

Irving 1888 Macbeth, a tragedy, by William Shakespeare, as arranged for the stage by Henry Irving, and presented at the Lyceum Theatre, 29th December, 1888, with music by Arthur Sullivan (London, 1888).

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MACBETH,
A TRAGEDY,
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE
BY
HENRY IRVING,
AND PRESENTED AT
THE LYCEUM THEATRE,
29th DECEMBER, 1888,

WITH MUSIC BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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PREFACE.

A few words as to some features of this arrangement of Macbeth, especially as to those in which certain points, that have been or may be the subject of much dispute, are concerned.

First, as to the music. When this tragedy was represented at the Lyceum in 1875, Locke's music was omitted altogether, including his setting of the two songs, "Come away," and "Black Spirits and White."

The introduction of this music into Shakespeare's tragedy has been the subject of much animadversion from critics any time during the last hundred years or

more; but, as far as regards the two songs mentioned, we find these clearly indicated in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works (1623). In Act III., Scene 5, at the end of Hecate's speech, after the line

"Is mortals' chiefest enemy,"

we find "Musicke, and a Song," and two lines further on the stage direction is "Sing within -- "Come away, come away, ' &c.;" and in Act IV., Scene 1, after the last line in Hecate's speech,

"Inchanting all that you put in,"

we find "Musicke and a Song -- 'Blacke Spirits &c.;" and later on in the same scene, when the Witches go off, we have "Musicke. The Witches dance, and vanish." It is difficult to believe that these musical features and songs were introduced into the play without the sanction of Shakespeare.

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As is well known, these two songs, the first lines only of which are given in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," are found in a play of Middleton's, called "The Witch." This play was not printed till 1778, from a MS. now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; but Davenant, when he did his version of "Macbeth," published in 1674, must evidently have had access to a copy, for he introduced two whole scenes from Middleton's play, and, till the discovery of the MS. alluded to, these songs were attributed to Davenant. This is not the place to discuss the question whether Middleton's play of "The Witch" was or was not written before Shakespeare's "Macbeth," or whether the songs alluded to might not have been taken from some common source open to both authors. The First Folio is the only authority for the text of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and the introduction of the songs, as I have shown above, is clearly justified by that authority.

These songs have now been set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, to whom I am greatly indebted for composing the whole of the incidental music for this production.

The only lines, therefore, introduced into this stage-arrangement of "Macbeth," from Middleton's "Witch," are the four lines of the song, "Black Spirits and White," and the ten lines of the song, "Come away,

come away," which latter I have ventured to transpose from the fifth scene of the first act (in the original) to the end of the first scene of the fourth act in this version. With these two exceptions, all the text is taken from the First Folio.

As regards the treatment of the Witches themselves, this is, I believe, the first time that the weird sisters have been performed by women; and this innovation -- if it can be called an innovation -- is made in the same spirit which has animated many of my predecessors in dramatic management, namely, to divest Shakespeare's Witches of that semi-comic element which at one time threatened to obscure, if not altogether to efface, their supernatural significance. It is with this end in view that their first introduction on the stage they are

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represented as coming out of a thunder cloud, suggesting that their home is among the dark and tempestuous elements of nature.

With regard to the scenery, I have endeavoured to adhere to the principle which has always guided me, namely, that to meet the requirements of the stage, without sacrificing the purpose or the poetry of the author, should be the aim of those who produce the plays of Shakespeare; and I trust that any change, which I have ventured to introduce on this occasion in the ordinary scenic arrangements, has been made in the spirit of true reverence for the works of our greatest dramatist. All such changes have been suggested, either by the text of the play itself, or by the descriptions of the chroniclers from whom we know that Shakespeare derived most of his incidents.

For instance, the scene in the last act, where the invading army is seen approaching the wood of Birnam by moonlight, is taken from the following passage in Holinshed: --

"Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell vnto Birnane wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded euerie man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march foorth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, he first maruelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembred himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnane wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled." -- [Holinshed {Historie of Scotland}, Vol. v., p. 276, ed. 1808.]

