

Kemble 1794      Macbeth, written by Shakspeare. As represented by Their Majesties Servants, on opening the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Monday, April 21st. 1794 (London, 1794)

1

MACBETH,  
WRITTEN BY  
SHAKSPEARE.

AS REPRESENTED BY  
THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS,  
ON OPENING THE  
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,  
On MONDAY, APRIL 21st. 1794.

<arms>

London  
PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, NO. 66, DRURY-LANE, NEXT  
THE STAGE-DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

( PRICE ONE SHILLING. )

2

3

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is humbly hoped, that in this Edition of Macbeth the omission of two or three short Passages, and the Introduction of a few Lines written by Mr. Garrick, will meet the same allowance with which the Publick has received Sir William Davenant's Additions to this sublime Tragedy.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,  
April, 21st. 1794.

J. P. KEMBLE.

4

Persons Represented.

Duncan, King of Scotland,  
Malcolm,  
Donalbain,

Mr. Bensley,  
Mr. C. Kemble,  
Master De Camp,

Macbeth,  
Banquo,  
Macduff,  
Lexox,  
Rosse,  
Fleance,  
Siward,  
Seyton,  
Physician,  
Officer,  
Serjeant,  
1 Murderer,  
2 Murderer,  
Armed Head,  
Bloody Child,  
Crowned Child,

Mr. Kemble,  
Mr. Wroughton,  
Mr. Palmer,  
Mr. Whitfield,  
Mr. Barrymore,  
Master Gregson,  
Mr. Aickin,  
Mr. Benson,  
Mr. Packer,  
Mr. Banks,  
Mr. Caulfield,  
Mr. Phillimore,  
Mr. Webb,  
Mr. Jones,  
Master Harlowe,  
Master Chatterley.

Apparition of Eight Kings.

Lady Macbeth,  
Gentlewoman,

Mrs. Siddons,  
Miss Tidswell,

Lords, Ladies, Soldiers, Attendants.

WITCHES.

Hecate,  
1 Witch,  
2 Witch,  
3 Witch,

Mr. Bannister,  
Mr. Moody,  
Mr. Dodd,  
Mr. Suett,

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Mrs. Bland, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Bramwell, Mrs. Butler,  
Miss Chatterley, Miss Arne, Miss Redhead, &c.

Mr. Kelly, Mr. Suett, Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Dignum, Mr. Cooke,  
Mr. Boyce, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Danby, Mr. Hobler,  
Mr. Brown, Mr. Aylmer, Mr. Tett,  
Mr. Briggs, Mr. Willoughby, &c.

SPIRITS.

Mrs. Crouch, Miss Leak, and Master Welsh.

5

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The open Country.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

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

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

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There to meet with --

1 Witch. Whom?

2 Witch. Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

2 Witch. Paddock calls.

3 Witch. Anon!

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

Thunder and Lightning. Exeunt.

6

SCENE II.

The Palace at Fores.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm,  
Donalbain, Rosse, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting  
bleeding Serjeant.

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

Mal. This is the serjeant,  
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 did'st leave it.

Serj. 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 Gallow-glasses is supplied;  
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'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, carved out his passage,  
'Till he fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bide farewell to him,  
'Till he unseamed him from the navel to the chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Serj. .... Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying 'vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this

7

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Serj. Yes;

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

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

Exeunt Serjeant and an attendant.

Who comes here?

Ros. The worthy thane of Fife.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! ...

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Heaven save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Macd. From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norwegian 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, 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; ----

King. Great happiness!

Macd. That now  
Sweno, the Norway's 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.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom int'rest -- Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done.

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

Flourish. Exeunt.

8

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing Swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: ---- Give  
me, quoth I.

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

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I my self have all the other;  
And the very points they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-house lid,  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest tost.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

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

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

9

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about.

2 Witch. Thrice to thine.

3 Witch. And thrice to mine.

1 Witch. And thrice again.

All. To make up nine.

1 Witch. Peace! the charm's wound up.

A March.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo and the Army.

Mac. Command they make a halt upon the heath.

Within. -- Halt, Halt.

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? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: -- You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

Mac. Speak, if you can; -- what are you?

