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half-title

MACBETH.



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

Act v. Sc. 7.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.

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210

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland.

Malcolm, )  
his Sons.

Donalbain, )

Macbeth, )

Generals of the King's Army.

Banquo, )

Macduff, )

Lenox, )

Rosse, )

Noblemen of Scotland.

Menteth, )

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 several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through  
the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's  
Castle.

211

MACBETH.

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 set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

212

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

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

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

Sold. **Doubtful** it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that  
The multiplying **villanies** of nature  
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles

213

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:  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion,  
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

214

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

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

Dun. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth 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! 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.

215

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, 'gan 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 deceive  
Our bosom interest: -- Go, pronounce his **present**  
death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.  
Rosse. I'll see it done.  
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.  
[Exeunt.]

216

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,

217

And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.  
2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.  
1 Witch. Thou art kind.  
3 Witch. And I another.  
1 Witch. I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,

218

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,

Wreck'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,  
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 Fores? -- What are  
these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: -- You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

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

219

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 prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

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;

220

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence! or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetick greeting? -- Speak, I charge  
you. [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 corporal,  
melted  
As breath into the wind. -- 'Would, they had staid!  
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak  
about?  
Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
That takes the reason prisoner?  
Macb. Your children shall be kings.  
Ban. You shall be king.  
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?  
Ban. To the selfsame tune, and words. Who's  
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

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

221

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



Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

224

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. Fores. 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.

225



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.

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

228

*title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: -- Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st  
highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*  
*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*  
*Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,*

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal. ---- What is your  
tidings?

229

Enter an Attendant.

**Attend.** 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.

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

Lady 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, come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

230

That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, *Hold, hold!* ---- Great Glamis! worthy  
Cawdor!

231

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  
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.

232

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 observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

233

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 yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M.                                All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business, to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

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

234

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

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off:  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, 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 business:  
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.  
 Lady M. Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time,  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?  
 Macb. Pr'ythee, 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 fitness  
                   now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you  
 Have done to this.

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  
 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 don'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.]

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, 'tis later, sir.

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

Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose: -- 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 **officers**:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

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,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

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



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; 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, ho!  
 Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
 And 'tis not done: -- the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us: -- Hark! -- I laid their daggers ready,  
 He could not miss them. -- Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done't. -- My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed: -- Didst thou not  
 hear a noise?  
 Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets  
 cry.  
 Did not you 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, *murder!*

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

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

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

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.

246

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.

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

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

Lady M. What do you mean?

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

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things: -- Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

247

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: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

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

248

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green -- one red.

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, -- 'twere best not know  
myself. [Knock.]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou  
could'st? [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 turn-  
ing the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock:

249

Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a  
farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of  
plenty: Come in time; have napkins 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 equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock; Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [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 everlasting 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 se-

250

cond 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, 'tis one.

251

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain.  
This is the door.  
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.  
Len. Goes the king ø hence to-day?  
Macb. He does: -- he did appoint it so.  
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;  
And **prophesying**, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the **woful** time. The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.  
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.  
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor  
heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!  
Macb. Len. What's the matter?  
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.  
Macb. What is't you say? the life?  
Len. Mean you his majesty?

252

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight  
With a new Gorgon: -- Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves. -- Awake! awake! --  
[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.  
Ring the alarum-bell: -- Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this **drowsy** sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself! -- up, up, and see  
The great doom's image? -- Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.  
Lady M. Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?  
Ban. Too cruel, any where. ----  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

253

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 instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?  
Macb. You are, and do not know it:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.  
Macd. Your royal father's murder'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 distracted; 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 Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

254

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could re-  
frain,

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 augre-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,

255

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. 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 England.  
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 murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

256

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.]

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, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth **entomb**,  
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis 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.

257

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. 'Tis said, they **ate** 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 will ravin up  
Thine own life's means! -- Then 'tis most like,  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

258

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

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

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

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. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. 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.

259

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,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things 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 prosperous),  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

260

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: 'Tis much he  
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none, but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophetlike,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

261

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
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,

262

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 ø a notion craz'd,  
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

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

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

263

Now, if you have a station in the file,  
**Not in the** worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.



