

Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth adapted for the
Restoration stage by Sir William Davenant -- first
sketch of an edition

Act I. Scene I.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. And that will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where's the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There we resolve to meet Macbeth.

[A shriek like an owl.]

1 Witch. I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Paddock calls!

To us fair weather's foul, and foul is fair.

Come hover through the foggy, filthy air. [Exeunt flying.]

Scene II.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting Seyton wounded.

King. What aged man is that? If we may guess
His message by his looks, he can relate
The issue of the battle.

Malcolm. That is the valiant Seyton,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
To save my liberty. Hail, worthy friend!
Inform the king in what condition you
Did leave the battle.

Seyton. It was doubtful,
As two spent swimmers, who together cling
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald, --
Worthy to be a rebel, to which end
The multiplying villanies of nature
Swarm'd thick upon him -- from the western isles
With kerns and gallowglasses was supply'd,
Whom fortune with her smiles obliged a while;
But brave Macbeth -- who well deserves that name --
Did with his frowns put all her smiles to flight,
And cut his passage to the rebel's person;
Then, having conquer'd him with single force,

He fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Seyton. But then this daybreak of our victory
Serv'd but to light us into other dangers.
That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise
Produc'd our hazard: for no sooner had
The justice of your cause, sir, arm'd with valour,
Compell'd these nimble kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norway Lord, having expected
This opportunity, with new supplies
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our generals, Macbeth
And Banquo?

Seyton. Yes, as sparrows eagles, or as hares do lions;
As flames are heighten'd by access of fuel,
So did their valours gather strength, by having
Fresh foes on whom to exercise their swords:
Whose thunder still did drown the dying groans
Of those they slew, which else had been so great,
They'd frightened all the rest into retreat.
My spirits faint: I would relate the wounds
Which their swords made, but my own silence me.

King. So well thy wounds become thee as thy words:
They're full of honour both. Go, get him surgeons ----

[Exeunt Seyton and Attendants.]

Enter Macduff.

But who comes there?

Malcolm. Noble Macduff!

Lenox. What haste looks through his eyes!

Donalbain. So should he look, who comes to speak things
strange.

Macduff. Long live the king!

King. Whence com'st thou, worthy thane?

Macduff. From Fife, great king, where the Norway banners
Darken'd the air, and fann'd our people cold.
Norway himself, with infinite supplies --
Assisted by that most disloyal Thane
Of Cawdor -- long maintain'd a dismal conflict,
Till brave Macbeth oppos'd his bloody rage
And check'd his haughty spirits, after which
His army fled. Thus shallow streams may flow
Forward with violence a while, but when
They are oppos'd, as fast run back again.
In brief, the victory was ours.

King. Great happiness!

Macduff. And now the Norway king craves composition.
We would not grant the burial of his men,

Until at Colems Inch he had disburs'd
Great heaps of treasure to our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our confidence: pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
He has deserv'd it.

Macduff. Sir, I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth has won. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

Thunder and lightning. Enter the three Witches flying.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cry'd.
Her husband's to the Baltic gone, master o' th' Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail
I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other,
And then from every port they blow,
From all the points that seamen know.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
My charms shall his repose forbid.
Weary se' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me, ----

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

[A drum within.]

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth does come!

1 Witch. The weyward sisters hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus to go about, about.
Thrice to thine,

2 Witch. And thrice to mine,

3 Witch. And thrice again to make up nine.

2 Witch. Peace, the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo with Attendants

Macbeth. Command they make a halt upon the heath.
So fair and foul a day I have not seen!

Banquo. How far is 't now to Soris? -- What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the earth's inhabitants,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you things
Crept hither from the lower world to fright
Th' inhabitants of this? You seem to know me
By laying all at once your choppy fingers
Upon your skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your looks forbid me to interpret
So well of you.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can! What are you?

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

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

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! who shall be king hereafter.

Banquo. Good sir, what makes you start, and seem to dread
Events which sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are you fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly you show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and strange prediction
Of noble fortune and of royal hope,
With which he seems surpris'd: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And tell which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, thou shalt ne'er be one.

So, all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! [They seem to go.

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more!
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor, whilst that thane yet lives?
And, for your promise that I shall be king,
'Tis not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You have this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you!

[Witches vanish.]

Ha! gone?

Banquo. The earth has bubbles, like the water,
And these are some of them: how soon they are vanish'd!

Macbeth. They're turn'd to air; what seem'd corporeal
Is melted into nothing. Would they had stay'd!

Banquo. Were such things here as we discours'd of now?
Or have we tasted some infectious herb
That captivates our reason?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And Thane of Cawdor too, went it not so?

Banquo. Just to that very tune. Who's here?

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. Macbeth, the king has happily receiv'd
The news of your success; and when he reads
Your pers'nal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonder and his praises then contend
Which shall exceed. When he reviews your worth,
He finds you in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Not starting at the images of death
Made by yourself. Each messenger which came,
Being loaden with the praises of your valour,
Seem'd proud to speak your glories to the king;
Who, for an earnest of a greater honour,
Bade me, from him, to call you Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most noble thane!

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The Thane of Cawdor lives!
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Macduff. 'Tis true, sir: he who was the Thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he in justice is condemned to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did assist the rebel privately,
Or whether he concurr'd with both to cause
His country's danger, sir, I cannot tell;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. My noble partner,
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those who gave to me the Thane of Cawdor
Promis'd no less to them?

Banquo. If all be true,
You have a title to a crown as well
As to the Thane of Cawdor. It seems strange;

But many times, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths
And tempt us with low trifles, that they may
Betray us in the things of high concern.

Macbeth. They've told me truth as to the name of Cawdor:
[aside.

That may be prologue to the name of king.
Less titles should the greater still forerun,
The morning star doth usher in the sun.
This strange prediction, in as strange a manner
Deliver'd, neither can be good nor ill.
If ill, 'twould give no earnest of success,
Beginning in a truth: I'm Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why am I then perplex'd with doubt?
My future bliss causes my present fears;
Fortune, methinks, which rains down honour on me,
Seems to rain blood too. Duncan does appear
Clouded by my increasing glories. But
These are but dreams.

Banquo. Look how my partner's rapt!

Macbeth. If chance will have me king, chance may bestow
A crown without my stir.

Banquo. His honours are surprises, and resemble
New garments, which but seldom fit men well
Unless by help of use.

Macbeth. Come what come may,
Patience and time run through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth! we wait upon your leisure.

Macbeth. I was reflecting upon past transactions.
Worthy Macduff, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's hasten to the king. We'll think upon
These accidents at more convenient time.
When we've maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
Our mutual judgments to each other's breasts.

Banquo. Let it be so.

Macbeth. Till then, enough. Come, friends! [Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or are they not return'd, who were employ'd
In doing it?

Malcolm. They are not yet come back;
But I have spoke with one who saw him die,
And did report that very frankly he

Confess'd his treasons, and implor'd your pardon,
With signs of a sincere and deep repentance.
He told me nothing in his life became him
So well as did his leaving it. He died
As one who had been studied in his death,
Quitting the dearest thing he ever had,
As 'twere a worthless 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 Macbeth, Banquo, and Macduff.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That all the wings of recompense are slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine. I've only left to say
That thou deserv'st more than I have to pay.

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe you
Is a sufficient payment for itself.
Your royal part is to receive our duties;
Which duties are, sir, to your throne and state,
Children and servants; and when we expose
Our dearest lives to save your interest,
We do but what we ought.

King. You're welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
Still to advance thy growth. And noble Banquo,
Who hast no less deserv'd, nor must partake
Less of our favour, let me here enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My joys are now
Wanton in fullness, and would hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Kinsmen, sons, and 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: nor must he wear
His honours unaccompanied by others,
But marks of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers. Now we'll hasten hence
To Enverness: we'll be your guest, Macbeth,
And there contract a greater debt than that

Which I already owe you.