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

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

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! 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 shew? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,

10

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.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be  
none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

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

Mac. Stay; you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetick Greeting? -- Speak, I charge

you.

**Exeunt** Witches.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them: -- whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. 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?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

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

11

Enter **Macduff** and **Lenox**.

**Macd.** The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend,

Which would be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afear'd of what thyself didst make,

Strange images of death. As thick as tale,  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

Len. We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

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

Ban. What, can the fevil speak true?

Mac. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you  
Dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Macd. Who was the thane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
Which he deserves to lose; .....

For treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

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

12

Ban. That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence. -- Cousins, a word I pray you.

Mac. Two Truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, Gentleman.  
This supernatural solliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: -- If ill,  
Why hath it giv'n 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.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,

Without my stir.

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure

Mac. Give me your favour: --y dull brain was  
wrought

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

13

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

Ban. Very gladly.

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

**A March.** Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

**The Palace at Fores.**

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
**Rosse,** and Attendants.

King. 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 dy'd  
As one, that had been studied, in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

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

An absolute trust. -- O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, and Lenox.

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hast less deserv'd;  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment

14

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

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. 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 towards your love and honour.

King. 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, and must be known  
\_\_\_ \_\_\_ to have done so, let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

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

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

Mac. 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.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Mac. The prince of Cumberland! -- That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er leap,  
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.

15

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

SCENE V.

A Room in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *reading* a letter.

*Lady. -- They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them 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-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title before, these weird sisters salut-ed me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou 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 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 do'st fear to do,*  
*Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

16

And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal. --

Enter **Seyton**.

What is your tidings?

**Sey.** The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:

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

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

Lady. Give him tending,  
He brings great news.

Exit **Seyton**.

The raven himself is hoarse.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you 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!* --

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.

17

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

Lady. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters: -- To beguile the tim\_  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flow\_\_  
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 dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

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

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

**The Gate of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.**

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

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

Ban. This guest of summer,  
The temple haunting martlet, does approve.  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Butteress, 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.

18

Enter Lady Macbeth, **Seyton, and Attendants.**

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

Lady. 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.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him  
To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. 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.

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

SCENE VII.

**A Room in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.**

... Enter ... Macbeth.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere  
well.

It were done quickly, if the assassination

19

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success. That but this blow  
Might be the 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  
Returns 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-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'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other -- How now! what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. 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,

20

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

Lady. Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest your self; 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 afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i'the adage?

Mac. Pr'ythee, peace:

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

Lady. What beast was it then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more 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:  
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.

Mac. If we should fail, --

Lady. 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 wassel so convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep

21

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Mac. Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be 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. Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

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

Exeunt.

ACT II. -- SCENE I.

The Court of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Banquo, Fleance, and a Servant with a Torch.

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 take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. ... There's husbandry in heaven,  
Their candles are all out. -- ...  
A heavy summons lie\_ like lead upon me,

22

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!



Enter Macbeth, and **Seyton** with a Torch.

... Who's there?

Mac. A friend.

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

Mac. 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.

Mac. 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.

Mac. 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 counsel'd.

Mac. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you!

**Exeunt** Banquo, Fleance, and Servant.

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

Exit **Seyton**.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

23

The handle tow'rd 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,  
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,  
... Towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. -- Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. -- ... A Clock strikes two.  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

#### Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath  
made me bold;

24

What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n 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.

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

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
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.

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

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

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Mac. Hark! --

Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

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

Mac. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one  
cry'd, *murder!*

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

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

25

Mac. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the  
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,  
When they did say, *God, bless us.*

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen*?  
I had most need of Blessing, and *Amen*  
Stuck in my throat.

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

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

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

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

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things: -- Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lye there: Go, carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. 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.  
Knocking within.

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

26

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Mac. To know my deed, -- 'twere best not know  
myself. Knock.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, ' would thou  
could'st! Exeunt. Knock.

Enter [Seyton](#), and opens the Gate to Macduff, and  
Lenox.

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

[Sey.](#) Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second  
cock. ....

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

[Exit Seyton.](#)

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir!

Mac. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Mac. Not yet.

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

Mac. I'll bring you to him.

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

27

Mac. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.  
This is the door.

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

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Mac. He does: he did appoint so.