As to the period chosen for the costumes, we read that Macbeth was slain by Macduff on December 5th, 1056; I have, therefore, taken the eleventh century as the historical period of the play.

The question as to the space of time covered by the action of the play, and as to the length of the interval which elapses between the various acts and scenes, is one attended with many difficulties, which are most ably set forth and analysed by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his volume on "The Time Analysis of Shakespeare's

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Plays." We are told by the chroniclers that Macbeth reigned seventeen years. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the last three acts cover some considerable space of time.

"Macbeth" is one of the plays divided into both acts and scenes in the First Folio; but it must be remembered that in Shakespeare's day there was no change of scene, and that these divisions were more or less arbitrary. There were no "waits" then between the acts. The end of the act was simply the cue for the musicians in the orchestra to play. I hope that the audience will not be alarmed at seeing that in the arrangement of the play I have divided it into six acts. The object of this subdivision of the last act has been to afford the opportunity for the effective illustration of the bustle and activity of the closing part of the play.

HENRY IRVING.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland	Mr. Haviland
Malcolm,)	(Mr. Webster.
Donalbain,)	(Mr. Harvey.
(Duncan's cousin,)	
Macbeth, (and general of)	Mr. Henry Irving.
(the King's army)	
(general of the)	
Banquo, (King's army)	Mr. Wenman.
Macduff,)	(Mr. Alexander.
Lennox,)	(Mr. Outram.
Ross,)	(Mr. Tyars.
Menteith,)	(Mr. Archer.
noblemen of)	
Scotland)	

Angus,)	(Mr. Lacy.
Caithness,)	(Mr. Leverton.
Fleance, son to Banquo	Master Harwood.
Siward, (general of the)	Mr. Howe.
(English forces)	
Seyton, (an officer attend-)	Mr. Fenton.
(ing on Macbeth)	
Two other Officers	(Mr. Hemstock.
	(Mr. Cass.
A Doctor	Mr. Stuart.
A Sergeant	Mr. Raynor.
A Porter	Mr. Johnson.
A Messenger	Mr. Coveney.
An Attendant	Mr. Roe.
Murderers	(Mr. Black.
	(Mr. Carter.
Gentlewoman	Miss Coleridge.
A Servant	Miss Foster.
AND	
Lady Macbeth	Miss Ellen Terry.
Hecate	Miss Ivor.
1st Witch	Miss Marriott.
2nd Witch	Miss Desborough.
3rd Witch	Miss Seaman.
Apparitions	(Mr. Baird.
	(Miss Harwood.
	(Miss Holland.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers,
Apparitions, &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

Scene 1. -- An Open Place	Hawes Craven.
Scene 2. -- Near Forres -- a Camp	Hawes Craven.
Scene 3. -- A Heath	Hawes Craven.
Scene 4. -- Forres -- the Palace	(Hawes Craven.
	(J. Harker.
Scene 5. -- Inverness -- Macbeth's Castle	Hawes Craven.
Scene 6. -- Inverness -- before the Castle	Hawes Craven.

Scene 7. -- Inverness -- Lobby in the (Hawes Craven.
Castle (J. Harker.

ACT II.

Scene. -- Inverness -- Court of Macbeth's
Castle Hawes Craven.

ACT III.

Scene 1. -- Forres -- Hall in the Palace T. Hall.

Scene 2. -- Forres -- Room in the Palace W. Hann.

Scene 3. -- Forres -- Hall in the Palace T. Hall.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. -- A Cavern Hawes Craven.

Scene 2. -- "Over woods, high rocks, and
mountains" Hawes Craven.

ACT V.

Scene 1. -- England -- a Country Lane Hawes Craven.

Scene 2. -- Dunsinane -- Ante-room in (Hawes Craven.
the Castle (J. Harker.

