

William Winter (ed.), Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth -- as presented by Edwin Booth (New York, 1878).

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The Prompt-Book.

Edited by William Winter.

Shakespeare's Tragedy
Of
Macbeth

As Presented by
Edwin Booth.

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Francis Hart & Company, 63 and 65 Murray Street.
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Preface.

"MACBETH" is remarkable, even among the works of Shakespeare, for sustained continuity of rapid movement, and for a uniform and abiding quality of high and weird poetic mood. In general, as may be gathered from Ben Jonson's famous commemorative lines, its author was a scrupulous and thorough reviser of his own writings. He did not scorn to reinforce his spontaneous creative power with laborious art, and thus he produced his "well-torned and true-filed lines" by striking "the second heat upon the Muses' anvil." But, in the writing of "Macbeth," he seems to have enjoyed supreme mental freedom. He possessed an hour of insight, and his art was merged in inspiration. The piece is breezy with power, and is totally free from the heaviness and difficulty of a constrained effort. Even the quality of the verse is invariable throughout this play. No feeble passages occur in it. The texture of the fifth act is as firm as the texture of the first. The rush of dramatic action enters into and vitalized almost every part of the mechanism. A piece thus vigorously and happily created cannot lapse from

movement into narrative. All stage versions of "Macbeth," accordingly, present, with but slight curtailment or other alteration, the original of Shakespeare. The version herewith printed gives the text as it is used by Edwin Booth, and illustrates it with the stage business -- whether traditional or newly devised -- which he employs. Excisions and changes of the original will be observed in it; but these -- few in number, though important in character -- are thought to be necessary

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and justifiable. Lady Macbeth, for example, is not brought on amid the tumult of horror and consternation which ensues upon the discovery of the murder of Duncan, for the reason that, while the dramatic point here made is splendid and thrilling, it does not often happen that a representative of Lady Macbeth proves able to give it its proper effect. The slaughter of Banquo is omitted, as a needless exhibition of melodramatic violence. The killing of Lady Macduff -- an incident usually discarded -- is expunged for the same reason. This, indeed, is a superfluity of horror, much like the actual digging out of Gloster's eyes, in "King Lear." The spectre of Banquo is treated as the "bodiless creation" of Macbeth's haunted mind. "When all 's done," says the Queen, "you look but on a stool." This phantom, in accordance with the old stage direction, "Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place," was always presented in material form and with gory visage, till John Philip Kemble, acting Macbeth, treated it as kindred with the illusion of "the air-drawn dagger," and assumed it to be invisible to all but the King. Amplifying lines have been excluded, at various points in the piece. The colloquy between Malcolm and Macduff in Act Fourth has been shortened, and the dubious and non-essential part of Hecate has been omitted. This part, there is reason to believe, was interpolated into Shakespeare's work, after his death, or after he had withdrawn from the theatre. This is the opinion of the Cambridge editors, Clark and Wright, who also think that the parts assigned to "the weird sisters" were expanded by a second author -- not improbably Thomas Middleton. This writer was chronologer to the city of London in 1626, and died a little after that year. A play by him, called "The Witch," much resembling "Macbeth," was discovered, in manuscript, in 1779, and Steevens maintained that this was earlier than Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and that Shakespeare borrowed from it the incantations in his tragedy. The editors of the "Biographia Dramatica" follow this view; but the weight of opinion is opposed to it. Shakespeare, it is thought, left theatrical life about 1604; and he died in 1616. "Macbeth," which was never published during his life-time, might readily have been altered

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in the theatre, before it came into the possession of Heminge and Condell, who first gave it to the world in their folio of 1623. Dr. Dowden, a sagacious authority, considers Middleton's "Witch" to be of later date than Shakespeare's