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:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

265

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 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 place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless **ecstasy**. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestick, 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;

266

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 assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

267

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,  
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, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

268

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 de-  
livers  
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 it 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. 'Tis he.  
1 Mur. Stand to't.  
Ban. It will be rain to-night.  
1 Mur. Let it come down.  
[Assaults Banquo.

269

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

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

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. Ø

SCENE IV. A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Le-  
nox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:  
at first  
And last, the hearty welcome.  
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.  
Macb. Ourselves 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.

270

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. 'Tis Banquo's then.  
 Macb. 'Tis 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: ----  
 There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,

271

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 'tis a making,  
 'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;  
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
 Meeting were bare without it.  
 Macb. Sweet remembrancer! --  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both!  
 Len. May it please your highness sit?  
 [The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in  
 Macbeth'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 high-  
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's 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?

272

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!  
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.

273

Macb. Pr'ythee, 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. [Ghost disappears.]

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

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, 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, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

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

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:  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

274

'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: 'tis 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.]

275

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;

**Augures**, and understood relations have,  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?

276

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,  
(Betimes I will), to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stept 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.

277

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 overbold? How did you dare

278

To trade and traffick 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 every thing 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:

279

And that, distill'd by magick slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

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. Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: 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 it 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!

280

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 'twould 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 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! -- for from broad words, and 'cause he  
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy king, **upon** his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work), we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now: And this report

281

Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!  
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron 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.

282

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

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

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

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

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

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witch's mummy; maw, and gulf,

283

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

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, 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.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

284

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and **gray**;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

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 midnight  
hags?  
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

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

285

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 **thou'dst** 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.

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

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

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

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

286

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware

Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. -- Dismiss me: -- Enough.  
[Descends.]

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

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

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! --

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

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

[Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of  
thee?

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

287

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

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

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

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

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  
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 cauldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.

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

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

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in  
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; Ban-  
quo 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 twofold balls and treble **sceptres** carry:  
Horrible sight! --  $\emptyset$  Now, I see, 'tis 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 sprights,  
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.

[Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? -- Let this per-

nicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! --  
Come in, without there!

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. 'Tis 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 exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
      done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace **him in** his line. No boasting like a fool:  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are.                  [Exeunt.]

291

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

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. 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.  
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 husband,  
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 rumour

292

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 fatherless.  
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?

293

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. Mac. 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.  
 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 ho-  
 nest 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 talk'st.

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:

294

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 preserve  
           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 may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.  
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother;  
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder,  
and pursued by the Murderers.

295

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.

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 sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What 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

296

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

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,

297

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 compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
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  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,  
In my most ill compos'd affection, such  
A **staunchless** avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more: that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root

Than **summer-seeming** lust: and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own: All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,

I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern!  
No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant **bloody-sceptred**,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed? -- Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,

300

**Oftener** upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. -- O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste; But 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 goodness,  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

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

301

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. 'Tis 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 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

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

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

302

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 is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

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

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

303

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 it their comfort,  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

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

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

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,

304

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

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

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:

305

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?  
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,  
And braggart with my tongue! ---- But, gentle **hea-**  
**vens,**  
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!

Mal. This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

306

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

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting  
Gentlewoman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

307

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light?

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

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is 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 'tis time to do't: ---- Hell is murky! -- Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and **afeard?** What need we fear who knows it, when none can

308

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 of his 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?

309

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. --  
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.

310

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 murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
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 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

311

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 Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequence, have pronounc'd me thus:  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power on thee.* ---- Then fly, false  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg 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,

312

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 disseat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

313

And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.  
Seyton! ----

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is 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. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

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;

314

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?





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,

318

I shall 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!        Ø

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

[Exeunt.]

319

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



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, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruided: Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

321

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;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.  
[Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter Macbeth.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.  
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.  
Macd. I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.  
Macb. Thou lovest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

322

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:



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,

324

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 on  
a Pole.

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

All. Hail, king of Scotland!  
[Flourish.]

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

325

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time, --  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; -- This, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