Macbeth. That honour, sir,
Outspeaks the best expression of my thanks.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and bless
My wife with the glad news of your approach.
I humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

[Macbeth, going out, stops and speaks,
whilst the king talks with Banquo, &c.]

Macbeth. The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let no light see my black and deep desires.
The strange idea of a bloody act
Does into doubt all my resolves distract.
My eye shall at my hand connive; the sun
Himself shall wink when such a deed is done. [Exit.]

King. True, noble Banquo, he is full of worth,
And with his commendations I am fed;
It is a feast to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
He is a matchless kinsman. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Enter Lady Macbeth and Lady Macduff, Lady Macbeth having
a letter in her hand.

Lady Macbeth. Madam, I have observ'd, since you came hither,
You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,
Are you in perfect health?

Lady Macduff. Alas! how can I?
My lord, when honour call'd him to the war,
Took with him half of my divided soul,
Which, lodging in his bosom, lik'd so well
The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.

Lady Macbeth. Methinks
That should not disorder you: for, no doubt,
The brave Macduff left half his soul behind him,
To make up the defect of yours.

Lady Macduff. Alas!
The part transplanted from his breast to mine,
As 'twere by sympathy, still bore a share
In all the hazards which the other half
Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.

Lady Macbeth. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he
is safe.

Lady Macduff. Ah, madam, dangers which have long prevail'd

Upon the fancy, even when they are dead,
Live in the memory a while.

Lady Macbeth. Although his safety has not power enough to
put
Your doubts to flight, yet the bright glories which
He gain'd in battle might dispel these clouds.

Lady Macduff. The world mistakes the glories gain'd in war,
Thinking their lustre true. Alas, they are
But comets, vapours, by some men exhal'd
From others' blood, and kindled in the region
Of popular applause, in which they live
A while, then vanish: and the very breath
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out again.

Lady Macbeth. I willingly would read this letter, but
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her. [aside.
If you are ill, repose may do you good;
You'd best retire, and try if you can sleep.

Lady Macduff. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me
waking.
Madam, I'll take your counsel. [Exit.

Lady Macbeth. Now I have leisure to peruse this letter.
His last brought some imperfect news of things
Which, in the shape of women, greeted him
In a strange manner. This perhaps may give
More full intelligence.

Reads. They met me in the day of success; and I have been told
they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I desir'd to
question them further, they made themselves air. Whilst I enter-
tain'd myself with the wonder of it, came missives from the king,
who call'd me Thane of Cawdor: by which title these weyward
sisters had saluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of
time with Hail, king that shalt be. This have I imparted to thee,
my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose thy
rights of rejoicing by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature
Has too much of the milk of human kindness
To take the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Thou dost not want ambition, but the ill
Which should attend it. What thou highly covet'st
Thou covet'st holily! Alas, thou art
Loth to play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win!
Oh, how irregular are thy desires!
Thou willingly, great Glamis, wouldst enjoy
The end without the means. Oh, haste thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thy ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
Thy too effeminate desires of that

Which supernatural assistance seems
To crown thee with. What may be your news?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The king comes hither tonight.

Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? Were this true,
He would give notice for the preparation.

Servant. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth. See him well look'd to: he brings welcome
news. [Exit Servant.]

There would be music in a raven's voice,
Which should but croak the entrance of the king
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That wait on mortal thoughts, unsex me here:
Empty my nature of humanity,
And fill it up with cruelty: make thick
My blood, and stop all passage to remorse,
That no relapses into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripened to effect. You murth'ring spirits, --
Where'er in sightless substances you wait
On nature's mischief -- come, and fill my breasts
With gall instead of milk. Make haste, dark night,
And hide me in a smoke as black as hell,
That my keen steel see not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the curtains of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macbeth. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth. When goes he hence?

Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. O never,
Never may any sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Be cheerful, sir; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great bus'ness into my despatch,
Which shall to all our future nights and days
Give sovereign command. We will withdraw
And talk on 't further. Let your looks be clear:
Your change of count'nance does betoken fear. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
and Attendants.

King. This castle has a very pleasant seat;
The air does sweetly recommend itself
To our delighted senses.

Banquo. The guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martin, by his choice
Of this place for his mansion, seems to tell us
That here heaven's breath smells pleasantly. No window,
Buttress, nor place of vantage, but this bird
Has made his pendant bed and cradle where
He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see, our honoured hostess!
By loving us, some persons cause our trouble,
Which still we thank as love; herein I teach you
How you should bid us welcome for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our services,
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And single gratitude, if weigh'd with these
Obliging honours which
Your majesty confers upon our house.
For dignities of old and later date,
Being too poor to pay, we must be still
Your humble debtors.

Macduff. Madam, we are all jointly tonight your trouble;
But I am your trespasser upon another score.
My wife, I understand, has in my absence
Retir'd to you.

Lady Macbeth. I must thank her: for whilst she came to me
Seeking a cure for her own solitude,
She brought a remedy to mine. Her fears

For you have somewhat indispos'd her, sir;
She's now withdrawn to try if she can sleep:
When she shall wake, I doubt not but your presence
Will perfectly restore her health.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and noble lady,
We are your guests tonight.

Lady Macbeth. Your servants
Should make their audit at your pleasure, sir,
And still return it as their debt.

King. Give me your hand.
Conduct me to Macbeth: we love him highly,
And shall continue our affection to him.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were well when done, then it were well
It were done quickly. If his death might be
Without the death of nature in myself,
And killing my own rest, it would suffice.
But deeds of this complexion still return
To plague the doer, and destroy his peace.
Yet let me think. 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 bare the sword myself. Besides, this Duncan
Has borne his faculties so meek, and been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues,
Like angels, plead against so black a deed.
Vaulting ambition! thou o'erleap'st thyself
To fall upon another. Now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. He's almost supp'd. Why have you left the
chamber?

Macbeth. Has he inquired for me?

Lady Macbeth. You know he has!

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business;
He's 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.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? has it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so pale and fearful
At what it wish'd so freely? Can you fear
To be the same in your own act and valour,
As in desire you are? Would you enjoy
What you repute the ornament of life,
And live a coward in your own esteem?
You dare not venture on the thing you wish,
But still would be in tame expectance of it.

Macbeth. I prithee, peace! I dare do all that may
Become a man: he who dares more is none.

Lady Macbeth. What beast then made you break this enterprise
To me? When you did that, you were a man:
Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you wish'd for both;
And now they've made themselves, how you betray
Your cowardice! I've given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, whilst it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so resolv'd
As you have done for this.

Macbeth. If we should fail: --

Lady Macbeth. How fail? --
Bring but your courage to the fatal place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
To which the pains of this day's journey will
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
I will with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the sentry of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When, in swinish sleep,
Their natures shall lie drench'd, as in their death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
His spongy officers? We'll make them bear
The guilt of our black deed.

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted temper should produce
Nothing but males. But yet, when we have mark'd
Those of his chamber, whilst they are asleep,
With Duncan's blood, and us'd their very daggers,
I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd
That they have done 't.

Lady Macbeth. Who dares believe it otherwise,
As we shall make our griefs and clamours loud
After his death?

Macbeth. I'm settled, and will stretch up
Each fainting sinew to this bloody act.
Come, let's delude the time with fairest show;
Feign'd looks must hide what the false heart does know.

End of Act I.

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Flean. I have not heard the clock,
But the moon is down.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Flean. I take 't 'tis later, sir. [Exit Flean.

Banquo. An heavy summons lies like lead upon me;
Nature would have me sleep, and yet I fain would wake.
Merciful powers, restrain me in these cursed thoughts
That thus disturb my rest.

Enter Macbeth and Servant.

Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He has been tonight in an unusual pleasure:
He to your servants has been bountiful,
And with this diamond he greets your wife
By the obliging name of most kind hostess.