"Macbeth." The text of the Folio of 1623 has been followed, except in a very few instances, in this reprint. Shakespeare found the materials for this tragedy in Holinshed's Chronicle. It is thought to have been written after 1603, because of its allusion to the union of the sovereignties of England and Scotland, under James I., who came to the throne in that year. This reference is to kings "that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry." Malone thought it was written about 1606. Dr. Forman saw "Macbeth" acted, on April 20th, 1610, at the Globe, in Southwark; so that the piece could not have been of later date than that. Shakespeare was, probably, at New Place, in Stratford, when he wrote it. The original representative of Macbeth was Burbage. The part has been acted by all the prominent English-speaking tragedians who have followed in his illustrious footsteps. Betterton, Garrick, Barry, Macklin, Young, Kemble, Kean, Vandenhoff, Forrest, Junius Booth, Davenport, and Brooke -- all were famous in it. Garrick, notwithstanding that he dressed it in scarlet coat and white wig, is said to have uttered its deep and various meaning with wonderful power. Kemble's Macbeth was accounted prodigious. But, probably, this great character found its consummate interpreter in Macready. Gould, in his "Tragedian," gives this glimpse of the method of several of these renowned actors: "Vandenhoff played the imagery; Macready, the analysis; Kean, the passion of the scene; Booth, the character -- which not only includes the other methods but supplies an element wanting in them."

W. W.

New-York, September 27th, 1878.

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Persons Represented.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
 Malcolm,)
 Donalbain,) Sons to Duncan.
 Macbeth,)
 Banquo,) Generals of Duncan's army.
 Macduff,)
 Lennox,) Noblemen of Scotland.
 Rosse,)
 Fleance, Son to Banquo.
 Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
 A Doctor.
 A Soldier.
 A Porter.
 A Servant.
 Lady Macbeth.
 Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth.

Three Witches.
Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-
derers, Attendants, and Messengers.
Several Apparitions.

Place and Time.

Scene. -- Chiefly in Scotland: Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness;
the Royal Palace, at Forres; Dunsinane; and other
places. One scene passes in England.

Period. -- The Eleventh Century [1040--1056-7].

Time of Action. -- Uncertain. The action proceeds in brief
periods, scattered, at intervals, over seventeen years.

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MACBETH.

Act First.

Scene First.

A wild open Place. Night. Thunder
and Lightning.

[Enter three Witches.]

First Witch.

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

Second 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?

Second Witch.

Upon the heath.

Third Witch.

There to meet with -- Macbeth.

First Witch.

I come, Graymalkin!

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All.
Paddock calls: -- anon! --
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches vanish. -- Scene changes.]

Scene Second. -- A Camp near Forres.

[March. -- Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Soldier.]

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

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

Sold.
Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, -- for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarry smiling,
Showed like a rebel's drab: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,

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Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps;
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun.
O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold.
Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,

Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage.
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun.
Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold.
Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. --
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun.
So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.
Go, get him surgeons. [To Attendants.
[Exit Soldier, attended.

Who comes here?

Mal.
The worthy thane of Fife.

Len.
What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

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[Enter Macduff.

Macduff.
God save the king!

Dun.
Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Macduff.
From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ----

Dun.
Great happiness!

Macduff.

That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colmès-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.

Macduff.

I 'll see it done.

Dun.

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[March. -- Exeunt -- Scene changes.]

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Scene Third.

A lonely Heath. Night-fall. Light-
ning and Thunder.

[Enter the three Witches.]

First Witch.

Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch.

Killing swine.

Third Witch.

Sister, where thou?

First Witch.

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

Second Witch.

I 'll give thee a wind.

First Witch.

Thou art kind.

Third Witch.
And I another.

First Witch.
I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I 'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;

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He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights 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.

Second Witch.
Show me, show me.

First Witch.
Here I have a pilot's thumb.
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[Displaying this.

[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.

Witches join hands,
move round in
circle, and bow
thrice.

[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

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

That you are so.

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Macbeth.

Speak, if you can; -- what are you?

First Witch.

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch.

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch.

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban.

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? -- I' the name of truth,
[To the witches.]

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!

Second Witch.

Hail!

Third Witch.

Hail!

First Witch.

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

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Third Witch.

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch.

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By 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 vanished?

Macbeth.

Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. -- Would they had stayed!

Ban.

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

Macbeth.

Your children shall be kings.

Ban.

You shall be king.

Macbeth.

And thane of Cawdor, too, -- went it not so?

