

Kean 1853 Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, ...
arranged for representation at the Princess's Theatre,
... by Charles Kean (London, 1853).

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SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH,
WITH LOCKE'S MUSIC;

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
WITH
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,
BY
CHARLES KEAN.

AS FIRST PERFORMED ON
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1853.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

London:

PRINTED BY JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO.,
5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

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JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE LANE, AND
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan (King of Scotland)	Mr. F. COOKE.
Malcolm)	(Mr. J. F. CATHCART,
Donalbain) (His Sons)	(Miss HASTINGS.
Macbeth)	(Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
Banquo)	(Mr. GRAHAM.
Macduff)	(Mr. RYDER.
Lenox)	(Mr. G. EVERETT.
Rosse)	(Mr. J. VINING.
Menteith.) (Noblemen of Scotland)	(Mr. MORRIS.
Angus)	(Mr. BRAZIER.
Caithness)	(Mr. STOAKES.
Fleance (Son to Banquo)	Miss KATE TERRY.
Siward (Earl of Northumberland,)

General of the English Forces))	MR. TERRY
Seyton (an Officer attending on Mac-)	Mr. Paulo.
beth))	
Physician		Mr. J. CHESTER.
Wounded Soldier		Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.
	(Mr. J. COLLETT,
Officers	(Mr. DALY,
	(Mr. ROLLESTON.
	(Mr. COLLIS,
Apparitions	(Miss J. LOVELL,
	(Miss DESBOROUGH.
Lady Macbeth		Mrs. CHARLES KEAN.
Gentlewoman (attending on Lady)	
Macbeth))	Mrs. W. DALY.
Hecate		Mr. H. DRAYTON.
	(Mr. ADDISON,
Witches	(Mr. MEADOWS,
	(Mr. H. SAKER.

VOCAL STRENGTH ENGAGED FOR THE OCCASION.

Miss POOLE, Mr. MANVERS, Mr. H. DRAYTON,
Mr. S. JONES.

Messrs. Galli, Simmonds, Beale, Butler, Frost, Ludford, Graham,
Fortescue, Ball, Grundy, Temple, Skelton, Cowlrick, Day,
Macarthy, Mucklow, Sharpe, Sapio, Griffin, Fleetwood, Foster,
W. Price, J. Price, Morgan, Windsor, Charles, Hammond.

Mesdames Beale, Hughes, Byers, Goldsmith, Atkinson, Cronin,
Barnett, Taylor, Jackson, Boden, H. Boden, Deither, Gledhill,
Grundy, Brennan, Temple, Pawsey, Galli, Smithson, Gruá,
Morgan, Keebil, Robertson.

The Scenery Painted under the Direction of Mr. Grieve.

The Vocal Music under the Superintendence of Mr. J. L. Hatton.

The Machinery by Mr. G. Hodsdon.

The tragedy of Macbeth was performed at the Royal Theatricals
at Windsor Castle, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean,
on Friday, 4th February, 1853.

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>> For references to Historical authorities indicated by
letters, see end of each Act.

PREFACE

The success which attended the production of *King John*, in 1852, at the Princess's Theatre, encouraged me to attempt a second Shakespearian revival on the same scale, in the following season. *Macbeth* was first acted on the 14th of February, 1853. The very uncertain information, however, which we possess respecting the dress worn by the inhabitants of Scotland in the eleventh century, renders any attempt to present this tragedy attired in the costume of the period a task of very great difficulty. I hope, therefore, I may not be deemed presumptuous if I intrude a few words upon the subject, and endeavour to explain upon what authorities I have based my opinions.

In the absence of any positive information handed down to us upon this point, I have borrowed materials from those nations to whom Scotland was constantly opposed in war. The continual inroads of the Norsemen, and the invasion of Canute, in 1031, who, combining in his own person the sovereignty of England, Norway, and Denmark, was the most

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powerful monarch of his time, may have taught, at least, the higher classes, the necessity of adopting the superior weapons and better defensive armour of their enemies; for these reasons I have introduced the tunic, mantle, cross gartering, and ringed byrne of the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, between whom it does not appear that any very material difference existed; retaining, however, the peculiarity of "the striped and chequered garb," which seems to be generally admitted as belonging to the Scotch long anterior to the history of this play; together with the eagle feather in the helmet, which, according to Gaelic tradition, was the distinguishing mark of a chieftain. Party-coloured woollens and cloths appear to have been commonly worn among the Celtic tribes from a very early period.

