

Macbeth -- a movie directed by Roman Polanski (1971)

00:00:18

1 and 2 Witch. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

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.

1 Witch. That would be ere the set of sun.

2 Witch. Where the place?

1 Witch. Upon the heath.

2 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

00:04:57

King. What bloody man is that?

Malcolm. Hail, brave friend.

Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Menteith. Doubtful it stood.

The merciless Macdonald
Led his rebellion from the western isles,
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiled.
But brave Macbeth --

xxxx Well he deserves that name. --

Menteith. Carved out a passage till he faced the slave,
And ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the navel to the chops.

King. Oh, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

Menteith. Upon this chance, did the Norwegian king,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Begin a fresh assault.

King. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Menteith. Yes -- as sparrows eagles,
Or the hare the lion.

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

Ross. God save the king!

King. What news, my worthy thane?

Ross. Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by this most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, bold Macbeth,

Confronts the king, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

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

00:07:28

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

Banquo. What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on it?

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

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

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

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo. In 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
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!

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater!

1 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!

2 Witch. Thou shalt beget kings, though thou be none!

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. 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? Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting.

Banquo. Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth. Into the air -- and what seemed corporal

Melted as breath into the wind.

Banquo. 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!

Banquo. You shall be king!

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too! Went it not so?

Banquo. To the self-same tune and words.

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives. And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.

00:12:22

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success. As thick as hail
Came post with post -- and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence.

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

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives.

Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Ross. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

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

Banquo. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor.
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.

Macbeth. This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not.

I thank you, gentlemen.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

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

Without my stir.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour.

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. --

Let us to the king.

00:16:29

Cawdor. Long live the king.

Malcolm. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

Donalbain. He died

As one that had been studied in his death

To throw away the dearest thing he owed

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.

00:19:15

Lady. "Hail, king that shalt be. This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou might'st not be ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

What thou art promised. Yet I do fear thy nature.

It is too full of 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.

Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.

00:19:25

Lords. Hail, Macbeth! Hail, thane of Cawdor!

King. O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. 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.

King. Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

King. 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.

Lennox. Hail, prince of Cumberland.

All. Hail, prince of Cumberland.

King. From hence to Inverness,

And bind us further to you.

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

King. My worthy Cawdor!

It is a peerless kinsman.

Macbeth. The prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.

Soldiers. Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macbeth. Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires.

00:21:46

Lady. Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letter has transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Never shall sun that morrow see. --
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. He that's coming
Must be provided for -- and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch.
Macbeth. We will speak further.

Lady. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.
Leave all the rest to me.

Lady. 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.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat.
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Lady. 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!

King. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

Lady. Your servants ever.

King. Give me your hand --
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.

00:27:17

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.

Fleance (sings). Oh, your two eyes will slay me suddenly.
I may the beauty of them not sustain.
So piercèd is throughout my heart keen
Unless your words will heal me hastily.

Macbeth. 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, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side.

Lady. Why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he asked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

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

Lady. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?

Macbeth. Prithee, peace.

Lady. Would'st live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage.

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

Lady. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man --
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.

Malcolm. Hail, thane of Cawdor.

Macbeth. If we should fail, ----

Lady. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. Duncan's two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume.

I'll drug their possets. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only --
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

00:34:33

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

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

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

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

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. --

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too. --
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose. -- Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend!

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess to your offices.

Macbeth. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect.

Banquo. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.
To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth. I think not of them.

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Banquo. At your kindest leisure.

Macbeth. It shall make honour for you,
Banquo. So I lose none in seeking to augment it,
I shall be counselled.
Macbeth. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? -- Come, let me clutch thee. --
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? --
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. --
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. --
Mine eyes are made the fools of 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 withered 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
The very stones prate of my whereabouts.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

00:40:27

King. Macbeth?

00:43:10

Lady. Hark! Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. --
Hark! -- Peace -- It was the owl that shrieked,
The fatal bell-man which gives the stern'st good-night.
My husband?
Macbeth. 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?

Macbeth. When?

Lady. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark! -- Who lies in the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.

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

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

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

Lady. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried to all the house,
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more -- Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady. Who was it that thus cried?

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.
Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hands. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there.

Macbeth. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done --
Look on it again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

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 incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Lady. My hands are of your colour, but I scorn
To wear a heart so white.