Macbeth. The king, taking us unprepar'd, restrain'd our
power
Of serving him, which else should have wrought more free.
Banquo. All's well.

I dream'd last night of the three weyward sisters.
To you they have shown some truth.

Macbeth. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour or two,
We'll spend it in some word upon that business.

Banquo. At your kindest leisure.

Macbeth. If, when the prophecy begins to look like truth,
You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still
Keeping my bosom free, and my allegiances clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while.

Banquo. The like to your, sir. [Exit Banquo.

Macbeth. Go, bid your mistress, when she is undress'd,

To strike the closet-bell, and I'll go to bed.

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The hilt draws towards my hand: come, let me grasp 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 brain, oppress'd with heat?
My eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And on thy blade are stains of reeking blood.
It is the bloody business that thus
Informs my eyesight. Now, to half the world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams infect
The health of sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccate's offerings; now murder is
Alarm'd by his night's sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howling seems the watchword to the dead.
But whilst I talk he lives; hark, I am summon'd!

[Bell rings.]

O Duncan, hear it not! for 'tis a bell
That rings my coronation, and thy knell.

[Exit.]

Scene II.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. That which made them drunk has made me bold;
What has quenched them hath given new fire to me.
Hark! oh, it was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman that oft bids good night
To dying men. He is about it; the doors are open,
And whilst the surfeited grooms neglect their charges for
sleep,
Nature and death are now contending in them.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Who's there?

Lady Macbeth. Alas, I am afraid they are awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt without the deed
Would ruin us. I laid the daggers ready;
He could not miss them; and had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I would have done 't.
My husband!

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Did'st thou not hear a
noise?

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

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. Who lies i' th' ante-chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a dismal sight.

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought to say a dismal sight.

Macbeth. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,
And one cried Murder, that they wak'd each other.
I stood and heard them; but they said their prayers,
And then address'd themselves to sleep again.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried, Heaven bless us! the other said, Amen!
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Silenc'd with fear, I could not say Amen
When they did say, Heaven bless us!

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.

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

Lady Macbeth. These deeds should be forgot as soon as done,
Lest they distract the doer.

Macbeth. Methoughts I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth has murder'd sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care;
The death of each day's life, tir'd labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried, Sleep no more, to all the house.
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady Macbeth. Why do you dream thus? Go, get some water
And cleanse this filthy witness from your hands.
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and stain
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then with looking on it shall I do?

Lady Macbeth. Give me the daggers! the sleeping and the
dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. With his blood
I'll stain the faces of the grooms; by that
It will appear their guilt.

[Exit.
[Knock within.

Macbeth. What knocking's that?

How is 't with me, when every noise affrights me?
What hands are here? Can the sea afford
Water enough to wash away these stains?
No, they would sooner add a tincture to
The sea, and turn the green into a red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I scorn
To wear an heart so white. Hark! [Knock.
I hear a knocking at the gate. To your chamber!
A little water clears us of this deed.
Your fear has left you unmann'd. Hark, more knocking!
[Knock.

Get on your gown, lest occasion calls us
And shows us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [Exit.

Macbeth. Disguis'd in blood, I scarce can find my way.
Wake Duncan with this knocking! would thou couldst. [Exit.

Scene III.

Enter Lenox and Macbeth's Servant.

Lenox. You sleep soundly, that so much knocking
Could not wake you.

Servant. Labour by day causes rest by night.

Enter Macduff.

Lenox. See, the noble Macduff!
Good morrow, my lord. Have you observ'd
How great a mist does now possess the air?
It makes me doubt whether 't be day or night.

Macduff. Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my
Window, and I could scarce see farther than my breath.
The darkness of the night brought but few objects
To our eyes, but too many to our ears.
Strange claps and creakings of the doors were heard;
The screech-owl with his screams seem'd to foretell
Some deed more black than night.

Enter Macbeth.

Macduff. Is the king stirring?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to attend him early:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,

Macbeth. The labour we delight in gives

That door will bring you to him.

Macduff. I'll make bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. [Exit.

Lenox. Goes the king hence today?

Macbeth. So he designs.

Lenox. The night has been unruly:

Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down;
And, as they say, terrible groanings were heard i' th' air,
Strange screams of death, which seem'd to prophesy
More strange events, fill'd divers

Some say the earth shook.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macduff. Oh horror! horror! horror!
Which no heart can conceive nor tongue can utter.

Macbeth.) What's the matter?

Lenox.)

Macduff. Horror has done its worst:
Most sacrilegious murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

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

Lenox. Meaning his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and behold a sight
Enough to turn spectators into stone.
I cannot speak. See, and then speak yourselves.
Ring the alarum-bell! Awake, awake!

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Murder, treason! Banquo, Malcolm, and Donalbain,
Shake off your downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself. Up, up, and see!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business, that at this dead of
night

You alarm us from our rest?

Macduff. O, madam,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would do another murder.

Enter Banquo.

Oh Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murther'd!

Lady Macbeth. Ah me! in our house?

Banq. The deed's too cruel anywhere. Macduff,
Oh, that you could but contradict yourself,
And say it is not true.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing in it worth a good man's care.
All is but toys, renown and grace are dead.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

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

Macduff. Your royal father's murther'd.

Malcolm. Murther'd! by whom?

Lenox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't;
Their hands and faces were all stain'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which we found unwip'd
Upon their pillows. Why was the life of one,
So much above the best of men, entrusted
To the hands of two, so much below
The worst of beasts?

Macbeth. Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd 'em.

Macduff. Why did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Outran my pausing reason. I saw Duncan,
Whose gaping wounds look'd like a breach in nature,
Where ruin enter'd there. I saw the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their daggers,
Being yet unwip'd, seem'd to own the deed
And call for vengeance. Who could then refrain,
That had an heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to manifest his affection?

Lady Macbeth. Oh, oh, oh! [Faints.]

Macduff. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. Why are we silent now, that have so large
An argument for sorrow?

Donalbain. What should be spoken here, where our fate may

rush

Suddenly upon us, and -- as if it lay
Hid in some corner -- make our death succeed
The ruin of our father ere we are aware?

Macduff. I find this place too public for true sorrow:
Let us retire and mourn; but first,
Guarded by virtue, I'm resolv'd to find
The utmost of this business.

Banquo. And I.

Macbeth. And all.

Let all of us take manly resolution,
And two hours hence meet together in the hall,
To question this most bloody fact.

Banquo. We shall be ready, sir.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

Malcolm. What will you do?
Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which false men do with ease.
I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland I'm resolv'd to steer my course;
Our separated fortune may protect our persons.
Where we are, daggers lie hid under men's smiles,
And the nearer some men are allied to our blood,
The more, I fear, they seek to shed it.

Malcolm. This murtherous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: then let's to horse,
And use no ceremony in taking leave of any.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Enter Lenox and Seyton.

Seyton. I can remember well,
Within the compass of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this one night
Has made that knowledge void.

Lenox. Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody day. By th' hour 'tis day,
And yet dark night does cover all the sky,
As if it had quite blotted out the sun.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
Makes darkness thus usurp the place of light?

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

Lenox. And Duncan's horses, which before were tame,
Did on a sudden change their gentle natures
And became wild; they broke out of their stables,
As if they would make war with mankind.

Seyton. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Lenox. They did so,
To th' amazement of those eyes that saw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff.

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

Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain are most suspected.

Lenox. Alas, what good could they pretend?

Macduff. It is suppos'd they were suborn'd.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away from court, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Lenox. Unnatural still!
Could their ambition prompt them to destroy
The means of their own life?

Macduff. You are free to judge
Of their deportment as you please; but most
Men think 'em guilty.

Lenox. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

Lenox. Where's Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colmehill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.

