

Macbeth -- a movie directed by George Schaefer (1960)

00:00:29

xxxxxx

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When xxxxxx lost and won.
3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
1 Witch. I come, Greymalkin.
2 Witch. Paddock calls.
3 Witch. Anon.
1 Witch. Fair is foul.
2 Witch. And foul is xxxxxx
All. xxxxxx through the fog and filthy air.

00:00:58

MAURICE JUDITH
EVANS ANDERSON
in
GEORGE SCHAEFER'S
Production

MACBETH
by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx

also starring
MICHAEL and IAN
HORDERN BANNEN

FELIX AYLMER MALCOLM KEEN
VALERIE TAYLOR MEGS JENKINS
JEREMY BRETT WILLIAM HUTT
CHARLES CARSON TRADER FAULKNER
and
GEORGE ROSE
(as the Porter)

with
BREWSTER MASON SIMON LACK
SCOT FINCH ROBERT BROWN

ANITA SHARP BOLSTER APRIL OLRICH
MICHAEL RIPPER DOUGLAS WILMER

Director of Photography
FRED A. YOUNG B.S.C.

Art Director
EDWARD CARRICK

Assistant Art Director
SYD CAIN

Costume Designer Production Supervisor
BEATRICE DAWSON LEIGH AMAN

Editor
RALPH KEMPLER

Music Composed
by
RICHARD ADDINSELL

Music Conducted by
MUIR MATHIESON

Played by
SINFONIA OF LONDON

Assistant Director DOUGLAS HICKOX
Camera Operator JEFF SEAHOLME
Sound Recordist CYRIL SWERNE
Dubbing Editor LES HODGSON
Continuity KAY MANDER
Make up BOB LAWRENCE
Hairdresser IRIS TILLEY
Wardrobe Master LARRY STEWART
Scenic Artist SIMPSON ROBINSON
Location Manager HECTOR ELWES
Production Controller GRANT LEENHOUTS

A
GRAND PRIZE
FILM PRODUCTION

SIDNEY KAUFMAN
Executive Producer

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
ANTHONY SQUIRE

PRODUCED
BY
PHIL C. SAMUEL

DIRECTED
BY
GEORGE SCHAEFER

00:02:53

Ross. My liege, a messenger has come.

He can report, as seemeth by his plight,
Of the revolt the newest state.

Malcolm. Hail, brave friend.

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

Sergeant. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence camest thou, worthy friend?

Sergeant. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

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

Sergeant. Yes -- as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
They doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit -- and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Duncan. xxxx happiness!

Sergeant. xxxx I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.
They smack of honour both. -- Go get him surgeons. --
No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death --
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

00:04:52

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

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

Banquo. How far is't called to Forres?

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

Banquo. What are these,

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

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

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

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

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

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? -- In the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
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!

1 Witch. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

All. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers -- tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis --
But how of Cawdor? 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.
Speak, I charge you.

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

Macbeth. Into the air -- and what seemed corporal

Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

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

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?
Macbeth. Your children shall be kings!
Banquo. You shall be king!
Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too! Went it not so?
Banquo. To the self-same tune and words. -- Who's there?

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success --
And every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence
And poured them down before him.

Angus. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks --

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

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives.

Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Angus. The thane lives yet,
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

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

Banquo. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange --
And oftentimes, to win us to our xxxxxx
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest xxxxxx
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And makes my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not.
If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.
New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macbeth. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. --
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let us toward the king. -- Think upon
What hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.

00:12:21

Lady Macbeth. "Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came
missives from the king who all-hailed me Thane of Cawdor,
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me,
and referred me to the coming on of time with Hail, king
that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee,
my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st 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 promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great --
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. xxxx thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily -- would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongly win.
Thou'd'st 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 to 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 crowned withal. --

What is your tidings?

Seyton. The king comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth. Thou art mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? -- who, were it so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Seyton. 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 Macbeth. Give him tending --

He brings great news.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. -- Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry Hold, hold! --

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love. Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. xxxxxx sun that morrow see. --

xxxxxx is as a book, where men

May read strange matters.

xxxxxx the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for -- and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macbeth. We will ... we will speak further.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear.
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

00:18:08

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat.
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress nor coigne of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Duncan. See, see, our noble hostess! --
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. 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.