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Ban.

To the self-same tune and words. -- [Trumpet.
Who 's here?

[Enter Rosse and Macduff.]

Macduff.

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

And poured them down before him.

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

Macduff.
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?

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

Macduff.
Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life

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Which he deserves to lose.
For treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

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

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

Macbeth. [Aside.
Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme. --
I thank you, gentlemen. -- [To Macduff and Rosse.
This supernatural soliciting [Aside.
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 fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function

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Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban.
Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macbeth. [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.

Macbeth. [Aside.
Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban.
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

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

Ban.
Very gladly.

Macbeth.
Till then, enough. -- Come, friends.

[Exeunt. -- Scene changes.]

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Scene Fourth. -- Forres. Same as Scene Second.

[Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Lennox, and Attendants.]

Dun.

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

Mal.

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

Dun.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust

[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Macduff.]

O, worthiest cousin!

[To Macbeth.]

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth.

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part

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Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun.

Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo
That has no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

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

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

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

Dun.
My worthy Cawdor!
[Exeunt all but Macbeth.]

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

Scene Fifth.
Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.]

Lady M.
"They met me in the day of success; and I have learned

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition -- but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly

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That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win:
Thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal

[Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten.

The king comes here to-night.

Lady M.

Thou art mad to say it: ----
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed 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;

[Touching her heart.]

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

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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!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

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

Lady M.
And when goes hence?

Macbeth.
To-morrow -- as he purposes.

Lady M.
O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters: -- to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth.
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 changes.]

Scene Sixth.
 Inverness. In Front of Macbeth's
 Castle. March. -- Duncan, Mal-
 colm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox,
 Macduff, Rosse, and Attendants
 are discovered.

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 loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
 The air is delicate.
 [Enter Lady Macbeth, attended. -- She kneels.]

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

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

Were poor and single business to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
 And the late dignities heaped up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

Dun.
 Where 's the thane of Cawdor?

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

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

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

Scene Seventh.
Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

[Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth.
If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

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But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, --
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-bom babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
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 Lady Macbeth R.
How now! what news? [To Lady Macbeth.

Lady M.
He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth.
Hath he asked for me?

Lady M.
Know you not he has?

Macbeth.
We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

28

Lady M.
Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeared
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macbeth.
Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.
What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprize 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 plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth.
If we should fail?

Lady M.
We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep

29

(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 drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

CURTAIN.

30

Act Second.

Scene First.

Inverness. Court within 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.

Ban.
Hold, take my sword: [Gives his sword to Fleance.
There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out: -- take thee that too.

[Gives his dagger to Fleance. -- Banquo is here
conscious of the latent power of temptation, and
seems wishful to rid himself of all incentives to
dangerous thoughts, and all the means of mischief.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: -- merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! [Noise without.
Give me my sword: -- [Snatches sword from Fleance.
Who 's there?

31

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Macbeth.
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,
[Gives a ring to Macbeth.
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth.
Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban.
All 's well. -- [Starts to go L. U. E.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth.
I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.
At your kindest leisure.

Macbeth.
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 franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

32

Macbeth.
Good repose the while!

Ban.
Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macbeth. [To Servant.
Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.
[Exit Servant. -- Then, after a brief pause, re-enter
Servant, who waits Macbeth's final commands.
Get thee to bed. [To Servant. -- 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-oppresèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed 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,

33

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. [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 Macbeth. -- A low rumble of thunder is
heard, as Macbeth goes out. -- Then, after a
pause, enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M.

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. --
Hark! -- Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. [Distant Thunder.

A Voice.

[Within.

[This line is spoken within, by one of the drunken
chamberlains.

Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M.

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

[Re-enter Macbeth. In his fright and frenzy, he
makes as if to stab her.

My husband!

34

Macbeth.
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?

Macbeth.
When?

Lady M.
Now.

Macbeth.
As I descended?

Lady M.
Ay. [Distant thunder.]

Macbeth.
Hark! --
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.
Donalbain.

Macbeth.
[Looking on his hands, which are blood-stained,
and in one of which he grasps two blood-stained
daggers.
This is a sorry sight.]

