

Hunter 1967 G. K. Hunter (ed.), William Shakespeare
-- Macbeth (London, 1967). "New Penguin Shakespeare"

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MACBETH

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THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Duncan, King of Scotland

Malcolm)
Donalbain) his sons

Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, later of Cawdor, later
King of Scotland

Banquo)

Macduff)

Lennox)

Ross) Thanes of Scotland

Menteth)

Angus)

Cathness)

Fleance, Banquo's son

Seyward, Earl of Northumberland

Young Seyward, his son

Seyton, Macbeth's armour-bearer

Son of Macduff

A Captain

An English Doctor

A Scottish Doctor

A Porter

An Old Man

Lady Macbeth

Wife of Macduff

Gentlewoman attendant on Lady Macbeth

Three Weird Sisters

Three other Witches

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Hecat

Apparitions

Three Murderers

Other Murderers

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers
Attendants, Messengers

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I.1 Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

FIRST WITCH

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

SECOND WITCH

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

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, Grey-Malkin.

SECOND WITCH

Padock calls!

THIRD WITCH

Anon!

ALL

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

I.2 Alarum within
Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain

KING

What bloody man is that? He can report,

54

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM

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

CAPTAIN

Doubtful it stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald –
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him – from the Western Isles
Of kerns and galloglasses is supplied,
And fortune on his damnèd quarrel smiling
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth – well he deserves that name –
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carvèd out his passage
Till he faced the slave –
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

KING

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN

As, whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders;
So, from that spring whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark!
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,

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With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

KING

Dismayed not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN

Yes –

As sparrows, eagles, or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds
Or memorize another Golgotha
I cannot tell.
– 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.

Exit Captain with Attendants

Enter Ross and Angus

Who comes here?
MALCOLM The worthy Thane of Ross.
LENNOX
 What a haste looks through his eyes!
 So should he look that seems to speak things strange.
ROSS
 God save the King!
KING
 Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
ROSS From Fife, great King,
 Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
 And fan our people cold.
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

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 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point-rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,
 The victory fell on us —
KING Great happiness!
ROSS
 — That now Sweno, the Norways' king,
 Craves composition;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men
 Till he disbursèd at Saint Colm's Inch
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
KING
 No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.
ROSS
 I'll see it done.
KING
 What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. Exeunt

I.3 Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?
SECOND WITCH Killing swine.
THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?
FIRST WITCH
 A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munched and munched and munched. 'Give me,'

quoth I.

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

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I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th'art kind.

THIRD WITCH

And I another.

FIRST WITCH

I myself have all the other.
And the very ports they blow
All the quarters that they know
I'the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have!

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me!

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come.

Drum within

THIRD WITCH

A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL

The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go, about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.

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Peace! The charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

How far is't called to Forres? What are these,
So withered 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.

MACBETH

Speak if you can! What are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

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

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FIRST WITCH

Hail!

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers! Tell me more!
By Sinell's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous gentleman. And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief –
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you!
Witches vanish

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seemed corporal
Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

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Or have we eaten on 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 selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus

ROSS

The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises, in his kingdom's great defence,

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

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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.

BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH (aside)

If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me
Without my stir.

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

MACBETH (aside) Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH
Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
(to Banquo) Think upon what hath chanced, and at more
time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH
Till then, enough! — Come, friends. Exeunt

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I.4 Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants

KING

Is execution done on Cawdor?
Are not those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM

My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,

And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

The rest is labour, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

KING

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH (aside)

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. Exit

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KING

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

1.5 Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with 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 burned in desire to question them fur-
ther, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from
the King, who all-hailed me Thane of Cawdor; by which
title before these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me
to the coming on of time with, 'Hail, king that shalt be.'
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner
of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of re-
joicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'the milk of human-kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do' if thou have it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

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

Enter Messenger

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight.

LADY

Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

MESSENGER

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 Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to 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 murdering ministers,
Wherever, in your sightless substances,
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

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Enter Macbeth

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!

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 cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless curriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

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To prick the sides of my intent but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth

How now? What news?

LADY

He has almost supped. 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? 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.

MACBETH

Prithee peace.

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;

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 cursèd thoughts that nature
gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword!