ACT VI.

Scene 1. -- Country near Dunsinane J. Harker.

Scene 2. -- Dunsinane -- the Castle (Hawes Craven.

(J. Harker.

Scene 3. -- The Wood of Birnam W. Hann.

(Hawes Craven.

Scene 4. -- Dunsinane -- the Castle (J. Harker.

(W. Perkins.

Scene 5. -- Dunsinane -- Plain before the (R. Caney.
Castle

(W. Perkins.

Scene 6. -- Dunsinane -- another part of (R. Caney.
the Plain

Period -- 11th Century.

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MACBETH

ACT I.

Scene 1. -- An open place. Thunder and lightning.

Enter Three Witches.

1st Witch.

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

2nd W. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3rd W. That will be ere set of sun.

1st W. Where the place?

2nd W. Upon the heath.

3rd W. There, to meet with Macbeth.

1st W. I come, Graymalkin!

2nd W. Paddock calls.

3rd W. Anon!

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

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Scene 2. -- A camp near Forres.

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

Duncan.

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 thy knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonnell --
Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him -- from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnéd quarry smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

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Serg. No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

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

Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. --
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

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

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

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

Dun. Great happiness!

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

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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.]

Scene 3. -- A Heath. Distant thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch.

Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd W. Killing swine.

3rd W. Sister, where thou?

1st W. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. "Give
me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost. --
Look what I have.

2nd W. Show me, show me.

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

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

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

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

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

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

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

3rd W. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king
hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? -- I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal -- to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

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1st W. Hail!

2nd W. Hail!

3rd W. Hail!

1st W. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

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

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

All. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: --
By Sinel's death, I know I'm thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
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 vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind. -- Would they had stay'd!

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

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

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

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend

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Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

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. [Aside.] What, can the devil speak true?

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

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside.] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor
The greatest is behind. -- [To Ross and Angus.]

Thanks for your pains.

[To Banquo.] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. [Aside to Macbeth.] That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;

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And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. --

Cousins, a word, I pray you ----

Macb. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen.

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

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.

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

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour -- my dull brain was

wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. -- Let us toward the king. --
[Aside to Banquo.] Think upon what hath chanc'd,
and at more time,

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The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. [Aside to Macbeth.] Very gladly.

Macb. [Aside to Banquo.] Till then, enough. --
Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- Forres. The Palace.

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

Duncan.

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

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

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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: *thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee.* Would thou hadst less deserv'd, <om. 1889>

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That the proportion both of thanks and payment

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

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, 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. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. -- Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd 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!
[Exeunt all but Macbeth.]

Macb. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! -- that
is a step,

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

Scene 5. -- Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.

Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady Macbeth.

"They met me in the day of success: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd 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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. -- Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet would'st 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 --

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

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it: --

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

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

One of my fellows had the speed of him,

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

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

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall 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!"

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Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

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

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 6. -- The same. Before Macbeth's Castle.

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

Duncan.

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

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By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' 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 observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth and Attendants.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! --
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.

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

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

Lady M. Your servants ever
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.]

27

Scene 7. -- The same. A Lobby in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth.
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
well.
'T were done quickly if th' 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 th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. -- I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other side. --

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you
left the chamber?

28

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

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

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

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

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

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

Macb. If we should fail? --

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

29

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 drenchèd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

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

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

Macb. I'm 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

30

ACT II.

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

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Banquo.
How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

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

Ban. Hold, take my sword: -- there's husbandry
in heaven;

Their candles are all out: -- take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: -- merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! -- Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Macb. A friend.

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

In measureless content.

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

31

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

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

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

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

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

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

[Exit Servant.]

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

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. --

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' 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

32

Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
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 where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. -- [A bell strikes.
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 M. That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. --
Hark! -- Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. -- He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

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

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. Th' 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.

Macb. I've done the deed. -- Didst thou not hear
a noise?

33

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

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now?