Diodorus Siculus and Pliny allude to this peculiarity in their account of the dress of the Belgic Gauls; Strabo, Pliny, and Xiphilin, record the dress of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, as being woven chequer-wise, of many colours, comprising

purple, light and dark red, violet, and blue.

There is every reason to believe, that the armour and weapons of the date of *Macbeth* were of rich workmanship.

Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, is described by Snorre as wearing in the battle with Harold II., King of England, A. D. 1066, a blue tunic, and a splendid helmet. The Norwegians not having ex-

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pected a battle that day, are said to have been without their coats of mail.

This mail appears to have been composed of iron rings or bosses, sewn upon cloth or leather, like that of the Anglo-Saxons. Thorlef, a young Icelandic, or Norwegian warrior of the tenth century, is mentioned in the *Eyrbiggia Saga* as wearing a most beautiful dress, and it is also said that his arms and equipments were extremely splendid.

The seals and monuments of the early kings and nobles of Scotland represent them as armed and attired in a style similar to their Anglo-Norman contemporaries. Meyrick, in his celebrated work on ancient armour, gives a plate of Alexander I., who commenced his reign in 1107 (only fifty years after the death of Macbeth), and there we find him wearing a hauberk, as depicted in Saxon illuminations, over a tunic of red and blue cloth.

The Earl of Huntingdon, who succeeded Alexander, under the title of David I., is represented on horseback, in his seal, wearing a tunic to the knee, which C. H. Smith (one of our most distinguished authorities, to whom I am deeply indebted on this, as on all former occasions), in his work on the ancient costume of England, describes as being party coloured. In the same volume he gives the figure of a Scotch knight of the time of Edward I., 1306, who holds a spear of a leaf-shaped blade; on his head he wears a small skull-cap of steel, like

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some of the ancient Anglo-Saxon warriors of the eleventh century, and he is habited in a surcoat of cloth, descending to the knee, very much resembling a kind of tartan. Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and his son, who, with their followers, were despatched by King Edward the Confessor, to the aid

of Malcolm, I have equipped in the leathern suits called Corium or Corietum, which were introduced among the Saxons in the ninth century, and are described as having been worn by Earl Harold's soldiers in 1063, in his war with the Welsh. In the Life of St. Colomba, written in Latin by Adoman, one of his successors, in the early part of the seventh century, and translated into English by Dr. John Smith, D.D., in 1798, we are told that the monks at that time were clothed in the skins of beasts, though latterly they had woollen stuffs, manufactured by themselves, and linen, probably imported from the continent. The houses were made of wicker, or wands, woven on stakes, which were afterwards plastered with clay; and even the Abbey of Iona was built of the same rude materials.

Roderick, King of Strathclyde, is mentioned by Ducange as sleeping on a feather bed about this date, so that even in those primitive ages luxuries were known among the great.

In the four centuries and a half which intervened between the death of St. Colomba and the reign of Macbeth, it is reasonable to presume that consider-

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able improvements took place among the Scotch, and that the fashion of their dress and buildings was borrowed from their more civilized neighbours. Under these considerations, the architecture, previous to the Norman conquest, has been adopted throughout the play. During the five centuries which preceded that event, the Anglo-Saxons made great advances, and erected many castles and churches of considerable importance; they excelled in iron work, and ornamented their buildings frequently with colour. On this subject I have availed myself of the valuable knowledge of George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S., of the Royal Institute of Architects, to whose suggestions I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligation.

CHARLES KEAN.

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. -- AN OPEN PLACE. A MIST.
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Three Witches discovered.

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

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

3rd Witch. That will be ere 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!

All. Paddock calls: -- Anon. --
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

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SCENE II. -- CAMP NEAR FORES. SITE OF
SWENO'S PILLAR.

Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
with Attendants, L., meeting a bleeding Soldier, R.

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.

Sol. Doubtfully it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;

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And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which 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!

Sol. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norway 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?

Sol. 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.

[The Soldier is supported off, L.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

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

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Enter Rosse, R.

Ros. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ros. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norway banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt 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!

Ros. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: -- Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ros. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[Exeunt Duncan and Nobles, L., Rosse, Angus,
and two others, R.]

SCENE III. -- A HEATH. THUNDER.

Enter the Three Witches, R. and L.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch. Killing swine.

3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,

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And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'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.

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 the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card "to show."/*

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:

/* The words "to show" are added from Mr. Collier's emendations.

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Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2nd Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. (Drum within)

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

All. (they join hands, and go round whilst speaking) 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.

Macbeth. (without) Command they make a halt upon the
heath.

Voices. (without) Halt, -- halt, -- halt!

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Enter Macbeth and Banquo, L. U. E.

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

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores? -- What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? -- Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? Yo 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.

Macbeth. 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 here-
after!

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

Your favours, nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2nd Witch. Hail!

3rd Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

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

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

Witches. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. 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 vanish'd?

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. -- 'Would they had staid!

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

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be a king.

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

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

Enter Rosse and Angus, R.

Ros. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,

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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;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Ros. 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, L.) What, can the devil speak true?
Macbeth. The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. (aside) 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, thrust home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. --
Cousins, a word, I pray you. [retiring with them.]

Macbeth. Two truths are told,

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

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macbeth. 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.

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: -- my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other. (aside to Banquo)

Ban. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt, R.

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SCENE IV. -- INTERIOR OF THE PALACE AT
FORES.

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

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 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. O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus, R.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been more! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth. 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 everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

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To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me enfold 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.

Macbeth. 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!

Macbeth. The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, (aside)
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit, R.
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. [Exeunt, R.

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SCENE V. -- A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE
AT INVERNESS.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter, R.

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. -- Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st 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,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. What is your tidings?

Enter Seyton, L.

Sey. The King comes here to night.

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

Macbeth. We will speak further.

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

SCENE VI. -- EXTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox,
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants, L. U. E.

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

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne 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.

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Enter Lady Macbeth, Seyton, and Ladies, from R. U. E.

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

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 you 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.

[March heard. Exeunt, R. U. E.]

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SCENE VII. -- A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE,
AT INVERNESS.

Enter Macbeth, R.

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. -- But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other -- How now! what news?

28

Enter Lady Macbeth, R.

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

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

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

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

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

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

/* Collier's emendations, read "boast" for "beast."

29

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.

Macbeth. If we should fail, ----

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

Macbeth. 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 used 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?

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

[Exeunt, R.]

END OF ACT FIRST.

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34

ACT II.

SCENE I. -- INNER COURT OF MACBETH'S
CASTLE.

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

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I tak't, 'tis later, sir.

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

Their candles are all out. --

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose! Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Enter Macbeth and Seyton, with a torch, L.

Macbeth. A friend.

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

35

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

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

Macbeth. 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.

Macbeth. 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.

Macbeth. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[Exit Servant, Banquo, and Fleance, L. U. E.]

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

[Exit Servant, L.]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: ----
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

36

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 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 whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. (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 R. D. Low thunder heard.]

Enter Lady Macbeth, L.

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.

Macbeth. (within) Who's there? -- what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done: -- the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: -- Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. -- Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. -- My husband?

Enter Macbeth, R. D.

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

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

Macbeth. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark! --

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. (looking on his hands)

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

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cried "murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. 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.

Macbeth. 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.

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

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
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?

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

Lady 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.

Macbeth. 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, R. D. -- pause -- knocking at back heard.]

Macbeth. 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, R. D.

Lady M. 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. -- (knocking) Hark! more
knocking;
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers; -- Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

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Macbeth. To know my deed, -- 'twere best not know
myself. (knock)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou
could'st! [Exeunt, L.]

Knocking heard louder. Enter Seyton -- he opens the gate C.

Enter Macduff and Lenox, C. gates.

