

Forbes Robertson 1898 Macbeth by William Shakespeare  
as arranged for the stage by Forbes Robertson and  
presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday, September  
17, 1898 (London, 1898).

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MACBETH

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MACBETH  
BY  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY  
FORBES ROBERTSON  
AND PRESENTED AT  
THE LYCEUM THEATRE  
ON  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898

With Five Plate Portraits of the Principal Characters

LONDON  
THE NASSAU PRESS  
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.; AND SOUTHWARK, S.E.  
1898

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In preparing Macbeth for the stage, I  
have departed only in a slight degree  
from the versions that have been in  
use of late years. The first Act,  
with a very few lines omitted, stands  
as in the text of the first Folio.  
The same may be said of the second Act, except  
that I have not departed from the usual custom of  
omitting the scene between Ross, Macduff and an Old

Man. In the third Act the scene between Macbeth and the Murderers is somewhat shortened; and I have taken out the scene of Hecate and the Witches, and that between Lennox and a Lord. The whole scene of Lady Macduff's murder in the fourth Act is left out, and some parts of the scene between Malcolm and Macduff; and the Act finishes with the sleep-walking scene, at the end of which I have restored a few lines in the scene between the Doctor and the Gentlewoman not usually spoken. Scenes two and seven of the fifth Act are omitted, and the play ends with Macduff's acclamation of Malcolm as King of Scotland.

JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON.

Lyceum Theatre,  
Sept. 17, 1898.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland	Mr. William Lugg
Malcolm )	( Mr. Martin Harvey
Donalbain ) His Sons	( Mr. W. Grahame Browne
Macbeth )	( Mr. Forbes Robertson
Banquo ) Generals of the King's Army	( Mr. Bernard Gould
Macduff )	( Mr. Robert Taber
Lennox )	( Mr. Edward Ferris
Ross ) Noblemen of Scotland	( Mr. Berte Thomas
Angus )	( Mr. Herbert Peters
Fleance, Son to Banquo	Master Robert Bottomley
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces	Mr. Frederick Lane
Young Siward, his Son	Mr. Gerald Lawrence
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth	Mr. Roy Horniman
A Doctor	Mr. Percy Marshall
A Sergeant	Mr. James Hearn
A Porter	Mr. J. Willes
1st Witch	Mr. Ian Robertson
2nd Witch	Mr. Frank Dyall
3rd Witch	Mr. Charles Dodsworth
1st Murderer	Mr. Herne Avery
2nd Murderer	Mr. Marcus St. John
3rd Murderer	Mr. Percy Ballard
A Messenger	Mr. William Pilling
1st Apparition	Mr. B. Percy
2nd Apparition	Miss Georgina Thomas
3rd Apparition	Miss Garnet Vayne
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Patrick Campbell
A Gentlewoman	Miss Dorothy Hammond

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

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

## ACT I.

- Scene 1. -- A Desert Place.
- Scene 2. -- A Road near Forres.
- Scene 3. -- A Heath.
- Scene 4. -- Forres. A Room in the Palace.
- Scene 5. -- Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.
- Scene 6. -- Before the Castle.
- Scene 7. -- A Room in the Castle.

## ACT II.

- Scene 1. -- Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.

## ACT III.

- Scene 1. -- Forres. The Hall in the Palace.
- Scene 2. -- A Room in the Palace.
- Scene 3. -- A Wood near the Palace.
- Scene 4. -- The Hall in the Palace.

## ACT IV.

- Scene 1. -- A Cavern.
- Scene 2. -- England.
- Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

## ACT V.

- Scene 1. -- Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
- Scene 2. -- Country near Dunsinane.
- Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.
- Scene 4. -- Near Dunsinane.

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## MACBETH

## ACT I.

- Scene 1. -- A Desert Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1st Witch.  
 WHEN shall we three meet again,  
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
 2nd Witch. When the hurley-  
           burley 's done,  
 When the battle 's lost and won.  
 3rd Witch. That will be ere the  
           set of sun.  
 1st Witch. Where the place?  
 2nd Witch.                                   Upon the heath.  
 3rd Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.  
 1st Witch. I come, Graymalkin.  
 2nd Witch.                                   Paddock calls.  
 3rd Witch.                                   Anon!  
 All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.           [Exeunt.]

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Scene 2. -- A Road near Forres.

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

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

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

Cap.                                   Doubtful it stood,  
 As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald:  
 And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Showed like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak,  
 For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --  
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,  
 Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,  
 Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him  
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps  
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
 No sooner justice had, with valour armed,  
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their  
           heels,

But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes,  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

11

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy  
wounds;  
They smack of honour both. -- Go, get him surgeons.  
[Exit Captain, attended.]