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! --
Who lies i' th' second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cried " Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard
them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and, "Amen,"
the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say " Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep!" -- the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; --
Lady M. What do you mean?

34

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the
house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, -- Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. -- Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

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

[Exit. Pause. Knocking within.]

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

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear
a knocking
At the south entry -- retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy

35

Hath left you unattended. -- [Knocking within.] Hark!
more knocking.

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

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [Knocking within.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt. Knocking within.]

Enter a Porter.

Port. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the
key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock!
Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a
farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about
you; here you'll sweat for't. -- [Knocking within.]
Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's
name? *Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could*

not equivocate to heaven: O come in, equivocator. <om. 1889>

[Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

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

Macd. Is thy master stirring? --

36

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

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

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Macd. (without). O horror, horror, horror! Tongue
nor heart,

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

38

There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

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

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:

[Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain
into Duncan's chamber, and then
quickly return.

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. -- Here lay Duncan; --
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs, look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

39

Macd. Look to the lady.

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain.] Why do we hold our
tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [Aside.] Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [Aside.] I'll to England.
Don. [Aside.] To Ireland I.
Mal. [Aside.] This murd'rous shaft
that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim.

[Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain.]

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.
Ban. And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.
All. Well contented. [Exeunt.]

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ACT III.

Scene 1. -- Forres. Hall in the Palace.

Ross, Lennox, and Lords discovered.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo.
Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it
was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them --
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine --
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen;
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

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

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

Ban. Lay your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties

41

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

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

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

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

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

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

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. -- [Exit Banquo.

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

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an
Attendant.

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

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

Macb. Bring them before us. -- [Exit Attendant.
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. -- Our fears in Banquo

42

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. He chid the sisters, <om. 1889>
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.
If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! -- Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st M. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches?
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?

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

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

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

43

1st & 2nd M. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: .and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop.

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

1st M. Though our lives --

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

1st & 2nd M. We are resolv'd, my lord.

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

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

Scene 2. -- The same. A Room in the Palace.

Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth.

Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

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Servant. Madam, I will. [Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in's 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.

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

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

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

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums,

45

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

Lady M. What's to be done?

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

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene 3. -- The same. Hall in the Palace. A banquet prepared.

Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Ladies discovered.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, and Attendants.

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

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

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

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First Murderer appears.

Macb. 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.

1st M. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

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

1st M. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

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

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

1st M. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [Aside.] Then comes my fit again: I'd else
been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?

1st M. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his heqd;
The least a death to nature.

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

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome.

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

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Len. May't please your highness sit.

The Ghost of Banquo appears in Macbeth's place.

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

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

Macb. The table's full.

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

Macb. Where?

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

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

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

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends -- my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. -- Are you a man?

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

Lady M. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

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Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you? --
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. --
If charnel-houses and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

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

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

[Returning to her seat.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
time,
Ere humane statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' 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 M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

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

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

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

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

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
Th' arm'd rhinoceros, or th' 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 vanishes.

Why, so -- being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

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

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night --
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. A kind good night to all!
[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady
Macbeth.

Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have
blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?

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

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

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

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

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

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ACT IV.

Scene 1. -- A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.
Thunder.

The three Witches.

1st Witch.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2nd W. Thrice: and once the hedge-
pig whin'd.

3rd W. Harpy cries. -- 'Tis time, 'tis
time.

1st W. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. --
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

2nd W. 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 --
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 W. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab --
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

2nd W. Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate.

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

[Music and song --

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

[Hecate disappears.

2nd W. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. --
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess --
Howe'er you come to know it -- answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; -- answer me
To what I ask you.

1st W. Speak.

2nd W. Demand.

3rd W. We'll answer.

1st W. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters?

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

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

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

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

1st A. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
 Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. -- Dismiss me -- enough.

[Descends.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
 thanks;

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

1st W. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

2nd A. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

2nd A. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to
 scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

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

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a 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 A. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

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

Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

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

All. Seek to know no more.