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

Macbeth.
There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M.
There are two lodged together.

35

Macbeth.
One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

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

Lady M.
Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth.
But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen "
Stuck in my throat. [Low thunder.

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

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

Lady M.
What do you mean?

Macbeth.
Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, -- Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
[Low thunder.

Lady M.
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. -- Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
[Seeing the daggers.

36

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

Lady M.
[Snatching the daggers from his hand.
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 Lady Macbeth into Duncan's chamber. --
Low thunder. -- A long pause: then sharp and
quick knocking is heard.]

Macbeth.

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

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

Lady M.

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking.]
I hear a knocking
At the south entry: -- retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking.]
Hark! more knocking:

37

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: -- [Thunder.]
Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts!

Macbeth.

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

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.]

[Enter a Porter, with lanthorn and keys. -- Knocking heard.]

Port.

Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of
hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. -- [Knocking.]
Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beel-
zebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the
expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow
about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. -- [Knocking.] 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; oh, come in, equivocator. -- [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. -- [Knocking.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? -- But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Porter opens the gate.

[Enter Macduff and Lennox C.

Macduff.

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

38

Port.

Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macduff.

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port.

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me.

Macduff.

Is thy master stirring? -- [Looking off, he sees Macbeth.
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

[Exit Porter. Enter Macbeth, hurriedly, and
half dressed.

Len.

Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth.

Good-morrow, both.

Macduff.

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth.

Not yet

Macduff.

He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth.

I 'll bring you to him.

Macduff.

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

Macbeth.

The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door. [Indicates the door by a gesture.

39

Macduff.

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

Len.

Goes the king hence to-day?

Macbeth.

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
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth.

'T was a rough night.

Len.

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[Re-enter Macduff.

Macduff.

O, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth and Len.

What 's the matter?

Macduff.

Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

40

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

Len.
Mean you his majesty?

Macduff.
Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: -- do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox, and enter Seyton
in disordered dress.

Awake, awake! --
Ring the alarum-bell: -- murder and treason! -- [Exit Seyton.
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! [Alarm-bell rings.
[Enter Banquo and others, from all sides; all in
disordered dress.

O, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murdered!

All.
Murdered!

[Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox R. 1. E.

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

41

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain R. 2. E.

Don.
What is amiss?

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

Macduff.
Your royal father 's murdered.

Mal.
O, by whom?

Len.
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
[Exit Malcolm and Donalbain into Duncan's
chamber.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

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

Macduff.
Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth.
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man;
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

42

Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Ban.
Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff.
And so do I.

All.
So all.

Macbeth.
Let 's meet i' the hall together,
To question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All.
Well contented.

CURTAIN.

43

Act Third.

Scene First.

Forres. A Room in the Royal Palace. Lennox, Rosse, Seyton, Banquo, Fleance, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, discovered.

[Banquo advances.

Ban. [Aside, in soliloquy.
Thou hast it now, -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou playedst 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? [March.
But, hush; no more.

[Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen
-- with Attendants.

Macbeth.
Here 's our chief guest. [Indicating Banquo.

Lady M.
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

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

44

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

Macbeth.

Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth.

We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we 'll take 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.

Macbeth.

Fail not our feast.

Ban.

My lord, I will not.

Macbeth.

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention, ----

[Lady Macbeth, turning from her ladies, with
whom, apparently, she has been engaged, takes
his hand, to stop his further reference to this
subject.

But of that to-morrow;

45

When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
[Banquo and Fleance cross to L. -- Fleance pauses,
to kiss the hand which Macbeth extends to him.
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban.

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

Macbeth.

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. -- [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Rosse, Lords,
Ladies, etc., separately. -- Seyton alone remains.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men [To Seyton.
Our pleasure?

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

Macbeth.
Bring them before us. [Exit Seyton.
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: -- our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 't is much he dares.
He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

46

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance. --
Who 's there? [Re-enter Seyton, with two Murderers.
Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[To Seyton. -- Exit Seyton.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
[To the Murderers.

