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MACBETH.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
ARTHUR SYMONS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.

Malcolm,)
Donalbain,) his sons

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

Macduff,)

Lennox,)

Ross,) noblemen of Scotland.

Menteith,)

Angus,)

Caithness,)

Fleance, son to Banquo.

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

Young Siward, his son.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Ladt Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

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

Hecate.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Scene -- Scotland; England.

Historic Period: A.D. 1041-1057.

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

Scene I. An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

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

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

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. A camp near Forres.

Alarums within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm,
Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meet-
ing a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

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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.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-
donwald --
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

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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!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's-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.

Ross. I'll see it done.

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

Scene III. A heath.

Distant thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

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

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: --

"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, O witch!" the rump-fed ronyonl cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.
Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

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Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I 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 se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost. --
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What
are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you
aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
stand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

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Third 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.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and
greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

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

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. 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? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? -- Speak, I
charge you. [Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water
has,
And these are of them: whither are they
vanish'd?

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

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Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.
-- Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

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

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

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

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.

Ban. [Aside] What, can the devil speak
true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do
you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with
both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

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But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
Thanks for your pains.

[Aside to Banquo] Do you not hope your
children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
to me

Promis'd no less to them?

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

[Turns to Ross and Angus.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- [To Ross and Angus]

I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
but what is not.

Ban. [To Ross and Angus] Look, how our
partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] 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. [Aside] Come what come may,

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Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. [Advancing] Worthy Macbeth, we stay
upon your leisure.

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

Ban. [Aside to Macbeth] Very gladly.

Macb. [Aside to Banquo] Till then, enough.

-- Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Forres. A room in the palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-
bain, Lennox, 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

after

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

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

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

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

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
valiant;

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And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene V. Inverness. A room in Macbeth's
castle.

Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success;
and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they

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have more in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burn'd in desire to question them further, they
made themselves air, into which they vanish'd.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-
sives from the king, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of
Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters
saluted me, and referr'd 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 promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

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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 wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition; but without

1 The perfect »t report^ i.e. the best intelligence.
8 MUsives, messengers. » Deliver^ report.

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The illness should attend it: what thou
wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;"

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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.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it: --
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. 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. [Exit Attendant.

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!"

Enter Macbeth.

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

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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 '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.

Macb. We will speak further.

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

Scene VI. The same. Before Macbeth's
castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending,
with torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm,
Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,
Ross, 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 heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign 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.

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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
sHow you shall bid God 'ild 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 where-
with
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

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

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

Scene VII. The same. A lobby in
Macbeth's castle.

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

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then
 't were well.
It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

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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, re-
 turn
To plague th' inventor: this even-handed
 justice
Commends th' 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'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. --

Enter Ladt Macbeth.

How now! what news?

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.

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

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

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

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

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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 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?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those
 sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very
 daggers,
That they have done 't?

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

Upon his death?

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

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ACT II.

Scene I. Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance
with a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

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

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Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's hus-
bandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Hestrain in me the cursed thoughts that
nature
Gives way to in repose!

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Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who 's there?

Macb. A friend.

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

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

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 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

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

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

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

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

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. --

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Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of
blood,
Which was not so before. -- There 's no such
thing: --
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd 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
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he
lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives. -- [A bell rings.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell
[Exit.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

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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 'em. -- Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done 't.

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Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

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?

371a

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 's sleep, and
one cried "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood ana
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

371b

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

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

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

Listening their fear: I could not say "Amen!"

When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen?"

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

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

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

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

372a

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,

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

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

Macb. I 'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the
dead

Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? --

How is 't with me, when every noise appals
me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
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. [Knocking within.]
I hear a knocking

372b

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 within.]
Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: -- be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself. [Knocking within.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt. Knocking continues.]

Scene III. The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have
old turning the key. [Knocking within.]
Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the
name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer that
hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty:
come in time; have napkins enow about you;
here you 'll sweat for 't. [Knocking within.]
Knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other
devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator
that could swear in both the scales against
either scale; who committed treason enough
for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking
within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there?
Faith! here 's an English tailor come hither,
for stealing out of a French hose: come in,
tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knock-
ing within.] 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 within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

373a

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

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and uproves; 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 on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

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

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

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

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

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint 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,

373b

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the óbscure
bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the
earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Macd. [Without] O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his mas-
terpiece!
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?

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

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. -- Murder and treason!

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

374a

Enter Banquo.

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

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

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 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd, -- the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's 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
Outrun the pauser, reason. -- Here lay Dun-
can; --
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
derers,

374b

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could
refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain] Why do we hold
our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Malcolm] What should be
spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain] Nor our strong
sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: --

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all

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

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to Eng-
land.

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

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

375a

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.

375b

Scene IV. The same. Without Macbeth's
castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

375a

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this
sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up

376b

Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to
Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

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

Ross. Will you to Scone!

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

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and
with those

That would make good of bad and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.

376a

ACT III.

Scene I. Forres. Hall in the palace.
Ross, Lennox, and Lords discovered.

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.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king;
Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

376b

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,
sir,
And I 'll request your presence.

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

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your
good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow;
Is 't far you ride?

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.

377a

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
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 's.

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 all but Macbeth and an Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Oar pleasure?

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

Macb. Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.
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, prophet-
like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

377b

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 th' 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?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else
that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say "Thus did Banquo."

First 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 gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

First 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,⁰ and demi-wolves,¹ are
clept

378a

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, 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.

378b

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

378a

Sec. 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.