A little water clears us of this deed. --

How easy is it then! --

Retire we to our chamber.

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

Macbeth. To know my deed,
'Twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking!
I would thou could'st.

00:48:30

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed. If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he'd have less turning the key. Who's
there, in the name of Beelzebub? Knock, knock. Who's
there, in the other devil's name? Knock, knock. Never
at quiet. What are you? -- one that goes the primrose
way to the everlasting bonfire. I'll devil-porter it no
further. This place is too cold for hell. Anon, anon.

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

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock. And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three
things.

Macduff. What three things?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes and it unprovokes. It provokes
the desire but takes away the performance. It makes you
and it mars you -- it sets you on and it takes you off --
it persuades you and disheartens you -- makes you stand
to and not stand to.

Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, in the very throat ----

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Macbeth. Good morrow.

Macduff. Good morrow.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him.

I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my appointed
service.

Lennox. Goes the king hence today?

Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.

Lennox. The night has been unruly.

Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,
And, as they say, lamentings heard in the air,
Strange screams of death --
Some say the earth was feverous

And did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror!
Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Macbeth. What's the matter?
Macduff. Murder hath broke open
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life of the building.
Macbeth. The life? What is it you say?
Lennox. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Do not bid me speak.
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!
Malcolm and Donalbain, Banquo, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself. Up, up, and see
The great doom's image. Fleance, Banquo,
Rise up as from your graves and walk like spirits,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell!

Lady. What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
Macduff. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.
Macduff, I prithee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.
Macbeth. Had I but died before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time -- for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead.
Donalbain. What is amiss?
Macbeth. You are, and do not know it.
Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.
Malcolm. Oh, by whom?
Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
So were their daggers.
Macbeth. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macduff. Wherefore did you so?
Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood.

There the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade.
Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Banquo. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet in the hall together,
To question this most bloody piece of work,
And know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand -- and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff. And so do I.

All. So all.

Donalbain. What will you do?

Let's not consort with them.

Malcolm. I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland, I.

Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer.

Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.

Malcolm. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted. Therefore to horse --
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away.

00:56:39

Ross. How goes the world, Macduff?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

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

Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas the day!

What good could they expect?

Macduff. They were suborned.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled -- which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macduff. He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I'll home to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu!

00:58:02

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised -- and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it. 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 comes truth from them,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope?

Ross. Hail, Macbeth. Hail, king of Scotland.
All. Hail, Macbeth. Hail, king of Scotland.

00:59:17

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It would have been as a gap in our great feast.

Macbeth. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me -- to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. Is't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide. But of that tomorrow.
Hie you to horse.

Adieu, till you return at night.

Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot --
Farewell. --

Attend those men our leisure?

Seyton. They do, my lord.

Macbeth. Bring them before us.

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.

Our fears in Banquo stick deep --

And in his royalty of nature

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear -- and under him
My genius is rebuked.

We'll keep ourself till supper time alone.
Till then, God be with you. --

He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's sons have I defiled my mind --
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.

Stay within call.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 Murderer. It was, so please your highness.
Macbeth. Well then,
Now -- have you considered of my speeches --
Know that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent self.
1 Murderer. You made this known to us.
Macbeth. Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature that you can let this go?
Are you so gosselled to pray for this good man,
And for his issue, whose heavy hand
Hath bowed you to the grave and beggared

Yours for ever?

2 Murderer. We are men, my liege.
Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it --
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us --
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

1 Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.

2 Murderer. And I another.

Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

1 Murderer. Ay, my lord.

2 Murderer. Ay, my lord, but ----

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-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not --
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop. And thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

1 Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

2 Murderer. Though our lives ----

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you.
It must be done tonight,
And some way from the palace. 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 --
1 Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth. Advise them where to plant themselves.

01:05:27

Lady. How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making.
Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotched the snake, not killed it.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
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
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. Not steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on,
Gentle my lord! Sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.
Macbeth. So shall I, love -- and so, I pray, be you.
Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.
Lady. But in them nature's copy's not etern.
Macbeth. There's comfort yet. They are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Heccat's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --

01:10:21

2 Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?
Ross. Macbeth.
2 Murderer. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 Murderer. Well, stand with us. --
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
And near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Banquo. By the clock 'tis day --
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

It will be rain tonight.
2 Murderer. Let it come down!
Banquo. Oh, treachery!
Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Oh, slave!