First Mur.
It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth.
Well then, now,
Have you considered of my speeches?
Are you so gosselled,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

Second Mur.
I am one, my liege.
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

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

Macbeth.
Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

47

Both Mur.
True, my lord.

Macbeth.
So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

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

First Mur.
Though our lives ----

Macbeth.
Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done 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.

[The Murderers glance at each other.
Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur.
We are resolved, my lord.

48

Macbeth.
I 'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[Exeunt Murderers L.
It is concluded: -- Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[Exit Macbeth.

Scene Second.
Forres. Another Room in the Royal
Palace.

[Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton.

Lady M.
Is Banquo gone from court?

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

Lady M.
Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey.
Madam, I will. [Exit Seyton L.

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 L.

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

49

Macbeth.
We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
[The plural is here used in the personal and affec-

tionate sense, and not in the royal manner: and this, among other kindred speeches, should indicate the love that Macbeth feels for his wife.

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.

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

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

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

50

Lady M.
What 's to be done?

Macbeth.
Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! -- Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse. --
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt R. -- Scene changes.

Scene Third.
Forres. A Room of State in the
Royal Palace. A Banquet dis-

played. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Rosse, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants,
discovered.

Macbeth.
You know your own degrees: sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords.
Thanks to your majesty. [All sit.

Macbeth.
Ourself will mingle with society, [Descends from throne.
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

51

Lady M. [On throne.
Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
[All rise and bow. -- Then, all re-seat themselves,
except Rosse and Lennox, who go to Lady
Macbeth.

Macbeth.
See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. --
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:
[Enter First Murderer C. with the Servants, who
bring dishes. -- First Murderer has a few drops
of blood upon his cheek. -- He brings a goblet
of wine to Macbeth.
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. --
There 's blood upon thy face. [To Murderer.

Mur.
'T is Banquo's, then. [Kneels at L. of Macbeth.

Macbeth.
Is he despatched?

Mur.
My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macbeth.
Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance.

Mur.
Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth.

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

52

Mur.

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

Macbeth.

Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.

[Is about to drink; but the colour of the wine sick-
ens him, and he gives the goblet back to the
Murderer, who places it on the table, and, at
Macbeth's next words, spoken simultaneously
with this action, quietly slinks out of the room.]

Get thee gone: to-morrow

We 'll hear -- ourselves again.

[Exit Murderer.]

Lady M.

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth.

Sweet remembrancer! --

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

[To all.]

Len.

May 't please your highness sit.

Macbeth.

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

53

Rosse.

His absence, sir.
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
[Macbeth stares, in horror.]

Len.
What is 't that moves your highness?

Macbeth.
Which of you have done this?

Lords.
What, my good lord?

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

Rosse.
Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. [All rise.]

Lady M.
Sit, worthy friends: -- my lord is often thus, [All sit.
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. --
[Guests endeavour not to notice what follows.
Are you a man? [To Macbeth.]

Macbeth.
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

54

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

Macbeth.
Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? --
[Stares at imaginary spectre.
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. [Sinks on her bosom.

Lady M.
What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth.
If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M.
Fie, for shame!
[Lady Macbeth goes among the guests, and presently
ascends the throne,

Macbeth. [Aside.
Blood hath been shed ere now; i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed,
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

55

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

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.

Macbeth.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger:
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Spectre is supposed to vanish.
Why, so; -- being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady M. [To Macbeth.
You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macbeth.
Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

56 MACBETH.

Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

All.
What sights, my lord?

[Macbeth sinks at the foot of the throne.

Lady M. [To the Guests.
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.
A kind good-night to all!

[Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

[After dismissing the guests, Lady Macbeth turns
sternly and fiercely to Macbeth, but, seeing him so
utterly crushed, she relents, and comes, lovingly
and very quietly, towards him.

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

[Lady Macbeth places her hand gently on his
shoulder. At this he starts, and seeing her,
changes in mood as he asks:

What is the night?

Lady M.

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth.

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

57

Lady M.

Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth.

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

Lady M.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth.

Come, we 'll to sleep.

[With a look and a tone of dreary and forlorn
bitterness.

My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: --

We are yet but young in deed.

