

Script 0

I i 14 Paddock calls anon. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

I ii 5-7 What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

25-6 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave,

40-1 Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?

42-3 Yes -- as sparrows eagles,
Or the hare the lion.

45-6 As cannons over-charged with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

49-50 I cannot tell. -- But I am faint.
My gashes cry for help.

57 So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

62-3 And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

72-3 That now Sweno the Norways' king
Craves composition.

I iii 87-9 Into the air -- and what seemed corporal
Melted as breath into the wind.
Would they had stayed!

Script 1

Paddock calls.
Anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

What bloody man is that?
He can report, ss seemeth by his plight,
Of the revolt the newest state.

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Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,

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Yes --
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As cannons over-charged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

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So should he look,
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And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,

That now
Sweno the Norways' king craves composition.

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

119-20	The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?	The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes?
123-7	Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined with those of Norway, Or did line the rebel with hidden help And vantage, or that with both he laboured In his country's wreck, I know not --	Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He laboured In his country's wreck, I know not --
147-8	Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,	Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success,
154-5	Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,	Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
156-8	Shakes so my single state of man That function is smothered in surmise, And nothing is but what is not.	Shakes so my single state of man that function Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is But what is not.
170-1	Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. --	Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. --
175-6	Let us toward the king. -- Think upon What hath chanced, and at more time,	Let us toward the king. -- Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
I iv 4-5	Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not those in commission yet returned?	Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet returned?
6-12	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's pardon, And set forth a deep repentance. Nothing in his life became him Like the leaving it. He died	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's pardon, and set forth A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it. He died

<p>30-5 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness's part 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.</p> <p>I v 22-4 And yet would'st wrongly win. Thou'd'st have, great Glamis, that which cries, Thus thou must do if thou have it --</p> <p>I vi 5-6 This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself</p> <p>24-7 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.</p> <p>II i 13-17 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts That nature gives way to in repose. -- Give me my sword. -- Who's there?</p> <p>20-1 He hath been in unusual pleasure, And sent forth great largess to your offices.</p> <p>23-4 By the name of most kind hostess, And shut up in measureless content.</p> <p>36-7 If you shall cleave to my consent, When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.</p> <p>II ii 4-9 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. -- Hark! -- Peace -- It was the owl that shrieked, The fatal bell-man which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it. The doors are open,</p>	<p>In doing it, pays itself. Your highness's part 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.</p> <p>And yet would'st wrongly win. Thou'd'st have, great Glamis, That which cries, Thus thou must do if thou have it --</p> <p>This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself</p> <p>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.</p> <p>And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers, Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose. -- Give me my sword. -- Who's there?</p> <p>He hath been in unusual pleasure, and sent forth Great largess to your offices.</p> <p>By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up In measureless content.</p> <p>If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, It shall make honour for you.</p> <p>What hath quenched them hath given me fire. -- Hark! -- Peace -- It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bell-man Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.</p>
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And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
With snores. I have drugged their possets,

32-5 There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried Murder, that they did wake each other.
I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers
And addressed them again to sleep.

43 I had most need of blessing and Amen stuck in my throat.

83-4 I hear a knocking at the south entry.
Retire we to our chamber.

II iii 58-9 I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service.

62-5 The night has been unruly.
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,
And, as they say, lamentings heard in the air,
Strange screams of death --

68-71 New hatched to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.
Some say the earth was feverous
And did shake.

76-7 Oh, horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

105 Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.

128-9 Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
possets,

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

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

I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.

I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death --

New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Oh, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered.

Upon their pillows.
They stared and were distracted. No man's life

		Was to be trusted with them.
148-51	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 brewed.	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 brewed.
172-5	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.	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.
II iv 25-6	They did so, To the amazement of mine eyes that looked upon it.	They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes That looked upon it.
III i 42-4	Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu, till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?	Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu, Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
50-1	Till seven at night. To make society The sweeter welcome,	Till seven at night. To make society the sweeter welcome,
54-5	Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men Our pleasure?	Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men our pleasure?
58-62	Bring them before us. To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo stick deep -- And in his royalty of nature reigns that Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --	Bring them before us. To be thus is nothing, But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo Stick deep -- and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --
90-6	Well then, Now -- have you considered 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 --	Well then, now Have you considered 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 -- passed in probation with you

Passed in probation with you

99-101 And all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, Thus did Banquo.

105-11 Our point of second meeting.
Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature that you can let this go?
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?

132-3 Have so incensed, that I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.

138 Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

III ii 40-1 Unsafe the while that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams

52-3 Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

60-1 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.

III iii 15-16 Then 'tis he.
The rest that are within the note of expectation

36 Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

III iv 4-5 You know your own degrees. Sit down.
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

And all things else that might to half a soul
And to a notion crazed say, Thus did Banquo.

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? 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?

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

Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.

Then 'tis he. The rest
That are within the note of expectation

Well, let's away,
And say how much is done.

You know your own degrees. Sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome.

17	The table round. -- There's blood upon thy face.	The table round. -- There's blood upon thy face.
21	My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.	My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.
22-4	Thou art the best of the cut-throats. Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it, thou art the non-pareil.	Thou art the best of the cut-throats. Yet he's good That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it, Thou art the non-pareil.
134-5	You have displaced the mirth, Broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.	You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting With most admired disorder.
III vi 11-12	Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain	Who cannot want the thought how monstrous it was For Malcolm and for Donalbain
33-4	Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid	Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff is gone, To pray the holy king upon his aid
IV i 104	What is this, that rises like the issue of a king	What is this, That rises like the issue of a king
IV iii 118-19	Fit to govern? No, not to live! O nation miserable,	Fit to govern? No, not to live! O nation miserable,
199	Oh, relation too nice and yet too true.	Oh, relation Too nice and yet too true.
248	Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.	Wife, children, servants, All that could be found.
249-50	And I must be from thence. My wife killed too?	And I must be from thence. My wife killed too?
V vii 69	And break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.	And break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.