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

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

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

Mac. and Len. What's the matter?

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

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight

With a new Gorgon: -- Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves. -- Awake! awake!

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

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! Bell rings. ....

Enter Banquo, and Rosse.

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

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Mac. Had I but dy'd 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:  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What is amiss?

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

Rosse. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;  
Their hands and faces were all 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.

Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Mac. Who can be wise, 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 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 his love known? .....

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of heaven I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So, all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further.

And meet i' the hall together,

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

.....

SCENE II.

A Heath.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter several Witches.

1 Witch. Speak, sister, speak, -- is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago;

Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,

Nor single; following crimes on former wait;

The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,

And every place surround,

As if in death were found

Propagation too.

29

1 Witch. He must, --

2 Witch. He shall, --

3 Witch. He will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He must, he will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1 Witch. 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?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2 Witch. When winds and waves are warring,  
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,  
And monarchs die despairing,  
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3 Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,  
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1 Witch. Sometimes like branded cats we shew,  
Having no music but our mew,  
To which we dance in some old mill,  
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,  
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme, --

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

2 Witch. 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 fernes or furze,  
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;  
And when with none of these we meet, --

Chor. We dance, to th' echoes of our feet.

3 Witch. At the night-raven's dismal voice,  
When others tremble we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT II.

31

ACT III. -- SCENE I.

A Park near Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness. ....

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Len. How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.



Len. 'Gainst nature still:  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means. -- Then 'tis most like,  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.  
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,  
To be invested.  
Len. Where is Duncan's body?  
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill,  
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.  
Len. Will you to Scone?  
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.  
Len. Well, I will thither.  
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there, --  
adieu! --  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! ... Exeunt.

32

## SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace at Fores.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance.

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird woman promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou playd'st 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.

Flourish. Enter Macbeth, as King: ... Lenox, Rosse,  
Seyton, Lords and Attendants.

Mac. Here's our chief guest; if he had been for-  
gotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.  
To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
And I'll request your presence.  
Ban. Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tye  
For ever knit.

Mac. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

33

Mac. 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  
'Twi't this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour or twain.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. 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.

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

Farewel. -- **Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.**

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 Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.**

Sirrah, a word: attend those men our pleasure?

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

Mac. Bring them before us. **Exit Seyton.**

To be thus, is nothing;  
But to be safely thus --- Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom, that doth guide his valour

34

To act in safety. There is none, but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they 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?

Re-enter Seyton, with two Murderers. ...

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Mac. Well then, now

Exit Seyton.

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 gospel'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever? .....

2 Mur. I am one,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

35

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 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.

Mac. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

1 Mur. True, my lord.

Mac. 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.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us; --

1 Mur. Though our lives --

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this

hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves:  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
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.

1 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

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

Exeunt Murderers.

36

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

Exit.

Enter Lady Macbeth, as Queen, and Seyton.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

Sey. Madam, I will.

Exit Seyton.

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

Mac. 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  
In restless ecstasy. -- Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

37

Lady. Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night. ....

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

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

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

Lady. What's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Skarf 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 prey do rouze.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by Ill.

.....

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Fores Park.

Enter the two Murderers. ....

1 Mur. The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

2 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

[Banquo within.] Give us a light there, ho!

1 Mur. Then it is he. ....

2 Mur. His horses go about.

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

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

1 Mur. 'Tis he. ....

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

Exeunt Banquo, and Fleance.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

They follow, and assault, Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;  
Thou may'st revenge. ---- O slave! [Dies.

Re-enter the two Murderers. ....

1 Mur. There's but one down; the Son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Banqueting Room, in the Palace at Fores.

A Banquet prepared.

Musick.

Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Seyton,  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

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

Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.

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

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

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

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure  
The table round. ----

Enter the Murderer.

There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mac. ... Is he dispatch'd?

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

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

That did the like for Fleance. ...

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

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

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad, and general, as the casing air:  
But now, I am 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.

Mac. 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't ourselves again. Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

40

'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it. ....

Mac. Sweet remembrancer! ----

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

Mac. 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!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise.  
Pleas it your highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

Mac. The table's full!

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

Mac. Where?

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

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Mac. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

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

Lady. 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?