Duncan. Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.

00:19:34

Duncan. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We shall establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland -- which honour shall
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers.

All. All hail, the prince of Cumberland!
Donalbain. An honour, brother, which is well deserved.

Macbeth. The prince of Cumberland! That is a step

On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. 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.

00:20:51

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. An even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned 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 cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless courier of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

00:23:15

How now? What news?
Lady Macbeth. He has almost supped. xxxx have you left
the chamber?
Macbeth. Hath he asked for me?
Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?
Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk

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

Macbeth. Prithee, peace.

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

Lady Macbeth. What beast was it then

That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man --
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth. We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the xxxxxx his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail 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?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only --

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

00:26:26

Lady Macbeth. Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Duncan. Fair and noble hostess,
We are in measureless content.
Lady Macbeth. Sweet repose attend your majesty.

Duncan. Present this to our fair hostess.
Banquo. My liege, I will.

00:28:21

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Fleance. The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Banquo. Hold, take my sword. -- There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too. --
Get thee to bed.

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. --

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike xxxxxx bell.

Banquo. Who's there?
Macbeth. A friend!
Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess.
Macbeth. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.
To you they have showed some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them.

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.
Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macbeth. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.

00:32:03

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The xxxxxx toward my hand? -- Come, let me clutch thee. --
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? --
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. --
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. --
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. -- I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings -- and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. -- Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

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.

00:35:59

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold --

What hath quenched them hath given me fire. --
Hark! -- Peace -- It was the owl that shrieked,
The fatal bell-man 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 drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. Who's there? What ho?

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

My husband!

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

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Hark! -- Who lies in the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a ... a sorry sight.

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

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep,
And one cried Murder, that they did wake each other.
I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers
And addressed them again to sleep.
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.
But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing and Amen stuck in my throat.

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

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep -- the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.
Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?
Macbeth. Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more -- Macbeth shall sleep no more.
Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done.
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. 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.

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

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.
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. Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

00:42:32

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed. If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock,
knock, knock. Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?

Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. Oh, come in, equivocator. Knock, knock. Never at quiet. What are you? -- Oh, 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. Anon, anon.

I pray you, sir, remember the porter.
Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.
And drink, sir, is a great provoker of many things.
Macduff. What things does drink especially provoke?
Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and lechery, sir.
Lechery it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. And 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 -- it makes him stand to and not stand to -- in conclusion, it equivocates him in a sleep and, giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night, friend.
Porter. That it did, sir, in the very throat of me.
Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awakened him. Here he comes. --
Macbeth. Macduff.
Ross. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macbeth. Lord of Ross.
Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macbeth. Not yet.
Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.
Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.
Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
And yet 'tis one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
That is the door.
Macduff. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

Ross. Goes the king hence today?
Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.
Ross. The night has been unruly.
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,
And, as they say, lamentings heard in the air,

Strange screams of death --
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Ross. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.
Macbeth. What's the matter?
Macduff. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Macbeth. What is't you say?
Macduff. Most sacrilegious murder.
Ross. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake!
Ring the alarm bell! Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake, awake!
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.

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

Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.
Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.

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

Donalbain. What is amiss?
Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Macbeth. The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped -- the very source of it is stopped.

Ross. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
So were their daggers, which unwiped we xxxx
xxxx their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
No man's life was xxxx trusted xxxxxx

Macbeth. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and xxxxxx in a moment? No man.
The expedition of violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood --
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady!

Malcolm. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Donalbain. Let's away.

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

Macduff. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly xxxxxx
xxxxxx in the hall together.

Banquo. Well contented.

00:50:10

Malcolm. What will you do?
This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted -- and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. I'll to England.
Donalbain. To Ireland, I.

Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer.
Malcolm. Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.
The near in blood, the nearer bloody.
Therefore to horse --
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking.

00:51:04

Doctor. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange. But this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done.

Doctor. How goes the world, Macduff?
Macduff. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is it known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Doctor. What good could they pretend?
Macduff. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled -- which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Doctor. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?
Macduff. He is already named and goes to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Ross. Farewell, good father.
Doctor. Farewell, both.

00:52:35

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised -- and I fear
Thou play'd most foully for it. Yet it was said
It would 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?