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

1st W. Show!

2nd W. Show!

3rd W. Show!

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

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

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;

down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: -- and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: --
A third is like the former. -- Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? -- A fourth! -- Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom? --

Another yet! -- A seventh! -- I'll see no more: --
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more. --
Horrible sight! -- Ay, now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. -- [Apparitions vanish.
What, is this so?

1st W. Ay, sir, all this is so: -- but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,

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That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[The Witches dance, and then vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? -- Let this per-
nicious hour
Stand eye accursed in the calendar! --
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

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

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

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done:

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

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Scene 2. -- "Over woods, high rocks, and mountains."

Witches and Spirits. [In Chorus.]

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains;
Over steeples, towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ear sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
No ring of bells, &c.

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ACT V.

Scene 1. -- England. A Country Lane.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

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

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

Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so
perchance; --
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

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

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but, my voluptuousness,
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. With this there grows, <om. 1889>
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles from 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.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed! -- Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,

Died every day she liv'd! -- Fare thee well!

<om. 1889>

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. -- O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul

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Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! My first
False speaking was this upon myself.

<om. 1889>

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,

'Tis hard to reconcile. See, who comes here?

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

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

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

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

Mal. What's the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

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Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

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

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

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

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 witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

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

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

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

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

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

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes

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Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

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

Macd. My children too?
 Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.
 Macd. And I must be from thence! --
 My wife kill'd too?
 Ross. I've said.
 Mal. Be comforted:
 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief.
 Macd. He has no children. -- All my pretty ones
 Did you say all? -- O hell-kite! -- All?
 What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop?
 Mal. Dispute it like a man.
 Macd. I shall do so;
 But I must also feel it as a man:
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me. -- Did heaven look on,
 And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
 They Were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
 Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
 grief
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
 Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heaven,
 Cut short all intermission; front to front
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too! [Exeunt.]

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Scene 2. -- Dunsinane. Ante-room in the Castle.

A Doctor and a Gentlewoman.

Doctor.
 I have two nights watch'd with you, but can
 perceive no truth in your report. When
 was it she last walk'd?
 Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the
 field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
 nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth
 paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal
 it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a
 most fast sleep.
 Doctor. What, at any time, have you heard her

say?

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

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

Gentlewoman. 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.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

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

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut*

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

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Gentlewoman. 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 M. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks.

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

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? -- What, will these hands ne'er be clean? -- No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doctor. Even so?

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

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ACT VI.

Scene 1. -- The country near Dunsinane.

Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Menteith.

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

Angus. Near Birnam wood shall we well meet them.

Men. What does the tyrant?

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

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

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

Caith. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we in our country's purge Each drop of us.

Len. Make we our march towards Birnam.

Scene 2. -- Dunsinane. 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 consequence, have pronounc'd 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 an Officer.

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

Officer. There is ten thousand --

Macb. Geese, villain?

Officer. Soldiers, sir.

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

Officer. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. -- [Exit Officer.

Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,

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

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

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

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

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on. --
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine
armour. -- [Exit Seyton.

How does your patient, doctor?

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

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

Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs -- I'll none of it. --

Re-enter Seyton, with an Officer.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. --
Seyton, send out. -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
Come, sir, dispatch. -- 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?

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

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

Scene 3. -- The Wood of Birnam.

Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers.

Malcolm.

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

Men. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Men. 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.

Soldier. It shall be done.

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

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be ta'en,
Both more and less have 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.

Scene 4. -- Dunsinane. The Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macbeth.

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

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Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[A cry of women within.

What is that noise?

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have quail'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,

As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. --

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

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

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

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I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. -- <[Exit Messenger.]>
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' 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 sheathe again undeeded: -- let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siward. This way, my lord; -- the castle's gently
render'd;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siward. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Macbeth.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

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

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

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

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

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

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time;

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

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

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and
Soldiers.

Macd. Hail, king!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Curtain.