01:12:47

Macbeth. There's blood upon thy face.

1 Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. Is he dispatched?

1 Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for
him.

Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats.

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.

If thou didst that, thou art the non-pareil.

1 Murderer. Most royal sir,
Fleance is escaped.

Macbeth. Then comes my fit again! I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?

Murderer. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head.

Macbeth. 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. Tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

01:15:06

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lennox. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Our hostess keeps her state.

Ourselves will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Lady. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer! --

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

Would he were here.

All. Banquo.

Macbeth. Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Lennox. May it please your highness sit?

Ross. Please it your highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. --

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.

Ross. 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. -- Are you a man?

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

Lady. Oh, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth. Prithee, see there!

Behold! Look! How say you? --
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.
What man dare, I dare.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! --

Lady. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time,
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end. But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal gashes on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

Lady. You have displaced the mirth,
Broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.

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

Lennox. 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.
Ross. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.
Lady. A kind goodnight to all.
Macbeth. It will have blood, they say.
Blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

What is the night?
Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady. How know you this, my lord?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant paid.
Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep.

I must again to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak -- for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
We are yet but young in deed.

01:22:41

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Macbeth. How now, you secret black and midnight hags!
What is it you do?
1 Witch. A deed without a name.

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

1 Witch. Toad that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
xxxx Sweltered venom sleeping got --
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.
xxxx Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
xxxx Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
xxxx Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Severed in the moon's eclipse,
xxxx Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake.
xxxx Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew ----

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.

To what I ask you.

2 Witch. Speak.

1 Witch. Demand.

2 Witch. We'll answer.

Say if thou'dst hear it from our mouths

Or from our masters.

Macbeth. Call 'em -- let me see them.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood --

Then the charm is firm and good.

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

1 Witch. He knows thy thought.

1 Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth --

Beware Macduff.

Beware the thane of Fife.

Macbeth. Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more ----

1 Witch. He will not be commanded.

2 Apparition. Be bloody, bold and resolute.

Laugh to scorn

The power of man -- for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

Macbeth. None of woman born

Shall harm 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.

Malcolm. Macbeth shall never vanquished be --

Donalbain. Never, never --

Malcolm. Until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.

Macbeth. That will never be!

Who can recruit the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound roots? Sweet bodements -- good!

But my heart

Throbs to know one thing. Shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

Malcolm. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied. Deny me this

And an eternal curse fall on you.
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.

Where are they? -- Gone? --

Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them.

01:29:41

Lennox. Macduff has fled.

Caithness. Can you tell where he bestows himself?

Lennox. In the English court,

Where lives the son of Duncan. Thither Macduff
Has gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Seyward,
That by the help of these we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives.

Angus. Some holy angel

Fly to the court of England, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country.

Gentlewoman. Gentle lady.

Lady. Gracious Duncan -- dead.

Angus. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth -- and marry, he was dead --

Caithness. The right valiant Banquo walked too late,

Lennox. Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled.

Menteith. Men must not walk too late.

Caithness. How monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father?

Angus. Damned deed --

How it did grieve Macbeth!

Menteith. I do think

That had he Duncan's sons under his key --

Lennox. As and it please heaven he shall not --

Menteith. They should find

What it were to kill a father.

Angus. So should Fleance.

Lennox. Peace.

Macbeth. What news?

Lennox. Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!

The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool --
This deed I'll do before the purpose cools.

01:32:41

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Wife. He had none.

His flight is madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in the nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits of the seasons. I take my leave of you --
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at their worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. -- My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Fathered he is,

And yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I take my leave at once.

Wife. How wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Wife. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Was my father a traitor?

Wife. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. Are they all traitors, that do so?

Wife. Everyone that does so is a traitor,
And must be hanged.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools -- for there are
enough of them to beat the honest men and hang them up.

Wife. Oh my God help thee, poor monkey.

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him.

xxxx Where is your husband?

Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

xxxx He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain.

xxxx What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother.

01:37:27

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

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

Doctor. You may, to a doctor -- 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness
to confirm my speech.

Doctor. Her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now?

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem
thus washing her hands.

Lady. Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot -- out, I say.

One -- two -- why, then 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky.

Fie, my lord, fie -- a soldier and afeard? What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?
Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much
blood in him?

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Lady. 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 of that -- you mar all with this starting.

