

Knight 1841 'Macbeth', in Charles Knight (ed.), The Pictorial Edition of the works of William Shakspeare: Tragedies, vol. 2 (London, 1841--2), 1--68.

1

MACBETH.

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8

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland.

Malcolm,)
Donalbain,) his sons.

Macbeth,)
Banquo,) generals of the King's Army.

Macduff,)

Lenox,)

Rosse,)
Menteth,) noblemen of Scotland.

Angus,)

Cathness,)

Fleance, Son to Banquo.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, general of the
English forces.

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and \emptyset other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in Eng-
land; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland;
and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

9a

ACT I.

SCENE I. -- An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

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

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

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

9b

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

10a

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: -- Anon. --

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

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II. -- A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.

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

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can re-
port,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

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

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-

donwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all 's too weak:

10b

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
[break;]

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their
heels,

But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this our captains, Mac-
beth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare,
the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd 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.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds;

They smack of honour both: -- Go, get him sur-
geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

11a

So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. 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:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; --

Dun. Great happiness!

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

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive
Our bosom interest: -- Go, pronounce his pre-
sent death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I 'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. -- A Heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had **chestnuts** in her
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

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

11b

2 Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
1 Witch. **Th' art** kind.
3 Witch. And I another.
1 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 pent-house 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-toss'd.
Look what I have.
2 Witch. Show me, show me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.
[Drum within.
3 Witch. A drum, a drum:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

12a

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace! -- the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to **Forres?** -- What
are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand 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.

Macb. Speak, if you can; -- What are you?

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

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

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

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair? -- I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great predic-
tion

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.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

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

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

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

12b

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such **prophetic** greeting? -- Speak, I charge
you. [Witches vanish.

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

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

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

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten **on** the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

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

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death, as thick as tale
Can post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

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

13a

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Caw-
dor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

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

Whether he was combin'd with those of Nor-
way;

Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. -- Thanks for your
pains. --

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. --
Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentle-
men. --

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 **murther** yet is but fantas-
tical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

13b

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

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: --
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
where every day I turn the leaf to read them. --
Let us toward the king. --
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

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

SCENE IV. -- **Forres.** A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-
bain, Lenox, and Attendants.

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

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

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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserv'd;

14a

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-
vants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me **enfold** thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

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

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. -- Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. -- From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

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

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

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

[Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[Exit.

14b

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so va-
liant;
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.

SCENE V. -- Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: -- Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;
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;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. ---- What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming:

15a

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse [Exit Attendant.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, \emptyset 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 **murthering** mi-
nisters,
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!' ---- Great Glamis! wor-
thy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, -- as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: -- To beguile the
time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming

15b

Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

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

SCENE VI. -- The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Ban-
quo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and
Attendants.

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

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant

cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done
double,

16a

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

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

SCENE VII. -- The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the
stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes
and service. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then

't were well

It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. -- But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed

justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd cha-
lice

To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:

16b

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his **murtherer** shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's **cherubim**, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. -- I have no

spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other -- How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this busi-
ness:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept

since?

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

17a

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

Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this **enterprise** to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor
place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and
know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, ----

Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

17b

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

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

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

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23a

ACT II.

SCENE I. -- The same. Court within the Castle.

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

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. -- There 's hus-
bandry 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!

23b

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose! -- Give me my sword; --

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who 's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king' s
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your **offices**:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

24a

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

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

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

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, --
when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

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

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[Exit Banquo.

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

[Exit Servant.

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

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

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

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There 's no such
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; ø witchcraft celebrates

24b

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd **murther**,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-
sign
Moves like a ghost. ---- Thou sure and firm-set
earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat he
lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II. -- The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire: --
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good
night.
He is about it: The doors are open;

25a

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
with snores:
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who 's there? -- what, **hoa!**

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

And 't is not done: -- the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us: -- Hark! -- I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them. -- Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't. -- My hus-
band!

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Did you not speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! --

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.

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

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, '**murther!**' that they did wake
each other;

I stood and heard them: but they did say their
prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,'
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

25b

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep
no more!
Macbeth does **murther** sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of
care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's
bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

Lady M. What do you mean?

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

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things: -- Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and
smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the
dead,
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals
me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will

rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green -- one red.

26a

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry: -- retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. -- [Knocking.] Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: -- Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself. [Knock.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. -- The same.

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. [Knocking.] Knock, knock,
knock: Who 's there, i' the name of Belzebub?
Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty: Come in time; have nap-
kins enough about you; here you 'll sweat for 't.
[Knocking.] Knock, knock: Who 's there,
i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equi-
vocator, 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. [Knocking.]
Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith,
here 's an English tailor come hither, for steal-
ing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here
you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] 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 ever-

26b

lasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

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

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. 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.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' 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.

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

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

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

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: -- he did appoint so.

27a

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

And, **prophesying** with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night:
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot pa-
rallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

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

Macb. Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

Most sacrilegious **murther** hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

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

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell: -- **Murther!** 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 M. What's the business,

27b

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell. ----

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master 's mur-
ther'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this in-
stant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head: the fountain of your
blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father 's murther'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

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

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with
blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we
found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were dis-
tracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason. -- Here lay Dun-
can,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature,

28a

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
therers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their dag-
gers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could
refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. 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 brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady: --
[Lady Macbeth is carried 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 undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.]

Mal. 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 Eng-
land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This **murtherous** 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.]

28b

SCENE IV. -- Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. 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.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is
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 intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,

Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday
last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of
mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff: ----

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

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

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! -- Then 't is most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

29a

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to
Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to **Colmes-kill**;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

29b

Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: -- adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.]

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32a

ACT III.

SCENE I. -- **Forres.** A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

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

Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady
Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

32b

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice,

(Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous,)

In this day's council; but we 'll **take** to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

33a

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd

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

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

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit Banquo.