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

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,  
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become

41

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

Mac. Pr'y thee, 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. ...

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

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

Mac. I do forget: --  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down: -- Give me some wine, fill full: --  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; --  
Would he were here! -- to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

Rosse. Our duties, and the pledge. ...

Mac. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth  
hide thee!

42

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

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

Mac. 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 thee, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so; being gone, ...  
I am a man again. ....

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

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

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and

worse;  
Question enrages him: at once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.  
Len. Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!  
Lady. A kind good night to all!  
Exeunt Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.  
Mac. It will have blood; they say, blood will have  
blood:

43

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?  
Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.  
Mac. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person,  
At our great bidding?  
Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?  
Mac. I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd, I will to-morrow,  
And 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. You lack the reason of all nature's sleep.  
Mac. Come, we'll to sleep: my strange and self abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: --  
We are yet but young in deed. Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The open Country.

Thunder.

Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 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 shew the glory of our art? .....

44

But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and every thing beside:  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end. ....

Hecate's Chair descends.

Musick and a Song. -- Spirits in the Air.

Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate, O, come away!  
Hec. Hark, I am call'd; -- my little spirit, see  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.  
Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate, O, come away!  
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.  
Where's Stadlin?  
Spir. Here.  
Hec. Where's Puckle?  
Spir. Here;  
And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too:  
We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of Witches.

Chor. Come away, come away, make up the count.  
Hec. With new fall'n dew  
From church-yard yew  
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.  
Spir. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.  
Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell, what news?  
Spir. All goes fair for our delight.  
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.  
Hecate places herself in the Chair.  
Now I go, and now I fly,  
Malkin, my sweet spirit and I,  
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,  
To sail in the air,  
While the moon shines fair,  
To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!  
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
Over seas, our misress' fountains,

Over steeples, towers, and turrets,  
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.  
Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.  
                  Hecate ascends, and the Witches Exeunt.

.....

45

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Cave.

Thunder and Lightning. The three Witches.

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

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

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

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

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

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast 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.

2 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. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 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:

46

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

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

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

Enter Hecate, **Spirits**, and **the Chorus of Witches**.

Hec. Oh, 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,  
Inchanting all that you put in.

MUSIC and a SONG.

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

1 Witch. **Tiffin, Tiffin,**  
Keep it stiff in.

2 Witch. **Firedrake, Puckey,**  
Make it lucky.

3 Witch. **Liard, Robin,**  
You must bob in.

Chor. of Spir. **Around, around, around, about, about;**  
**All ill come running in, all good keep out!**

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

Hec. **Put in that, put in that.**

2 Witch. **Here's Libbard's brain.**

Hec. **Put in a grain.**

3 Witch. **Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder;**  
**Those will make the charm grow madder.**

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

Chor. of Spir. **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. --  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

**Hecate, Spirits, and the Chorus of Witches, Exeunt.**

47

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

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

Mac. Call them, let me see them.

1 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.

All. Come, high, or low;  
Thyself, and office. deftly show.      **Thunder & Lightning.**

**An Apparition of an armed Head rises.**

Mac. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r, ----

1 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.

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

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.      **Thunder & Lightning.**

48

**An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.**

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Mac. 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.

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

Thunder & Lightning.

An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

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

1 Witch. 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.

Mac. That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet boadments! 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.

Mac. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know: --  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

Hautboys sound.

49

1 Witch. Shew!

2 Witch. Shew!

3 Witch. Shew!

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

Thunder & Lightning.

Eight Kings appear, followed by the Ghost of Banquo.

Mac. 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 shew 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 shews me many more. .... The Witches vanish.  
Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. -- What, is this so? .....  
Where are they? Gone? -- Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Sey. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. 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?

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

Mac. Fled to England?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. 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

50

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. .... Exeunt.

.....

SCENE II.

England. -- A Grove.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

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



Macd. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
Bestride our down-fal'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. . . . .

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. . . . .

Macd. I am not treacherous.

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

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find 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.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

51

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.

Macd. 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.