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

It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macbeth. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Banquo. Let your highness
Command be upon me -- to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. We should have else desired your good advice --
In this day's council. But we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?
Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper.
Macbeth. Fail not our feast.
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. We hear that Duncan's sons are now bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
Hie you to horse. Adieu, till you return at night.
Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon us.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot --
Farewell. --
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.

00:55:38

Attend those men our pleasure?
Seyton. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us.

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.
Our fears in Banquo stick deep --
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind --
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them -- and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.

Now stay here till we call.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. Well then, now --

Have you considered of my speeches --

Know that it was Banquo, in times past,

Which held you so under fortune,

Which you thought had been our innocent self?

1 Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. Do you find your patience so predominant

In your nature that you can let this go?

2 Murderer. I am one, my lord,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed, that I am reckless what I do

To spite the world.

1 Murderer. And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance

To mend it or be rid on it.

Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

1 Murderer. True, my good lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine -- and in such bloody distance

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life. And though I could

With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not --

For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop -- but wail his fall

Whom I myself struck down. And thence it is

That I to your assistance do make love,

Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Murderer. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 Murderer. Though our lives ----

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

Acquaint you with the perfect spy of the time,
The moment on't -- for it must be done tonight,
And something from the palace -- always thought,
That I require a clearness. And with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour.

Seyton. My liege.

Macbeth. Resolve yourselves apart --

I'll come to you anon.

1 Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth. Abide within. I'll call upon you straight.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

00:59:42

Lady Macbeth. 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.

How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotched the snake, not killed it.
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Who we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Lady Macbeth. Come on,

Gentle my lord. Sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macbeth. So shall I, love -- and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo.
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue --
Unsafe the while that we must lave
Our honour in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.
Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.
Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.
Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy's not etern.
Macbeth. There's comfort yet. They are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?
Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --
Thou marvell'st at my words -- but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

01:03:36

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

Seyton. 'Tis he.
1 Murderer. Stand to't!

Banquo. Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge!

Seyton. There's but one down. The son is fled.
2 Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
1 Murderer. Then let's away, and say how much is done.

01:05:06

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.

At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends --
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
Lords. xxxxxx your majesty.
Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Here I'll sit in the midst. Be large in mirth.
Anon we'll drink a measure the table round.

There's blood upon thy face.
1 Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?
1 Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.
Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats.
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it, thou art the non-pareil.
Seyton. Most royal sir,
Fleance escaped.
Macbeth. Then comes my fit again!
I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?
1 Murderer. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. -- Get thee gone. Tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.
xxxxxx May it please your highness sit?
Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present --
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. -- May please't your highness
To grace us xxxxxx
xxxxxx Here is a place xxxxxx

Macbeth. Where?

xxxxxx What is it that moves your highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. 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?

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

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

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

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

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

This is ... This is more strange than such a murder is.

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

Macbeth. I do forget!

Do not ... Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Now, love and health to all.
Then I'll sit down. -- Give me some wine. Fill full. --
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here. To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, xxxxxx your majesty.

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

Thy bones are marrowless and thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger --
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And xxxx me to the desert with thy sword.
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

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

Macbeth. Why so, being gone, I am a man again.
Pray you, sit still.

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

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

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. 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.

xxxxxx Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth. A kind goodnight to all.

Lords. Good night, your majesty.

Angus. I say,

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth -- marry, he was dead --

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact --
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was that not nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered 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. Sir, can you tell
Where they bestow themselves?

Ross. In the English court. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the English king that with his help
We may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives
Angus. I'll send my prayers with him.

01:13:06

Macbeth. They say, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
Augures and understood relations have,
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?
Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?
Macbeth. 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 tomorrow --
And betimes I will -- to the weird sisters.
For now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
That must be acted ere they may be scanned.
Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed.

01:15:00

Witches. Double, double, toil and trouble.

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Macbeth. How now, you secret black and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.

3 Witch. Macbeth, Macbeth -- beware Macduff,

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me -- enough.

Macbeth. For thy good caution, thanks --

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

2 Witch. Be bloody, bold and resolute. Laugh to scorn

The power of man -- for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff! What need I fear of thee?

1 Witch. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.

Macbeth. That will never be!

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

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

Yet my heart throbs to know one thing.

Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?

Witches. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied. Deny me this

And an eternal curse fall on you.

Witches. No more, no more, no more.