First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody
distance,

378b

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my
sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

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

379a

First Mur. Though our lives --

Mach. Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always
thought

That I require a clearness: and with him --
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work --
Fleance his son, that keeps him company --

Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's -- must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

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

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide
within. [Exeunt Murderers.

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

Scene II. The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it:

379b

She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

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

Macb. So shall I, love; and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue:
Unsafe the while that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

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

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

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assail-
able;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's
summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peel, there shall be
done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

380a

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. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. A park, with a gate
leading to the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since
he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First 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.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 't is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third 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 with a torch.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!
Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.

380b

Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[They set upon Banquo.

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

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

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

Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

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

Scene IV. The same. Hall in the palace.
A banquet prepared. Ross, Lennox,
Lords, and Ladies discovered.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, 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.

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

Enter First Murderer to the door.

Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. -- [Approaching the door]

There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'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

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your
highness

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

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

Macb. Where?

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

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. 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.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
too.

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

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

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

382b

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been per-
form'd
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 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 o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

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

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

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost vanishes.
Why, so -- being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

383a

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 is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. 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 all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

Macb. It will have blood; they say blood
will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees
to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?

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

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

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will
send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow --
And betimes I will -- 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
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

383b

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be
scann'd.

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

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

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

Scene V. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you
look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and 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:

And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

384a

[Music and 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.
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll
soon be back again. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Forres. A room in the palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

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

384b

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
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.]

384a

ACT IV.

Scene I. A cavern. In the middle, a
caldron boiling.

Thunder. The three Witches.

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

384b

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

Third Witch. Harpier cries, -- 't is time, 't is
time.

First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone

385a

Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,

385b

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

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

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

385a

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

385b

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

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate.

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

[Music and a song, "Black spirits," &c.

[Exit Hecate.

386a

Sec. 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 germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it

from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

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

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

First 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;

386b

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more, --

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

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

Sec. 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.

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

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

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third 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 bode-
ments! good!

Rebellion's 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: --

[The caldron sinks into the earth.

387a

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

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

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

A show of eight Kings, the last with a mirror in
his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: -- 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! -- Ay, now I see 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon
me,

And points at them for his. [Apparitions van-
ish.] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and then
vanish, with Hecate.

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

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

387b

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

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

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

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

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside] 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! -- [To Lennox] Where are
these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. Fife. A room in Macduff's
castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

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

Ross. 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.

Ross. 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,

388a

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.

Ross. 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

From what we fear, yet know not we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

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

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

Ross. 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.

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 pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do
for a father?

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

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

388b

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd 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 enow to beat
the honest men, and hang up them.

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

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

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou 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:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
serve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

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?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

389a

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

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'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an 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 stanchless 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 foisons 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-scepter'd,
 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,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she liv'd! -- 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:

391b

Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

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

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

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

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited
people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue

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

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

392a

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. 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 e'er they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?

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

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

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

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

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech:
how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

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

Mal. Be 't their comfort

We 're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

392b

Ross. 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?

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

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

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

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. 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?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines 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;

393a

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,

393b

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!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what
cheer you may:

The night is long that never finds the day.

[Exeunt.]

393a

ACT V.

Scene I. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-
Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report.
When was it she last walk'd?

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

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to
receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the
effects of watching! In this slumbery agita-
tion, 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 't is most meet
you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having
no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you,
here she comes!

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast
asleep. Observe her; stand close.

393b

Doct. How came she by that light?

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

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

Gent. It is an accustom'd 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 remem-
brance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! --
One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't. -- Hell
is murky. - Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
afeard? What need we fear who knows it,
when none can call our power to account? --

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? -- What, will these hands ne'er be clean? -- No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: yom 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.

394a

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.

394b

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 nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet

394a

again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

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

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician.

394b

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, Menteith,
Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,

395a

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

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

Caith. 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?

Caith. 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.

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

Off. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Officer.]

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

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

396a

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

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

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on. --

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine
armour. [Exit Seyton.]

How does your patient, doctor?

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

Macb. Cure her of that.

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

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none
of it.

Re-enter Seyton, with an Officer.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. --
Seyton, send out. -- Doctor, the thanes fly
from me. --

Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. -- [trying to throw
off his coat of mail] Pull 't off, I say. --
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-
paration
Makes us hear something.

Macb. [To Seyton and Officer] Bring it after
me. --

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

[Exeunt all except Doctor.]

396b

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

Scene IV. The Wood of Birnam.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old
Siward and young Siward, Macduff,
Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox,
Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

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

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we
shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

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

Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the
revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained
things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes
relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.]

397a

Scene V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

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

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still, "They come;" our castle's
strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

397b

Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should
be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to

beard,
And beat them backward home.

[A cry of women within.

What is that noise?

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

[Exit.

397a

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears:
The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with
horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. --

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. --

397b

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Macb. Well, say, sir.

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

Macb. Liar and slave!

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.]

Scene VI. The same. A plain before the
castle.

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

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

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

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,

398b

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. The same. Another part of the
plain.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I can-
not fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's
he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Y. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Y. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

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

[Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, 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
 shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

399a

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;

399b

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. Alarums.]

399a

Scene VIII. The same. Another part of the
plain.

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.

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;

399b

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
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me
so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

400a

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! -- I will not fight
with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

400b

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

400a

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: -- before my body
I throw my warlike shield: -- lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold,
enough!"

[They fight. Macbeth is slain. Mac-
duff drags his body off.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and
colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross,

Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith,
and Soldiers.

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

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

400b

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
son.

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

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

401a

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

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

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

Re-enter Macduff, wUh 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.

401b

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,
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 't is 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.

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