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

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

Dun. Great happiness!

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

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

And with his former title greet Macbeth,

Ross. I 'll see it done.

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

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Scene 3. -- A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch. Killing swine.

3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched: --

"Give me," quoth I: --

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

2nd Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3rd Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other;  
And to every point they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his penthouse lid;  
He shall live a man forbid.  
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost. --  
Look what I have.

2nd Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

3rd Witch. A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

13

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

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

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

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

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

3rd Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King  
hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to  
fear  
Things that do sound so fair? -- I' the name of  
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak  
not.

14

If you can look into the seeds of time  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2nd Witch. Hail!

3rd Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be  
none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge  
you. [Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Mac. Into the air; and what seemed corporal  
melted  
As breath into the wind. -- Would they had stayed!

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

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

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

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

15

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his.

As thick as hail  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And poured them down before him.

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

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

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
dress me  
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet:  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-  
bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him. --

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

Ban. That, trusted home,

16

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence. --  
Cousins, a word, I pray you. --

Mac. Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not. --

Ban. Look how our partner 's rapt. --

Mac. If chance will have me King, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir. --

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull brain was

wrought

17

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registered where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. --  
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,  
The interim having weighed it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. Till then, enough. -- Come, friends.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- Forres. A room in the Palace.

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

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report,  
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it: he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 't were a careless trifle.

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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now

18

Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less de-  
served,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine: only I have left to say,

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself.

Dun. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

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

Dun. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. -- Hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not used for  
you:

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

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Mac. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! That  
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

19

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. --

[Exit.]

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

Scene 5. -- Inverness. A room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady Mac. "They met me in the day of success;  
and I have learned by the perfectest report, they

have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy  
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be  
great;

Art not without ambition: but without

20

The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst  
highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have  
it';

And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal. --

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Mac. Thou 'rt mad to say it. --  
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is  
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady Mac. Give him tending;  
He brings great news. [Exit Attendant.] The raven  
himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature

21

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold! "

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Lady Mac. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Mac. O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters; to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my despatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. --

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady Mac. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear: --  
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene 6.-- Before the Castle.

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

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

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Lady Mac. All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp  
him

23

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

Lady Mac. Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in

compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

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

Scene 7. -- A room in the Castle.

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

Mac. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were  
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success: that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all; here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time:  
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

24

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady Mac. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he asked for me?

Lady Mac. Know you not, he has?

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

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

Mac. Pr'ythee, peace.

25

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

Lady Mac. What beast was 't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

Mac. If we should fail?

Lady Mac. We fail.  
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

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

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

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

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ACT II.

Scene 1. -- Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a  
torch before him.

Banquo.  
HOW goes the night, boy?  
Fle. The moon is down; I have  
not heard the clock.  
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.  
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.  
Ban. Hold, take my sword. --  
There 's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too. --  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose! -- Give me my sword.  
Who 's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's  
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your officers.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

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

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

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

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

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mac. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,  
It shall make honour for you.

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

Mac. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Mac. Go, bid my mistress, when my drink is  
ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. --  
[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee: --

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before. -- There 's no such thing.  
 It is the bloody business which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes. -- Now, o'er the one half-world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,  
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost. -- Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear,  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives:  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. --  
[A bell rings.]

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. That which hath made them drunk  
 hath made me bold;  
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. --  
 Hark! -- Peace! --  
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. -- He is about  
 it. --  
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
 Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged  
 their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them  
 Whether they live or die.

Mac. [Within.] Who 's there? -- what, ho!  
 Lady Mac. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked  
 And 't is not done: -- the attempt and not the deed  
 Confounds us. -- Hark! -- I laid their daggers ready;  
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done 't. -- My husband!

Enter Macbeth.

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

Lady Mac. I heard the owl scream and the crickets  
cry.

Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady Mac. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady Mac. Ay.

Mac. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Mac. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady Mac. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

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

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard  
them;

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

Lady Mac. There are two lodged together.

Mac. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen,"  
the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say "God bless us."

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Lady Mac. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce  
"Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat.

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

Mac. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no  
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep," -- the innocent sleep:  
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast; --

Lady Mac. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the

house:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

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

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

Lady Mac. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil, If he do bleed  
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. --  
[Exit. -- Knocking within.]