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

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

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

Enter Macbeth, L., and Exit Seyton.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

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

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

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

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

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

Len. Goes the king
From hence to day?

Macbeth. He does; -- he did appoint so.

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

40

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night; some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Macduff (without R.) O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee! (entering)

Macbeth.) What's the matter?
Lenox.)

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon; -- do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. -- Awake! awake!

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

Enter Banquo, Rosse, Nobles, Officers, and Attendants,
R. and L., as if hastily roused from sleep.

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

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox, R. D.

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

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

Enter Malcolm, R. U. E.

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

Macduff. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

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

[Exit Malcolm, R. D.

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.

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

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man;
The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
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 his love known?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of heav'n I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macbeth. And so do I.

All. So all.

42

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

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt severally, R. and L.]

SCENE II. -- AN OPEN PLACE -- A MIST.
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Enter the Three Witches, and a Chorus of Witches.

1st Singing W. Speak, sister, speak -- is the deed done?

2nd Singing W. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3rd Singing W. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single; following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

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

1st Singing W. He must --

2nd Singing W. He shall -

3rd Singing W. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Singing W. Now let's dance.

2nd Singing W. Agreed.

3rd Singing W. Agreed.

Chorus. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1st Singing W. When cattle die, about we go;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?
Chorus. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
2nd Singing W. When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die desparing,
What should we do?

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Chorus. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
Let's have a dance upon the heath, --
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
1st Singing W. Sometimes like brindled cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme, --
Chorus. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
2nd Singing W. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums;
Sometimes we dance o'er fens or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
And when with none of these we meet --
Chorus. We dance to the echoes of our feet.
3rd Singing W. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice.
Chorus. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.
[Exeunt different ways.]

END OF ACT SECOND.

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47

ACT III.

SCENE I. -- LANDSCAPE NEAR INVERNESS.

Enter Macduff, R., Rosse, L.

Ros. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff.

Why see you not?

Ros. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
 Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
 Ros. Alas, the day!
 What good could they pretend?
 Macduff. They were suborn'd:
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.
 Ros. 'Gainst nature still:
 Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up
 Thine own life's means! -- Then 'tis most like,
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
 Macduff. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
 To be invested.
 Ros. Where is Duncan's body?
 Macduff. Carried to Colmes-kill;
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.
 Ros. Will you to Scone?
 Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife. (crosses, L.)
 Ros. Well, I will thither.
 Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there: --
 adieu! ----
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
 [Exeunt Rosse, R., Macduff, L.]

48

SCENE II. -- CHAMBER IN THE PALACE OF
 FORES.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, R.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
 Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity;
 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; Lenox, Seyton, Lords,
 and Attendants, L.

Mac. Here's our chief guest.
 If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we 'll take 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.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not. (crosses to L.)

49

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

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. ---- [Exit Banquo and Fleance, L.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, Heaven be with you.

[Exeunt Lords, &c., L.

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

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

Macbeth. Bring them before us. [Exit Seyton, L.
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus; -- Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep. He chide the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
And mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! ---- Who's there?

50

Re-enter Seyton, with Two Murderers, L.

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

[Exit Seyton, R.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

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

Macbeth. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? 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 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

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

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

2nd Mur. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With bare-fac'd 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 --

Macbeth. 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,

51

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.

2nd Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

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

[Exeunt Murderers, L.]

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

Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton, R.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

Sey. Madam, I will. [Exit L.]

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, L.

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.

Macbeth. 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 place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

52

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' the 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.
2nd Mur. A light, light!
3rd Mur. 'Tis he.
1st Mur. Stand to't. [Exeunt, L.]

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

Ban. It will rain to-night. [Exeunt, L.]
1st Mur. (without) Let it come down.
(assaults Banquo.)
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge. -- O, slave!
(Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.)

54

Re-enter the Murderers, L.

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, L.]

SCENE IV. -- BANQUETING HALL IN THE
PALACE.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, L.
and Attendants. Rosse, Lenox, Lords, &c., &c.,
discovered R. and L. Bards, with harps, in gallery, C.,
at back.

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

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourselves will mingle with society.
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.