Lenox. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
My wife and children, frightened at the alarm
Of this sad news, have thither led the way,
And I'll follow them. May the king you go
To see invested prove as great and good
As Duncan was; but I'm in doubt of it.
New robes ne'er as the old so easy fit.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. An Heath.

Enter Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant.

Lady Macduff. Art sure this is the place my lord appointed
Us to meet him?

Servant. This is the entrance o' th' heath; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the chariot.

Lady Macduff. How fondly did my lord conceive that we
Should shun the place of danger by our flight
From Enverness? The darkness of the day
Makes the heath seem the gloomy walks of death.
We are in danger still; they who dare here
Trust Providence may trust it anywhere.

Maid. But this place, madam, is more free from terror:
Last night methoughts I heard a dismal noise
Of shrieks and groanings in the air.

Lady Macduff. 'Tis true, this is a place of greater silence;
Not so much troubled with the groans of those
That die, nor with the outcries of the living.

Maid. Yes, I have heard stories, how some men
Have in such lonely places been affrighted
With dreadful shapes and noises. [Macduff hollows.

Lady Macduff. But hark, my lord sure hollows;
'Tis he; answer him quickly.

Servant. Illo, ho, ho, ho!

Enter Macduff.

Lady Macduff. Now I begin to see him. Are you afoot,
My lord?

Macduff. Knowing the way to be both short and easy,
And that the chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our children?

Lady Macduff. They are securely sleeping in the chariot.

Enter three Witches.

Macduff. These seem foul spirits; I'll speak to 'em.
If you can anything by more than nature know,
You may in these prodigious times foretell
Some ill we may avoid.

1 Witch. Saving thy blood will cause it to be shed

2 Witch. He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 Witch. Thy wife shall, shunning danger, dangers find,
And fatal be to whom she most is kind. [Exeunt Witches.

Lady Macduff. Why are you alter'd, sir? Be not so
thoughtful:

The messengers of darkness never spake
To men but to deceive them.

Macduff. Their words seem to foretell some dire predictions.

Lady Macduff. He that believes ill news from such as these
Deserves to find it true. Their words are like
Their shape; nothing but fiction.
Let's hasten to our journey!

Macduff. I'll take your counsel; for to permit
Such thoughts upon our memories to dwell,
Will make our minds the registers of hell.

[Exeunt.]

End of Act II.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew.
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about an hollow tree
Around, around, around dance we.
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, singing drowsy hums.
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furse,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs.
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the three sisters promis'd; but 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. They told thee truth:
Why, since their promise was made good to thee,
May they not be my oracles as well?

Enter Macbeth, Lords, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest: if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of music to our feast.
Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Your majesty lays your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Yes, royal sir.

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice --
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous --
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, great sir, as will take up the time
..... Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or two.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I shall not.

Macbeth. 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 tomorrow.
Goes your son with you?

Banquo. He does; and our time now calls upon us.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time;
Till seven at night, to make society
The more welcome; we will ourselves withdraw,
And be alone till supper. [Exeunt Lords.]

Macduff departed frowningly; perhaps
He is grown jealous; he and Banquo must
Embrace the same fate.
Do those men attend our pleasure?

Servant. They do, and wait without.

Macbeth. Bring them before us. [Exit Servant.]
I am no king till I am safely so.

My fears stick deep in Banquo's successors;
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. He dares do much;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. Under him
My genius is rebuked: he chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my hand,
Thence to be wrested by another's race,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue I have stain'd my soul:
For them the gracious Duncan I have murder'd:
Rather than so, I will attempt yet further,
And blot out, by their blood, whate'er
Is written of them in the book of fate.

Re-enter Servant with two Murtherers.

Wait you without, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murtherer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. And have you since consider'd what I told you?
How it was Banquo, who in former times
Held you so much in slavery,
Whilst you were guided to suspect my innocence.
This I made good to you in your last conference,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd,
The instruments, who wrought with them.

2 Murtherer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so; and now let me reason with you:
Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature,
As tamely to remit those injuries?
Are you so gospell'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?

1 Murtherer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are all
Call'd by the name of dogs: the list of which
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath bestow'd on him; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the list,
Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your enemy,
And will endear you to the love of us.

2 Murtherer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and malice of the age
Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do
To spite the world.

1 Murtherer. And I another,
So weary with disasters and so inflicted by fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or to lose it.

Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

2 Murtherer. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine; and though I could
With open power take him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not;

For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not hazard, would ill
Resent a public process; and thence it is
That I do your assistance crave, to mask
The business from the common eye.

2 Murtherer. We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

1 Murtherer. Though our lives ----

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
For it must be done tonight;
And something from the palace; always remember'd
That you keep secrecy with the prescribed father.
Flean his son too keeps him company;
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than that of Banquo: he too must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart.

Both Murtherers. We are resolv'd, my liege.

Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight.

[Exeunt Murtherers.]

Now, Banquo, if thy soul can in her flight

Find heaven, thy happiness begins tonight.

[Exit.]

Scene III.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Yes, madam, but returns again tonight.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the king I would attend his leisure
For a few words. [Exit Servant.]

Where our desire is got without content,
Alas, it is not gain, but punishment!
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Making the worst of fancies your companions,
Conversing with those thoughts that should ha' died
With those they think on. Things without redress
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macbeth. Alas, we have but scorch'd the snake, not kill'd
it;

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former sting.
But let the frame of all things be disjoint

Ere we will eat our bread in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those horrid dreams
That shake us mightily! Better be with him
Whom we, to gain the crown, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless agony. Duncan is dead;
He after life's short fever now sleeps well.
Treason has done its worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Nor foreign force, nor yet domestic malice
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on! smooth your rough brow:
Be free and merry with your guests tonight.

Macbeth. I shall, and so I pray be you, but still
Remember to apply yourself to Banquo:
Present him kindness with your eye and tongue.
In how unsafe a posture are our honours,
That we must have recourse to flattery,
And make our faces visors to our hearts.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. How full of scorpions is my mind! Dear wife,
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady Macbeth. But they are not immortal; there's comfort yet
in that.

Macbeth. Be merry then! for ere the bat has flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Heccate's summons
The sharp-brow'd beetle with his drowsy hums
Has rung night's second peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth. What is 't?

Macbeth. Be innocent of knowing it, my dear,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, dismal night,
Close up the eye of the quick-sighted day
With thy invisible and bloody hand.
The crow makes wing to the thick shady grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcast,
Whilst night's black agents to their preys make haste.
Thou wonder'st at my language, wonder still!
Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Murtherer. The time is almost come:
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now the benighted traveller spurs on
To gain the timely inn.

2 Murtherer. Hark, I hear horses, and saw somebody alight

At the park gate.

3 Murtherer. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are expected, are i' th' court already.

1 Murtherer. His horses go about almost a mile,
And men from hence to th' palace make it their usual walk.
[Exeunt Murtherers.]

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

Flean. We must make haste.

Banquo. Our haste concerns us more than being wet.
The king expects me at his feast tonight,
To which he did invite me with a kindness
Greater than he was wont to express.

[Exeunt Banquo and Flean.]

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1 Murtherer. Banquo, thou little think'st what bloody feast
Is now preparing for thee.

2 Murtherer. Nor to what shades the darkness of this night
Shall lead thy wand'ring spirit. [Exeunt after Banquo.
[Clashing of swords is heard from within.]

Re-enter Flean pursued by one of the Murtherers.

Flean. Murther! help, help, my father's kill'd!
[Exeunt running.]

Scene V. opens. A banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Seyton, Lenox, Lords, and
Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees, sit down.

Seyton. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourselves will keep you company,
And play the humble host to entertain you.
Our lady keeps her State, but you shall have her welcome too.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.

Enter First Murtherer.

Macbeth. Both sides are even; be free in mirth, anon
We'll drink a measure about the table.
There's blood upon thy face.

Murtherer. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. Is he dispatch'd?

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

Macbeth. Thou art the best of cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for Flean.