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

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. My hands are of your colour: but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a  
knocking  
At the south entry; -- retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! -- Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [Knock.] Hark, more  
knocking.  
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. -- Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, 't were best not know  
myself. [Knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: -- I would thou  
couldst! [Exeunt.]

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-  
ing the key: -- [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock.  
"Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?" --  
"Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the  
expectation of plenty:" "Come in, farmer."  
[Knocking.] Knock, knock. "Who 's there, i' the

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other devil's name?" -- "Faith, here's an English  
tailor come hither for stealing out of a French  
hose:" "Come in, tailor; here you may roast  
your goose." [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at  
quiet! "What are you?" -- But this place is too  
cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further. I had  
thought to have let in some of all professions, that  
go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.  
[Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you remember  
the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Mac. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Mac. Not yet.

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

I have almost slipped the hour.

Mac. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 't is one.

Mac. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Mac. He does: -- he did appoint so.

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Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of  
death.

The obscure bird  
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

Mac. 'T was a rough night.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

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

Mac., Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-  
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:  
See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake! awake! --

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

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Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

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

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master 's murdered!

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

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

Mac. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I have lived a blessed time: for, from this instant  
There 's nothing serious in mortality,  
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Mac. You are, and do not know 'i:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

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

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Mac. Who can be wise, amazed; temperate and  
furious;  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. -- Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady Mac. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

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

Don. Let 's away: our tears  
Are not yet brewed.

Ban. Look to the lady: --

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.

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

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Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with  
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse:  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away. [Exeunt.

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For a dark hour or twain.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed  
In England and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow.  
Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

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

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

Farewell. -- [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper time alone; while then, God be with  
you. [Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, etc.  
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

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

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Mac. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared.

He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of King upon  
me,

And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-  
like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance! -- Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Mur. It was, so please yur highness.

Mac. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held  
you

So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self. Are you so gospelled  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave  
And beggared yours for ever?

2nd Mur. I am one, my liege,

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

1st Mur. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Mac. Both of you  
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Mur. True, my lord,

Mac. So he is mine; and in such bloody dis-  
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not --  
For sundry weighty reasons.

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

1st Mur. Though our lives ----

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night;  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I 'll come to you anon.

2nd Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Mac. I 'll come upon you straight; abide within. --

[Exeunt Murderers.]

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

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Scene 2. -- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton.

Lady Mac. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

Lady Mac. Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady Mac. Naught 's had, all 's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'T is safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on? Things without remedy  
Should be without regard: what 's done, is done.

Mac. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:  
She 'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds  
suffer

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In reckless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave:  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further.

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Lady Mac. Come on; gentle my lord, sleek o'er  
your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
We 'll make our faces visards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

Lady Mac. You must leave this.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear  
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

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

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

Lady Mac. What 's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.

Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do  
rouse. --

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee  
still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by  
ill.

So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

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Scene 3. -- A Wood near the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

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

3rd Mur. Macbeth.

2nd Mur. He needs not our mistrust since he  
delivers

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

1st Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3rd Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

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

2nd Mur. Then it is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation,

Already are i' th' court.

1st Mur. His horses go about.

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

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

2nd Mur. A light, a light!

3rd Mur. 'T is he.

1st Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1st Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

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

Thou may'st avenge -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

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3rd Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1st Mur. Was 't not the way?

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

2nd Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

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

Scene 4. -- The Hall in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,  
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down: at  
first and last,

The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,

We will require her welcome.

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

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter 1st Murderer, to the door.

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

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

Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.

Mac. Is he dispatched?

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

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Mac. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet  
he 's good,

That did the like for Fleance.

Mur. Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

Mac. Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?

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

Mac. Thanks for that.  
Get thee gone; to-morrow  
We 'll hear ourselves again. -- [Exit Murderer.

Lady Mac. My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold,  
That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,  
'T is given with welcome; to feed were best at  
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
Meeting were bare without it.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer! --  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

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

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour

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

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Ross. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your  
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Mac. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mac. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves  
your highness?

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Mac. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

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

Lady Mac. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep scat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
Feed, and regard him not. -- Are you a man?

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

Lady Mac. O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,  
You look but on a stool.

Mac. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you? --

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. --  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments

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Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

Lady Mac. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Mac. Fie, for shame!

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden  
time,

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

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

Mac. I do forget. --  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to  
all;

Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine: fill full:  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

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

Lady Mac. Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

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Mac. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost disappears.  
Why, so; -- being gone,  
I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

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

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

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Mac. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse  
and worse;  
Question enrages him: At once, good night: --  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

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

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

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

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

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

Lady Mac. Did you send to him, sir?