01:16:52

Macbeth. Where are they? -- Gone? --

Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Come in, without there!

Seyton. My lord?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Seyton. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Seyton. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,

And damned all those that trust them.

Seyton. My lord, Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Seyton. Ay, my good lord.

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

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
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 of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool --
This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.
But no more sights!

01:18:09

ENGLAND

Before the Palace of King Edward
the Confessor.

Macduff. Each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven in the face.

Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.
He hath not touched you yet. I am young -- but something
You may deserve of him through me.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may submit
To an imperial charge.

Macduff. Oh, Scotland, Scotland,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

Malcolm. But I shall crave your pardon.

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. 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.

My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. Good God betimes remove

The means that makes us strangers.

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be called our mother, but our grave.
Where good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace.

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

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

Ross. I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air.

Macduff. What concern they?

The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. Your castle is surprised -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
Were to add the death of you.

Malcolm. What, man, give sorrow words.
The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? Oh, hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop.

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so --
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Heaven rest them now.

Ross. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger -- blunt not the heart, enrage it.

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

Malcolm. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command.
There will be hands uplifted in my right --
And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands. Come, go we to the king.
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.

01:23:30

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. She has light by her continually -- 'tis her
command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

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

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. She speaks. I will set down what comes from her,
to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot -- out, I say. One --
two -- why then, 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky. Fie,
my lord, fie -- a soldier and afeard? What need we fear
who knows it, when none can call our power to account?
Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much
blood in him? The thane of Fife had a wife -- where is
she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more
o' that, my lord, no more o' that -- you mar all with
this starting.

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

Gentlewoman. She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

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

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

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

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

01:29:44

Menteith. The English power is near,
Led on by Malcolm, and the good Macduff.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad. Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury.

Angus. Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

01:30:27

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus --
Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Servant. My liege --

Macbeth. The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand --

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul, these linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. 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 lived long enough. My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf --
And that which should accompany old age --
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends --
I must not look to have -- but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. --

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

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

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

Give me mine armour.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

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

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

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

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

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

Come, put mine armour on -- give me my staff. --

Seyton, send out! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --

Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo

That should applaud again. -- Pull't off, I say. --
What rhubarb, senna, what purgative drug
Could scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
Man the battlements.
Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

01:34:06

Malcolm. I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Menteith. We doubt it nothing.
Malcolm. What wood is this?
Menteith. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him.
Menteith. It shall be done.
Malcolm. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

01:35:12

Macbeth. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?
Doctor. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word. --
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time --
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Messenger. Gracious my lord --

Macbeth. Thou comest to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.

Messenger. I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought

The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath if it be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming.

I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive

Till famine cling thee. -- If thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pall in resolution and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiends

That lie like truths. Fear not till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane -- and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and out!

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun

And wish the estate of the world were now undone.

Ring the alarm bell! -- Blow wind, come wrack,

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

01:39:46

Malcolm. Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down

And show like those you are.

01:40:43

Macduff. Tyrant, show thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms

Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbattered edge

I'll sheathe again undeeded. -- Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not.

01:41:27

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

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words.

xxxxxx my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

Macbeth. Thou losest labour.

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.
I bear a charmed life, that must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm --

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Cursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it has cowed my better part of man.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense --
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze of the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macbeth. I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough.

01:45:36

Macduff. Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland.

01:46:11

THE END

A
BRITISH LION
PRESENTATION
of the
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Macbeth MAURICE EVANS
Lady Macbeth JUDITH ANDERSON
Banquo MICHAEL HORDERN
Macduff IAN BANNEN
Doctor FELIX AYLMER
Duncan MALCOLM KEEN
Gentlewoman MEGS JENKINS
Malcolm JEREMY BRETT
Donalbain BARRY WARREN
Ross WILLIAM HUTT
Caithness CHARLES CARSON
Seyton TRADER FAULKNER
Porter GEORGE ROSE
First Witch VALERIE TAYLOR
Second Witch ANITA SHARP BOLSTER
Third Witch APRIL OLRICH
Angus BREWSTER MASON
Menteith SIMON LACK
Fleance SCOT FINCH
Bloody Sergeant ROBERT BROWN
First Murderer MICHAEL RIPPER
Second Murderer DOUGLAS WILMER