Murtherer. Most royal sir, he 'scap'd.

Macbeth. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Firm as a pillar founded on a rock,
As unconfin'd as the free spreading air.
But now I'm check'd with saucy doubts and fears.
But Banquo's safe!

Murtherer. Safe in a ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping wounds upon his head,
The least of which was mortal.

Macbeth. There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
Though at present it wants a sting. Tomorrow,
Tomorrow you shall hear further. [Exit Murtherer.

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord, you spoil the feast;
The sauce to meat is cheerfulness.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macbeth. Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lenox. May it please your highness to sit?

Macbeth. Had we but here our country's honour,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Whom we may justly challenge for unkindness.

Seyton. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please your highness
To grace us with your company?

Macbeth. Yes, I'll sit down. The table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where, sir?

Lenox. Here. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. Done what?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Seyton. Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray keep your seats,
The fit is ever sudden. If you take notice of it,
You shall offend him and provoke his passion;
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a man?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which would distract the devil.

Lady Macbeth. 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 fits and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story, authorized by her grandam.
Why do you stare thus? When all's done
You look but on a chair.

Macbeth. Prithee, see there! how say you now?
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.

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

[The Ghost descends.]

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw it.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. 'Tis not the first of murders: blood was shed
Ere human law decreed it for a sin;
Ay, and since, murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
That when the brains were out the man would die
And there lie still; but now they rise again
And thrust us from our seats.

Lady Macbeth. Sir, your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth. Wonder not at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity; 'tis nothing
To those that know me. Give me some wine.
Here's to the general joy of all the table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here: to all and him we drink.

Lords. Our duties are to pledge it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises at his feet.]

Macbeth. Let the earth hide thee! Thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no use now of thy glaring eyes.

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good my lords, but as a thing
Of custom: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man can dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hircanian tiger:
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or revive a while,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
If any sinew shrink, proclaim me then
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! [Exit Ghost.]

So, now I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

Lady Macbeth. You have disturb'd the mirth,
Broke the glad meeting with your wild disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be without astonishment?

You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural colour of your cheeks,
Whilst mine grow pale with fear.

Seyton. What sights?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not; he'll grow worse and worse.

Questions enrage him. At once goodnight:
Stand not upon the order of your going.

Lenox. Goodnight, and better health attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth. A kind goodnight to all. [Exeunt Lords.]

Macbeth. It will have blood they say. Blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
Augurs, well read in languages of birds,
By magpies, rooks, and daws, have reveal'd
The secret murder. How goes the night?

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

Macbeth. Why did Macduff, after a solemn invitation,
Deny his presence at our feast?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I did; but I'll send again.

There's not one great thane in all Scotland
But in his house I keep a servant.

He and Banquo must embrace the same fate.
I will tomorrow to the weyward sisters;
They shall tell me more; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means the worst that can befall me:
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that should I wade no more
Returning were as bad as to go o'er.

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

Macbeth. Well, I'll in
And rest; if sleeping I repose can have
When the dead rise and want it in their grave. [Exeunt.]

Scene VII.

Enter Lenox and Seyton.

Lenox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further. Only I say,
Things have been strangely carried.
Duncan was pitied, but he first was dead.
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late:
Men must not walk so late. Who can want sense
To know how monstrous it was in nature

For Malcolm and Donalbain to kill
Their royal father. Horrid fact! how did
It grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents kill,
That were the slaves of drunkenness and sleep?
Was not that nobly done?

Seyton. Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have anger'd any loyal heart
To hear the men deny it.

Lenox. So that I say he has borne all things well:
And I do think that had he Duncan's sons
Under his power -- as may please heaven he shall not --
They should find what it were to kill a father.
So should Fleance. But peace! I hear Macduff
Denied his presence at the feast: for which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Seyton. I hear that Malcolm lives i' th' English court,
And is received of the most pious Edward
With such grace, that the malevolence of fortune
Takes nothing from his high respect. Thither
Macduff is gone, to beg the holy king's
Kind aid, to wake Northumberland
And warlike Seymour, and by the help of these
To finish what they have so well begun.
This report
Does so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Lenox. Sent he to Macduff?

Seyton. He did, his absolute command.

Lenox. Some angel fly to th' English court, and tell
His message ere he come; that some quick blessing
To this afflicted country may arrive
Whilst those that merit it are yet alive. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII.

Thunder. Enter three Witches meeting Heccate.

1 Witch. How, Heccate? you look angerly.

Heccate. Have I not reason, beldams?
Why did you all traffic with Macbeth
'Bout riddles and affairs of death,
And call'd not me? All you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son:
Make some amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he

Will come to know his destiny.
Dire business will be wrought ere noon,
For on a corner of the moon
A drop my spectacles have found:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd shall yet ere night
Raise from the centre such a spright,
As by the strength of his illusion
Shall draw Macbeth to his confusion.

Music and Song.

Hark, I am call'd. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

[Sing within.]

1 Witch. Come away Heccate, Heccate! Oh come away!
Heccate. I come, I come with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stradling?

2 Witch. Here.

Heccate. Where's Puckle?

3 Witch. Here, and Hopper too, and Helway too.

1 Witch. We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Heccate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
I will but 'noint, and then I mount. [Machine descends.]

Spirit. Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a cull, a sip of blood.

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.

Heccate. O art thou come? what news?

Spirit. All goes fair for our delight,
Either come or else refuse.

Heccate. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin my sweet spirit and I. [Machine ascends.]

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail i' th' air,

While the moon shines fair;

To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss;

Over woods, high rocks and mountains,

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, towers and turrets:

We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,

No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;

No, nor the noise of water's breach,

Nor cannon's throats our height can reach.

[Machine disappears.]

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

2 Witch. But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave and our dire charms prepare.

End of Act III.

Act IV. Scene I.

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

2 Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd,
Shutting his eyes against the wind.

3 Witch. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Then round about the cauldron go,
And poison'd entrails throw.
This toad which under mossy stone
Has days and nights lain thirty-one
And swelter'd venom sleeping got,
We'll boil in the enchanted pot.

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

2 Witch. The fillet of a fenny snake,
Of scuttle-fish the vomit black,
The eye of newt and toe of frog,
The wool of bat and tongue of dog,
An adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
A lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
Shall like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

3 Witch. The scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
A witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of cormorant and the sea-shark,
The root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark,
The liver of blaspheming Jew,
With gall of goats and slips of yew
Pluck'd when the moon was in eclipse,
With a Turk's nose and Tartar's lips,
The finger of a strangled babe
Born of a ditch deliver'd drab
Shall make the gruel thick and slab.
Adding thereto a fat Dutchman's chawdron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

2 Witch. I'll cool it with a baboon's blood,

And so the charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccate and the other three Witches.

Heccate. Oh, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring.

Music and Song.

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

1 Witch. Tiffin, Tiffin, keep it stiff in.

2 Witch. Fire-drake Puckey, make it lucky.

3 Witch. Liar Robin, you must bob in.

Chorus. Around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.

Heccate. O put in that, put in that.

2 Witch. Here's lizard's brain.

Heccate. Put in a grain.

1 Witch. Here's juice of toad; here's oil of adder,
That will make the charm grow madder.

2 Witch. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stench.

Heccate. Nay, here's three ounces of a red hair'd wench.

Chorus. Around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

2 Witch. I, by the pricking of my thumbs,
Know something wicked this way comes.
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. How now you secret, black and midnight hags,
What are you doing?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you let loose the raging winds to shake whole towns,
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down,
Though castles tumble on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and tow'ring pyramids
Are swallow'd up in earthquakes, answer me!

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Pronounce.

3 Witch. Demand.

Heccate. I'll answer thee.

Macbeth. What destiny's appointed for my fate?

Heccate. Thou double thane and king, beware Macduff:

Avoiding him, Macbeth is safe enough.