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

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.

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MACBETH

Being unprepared

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

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 entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

LADY

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. — Hark! —
Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms

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Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged their
possets
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH (within) Who's there? What, ho!

LADY

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth, carrying two bloodstained daggers

My husband!

MACBETH

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

LADY

I heard the owl-scream and the cricket's cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i'the second chamber?

LADY Donalbain.

MACBETH (looks at his hands)

This is a sorry sight.

LADY

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.

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

LADY There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

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

LADY

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

LADY

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

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep – the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the 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 'Sleep no more' 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? Why, worthythane,
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?

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They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more.

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

LADY

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

Knock within

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.

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 nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

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MACBETH
To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.

Knock

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
Exeunt

II.3 Enter a Porter. Knocking within

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time! Have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.

Knock

Knock, knock! Who's there in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

Knock

Knock, knock! Never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knock

Anon, anon! I pray you remember the porter.

He opens the gate. Enter Macduff and Lennox

MACDUFF

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

79

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 does drink especially provoke?

PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him,

makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep and giving him the lie, leaves him.
MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
PORTER That it did, sir, i'the very throat on me. But I requited him for his lie and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.
MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.
LENNOX
Good morrow, noble sir.
MACBETH Good morrow both.
MACDUFF
Is the King stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH Not yet.
MACDUFF
He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.
MACBETH I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF
I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.

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MACBETH
The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. Exit
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 i'the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.
LENNOX
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

MACBETH and LENNOX
What's the matter?

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

MACBETH What is't you say? The life?
LENNOX Mean you his majesty?

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MACDUFF
Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
See, and then speak yourselves.

Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox
Awake, awake!

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

Bell rings

Enter Lady Macbeth

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

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

Enter Banquo

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murdered.

LADY Woe, alas!

What, in our house?
BANQUO Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross

MACBETH
Had I but died an hour before this chance

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I had lived a blessèd 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

DONALBAIN
What is amiss?

MACBETH You are, and do not know't.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF
Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

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

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

MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?

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

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?

LADY (swooning) Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady!

MALCOLM (to Donalbain) Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN (to Malcolm)

What should be spoken here where our fate,
 Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?

Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM (to Donalbain)

Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO

Look to the lady!

Lady Macbeth is taken out

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

MACDUFF And so do I.

ALL So all.

MACBETH

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

ALL Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
 To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are
 There's daggers in men's smiles. The nea'er in blood
 The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. Exeunt

II.4 Enter Ross with an Old Man

OLD MAN

Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS

Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. 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?

OLD MAN

'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and cer-
tain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

85

Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

OLD MAN

'Tis said they ate each other.

ROSS

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon't.

Enter Macduff

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

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 pretend?

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY

If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast

And all-thing unbecoming.

87

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

Forever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed

In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,

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?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;

88

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

Exit Banquo

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night.

To make society the sweeter welcome,

We will keep ourself till supper-time alone.

While then, God be with you!

Exeunt Lords and Lady Macbeth

Sirrah!

A word with you. Attend those men our pleasure?

SERVANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Servant

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus! — Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuked as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. 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 issue have I filed my mind,

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

89

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list

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

Enter Servant and two Murderers

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

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS

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. This I made good to you
In our last conference; passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

FIRST MURDERER You made it known to us.

MACBETH
I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

90

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'the worst rank of manhood, say't,
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.

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance

To mend it or be rid on't.
 MACBETH Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.
 MURDERERS True, my lord.
 MACBETH
 So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life; and though I could
 With bare-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, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down. And thence it is

91

That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.
 SECOND MURDERER We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.
 FIRST MURDERER Though our lives –
 MACBETH
 Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at
 most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done tonight;
 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.
 MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.
 MACBETH
 I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.
 Exeunt Murderers
 It is concluded! Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. Exit

III.2 Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant

LADY
 Is Banquo gone from court?
 SERVANT

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
LADY
Say to the King I would attend his leisure

92

For a few words.
SERVANT Madam, I will. Exit
LADY Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.
MACBETH
We have scorched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our peace, 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.
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.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,

93

Present him eminence both with eye and tongue.
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

The rest that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

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

SECOND MURDERER

A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to't!