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful; ...  
But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: .....  
The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, ...  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound

52

All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, 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,  
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. 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 mine 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, O goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?  
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile. . . . .  
Macd. See, who comes here!  
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

53

Enter Rosse.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.  
Mal. I know him now: good [Heavem](#), betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers!  
Rosse. Sir, Amen.  
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?  
Rosse. 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 whom: and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.  
Macd. O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!  
Mal. What is the newest grief?  
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.  
Macd. How does my wife?  
Rosse. Why, well.  
Macd. And all my children?  
Rosse. Well too.  
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?  
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did  
leave them.  
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?  
Rosse. 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.

54

Mal. Be it 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.

Rosse. '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.

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

Rosse. 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.

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

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'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.

Macd. My children too?

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

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

Rosse. I have 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? -- Oh, hell-kite! -- All?

55

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

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

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to wrath; 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.

ACT V. -- SCENE I.

A Room in Macbeth's Castle at Dunsinane.

Enter a Physician, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Phy. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she  
last walk'd?

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

56

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

Gent. That, Sir, which I shall not report after her.

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no  
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo, you! here she comes! This is her very guise; and  
upon my life, fast a sleep. ...

Phy. How came she by that light?

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

Phy. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

Gent. 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. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark, she speaks. ....

Lady. 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?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady. 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.

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

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

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

57

Phy. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

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

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

Phy. Even so?

Lady. 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.

Phy. Will she go now to-bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. ... More needs she the divine, than the physician.  
..... Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. --  
Good heaven, forgive us all!

Exeunt.

.....

SCENE II.

A court in Macbeth's Castle at Dunsinane.

Flourish. Enter Macbeth, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mac. 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 upon thee.* -- Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:

58

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?

Off. There is ten thousand --

Mac. Geese, villain?

Off. Soldiers, Sir.

Mac. 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.

Mac. 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 disseat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton! --

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

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

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

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those, that talk of fear. -- ...

Exeunt Seyton and Officer.

Enter Physician.

How do's your patient, Doctor?

59

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

Mac. 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 foul bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Phy. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

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

Re-enter Seyton and an Officer, with Macbeth's Armour.

Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton send out. -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --  
Come, Sir, despatch. -- If thou could'st, 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? Hearest thou of  
them?

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



Mac. Bring it after me. --  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till Birnam-forest come to Dunsinane. . . . .  
Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The open Country.

March. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Lexox  
Rosse, and Soldiers.

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

Macd. We doubt it nothing.

60

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Len. The wood of Birnam.

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

Len. It shall be done.

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

Macd. '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.

Macd. 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.

SCENE IV.

A Court in Macbeth's Castle, at Dunsinane.

Flourish. Enter Macbeth, Seyton, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mac. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dafeul, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

A cry within, of Women.

What is that noise!

61

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

*Exit Seyton.*

Mac. 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 supt full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter Seyton.*

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

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

Enter *an Officer.*

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

*Offi.* Gracious my Lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

Mac. Well, say, Sir.

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

Mac. Liar, and slave!

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

Mac. 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 do'st for me as much.

62

I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;* -- and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and out! --  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be 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.

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Plain before Macbeth's Castle, at Dunsinane.

March. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Lenox,  
Rosse, and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw  
down,  
And shew like those you are: -- You, worthy uncle, ...  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

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

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

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

Exeunt. Alarums.

SCENE VI.

A Court in Macbeth's Castle at Dunsinane.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Mac. They have ty'd 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. Alarums.

63

Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: -- Tyrant, shew 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 hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. ....  
Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums.

..... Re-enter Macbeth.

Mac. 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.

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

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

Mac. Thou lovest labour:  
As easy may'st 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.

Mac. 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,

64

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and under writ,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

Mac. I'll 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; ... Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

*Alarum. They fight. Macbeth falls.*

*Mac. 'Tis done! the scene of life will quickly close.  
Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,  
And now I wake to darkness, guilt and horror;  
I cannot bear it! let me shake it off ----  
It will not be; my soul is clogg'd with blood ----  
I cannot rise! I dare not ask for mercy ----  
It is too late, hell drags me down; I sink,  
I sink, -- my soul is lost for ever! -- Oh! -- Oh! -- Dies.*

..... Flourish. Enter Malcolm, Rosse, *Lenox*, Siward,  
and Soldiers. ....

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art: ... the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, --  
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My hanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, .....  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt.

THE END.