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy kind caution, thanks.

Heccate. Be bold and bloody, and man's hatred scorn,
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of woman born.

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear thy power?
But none can be too sure. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Heccate. Be confident, be proud, and take no care
Who wages war, or where conspirers are.

Macbeth shall like a lucky monarch reign,

Till Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinane.

Macbeth. Can forests move? The prophecy is good:
If I shall never fall till the great wood
Of Birnam rise, thou may'st presume, Macbeth,
To live out nature's lease, and pay thy breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Longs for more knowledge: tell me, if your art
Extends so far, shall Banquo's issue o'er
This kingdom reign?

All. Enquire no more.

Macbeth. I will not be denied. Ha!

An eternal curse fall on you! let me know. [Cauldron sinks.
Why sinks this cauldron and what noise is this?

1 Witch. Appear.

2 Witch. Appear.

3 Witch. Appear.

Heccate. Wound through his eyes his harden'd heart,
Like shadows come and straight depart.

A shadow of eight kings and Banquo's ghost after them pass by.

Macbeth. Thy crown offends my sight. A second too like the
first.

A third resembles him: a fourth too like the former:

Ye filthy hags, will they succeed

Each other still till doomsday?

Another yet, a seventh? I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears.

Ha! the bloody Banquo smiles upon me,

And by his smiling on me seems to say

That they are all successors of his race.

Heccate. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why,

Macbeth, stand'st thou amazedly?

Come, sisters, let us cheer his heart,

And show the pleasures of our art:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round.

Music. [The Witches dance -- and then they vanish.

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour stand
Accurs'd to all eternity. without there.

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What's your grace's will?
Macbeth. Saw you the weyward sisters?
Seyton. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you?
Seyton. By me, sir?
Macbeth. Infected be the earth in which they sunk,
And damn'd all those that trust 'em. Just now
I heard the galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Seyton. A messenger from the English court, who
Brings word Macduff is fled to England.
Macbeth. Fled to England?
Seyton. Ay, my lord.
Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st all my designs;
Our purposes seldom succeed, unless
Our deeds go with them.
My thoughts shall henceforth into actions rise:
The witches made me cruel, but not wise. [Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter Macduff's Wife and Lenox.

Lady Macduff. What had he done to leave the land? Macbeth
Did know him innocent.

Lenox. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears oft make us traitors.

Lenox. You know not whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? to leave his wife and children in
a place
From whence himself did fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will with
The ravenous owl fight stoutly for her young ones.

Lenox. Your husband, madam,

Is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea.
Each way, and more, I take my leave of you:
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before. Heaven protect you.

Lady Macduff. Farewell, sir. [Exit Lenox.]

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Madam, a gentleman in haste desires
To speak with you.

Lady Macduff. A gentleman? Admit him. [Exit Woman.]

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The lord Macduff; which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you. Be not found here,
Fly with your little ones! Heaven preserve you,
I dare stay no longer. [Exit.]

Lady Macduff. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often prosperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly. Why do I then
Make use of this so womanly defence?
I'll boldly in, and dare this new alarm:
What need they fear, whom innocence doth arm? [Exit.]

Scene III. Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Macduff. In these close shades of Birnam Wood let us
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Malcolm. You'll think my fortune's desperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your summons.

Macduff. You should now
Take arms to serve your country. Each new day,
New widows mourn, new orphans cry, and still
Changes of sorrow reach attentive heaven.

Malcolm. This tyrant, whose foul name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest. You have lov'd him well,
He has not touch'd you yet.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.

And yet Macduff may be what I did always think him,
Just and good.

Macduff. I've lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perhaps even there where I did find my doubts;
But let not jealousies be your dishonours,
But my own safeties.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country.
Great tyranny, lay thy foundation sure.
Villains are safe when good men are suspected.
I'll say no more. Fare thee well, young prince:
I would not be that traitor which thou think'st me
For twice Macbeth's reward of treachery.

Malcolm. 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
That many hands would in my cause be active;
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
Will suffer under greater tyranny
Than what it suffers now.

Macduff. It cannot be.

Malcolm. Alas, I find my nature so inclin'd
To vice, that foul Macbeth, when I shall rule,
Will seem as white as snow.

Macduff. There cannot in all ransack'd hell be found
A devil equal to Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him, bloody, false, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in some sins too horrid to name;
But there's no bottom, no depths in my ill appetite.
If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland, when shalt thou see day
again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne,
Disclaims his virtue to avoid the crown?
Your royal father
Was a most saint-like king; the queen that bore you,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well;
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction. I 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.
The gracious Edward has lent us Seymour,
And ten thousand men. Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
Are subjects for my wonder, not my speech;
My grief and joy contesting in my bosom,
I find that I can scarce my tongue command.
When two streams meet, the water's at a stand.

Malcolm. Assistance granted by that pious king
Must be successful; he who by his touch
Can cure our bodies of a foul disease
Can by just force subdue a traitor's mind.
Power supernatural is unconfin'd.

Macduff. If his compassion does on men diseases'd
Effect such cures, what wonders will he do,
When to compassion he adds justice too?

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Enter Macbeth and Seyton.

Macbeth. Seyton, go bid the army march.

Seyton. The posture of affairs requires your presence.

Macbeth. But the indisposition of my wife
Detains me here.

Seyton. Th' enemy is upon our borders, Scotland's in danger.

Macbeth. So is my wife, and I am doubly so.
I am sick in her, and my kingdom too.

Seyton!

Seyton. Sir?

Macbeth. The spur of my ambition prompts me to go
And make my kingdom safe, but love which softens me
To pity her in her distress curbs my resolves.

Seyton. He's strangely disorder'd.

Macbeth. Yet why should love since confin'd desire
To control ambition, for whose spreading hopes
The world's too narrow? It shall not. Great fires

Put out the less. Seyton, go bid my grooms
Make ready; I'll not delay my going.

Seyton. I go.

Macbeth. Stay, Seyton, stay! Compassion calls me back.

Seyton. He looks and moves disorderly.

Macbeth. I'll not go yet.

Seyton. Well, sir.

Enter a Servant who whispers Macbeth.

Macbeth. Is the queen asleep?

Seyton. What makes 'em whisper, and his countenance change?
Perhaps some new design has had ill success. [Exit Servant.

Macbeth. Seyton, go see what posture our affairs are in.

Seyton. I shall, and give you notice, sir. [Exit Seyton.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Macbeth. How does my gentle love?

Lady Macbeth. Duncan is dead!

Macbeth. No words of that.

Lady Macbeth. And yet to me he lives.

His fatal ghost is now my shadow, and pursues me
Where'er I go.

Macbeth. It cannot be, my dear,
Your fears have misinform'd your eyes.

Lady Macbeth. See there! Believe your own.
Why do you follow me? I did not do it.

Macbeth. Methinks there's nothing.

Lady Macbeth. If you have valour, force him hence.
Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look strangely.

Macbeth. 'Tis the strange error of your eyes.

Lady Macbeth. But the strange error of my eyes
Proceeds from the strange action of your hands.
Distraction does by fits possess my head,
Because a crown unjustly covers it.

I stand so high that I am giddy grown.
A mist does cover me, as clouds the tops
Of hills. Let us get down apace.

Macbeth. If by your high ascent you giddy grow,
'Tis when you cast your eyes on things below.

Lady Macbeth. You may in peace resign the ill-gain'd crown.
Why should you labour still to be unjust?
There has been too much blood already spilt.
Make not the subjects victims to your guilt.

Macbeth. Can you think that a crime, which you did once
Provoke me to commit? Had not your breath
Blown my ambition up into a flame,
Duncan had yet been living.

Lady Macbeth. You were a man,
And by the charter of your sex you should
Have govern'd me: there was more crime in you
When you obey'd my councils, than I contracted
By my giving it. Resign your kingdom now,
And with your crown put off your guilt.