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

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure
of that.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh.

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

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.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed. Come, come, come, come, give me
your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed,
to bed.

Doctor. More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her.

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

Macbeth. How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies

That keep her from her sleep.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the charged bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

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

01:41:59

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?

01:43:30

The spirits that know

All mortal consequence have pronounced me thus --

Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures.

01:44:25

Malcolm. Our country sinks beneath the yoke.

It weeps, it bleeds -- and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds.

Macduff. 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.

Malcolm. Who comes here?

Macduff. Our countryman, who seems a stranger to us.

Malcolm. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave.

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Ross. Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

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

Ross. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seyward and ten thousand men --
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macduff. What concern they?

Ross. The main part
Pertains to you alone.

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

Ross. Your castle is surprised -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!
What, man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words.

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macduff. And I must be from thence. My wife killed too?

Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? Oh, hell-kite!

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop.
Malcolm. 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.
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.
Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger -- blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macduff. Gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Malcolm. Our power is ready -- Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking.
Macduff. Within my sword's length set him. If he escape,
Heaven forgive him too.

01:49:12

Lennox. What does the tyrant?
Menteith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad. Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury.
Caithness. Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love.
Lennox. Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Menteith. All that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there.
Lennox. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

01:49:57

Macbeth. The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
xxxx There is ten thousand ----
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
xxxx Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul, those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

xxxx The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Seyton! -- Take thy face hence. -- I am sick at
heart

When I behold ---- Seyton, I say! --
I have lived long enough. My May 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!

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. --
Come, put mine armour on -- give my my sword. --
Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
Come, sir, dispatch. -- 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 it off, I say. --
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. I will not be afraid of death or bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

01:53:01

Seyward. What wood is this before us?

Angus. The wood of Birnam.

01:53:50

Lady. "They met me in the day of success, and I have
learnt by the perfectest report they have more in them
than mortal knowledge. While 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 might'st not be ignorant of what greatness is
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

01:55:18

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 stuffed with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. -- What is that noise?
I have almost forgot the taste of fear.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors. --
Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word. --

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
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.

xxxx Gracious my lord.

Macbeth. Thy story quickly.

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

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

xxxx As I did stand my watch,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

xxxx Within a mile may you see it coming.
A moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. --
Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane -- and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.

xxxx Every soldier hath hewed him down a bough
And bears it before him.
xxxx Thereby do they shadow
The number of their host and make discovery
Err in report of them.

Macbeth. I 'gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! -- Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

02:01:27

Malcolm. Make all our trumpets speak.

Worthy Macduff,
You with young Seyward lead our first assault.

Macduff. Tyrant, show thy face!
Let me find him, fortune, and more I beg not.
If thou be'st slain and with no sword of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

Young Seyward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Seyward. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Seyward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.

Young Seyward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman. --

They have tied me to the stake. I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course.
Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? While I see lives, the gashes
Do better on them. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.
Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
Macduff. I have no words.
My voice is is my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

Macbeth. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
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 served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man.
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense --
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. -- I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough.

Malcolm. So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold where lies
The usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.

All. Hail.

Ross. Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland.

02:13:10

Macbeth	Jon Finch
Lady Macbeth	Francesca Annis
Banquo	Martin Shaw
Macduff	Terence Bayler
Ross	John Stride
Duncan	Nichoilas Selby
Malcolm	Stephan Chase
Donalbain	Paul Shelley
First Witch	Maisie MacFarquhar
Second Witch	Elsie Taylor
Third Witch	Noelle Rimmington
Seyton	Noel Davis
Porter	Sydney Bromley
Doctor	Richard Pearson
Gentlewoman	Patricia Mason
First Murderer	Michael Balfour
Second Murderer	Andrew McCulloch
Fleance	Keith Chegwin
Lennox	Andrew Laurence
Angus	Bernard Archard
Caithness	Bruce Purchase
Menteith	Frank Wylie
Lady Macduff	Diane Fletcher
Macduff's Son	Mark Dightam
King's Groom	Bill Drysdale
King's Groom	Roy Jones
Cawdor	Vic Abbott
First Thane	Ian Hogg
Second Thane	Geoffrey Reed
Third Thane	Nigel Ashton
Young Seyward	William Hobbs
Old Seyward	Alf Joint
Doctor's Apprentice	Paul Hennen