Mac. I hear it by the way; but I will send.  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own  
good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

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

Mac. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

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ACT IV.

Scene 1. -- A Cavern. In the middle a  
Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch.

THRICE the brinded cat hath  
mewed.

2nd Witch. Thrice and once the  
hedge-pig whined.

3rd Witch. Harpier cries: -- 'T is  
time, 't is time.

1st Witch. Round about the caul-  
dron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw. --  
Toad, that under a cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

2nd Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

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For a charm of powerful trouble, „  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

3rd Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,  
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

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

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

2nd Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood:  
Then the charm is firm and good.  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes: [Knocking.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess, --  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Even till destruction sicken: answer me  
To what I ask you.

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1st Witch. Speak.

2nd Witch. Demand.

3rd Witch. We 'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

Mac. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Pier nine farrow: grease, that 's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

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

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

1st App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

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

Mac. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks;  
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word  
more: ----  
1st Witch. He will not be commanded. Here 's  
another,  
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

2nd App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! ----

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

2nd App. Be bloody, bold and resolute: laugh to  
scorn

54

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

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

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

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

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.  
3rd App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam Wood to High Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Mac. That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good!

Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me -- if your art  
Can tell so much -- shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?



Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

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

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2. -- England.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

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

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

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Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

Mac. What should he be?

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

Macd. Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

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

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern?  
No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,

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And does blaspheme his breed?  
Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banished me from Scotland. -- O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour.  
My first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
once  
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter Ross.

See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.  
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.  
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes

remove

The means that make us strangers?

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be called 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 marked; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy.

Macd. O relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!

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Mal. What is the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their  
peace?

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

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

Ross. When I came hither to transport the  
tidings

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

Mal. Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

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



Not for their own demerits but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them  
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let  
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

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

Mal. This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. [Exeunt.]

Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. A room in the Castle,

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting  
Gentlewoman.

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

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

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

walking and other actual performances, what, at  
any time, have you heard her say?

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

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you  
should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no  
witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she  
comes.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

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

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

Lady Mac. Yet here 's a spot.

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

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

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady Mac. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? -- What, will these hands ne'er be

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clean? -- No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doct. Even so? --

Lady Mac. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at  
the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your  
hand: -- What 's done cannot be undone: -- To bed,  
to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. -- Look after  
her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her: -- so, good night:  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.  
[Exeunt.

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ACT V.

Scene 1. -- Dunsimne. A room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants.

Macbeth:

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. There is ten thousand ----

Mac. Geese, villain?

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Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Mac. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Mac. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

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

Seyton! --

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was re-  
ported.

Mac. I 'll fight till from my bones my flesh be  
hacked.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Mac. I 'll put it on. --

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine  
armour. --

How does your patient, doctor?

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

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

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Mac. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it. --  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff --  
Seyton, send out -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me --  
Come, sir, despatch -- If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo  
That should applaud again -- Pull 't off, I say --  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou  
of them?

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

Mac. Bring it after me. --  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2. -- Country near Dunsinane. A Wood  
in view.

Enter Malcolm, Old Siward and his Son,  
Macduff, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers,  
marching.

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

Ross. We doubt it nothing.

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Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ross. The wood of Birnam.

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

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinanc, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be given  
Both more and less hath given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Mac. Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls;  
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.  
Were they not forced with those that should be  
ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that  
noise? [A cry of women within.  
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.  
Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.  
The time has been, my senses would have cooled

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To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in 't. I have supped full with  
horrors.  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. She should have died hereafter:  
There would have been a time for such a word. --  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle  
Life 's but a walking shadow: a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.  
Mess. Gracious my lord,

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

Mac. Well, say, sir.

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

Mac. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be  
not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- Near Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. -- What 's be  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Mac. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name

Than any is in hell.

Mac. My name's Macbeth.

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

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Mac. No, nor more fearful.  
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorréd tyrant: with my  
sword  
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and Young Siward is slain.]

Mac. Thou wast born of woman. --  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. -- Tyrant, show thy  
face!  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou,  
Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded.  
Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; -- the castle's gently  
rendered:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight.  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

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

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.  
[Exeunt. Alarums.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

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On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

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

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

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

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

Mac. Accurséd be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cowed my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. -- I 'll not fight with thee.

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

Mac. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,

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Yet I will try the last: before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damned be he that first cries, "Hold,  
enough!"

[They fight, and Macbeth is killed.

Flourish. Re-enter Malcolm, Old Siward,  
Ross, Thanes and Soldiers.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art.