Macbeth. Resign the crown, and with it both our lives?
I must have better counsellors.

Lady Macbeth. What, your witches?
Curse on your messengers of hell. Their breath
Infected first my breast: see me no more.
As king your crown sits heavy on your head,
But heavier on my heart. I have had too much
Of kings already. See, the ghost again! [Ghost appears.

Macbeth. Now she relapses.

Lady Macbeth. Speak to him if thou canst.
Thou look'st on me and show'st thy wounded heart.
Show it the murderer. [Ghost disappears.

Macbeth. Within there, ho!

Enter Women.

Lady Macbeth. Am I ta'en prisoner? then the battle's lost.
[Exit Lady Macbeth led out by Women.

Macbeth. She does from Duncan's death to sickness grieve,
And shall from Malcolm's death her health receive.
When by a viper bitten, nothing's good
To cure the venom but a viper's blood. [Exit.

Scene V.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff, and Lenox meeting them.

Macduff. See who comes here!

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

Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome.

Malcolm. I know him now.

Kind heaven remove the means that makes us strangers.

Lenox. Amen.

Macduff. What looks does Scotland bear?

Lenox. Alas, poor country, almost afraid to know itself!
It can't 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. There bells
Are always ringing, and no man asks for whom;
There good men's lives expire ere they sicken.

Macduff. Oh relation, too nice and yet too true!

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Lenox. That of an hour's age is out of date,
Each minute brings a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Lenox. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Lenox. Well, too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not quarrell'd at their peace?

Lenox. No, they were well at peace when I left 'em.

Macduff. Be not so sparing of your speech. How goes 't?

Lenox. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy men that rose into a head,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers and make women fight.

Malcolm. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seymour, and ten thousand men.

Lenox. Would I could answer this comfort with the like;
But I have words

That would be utter'd in the desert air,
Where no man's ear should hear 'em.

Macduff. What concern they? the general cause,
Or is 't a grief due to some single breast?

Lenox. All honest minds must share in 't;
But the main part pertains to you.

Macduff. If it be mine, keep it not from me.

Lenox. Let not your ears condemn my tongue for ever,
When it shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. At once I guess, yet am afraid to know.

Lenox. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and children
Savagely murder'd: to relate the manner
Were to increase the butchery of them
By adding to their fall the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven! Noble Macduff,
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'ercharg'd heart and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

Lenox. Your wife, and both your children.

Macduff. And I not with them. Dead? Both, both my
children?

Did you say, my two?

Lenox. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted.

Let's make us cordials of our great revenges,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children, nor can he feel
A father's grief. Did you say all my children?
Oh hellish, ravenous kite! all three at one swoop!

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall.

But I must first too feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee; for thee they fell;
Not for their own offences, but for thine.

Malcolm. Let this give edges to our swords; let your tears
Become oil to your kindled rage.

Macduff. Oh, I could play the woman with my eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. Kind heavens, bring this
Dire fiend of Scotland and myself face to face,
And set him within the reach of my keen sword.
And if he outlives that hour, may heaven forgive
His sins, and punish me for his escape.

Malcolm. Let's hasten to the army, since Macbeth
Is ripe for fall.

Macduff. Heaven give our quarrel but as good success
As it hath justice in 't. Kind powers above
Grant peace to us, whilst we take his away;
The night is long that never finds a day. [Exeunt.

End of Act IV.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Seyton and a Lady.

Lady. I have seen her rise from her bed, throw
Her night-gown on her, unlock her closet,
Take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it,
Afterwards seal it, and again return to bed,
Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Seyton. 'Tis strange she should receive the benefit
Of sleep, and do the effects of waking.
In this disorder what at any time have
You heard her say?

Lady. That, sir, which I will not report of her.

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

Lady. Neither to you, nor any one living,
Having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See, here she comes! Observe her, and stand close.

Seyton. You see her eyes are open.

Lady. Ay, but her sense is shut.

Seyton. What is 't she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Lady. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem
Thus washing her hands: I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet out, out, here's a spot.

Seyton. Hark, she speaks.

Lady Macbeth. Out, out, I say! One, two: why then,
'Tis time to do 't. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier
And afraid? What need we fear who knows it?
There's none dares call our power to account.
Yet who would have thought the old man had
So much blood in him.

Seyton. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. Macduff had once a wife: where is she now?
Will these hands ne'er be clean? Fie, my lord,
You spoil all with this starting. Yet here's
A smell of blood: not all the perfumes of Arabia
Will sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Enter Donalbain and Flean, met by Lenox.

Lenox. Is not that Donalbain and young Flean, Banquo's son?

Donalbain. Who is this, my worthy friend?

Flean.

Lenox. I by your presence feel my hopes full blown,
Which hitherto have been but in the bud.
What happy gale has brought you here to see
Your father's death reveng'd?

Donalbain. Hearing of aid sent by the English king
To check the tyrant's insolence, I am come
From Ireland.

Flean. And I from France, we are but newly met.

Donalbain. Where's my brother?

Lenox. He and the good Macduff are with the army
Behind the wood.

Donalbain. What does the tyrant now?

Lenox. He strongly fortifies in Dunsinane.
Some say he is mad; others who hate him less
Call it a valiant fury; but whate'er
The matter is, there is a civil war
Within his bosom; and he finds his crown

Sit loose about him. His power grows less,
His fear grows greater still.

Donalbain. Let's haste and meet my brother,
My interest is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.

Lenox. So may you both outgrow unlucky chance,
And may the tyrant's fall that growth advance. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports: let 'em fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot fear. What's the boy Malcolm? What
Are all the English? Are they not of women
Born? And t' all such I am invincible.
Then fly, false thanes,
By your revolt you have inflam'd my rage,
And now have borrow'd English blood to quench it.

Enter a Messenger.

Now, friend, what means thy change of countenance?

Messenger. There are ten thousand, sir.

Macbeth. What, ghosts?

Messenger. No, arm'd men.

Macbeth. But such as shall be ghosts ere it be night.
Art thou turn'd coward too, since I made thee captain?
Go, blush away thy paleness. I am sure
Thy hands are of another colour: thou hast hands
Of blood, but looks of milk.

Messenger. The English force, so please you ----

Macbeth. Take thy face hence! [Exit Messenger.]

He has infected me with fear.

I am sure to die by none of woman born,
And yet the English drums beat an alarm
As fatal to my life as are the croaks
Of ravens when they flutter about the windows
Of departing men.

My hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear;
My subjects cry out curses on my name,
Which like a north wind seems to blast my hopes.

Seyton. [Aside] That wind is a contagious vapour exhal'd
from blood.

Enter Second Messenger.

What news more?

2 Messenger. All's confirm'd, my liege, that was reported.
Macbeth. And my resolves in spite of fate shall be as
firmly.

Send out more horse, and scour the country round!

[Exit Messenger.]

How does my wife?

Seyton. Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled
With disturbing fancies, that keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. And I, methinks, am sick of her disease.
Seyton, send out! Captain, the thanes fly from thee.
Would she were well, I'd quickly win the field.
Stay, Seyton, stay, I'll bear you company.
The English cannot long maintain the fight;
They come not here to kill, but to be slain;
Send out our scouts.

Seyton. Sir, I am gone.

[Aside] Not to obey your orders, but the call of justice.
I'll to the English train, whose hopes are built
Upon their cause, and not on witches' prophecies. [Exit.]

Macbeth. Poor thanes, you vainly hope for victory.
You'll find Macbeth invincible; or if
He can be o'ercome, it must be then
By Birnam oaks, and not by Englishmen. [Exit.]

Scene IV.

Enter Malcolm, Donalbain, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Fleance,
and Soldiers.

Malcolm. The sun shall see us drain the tyrant's blood,
And dry up Scotland's tears. How much we are
Oblig'd to England, which like a kind neighbour
Lifts us up when we are fall'n below
Our own recovery!