Enter 1st Murderer, L. 1 E.

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks: ----

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

55

Macbeth. Is he despatch'd?

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

Macbeth. Thou are the best o' the cut-throats. Yet he's
good,
That did the like for Fleance.

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

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

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

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

Macbeth. Thanks for that: ----
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed
No teeth for the present. -- Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer, L. 1 E.]

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; To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

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

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, C.]

Macbeth. 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!

Ros. His absence, sir,

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Lays blame upon his promise. Please your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table's full.

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

Macbeth. Where?

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

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Ros. 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. (Coming to Macbeth, R.)

Are you a man?

Macbeth. 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!

When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

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

Why, what care I? If thou can'st 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 sinks.

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

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

(returning to her seat.)

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again.
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

Macbeth. 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.

Ghost appears, R.

Macbeth. 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.

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Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence! -- 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.

Macbeth. 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.

Ros. 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 Lords and Attendants, R. and L.]

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

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have

By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?

59

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

Macbeth. How say'st thou that

Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

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

Macbeth. 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, L.]

THE SCENE DISSOLVES INTO A MIST.

Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the Three Witches.

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

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,

Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

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Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

1st Spirit (within) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come
away,

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

2nd Spirit (enters) Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come
away!

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

3rd Spirit (enters) Here;

Hec. Where's Puckle?

4th Spirit (enters) Here;

5th Spirit (enters) And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too,

6th Spirit (enters) We want but you, we want but you.

Chorus. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,
From Church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
Now I'm furnish'd for my flight,

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Now I go, now I fly.
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, What a dainty pleasure 'tis,
To ride in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, and misty fountains.

Over steep towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

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

Hecate ascends into the air -- the Witches disappear.

THE MIST DISPERSES, AND DISCOVERS A
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF IONA.

END OF ACT THIRD.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. -- THE PIT OF ACHERON. IN THE
MIDDLE A CAULDRON BURNING.

Thunder. The Three Witches discovered.

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

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

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

All. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw. ----

1st Witch. Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights have thirty-one;

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. (going round cauldron) 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 owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell broth boil and bubble.

All. (going round) 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 ravin'd salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. (going round) Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1st Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Hecate appears at back of Scene. Chorus of Witches
 enter, R. and L.

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

Black spirits and white.

Red spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle, may.

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

Singing W. (going to cauldron) Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that -- put in that.

2nd Singing W. (going to cauldron) Here's Lizard's
 brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

3rd Singing W. (going to cauldron) Here's juice of toad,
 and oil of adder;

These will make the charm grow madder.

Cho. Put in all these; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench!

Hec. Hold -- here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.

Cho. Around, around, around, about, about;

All ill come running in, all good keep out!

Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes. (knocking heard)

Open locks, whoever knocks. (disappears)

[Exeunt all the Witches, except the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.]

Enter Macbeth from L. U. E.

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

All. A deed without a name.

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

1st Witch. Speak.

2nd Witch. Demand.

3rd Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our master's?

Macbeth. Call them, let me see them.

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

67

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

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

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

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me; -- Enough.

(descends)

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: -- But one word more --

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

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! --

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

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth. (descends)

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

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with _
 tree in his hand, rises_

That rises like the issue of a king;
 And wears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

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

Macbeth. 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?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. 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?
 (unearthly Music heard)

1st Witch. Show!

2nd Witch. Show!

3rd Witch. Show!

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

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the
 last with a glass in his hand -- Banquo following.

Macbeth. 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. What, is this so?
[The Witches vanish, R. Music ceases.]

70

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

Enter Lenox, from L. U. E.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And dam'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.
Macbeth. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. 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 it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
Where are these gentlemen?

[Exeunt, L. U. E.]

END OF ACT FOURTH.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. -- ENGLAND. -- EXTERIOR OF AN
ANGLO-SAXON CITY, WITH ROMAN WALL.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff, R. H.

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

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

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love),
Without leave-taking? -- I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties: -- You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!
Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

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

Macduff. 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 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.

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful:
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness, and my desire:
Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland! Scotland!

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

Macduff. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again;
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? -- Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. -- O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but Heaven above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter Rosse, L.

