L. U. E.

Sey. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Sey. 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 horses: who was't came by?

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

Macb. Fled to England?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Macd. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
†Th 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. --
Where are these gentlemen? [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II. -- The Country, in England. -- Lamps up.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff, R.

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

Macd. (R.) 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 †Scotlend, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. (L.) What you have spoke, it may be so, per-
chance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

50

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there where I did find 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!

Fare thee well, lord: [Crosses to L.

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. (R. C.) 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 shall 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;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.

51

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

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 accurs'd,
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 banished me from Scotland. -- O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here! Crosses to R.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, bath 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 heaven above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own +cetractation; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature.
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?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile. -- See, who comes here?

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

Enter Rosse, L.

Macd. [Crosses to C.] My ever gentle cousin, welcome
hither.

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Mal. (R.) I know him now: good †haaven, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Ros. (L.) Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ros. 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 whom; 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?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ros. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ros. Well too.

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

Ros. No; they were all at peace when I did leave
them.

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

Ros. 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 †your 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 better soldier, none
That christendom gives out.

Ros. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words

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

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

Ros. 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

Ros. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ros. Your castle is surprised; 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'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children, too?

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

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

Ros. I have said.

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

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

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

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And braggart with my tongue! [Kneels.] But, gentle
heaven,
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. [Exeunt, R.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. -- Lady Macbeth's Room, in the Castle, at Dun-
sinane. -- A table near R. S. E.

Enter a Gentlewoman and a Physician, L.

Phy. (L. C.) I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?

Gen. (L.) 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 it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again re-
turn to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What at any time have you heard her say?

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

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

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one! having no wit-
ness to confirm my speech. Lo, you -- here she comes.
This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep!
[Physician and Gentlewoman retire to L.]

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper, R., which she places
on the table, and slightly advances.

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gen. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Phy. You see her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

Gen. 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.

Ly. M. (R. C.) Yet here's a spot_

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Phy. Hark! she speaks.

Ly. M. [Advances to C.] 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?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Ly. M. What, will these hands ne'er be clean! -- No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that; you mar all with this starting.

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

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

Ly. M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

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

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

Ly. 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.

Phy. Even so?

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

[Exit Lady Macbeth, R.]

Phy. Will she now go to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician. -- Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. -- Good heaven, forgive us all!

[Exeunt Physician and Gentlewoman, L.]

SCENE II. -- A Hall in the Castle of Dunsinane. -- Flourish of trumpets and drums.

Enter Macbeth and six Gentlemen, L., through arch, in C.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; [Throwing from

him a written paper] let them fly all.
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

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I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was not he born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequence have pronounced 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:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear. [Goes, L.

Enter Second Officer, R.

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

Second O. There are ten thousand --

Macb. Geese, villain?

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

Second O. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Officer, R.

Seyton! I am sick at heart,
When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will cheer me ever, or dissect me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen 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, but dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton, R.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

[Exit Seyton, R.

Enter Physician, L

Hang those that talk of fear.
How does your patient, doctor?

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

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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,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Enter Seyton, R., with the King's truncheon, and a Gentleman with his armour.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Give me my staff: --
Seyton, send out: doctor, the thanes fly from me.
If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? -- Hearest thou of them?

Phy. Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[Flourish of trumpets and drums. -- Exeunt, R.]

SCENE III. -- Birnam Forest. -- A March.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse,
and Soldiers, L. U. E.

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

Macd. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Len. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Ros. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

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

Macd. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and less hath given him the revolt:
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due precision 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.

[March. -- Exeunt into the Wood, R.]

SCENE IV. -- The Ramparts of the Castle of Dunsinane. -- Flourish of trumpets and drums.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Attendants, L.

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 forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darest, heard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[A cry within of Women, L.]

What is that noise?

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

[Exit Seyton, L.]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton, L.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter:

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There would have been a time for such a word.
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!
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 ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter First Officer, R.

Thou comest to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

First O. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

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

Macb. Liar and slave!

First O. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may 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 towards 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 state o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell: blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!

[Flourish of trumpets and drums. -- Exeunt, R.]

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SCENE V. -- A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.
Flourish of trumpets and drums.

Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, and
Soldiers, with boughs, discovered.

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

Len. This way, my lord, the castle's gently render'd.

Siw. 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.

[Alarums. -- Exeunt Malcolm, Macduff, Lenox, Scotch
banner, and six Guards, R., Siward, Rosse, English
banner, and six Guards, L.]

SCENE VI. -- A Court in the Castle of Dunsinane. --
Alarums.

Enter Macbeth, from the gates.

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. [Alarums. -- Exit, L.]

Enter Macduff, R.

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,
Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [Alarums. -- Exit, L.

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SCENE VII. -- The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.
Alarums.

Enter Macbeth, through the gates.

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

Enter Macduff, through the gates.

Macd. (L.) Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. (R. C.) 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! [Fight. -- Alarums.

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.

[Retires toward the castle gate

Macd. (L.) 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 underwrite,
"Here you may see the tyrant."

Macb. (R. C.) 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;

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Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold! enough!"
[Alarums. -- They fight. -- Macbeth falls and dies, C. --
Flourish of drums and trumpets. -- Shouting without.

Enter Malcolm, Rosse, Lenox, Siward, Gentlemen,
and Soldiers.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art; 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!

[Flourish of trumpets and drums.

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,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
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 of trumpets and drums.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Soldiers and Gentlemen at the back, from R. to L.

Body of Macbeth.

Malcolm. Rosse. Macduff. Lenox. Siward.
R.] [L.

THE END.