[As Macbeth lifts his hand to press his brow he
touches the crown. He removes it, and gazes
upon it with looks of loathing. As he does
this, Lady Macbeth gradually sinks to the floor,
on her knees.

SLOW CURTAIN.

58

Act Fourth.

Scene First.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caul-
dron, boiling. Thunder. The Three
Witches discovered.

First Witch.

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

Second Witch.

Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch.

Harpier cries: -- 't is time, 't is time.

First Witch.

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw. --
Toad, that under coldest stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

[She drops a substance into the cauldron.

All.

[The Witches walk around the cauldron, stirring
its contents with their sticks.

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

Second Witch.

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

59

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

[Repeats action of First Witch.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. [Business as before.

Third Witch.

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

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

[Repeats action of First Witch.]

All.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. [Business as before.]

Second Witch.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
[All crouch around cauldron. -- A pause.]
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: -- [Noise outside.]
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[Enter Macbeth C. above.]

60

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

The Three Witches.
A deed without a name.

Macbeth.
I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch.
Speak.

Second Witch.
Demand.

Third Witch.
We 'll answer.

First Witch.
Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macbeth.
Call them, let me see them.

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.

The Three Witches.
Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!
[Thunder. An apparition of an armèd head rises.
This head is "made up" to resemble Macbeth.

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

61

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

App.
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. -- Dismiss me: -- enough.

Macbeth.
Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped my fear aright: -- but one word more ----
[Apparition descends. -- Thunder.

First Witch.
He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first
[Thunder. -- An apparition of a blood-stained child
rises.

App.
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! --

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

App.
Be bloody -- bold -- and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
[Descends. -- Thunder.

Macbeth.
Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. -- What is this,
[Thunder. An apparition of a child, crowned, with
a tree in his hand, rises.

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

The Three Witches.
Listen, but speak not to 't.

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

[Descends. -- Thunder.

Macbeth.
That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

The Three Witches.
[They rise and go to R.
Seek to know no more.

Macbeth.
I will be satisfied: deny me this.
And an eternal curse fall on you!
[Macbeth descends from rocks. The cauldron sinks.
Thunder and discordant sounds, shrieks, etc.,
are heard.

Let me know: --
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this?

First Witch.
Show! [Passing from R. to L.

Second Witch.
Show! [The same.

Third Witch.
Show! [The same.

The Three Witches.
Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

[Eight kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.]

Macbeth. [As they pass.]
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: -- and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: --
A third is like the former. -- Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? -- A fourth? -- Start, eyes! --
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? --
Another yet? -- A seventh? -- I 'll see no more: --
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more;
Horrible sight! -- Now, I see, 't is true;
[The Witches vanish as Banquo appears.]
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. -- What! is this so?
Where are they? Gone? -- Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar! --
Come in, without there! [Enter Seyton, above.]

Sey.
What 's your grace's will?

Macbeth.
Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey.
No, my lord.

Macbeth.
Came they not by you?

64

Sey.
No, indeed, my lord.

Macbeth.
Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! -- I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Sey.
'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth.
Fled to England!

Sey.
Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth.

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

Scene Second. -- A Wood in England.

[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]

Mal.

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

65

Macduff.

Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet.
I am young; but something
You may discern of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff.

I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff.

I have lost my hopes,

Mal.

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)

66

Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: -- You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure.
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeered. -- Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

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

Macduff.

What should he be?

Mal.

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,

That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

67

Macduff.
Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
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: and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign:
#For had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff.
O, Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macduff.
Fit to govern!
No, not to live. -- O, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody 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 lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. -- O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

68

Mal.
Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
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 scarcely yet have coveted mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: -- what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach.
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff.

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.
See, who comes here?

Mal.

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

[Enter Rosse.]

Macduff.

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal.

I know him now: -- good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

69

Rosse.

Sir, Amen.

Macduff.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse.

Alas! poor country, --
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked: where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff.
O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal.
What 's the newest grief?

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

Macduff.
How does my wife?

Rosse,
Why, well. [Solemnly.

Macduff.
And all my children?