Seymour. What wood is this before us?

Malcolm. The wood of Birnam.

Seymour. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: by that we may
Keep the number of our force undiscover'd
By the enemy.

Malcolm. It shall be done. We learn no more than that
The confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane,
And will endure a siege.

He is of late grown conscious of his guilt,
Which makes him make that city his place of refuge.

Macduff. He'll find even there but little safety.
His very subjects will against him rise.

So travellers fly to an aged barn
For shelter from the rain; when the next shock
Of wind throws down that roof upon their heads
From which they hop'd for succour.

Lenox. The wretched kerns, which now like shoughs are tied
To forc'd obedience, will, when our swords
Have cut these bonds, start from obedience

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Malcolm. May the event make good our guess.

Macduff. It must, unless our resolutions fail.
They'll kindle, sir, their just revenge at ours;
Which double flame will singe the wings of all
The tyrant's hopes; depriv'd of those supports
He'll quickly fall.

Seymour. Let's all retire to our commands; our breath
Spent in discourse does but defer his death,
And but delays our vengeance.

Macduff. Come, let's go.
The swiftest haste is for revenge too slow. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Enter Macbeth and Soldiers.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners proudly o'er the wall.
The cry is still, They come! Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine eat them up. Had Seyton still
Been ours, and others who now increase the number
Of our enemies, we might have met 'em
Face to face. [Noise within.]
What noise is that?

Servant. It seems the cry of women. [Exit.]

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been that dangers have been my familiars.

Re-enter Servant.

Wherefore was that cry?

Servant. Great sir, the queen is dead! [Exit.]

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter.
I brought her here to see my victims, not to die.
Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last minute of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal homes. Out, out, that 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 idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Messenger. Let my eyes speak what they have seen,
For my tongue cannot.

Macbeth. Thy eyes speak terror; let thy tongue expound
Their language, or be for ever dumb.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd towards Birnam, and anon methoughts
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

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

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false, I'll send thy soul
To th' other world to meet with moving woods
And walking forests,
There to possess what it but dreamt of here.
If thy speech be true, I care not if thou dost
The same for me. I now begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend.
They bid me not to fear till Birnam Wood
Should come to Dunsinane: and now a wood
Is on its march this way. Arm, arm!
Since thus a wood does in a march appear,
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the sun,
And wish the world's great glass of life were run. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.

Enter Malcolm, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Fleance, Seyton,
Donalbain, and their army, with boughs.

Malcolm. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your leafy screens
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my brother and the noble Lenox
March in the van, whilst valiant Macduff
And myself make up the gross of the army,
And follow you with speed.

Seymour. Farewell! The monster has forsook his hold and
comes

To offer battle.

Macduff. Let him come on! His title now
Sits loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Scene VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. 'Tis too ignoble and too base to fly.
Who's he that is not of a woman born?
For such a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. Kind heaven, I thank thee! Have I found thee here?
Oh Scotland, Scotland, may'st thou owe thy just
Revenge to this sharp sword, or this bless'd minute!

Macbeth. Retire, fond man, I would not kill thee.
Why should falcons prey on flies?
It is below Macbeth to fight with men.

Lenox. But not to murder women. [They fight.

Macbeth. Lenox, I pity thee! thy arm's too weak.

Lenox. This arm has hitherto found good success
On your ministers of blood, who murder'd
Macduff's lady and brave Banquo:
Art thou less mortal than they were? or more
Exempt from punishment? Because thou most
Deserv'st it. Have at thy life!

Macbeth. Since thou art in love with death, I will
Vouchsafe it thee. [They fight. Lenox falls.
Thou art of woman born, I'm sure. [Exit.

Lenox. Oh, my dear country, pardon me that I
Do in a cause so great so quickly die. [Dies.

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. This way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and by no hand of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me for 't.
I cannot strike
At wretched slaves, who sell their lives for pay;
No, my revenge shall seek a nobler prey.
Through all the paths of death I'll search him out.
Let me but find him, fortune! [Exit.

Enter Malcolm and Seymour.

Seymour. This way, great sir. The tyrant's people fight
With fear as great as is his guilt.

Malcolm. See, who lies here? the noble Lenox slain.
What storm has brought this cloud over
Our rising hopes?

Seymour. Restrain your passion, sir; let's to our men.
Those who in noble causes fall deserve
Our pity not our sorrow;
I'll bid somebody bear the body further hence. [Exeunt.
[Lenox's body is carried off.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool and fall
On my own sword? While I have living foes
To conquer, my wounds show better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back, my soul is too much clogg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I'll have no words: thy villanies are worse
Than ever yet were punish'd with a curse. [They fight.

Macbeth. Thou may'st as well attempt to wound the air
As me; my destiny's reserv'd for some immortal power,
And I must fall by miracle; I cannot bleed.

Macduff. Have thy black deeds then turn'd thee to a devil?

Macbeth. Thou wouldst but share the fate of Lenox.

Macduff. Is Lenox slain? and by a hand that would damn all
it kills,
But that their cause preserves 'em?

Macbeth. I have a prophecy secures my life.

Macduff. I have another, which tells me I shall have his
blood
Who first shed mine.

Macbeth. None of woman born can spill my blood.

Macduff. Then let the devils tell thee, Macduff
Was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd.

Macbeth. Curs'd be that tongue that tells me so!
And double damn'd be they, who with a double sense
Make promises to our ears, and break at last
That promise to our sight. I will not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thyself a prisoner, to be led about
The world, and gaz'd on as a monster, a monster

More deform'd than ever ambition fram'd,
Or tyranny could shape.

Macbeth. I scorn to yield.
I will, in spite of enchantment, fight with thee.
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou art of no woman born, I'll try
If by a man it be thy fate to die.

[They fight. Macbeth falls.]

Macduff. This for my royal master, Duncan,
This for my dearest friend, my wife,
This for those pledges of our loves, my children.
Hark, I hear a noise! sure there are more [Shout within.
Reserves to conquer.
I'll as a trophy bear away his sword,
To witness my revenge. [Exit.

Macbeth. Farewell, vain world, and what's most vain in it,
Ambition! [Dies.]

Enter Malcolm, Seymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seyton, and
Soldiers.

Malcolm. I wish Macduff were safe arriv'd: I am
In doubt for him; for Lenox I'm in grief.

Seymour. Consider Lenox, sir, is nobly slain:
They who in noble causes fall deserve
Our pity, not our sorrow. Look, where the tyrant is!

Seyton. The witches, sir, with all the power of hell,
Could not preserve him from the hand of heaven.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's sword.

Macduff. Long live Malcolm, King of Scotland! so you are.
And though I should not boast, that one
Whom guilt might easily weigh down, fell
By my hand, yet here I present you with
The tyrant's sword, to show that heaven appointed
Me to take revenge for you, and all
That suffered by his power.

Malcolm. Macduff, we have more ancient records
Than this of your successful courage.

Macduff. Now, Scotland, thou shalt see bright day again;
That cloud's remov'd that did eclipse thy sun,
And rain down blood upon thee. As your arms
Did all contribute to this victory,
So let our voices all concur to give
One joyful acclamation.

All. Long live Malcolm, King of Scotland!

Malcolm. We shall not make a large expense of time

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
Saw honour'd with that title; and may they still flourish
On your families, though, like the laurels
You have won today, they spring from a field of blood.
Drag his body hence, and let it hang upon
A pinnacle in Dunsinane, to show
To future ages what to those is due
Who others' right by lawless power pursue.
Macduff. So may kind fortune crown your reign with peace,
As it has crown'd your armies with success;
And may the people's prayers still wait on you,
As all their curses did Macbeth pursue.
His vice shall make your virtue shine more bright,
As a fair day succeeds a stormy night. [Exeunt omnes.

The end of Act V.