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

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

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

Macb. Bring them before us. -- [Exit Atten.]
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus: -- Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 't is 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 rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
 sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,

33b

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
 like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If **it** be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I **murther'd**;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! -- Who 's
 there? --

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd 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; pass'd in probation with
 you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
 instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else,
 that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

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

1 Mur. Though our lives ----
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. With-
in this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,

34b

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.

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

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

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

SCENE II. -- The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died
With them they think on? Things without all
remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it;
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our **peace**, have sent to peace,

35a

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

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be
you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
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,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

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

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

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assail-
able;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-

mons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

35b

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! -- Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. -- The same. A Park or Lawn,
with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Mur. Macbeth.
2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

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

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then 't is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a Servant with a
torch preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'T is he.

1 Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.
[Assaults Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge. -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

36a

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was 't not the way?

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

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

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

SCENE IV. -- A Room of State in the Palace.
A Banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

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

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

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

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

Both sides are even: Here I 'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round. -- There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.
Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he
within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.
Macb. 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.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:

36b

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's
fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. -- Get thee gone; to-
morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: To feed, were best at
home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer! --
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Mac-

beth's place.

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

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's full.

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

Macb. Where?

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

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

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

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: -- my lord is
often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you,
keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. -- Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

37a

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I! If thou canst nod, speak

too. --

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. Ø

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

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, **murthers** have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would
die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal **murthers** on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more
strange

Than such a **murther** is.

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

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

Then I 'll sit down: -- Give me some wine, fill
full: --

Enter Ghost.

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

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

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

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

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I **inhabit then**, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence! -- Why, so; -- being
gone,

I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

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

Question enrages him: at once, good night: --
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]

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

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

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

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) **unto** the weird sisters:

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

38a

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

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

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: --
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. -- The Heath. Thunder.

Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. 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 call'd 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.
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, distill'd by **magic** slights,
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:

38b

And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.
1 Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon
be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. -- **Forres.** A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret **farther**: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth_ -- marry, he was dead: --
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, **if't** please you, Fleance
kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
sleep:
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they
should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! -- for from broad words, and 'cause

ACT IV.

SCENE I. -- A dark Cave. In the middle, a
Caldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter the Three Witches.

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

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

3 Witch. **Harpier** cries: -- 'T is time, 't is
time.

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

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

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

42b

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

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

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

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

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other Three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.

43a

And now about the **caldron** sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[**Music and a Song, 'Black spirits, &c.**

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: --
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

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

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We 'll answer.

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

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

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

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

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

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

44a

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

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know: --

Why sinks that **caldron**? and what noise is
this? [Hautboys.

1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch.
Show!

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

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand;
Banquo following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: -- And thy
hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: --
A third is like the former: -- Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? -- A fourth? -- Start,
eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?
Another yet? -- A seventh? -- I 'll see no more: --
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble **sceptres** carry:
Horrible sight! -- Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. -- What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: -- But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

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

[**Music.** The Witches dance, and vanish.]

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

44b

Enter Lenox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! -- I did
hear

The galloping of horse: Who was 't came by?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace 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 gentle-
men?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. -- Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him
fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do
not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. 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.

45a

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your hus-
band,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold ru-
mour

From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move. -- I take my leave of
you:

Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before. -- My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's father-
less.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do
they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.
Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors, that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

45b

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools:
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat
the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. 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.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talkest.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
serve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. 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? What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.
Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou **liest**, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has **kill'd** me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder,'
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III. -- England. A Room in the King's
Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

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

46a

Macd. Let us rather,

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

Mal. 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 lov'd him
 well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
 something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

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

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

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

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
 thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd! -- Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

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

Macd. What should he be?

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

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many

Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

47b

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
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 Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of good-
ness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. -- Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. 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.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;

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 swoln 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 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

48a

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

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

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

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

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

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

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

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

Mal. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

48b

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

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

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

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

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

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

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife,
and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! --
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

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

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

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. -- All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all? -- O, hell-kite! -- All?

49a

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

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. -- Did heaven
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

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

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

49b

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!

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her:
stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by
her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

53a

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

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

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the
more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! --
One; Two; Why, then 't is 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?

Doct. Do you mark that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doct. Well, well, well, --

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

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

Doct. Even so?

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

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. 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.

53b

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 amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. -- The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

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

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

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

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

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

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

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

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the **medicine** of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

54a

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE III. -- Dunsinane. A Room in the
Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Mal-
colm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me
thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of
woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand ----

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. -- Seyton! -- I am
sick at heart,

When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

54b

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Seyton! --

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
ported.

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

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine

armour: --

How does your patient, doctor?

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

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

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw **physic** to the dogs, I 'll none of
it. --
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: --
Seyton, send out. -- Doctor, the thanes fly from
me: --
Come, sir, despatch: -- 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,

55a

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

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepara-
tion
Makes us hear something.

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

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

SCENE IV. -- Country near Dunsinane: A
Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old
Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteth,
Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Sol-
diers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. 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.]

55b

SCENE V. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, Macbeth,
Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come:' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [A cry within, of women.

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with hor-
rors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Macb. Well, say, sir.

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

Macb. Liar, and slave!
[Striking him.

56a

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. --
I pull in resolution; and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' -- and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and
out! --

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done. --

Ring the alarum bell: -- Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. -- The same. A Plain before the
Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, Malcolm, old
Siward, Macduff, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.

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

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

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII. -- The same. Another part of the
Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I can-
not fly,

56b

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. -- What 's
he

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. --

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: -- Tyrant, show
thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Mac-
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; -- the castle 's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

57b

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough.' [Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Lenox,
Angus, Cathness, Menteth, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. 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 knoll'd.

Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.

Siw. He 's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! -- Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head. ø