Rosse.
Well, too.

70

Macduff.
The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

Macduff.
Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse.
When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed 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. [To Malcolm.

Mal.
Be it their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

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

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

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

71

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

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

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

Macduff.
I guess at it.

Rosse.
Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered 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.

Macduff.
My children too?

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

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

Rosse.
I have said.

72

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

Macduff.
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.

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

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

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

CURTAIN.

73

Act Fifth.

Scene First.
Dunsinane. A Room in Macbeth's

Castle.

[Enter a Doctor and a Waiting Gentlewoman.]

Doct.

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

Gent.

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

Doct.

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

Gent.

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

Doct.

You may to me; and '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 light, C.]

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

74

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 is shut.

Doct.

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

Gent.

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

Lady M.

Yet here 's a spot.

Doct.

Hark! she speaks.

Lady M.

Out, damnèd spot! out, I say! -- One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't. -- Hell is murky! -- Fie! my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared? 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?

75

Lady M.

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

Doct.

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

Gent.

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

Lady M.

Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

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.

Lady M.

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: -- I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he can not 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 can
not be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.
[Exit Lady Macbeth. Doctor and Gentlewoman
stand apart, watching her. -- Scene changes.]

76

Scene Second.
Dunsinane. Another Room in Mac-
beth's Castle. [Second Grooves.]

[Enter Macbeth and Attendants.]

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

[Enter a Servant.]

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

Serv.
There is ten thousand ----

Macbeth.
Geese, villain?

Serv.
Soldiers, sir.

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

Serv.
The English force, so please you.

Macbeth.
Take thy face hence.

[Exit Servant.]

Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,

77

When I behold ---- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived 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 is your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth.
What news more?

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

Macbeth.
I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey.
'T is not needed yet.

Macbeth.
I 'll put it on. --
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine armour. --
[Exit Seyton R. -- Enter Doctor L.]
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.

78

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

Doct.
Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth.
Throw physic to the dogs, -- I 'll none of it. --
[Enter Seyton, with armour.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: --
Seyton, send out ---- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
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.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?
Hear'st thou of them?

Doct.
Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something. [Seyton offers armour.

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

79

Scene Third.
Full Stage. Country near Dunsin-
ane: a Wood in view. Flourish.
Malcolm, Macduff, Lennox, Rosse,
and Soldiers discovered.

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

Len.
We doubt it nothing.

Rosse.
What wood is this before us?

Len.
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.

[A number of soldiers go out, at different sides,
with axes, etc.

Len.

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.

80

Macduff.

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

[Soldiers enter, from different sides, with boughs. --
Scene closes in.

Scene Fourth. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

[Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Officers.

Macbeth.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced 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 Seyton L.

Macbeth.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

81

As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. [Re-enter Seyton L.
Wherefore was that cry?

Sey.

The queen, my lord, is dead. [All show signs of sorrow.

Macbeth.

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

Serv.

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

Macbeth.

Well, say, sir.

Serv.

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

Macbeth.

Liar and slave!

82

Serv.

Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
[Servant kneels.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth.

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

[Servant rises and goes up C.]

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 no flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' 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 Fifth.

Dunsinane. A Plain before the Castle.
Malcolm, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughs, discovered.

Mal.

Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. -- You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

83

Macduff.

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Flourish. -- Exeunt. -- Alarums. -- Enter Macbeth.]

Macbeth.

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot 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.

[Exit. -- Alarums. -- Enter Macduff.]

Macduff.

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

[Exit. -- Alarums. -- Re-enter Macbeth.

Macbeth.
Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. [Re-enter Macduff.

Macduff.
Turn, hell-hound, turn!

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

84

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

Macbeth.
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.

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

Macbeth.
Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear.
And break it to our hope. -- I 'll not fight with thee.

Macduff.

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

85

Macbeth.

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be bated with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:
Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[They fight, and Macbeth is killed. -- Flourish. --
Enter, with drum and banners, Malcolm, Rosse,
Lennox and Soldiers.]

All.
Hail, king of Scotland!

[To Malcolm.
[Flourish.]

CURTAIN.