BANQUO

It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!

They attack Banquo

95

BANQUO

O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge — O slave!

Banquo falls. Fleance escapes

THIRD MURDERER

Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER

There's but one down; the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER We have lost

Best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER

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

III 4 Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

You know your own degrees, sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome.

LORDS Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

He walks around the tables

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.

Enter First Murderer

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the midst.

96

Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

He rises and goes to the Murderer

There's blood upon thy face!

FIRST MURDERER

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?

FIRST MURDERER My lord, his throat is cut;
That I did for him.

MACBETH Thou art the best o'the cut-throats.
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

FIRST MURDERER

Most royal sir – Fleance is scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. – But Banquo's safe?

FIRST MURDERER

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

MACBETH

Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves again. Exit Murderer
LADY My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,

97

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

MACBETH Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX May't please your highness sit.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place

MACBETH
Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.

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

MACBETH
The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH
Where?

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

MACBETH
Which of you have done this?

LORDS What, my good lord?

MACBETH
Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS
Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

LADY (descends from her throne)
Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus;
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.

98

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?

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

MACBETH
 Prithee, see there!
 Behold! Look! Lo! — How say you?
 Why, what care I if thou canst nod! Speak, too!
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury, back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. Exit Ghost

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, i'the olden time,
 Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end. But now they rise again
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

99

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.

MACBETH
 I do forget.
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends:
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
 Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full!

Enter Ghost

I drink to the general joy o'the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
 Would he were here! To all — and him — we thirst,

LORDS Our duties and the pledge!

MACBETH (sees the Ghost)

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

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

MACBETH

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

Why, so; being gone,

100

I am a man again. — Pray you sit still.

LADY

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

MACBETH

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

ROSS

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.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY

A kind good-night to all! Exeunt Lords

MACBETH

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth

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

LADY

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way. But I will send.

101

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow –
And betimes I will – to the Weird Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

LADY

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

III.5 Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat

FIRST WITCH

Why, how now, Hecat? You look angrily.

HECAT

Have I not reason, beldams, as you are
Saucy and over-bold? 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 called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

102

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 everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon
Upon the corner of the moon:
There, hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distilled by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

Sing within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.

FIRST WITCH

Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

Exeunt

III.6 Enter Lennox and another Lord

LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

103

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead!
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain



IV.1 Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

Harpier cries! 'Tis time, 'tis time!

FIRST WITCH

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw:
Toad that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one.

105

Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmèd pot.

ALL

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

SECOND WITCH

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

ALL

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

THIRD WITCH

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i'the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron

For the ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL

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

106

SECOND WITCH

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

Enter Hecat and the other three Witches

HECAT

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

Music and a song: 'Black spirits' etc.

Exeunt Hecat and the other three Witches

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH

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

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me –
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 lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken – answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak.
SECOND WITCH Demand.
THIRD WITCH We'll answer.
FIRST WITCH
 Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths
 Or from our masters.
MACBETH Call 'em. Let me see 'em.
FIRST 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. First Apparition, an Armed Head

MACBETH
Tell me, thou unknown power —
FIRST WITCH He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
FIRST APPARITION
Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.
He descends
MACBETH
Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more —
FIRST WITCH
He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child

SECOND APPARITION
Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!
MACBETH
Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND APPARITION
Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. He descends

MACBETH
Then live Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

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

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

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

ALL Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APPARITION

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnan Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him. He descends

MACBETH That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! Good!
Rebellious dead rise never till the wood
Of Birnan rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

109

MACBETH

I will be satisfied! Deny me this
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron?

Hautboys

And what noise is this?

FIRST WITCH

Show!

SECOND WITCH

Show!

THIRD WITCH

Show!

ALL

Show his eyes and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight kings, and Banquo; the last king with
a glass in his hand

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. – Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this? – A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more!
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more. And some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What! Is this so?

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

110

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance; and vanish

MACBETH

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

Enter Lennox

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

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

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

111

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 him in his line. No boasting, like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

Exeunt

IV.2 Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross

WIFE

What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

WIFE

He had none.

His flight was 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 her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight

WIFE Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

WIFE Why, one that swears and lies.

SON And be all traitors that do so?