See, who comes here?

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Mal. My countyman; but yet I know him not.
Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: good heav'n, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Ros. Sir, amen.
Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ros. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy, the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macduff. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Ros. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macduff. How does my wife?
Ros. Why, well.
Macduff. And all my children?
Ros. Well too.

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

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

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

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

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

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Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Ros. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

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

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

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

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

Macduff. Humph! I guess at it.

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

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

Macduff. My children too?

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

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

Ros. I have said.

Mal.

Be comforted:

79

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge.
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. 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.

Macduff. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. -- Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. 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, R.]

SCENE II. -- CHAMBER WITHIN MACBETHS'
CASTLE AT DUNSINANE.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman, L.

Doc. I have two nights watched with you, but can per-
ceive no truth in your report. When was it she last
walked?

Gen. 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.

Doc. What, at any time, have you heard her say?

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

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

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to
confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! This is her

very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her;
stand close. (they go up to the back)

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a light, from vaulted
passage, R. C.

Doc. How came she by that light?

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

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

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

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Hark, she speaks.

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

Doc. 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 of that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this
starting.

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

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

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

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

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

81

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

Doc. Even so!

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

[Exit Lady Macbeth, R. C.]

Doc. (after a pause) Will she now go to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Doc. More needs she the divine, than the physician. --
Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: heaven forgive us all.

[Exeunt Gentlewoman, R. C., Doctor, L.

SCENE III. -- COURT OF THE CASTLE.

Flourish. Enter Macbeth, Lords, and Attendants, R.

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 pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power on thee." ---- Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter an Officer, R.

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

Off. There is ten thousand ----

82

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Off. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. 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?

Off. The English force, so please you.

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

Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,
When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- this push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat 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, but dare not.

Seyton! ----

Enter Seyton, R.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

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

Macbeth. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Enter the Doctor, R.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doc. (L. C.) Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. 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,

83

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief,/*
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

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

Give me my staff:

Seyton, send out. -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me: --

If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That would applaud again. --

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence? -- Hearest thou of them?

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

Macbeth. Bring it after me. --

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[Flourish. Exeunt, R.]

SCENE IV. -- COUNTRY NEAR DUNSINANE.

March. Enter Malcolm, Old Siward and his Son,

Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox,
Rosse, and Attendants, L.

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

Macduff. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Macduff. 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.

/* Mr. Collier's recently discovered folio substitutes grief for
"stuff."

84

Len. It shall be done.

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

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

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

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

[March. Exeunt, R.

SCENE V. -- DUNSINANE. WITHIN THE
CASTLE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, R.

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

(a cry within of women)

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

85

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. --

Re-enter Seyton, R.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. 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 an Officer, R.

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

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

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

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

Macbeth. (striking him) Liar, and slave!

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

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive,

86

Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. --

[Exit Officer, R.]

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! --

[Exit an Officer, R.]

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell: -- Blow, wind! come, wrack;
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Bell Rings. -- Flourish. -- Exeunt, R.]

SCENE VI. -- VIEW NEAR THE CASTLE.

Enter Malcolm, Old Siward, Macduff, &c., L.; and
their Army with boughs.

Mal. (without) Now near enough; your leafy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are: --
[Trumpet heard; the boughs are thrown down and
the Army discovered.]

You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[March and exeunt R.]

SCENE VII. -- OUTER COURT OF THE CASTLE.

Enter Macbeth, R.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. -- What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.

[Exit, L.]

Alarums. Enter Macduff, R.

Macduff. 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 kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. (Alarums) There thou should'st
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[Exit, L. Alarums.]

SCENE VIII. -- BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Enter Macbeth at back, L.

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

88

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

Enter Macduff, L.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

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

Macduff. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

Alarums -- they fight.

Macbeth. 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.

Macduff. 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.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. 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."

Macbeth. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

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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: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough."

[Alarms -- Shouts -- Fight -- Macbeth is Slain.]

Enter Malcolm, Old Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus,
Cathness, Menteth, and Soldiers, R. Malcolm is
raised on a shield in C. Shouts. Flourish.

THE END.

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