WIFE

Every one that does so is a traitor,
And must be hanged.

SON

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

WIFE Every one.

SON Who must hang them?

WIFE Why, the honest men.

SON Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are
liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang
up them.

WIFE Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt
thou do for a father?

SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would
not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new
father.

WIFE Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones!
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

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Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. Exit

WIFE Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?

MURDERER

Where is your husband?
WIFE
I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
MURDERER He's a traitor.
SON
Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!
MURDERER What, you egg,
Young fry of treachery!

He stabs him

SON He has killed me, mother!
Run away, I pray you.
Son dies. Exit Wife crying 'Murder'

IV.3 Enter Malcolm and Macduff

MALCOLM
Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

115

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.
MALCOLM What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but
something
You may deserve of him, through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
T'appease an angry god.
MACDUFF
I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;

Angels are bright still though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

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

116

For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeered. 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.

MALCOLM Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways, than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF What should he be?

MALCOLM

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

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

MALCOLM I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF Fit to govern!

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

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now

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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. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

MALCOLM Well, more anon. —
Comes the King forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR
Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.
Exit Doctor

MACDUFF
What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis called the Evil —
A most miraculous work in this good king,

120

Which often since my here-remain in England
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross

MACDUFF See who comes here.

MALCOLM
My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF
My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM
I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS Sir, amen.

MACDUFF
Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing

But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

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MACDUFF O relation
Too nice and yet too true.
MALCOLM What's the newest grief?
ROSS
That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
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 'em.
MACDUFF
Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes't?
ROSS
When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. (To Malcolm) Your eye in
Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.
MALCOLM Be't their comfort
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

122

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. Exeunt

*

124

V.1 Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

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

GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the field I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return
to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once
the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In
this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other
actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard
her say?

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

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

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, 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 asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by
her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.
GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.
DOCTOR What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.
GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
LADY Yet here's a spot.
DOCTOR Hark! She speaks. I will set down what comes

125

from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
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 afeard? — What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?
DOCTOR Do you mark that?
LADY The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that. You mar all with this starting.
DOCTOR Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.
GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.
LADY Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!
DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.
GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.
DOCTOR Well, well, well.
GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.
DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.
LADY Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
DOCTOR 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

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

126

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR

Foul whisperings are abroad, unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
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.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

v.2 Drum and colours. Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus,
 Lennox, Soldiers

MENTETH

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Seyward and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS

Near Birnan Wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CATHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Seyward's son
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

MENTETH

What does the tyrant?

CATHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

127

Some say he's mad. Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS

Now does he feel

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

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

Enter Seyton

SEYTON

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

129

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, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

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 stuffed 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. —
Come, put mine armour on, give my my staff.
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me. —
Come, sir, dispatch. — If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

130

DOCTOR

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

MACBETH — Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnan forest come to Dunsinane. Exit

DOCTOR

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

V.4 Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Mac-
duff, Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and
Soldiers marching

MALCOLM

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

MENTETH We doubt it nothing.

SEYWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTETH The wood of Birnan.

MALCOLM

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.

SOLDIERS It shall be done.

SEYWARD

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

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope.

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,

131

And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

SEYWARD 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. Exeunt, marching

v.5 Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and
 colours

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 farced with those that should be ours
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

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

MACBETH
I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
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:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

132

Cannot once start me.

Enter Seyton

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.

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly!

MESSENGER

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

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

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

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

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

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MACBETH

If thou speak'st false,

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

v.6

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Mac-
duff, and their army, with boughs

Alarums. Enter Macduff

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face.
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be:

135

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

Alarums. Enter Malcolm and Seyward

SEYWARD

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

MALCOLM We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SEYWARD Enter, sir, the castle. Exeunt

Alarum. Enter Macbeth

MACBETH

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

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF Turn, hellhound, turn!

MACBETH

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

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

Fight. Alarum

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought
But, like a man, he died.

SEYWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SEYWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SEYWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM

He's worth more sorrow;

And that I'll spend for him.

SEYWARD

He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his score.
And so God be with him. — Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head

MACDUFF

Hail, King! For so thou art. Behold where stands
The usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine. —
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen –
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life – this, and what needful else
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 crowned at Scone.
Flourish. Exeunt