

Forbes Robertson 1898 Macbeth by William Shakespeare
as arranged for the stage by Forbes Robertson and
presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday, September
17, 1898 (London, 1898).

1

MACBETH

2

<blank>

3

MACBETH
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY
FORBES ROBERTSON
AND PRESENTED AT
THE LYCEUM THEATRE
ON
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898

With Five Plate Portraits of the Principal Characters

LONDON
THE NASSAU PRESS
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.; AND SOUTHWARK, S.E.
1898

4

THE NASSAU PRESS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.; AND SOUTHWARK, S.E.

5

In preparing Macbeth for the stage, I
have departed only in a slight degree
from the versions that have been in
use of late years. The first Act,
with a very few lines omitted, stands
as in the text of the first Folio.
The same may be said of the second Act, except
that I have not departed from the usual custom of
omitting the scene between Ross, Macduff and an Old

Man. In the third Act the scene between Macbeth and the Murderers is somewhat shortened; and I have taken out the scene of Hecate and the Witches, and that between Lennox and a Lord. The whole scene of Lady Macduff's murder in the fourth Act is left out, and some parts of the scene between Malcolm and Macduff; and the Act finishes with the sleep-walking scene, at the end of which I have restored a few lines in the scene between the Doctor and the Gentlewoman not usually spoken. Scenes two and seven of the fifth Act are omitted, and the play ends with Macduff's acclamation of Malcolm as King of Scotland.

JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON.

Lyceum Theatre,
Sept. 17, 1898.

6

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland	Mr. William Lugg
Malcolm)	(Mr. Martin Harvey
Donalbain) His Sons	(Mr. W. Grahame Browne
Macbeth)	(Mr. Forbes Robertson
Banquo) Generals of the King's Army	(Mr. Bernard Gould
Macduff)	(Mr. Robert Taber
Lennox)	(Mr. Edward Ferris
Ross) Noblemen of Scotland	(Mr. Berte Thomas
Angus)	(Mr. Herbert Peters
Fleance, Son to Banquo	Master Robert Bottomley
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces	Mr. Frederick Lane
Young Siward, his Son	Mr. Gerald Lawrence
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth	Mr. Roy Horniman
A Doctor	Mr. Percy Marshall
A Sergeant	Mr. James Hearn
A Porter	Mr. J. Willes
1st Witch	Mr. Ian Robertson
2nd Witch	Mr. Frank Dyall
3rd Witch	Mr. Charles Dodsworth
1st Murderer	Mr. Herne Avery
2nd Murderer	Mr. Marcus St. John
3rd Murderer	Mr. Percy Ballard
A Messenger	Mr. William Pilling
1st Apparition	Mr. B. Percy
2nd Apparition	Miss Georgina Thomas
3rd Apparition	Miss Garnet Vayne
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Patrick Campbell
A Gentlewoman	Miss Dorothy Hammond

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

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

- Scene 1. -- A Desert Place.
- Scene 2. -- A Road near Forres.
- Scene 3. -- A Heath.
- Scene 4. -- Forres. A Room in the Palace.
- Scene 5. -- Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.
- Scene 6. -- Before the Castle.
- Scene 7. -- A Room in the Castle.

ACT II.

- Scene 1. -- Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.

ACT III.

- Scene 1. -- Forres. The Hall in the Palace.
- Scene 2. -- A Room in the Palace.
- Scene 3. -- A Wood near the Palace.
- Scene 4. -- The Hall in the Palace.

ACT IV.

- Scene 1. -- A Cavern.
- Scene 2. -- England.
- Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

ACT V.

- Scene 1. -- Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
- Scene 2. -- Country near Dunsinane.
- Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.
- Scene 4. -- Near Dunsinane.

<blank>

MACBETH

ACT I.

- Scene 1. -- A Desert Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1st Witch.
 WHEN shall we three meet again,
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
 2nd Witch. When the hurley-
 burley 's done,
 When the battle 's lost and won.
 3rd Witch. That will be ere the
 set of sun.
 1st Witch. Where the place?
 2nd Witch. Upon the heath.
 3rd Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
 1st Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
 2nd Witch. Paddock calls.
 3rd Witch. Anon!
 All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
 Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.]

10

Scene 2. -- A Road near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm,
 Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting
 a bleeding Captain.

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.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
 As two spent swimmers that do cling together
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald:
 And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Showed like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak,
 For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
 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!

Cap. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their
 heels,

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

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

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

11

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.
[Exit Captain, attended.]

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began 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!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburséd at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: -- Go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth,

Ross. I 'll see it done.

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

12

Scene 3. -- A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch. Killing swine.

3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched: --

"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.

2nd Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3rd Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other;
And to every point they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
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.

2nd Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

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

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

13

Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! -- the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. 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' th' 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.

Mac. Speak, if you can: what are you?

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

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

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

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

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak
not.

14

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.

1st Witch. Hail!

2nd Witch. Hail!

3rd Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. 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?

Mac. 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?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

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

15

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his.

As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

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

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

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

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

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet:
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him. --

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

Ban. That, trusted home,

16

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. --

Mac. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And 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
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not. --

Ban. Look how our partner 's rapt. --

Mac. 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. --

Mac. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull brain was

wrought

17

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. --
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- Forres. A room in the Palace.

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, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now

18

Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less de-
served,
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.

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.

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

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

Dun. 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. -- Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Mac. 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!

Mac. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! That
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

19

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. --

[Exit.]

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

Scene 5. -- Inverness. A room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady Mac. "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 mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art 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

20

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

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 Mac. Thou 'rt 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 Mac. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [Exit Attendant.] The raven
himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature

21

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 e'en now
The future in the instant.

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

Lady Mac. And when goes hence?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Mac. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters; to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. --

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady Mac. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear: --
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

22

Scene 6.-- Before the Castle.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo,
Lennox, Macduff Ross, Angus, and
Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionary that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Lady Mac. 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

23

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady Mac. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in

compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

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

Scene 7. -- A room in the Castle.

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

Mac. 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,
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 th' 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

24

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, 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.

How now? what news?

Lady Mac. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he asked for me?

Lady Mac. Know you not, he has?

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

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

Mac. Pr'ythee, peace.

25

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

Lady Mac. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Mac. If we should fail?

Lady Mac. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac. 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?

26

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

Mac. 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.]

27

ACT II.

Scene 1. -- Inverness. Court of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a
torch before him.

Banquo.
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. --
There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too. --
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! -- Give me my sword.
Who 's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Mac. A friend.

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

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

28

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

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

Ban. All 's well.--
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

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

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mac. 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.

Mac. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

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

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

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 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: 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,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear,
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. --
[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. 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.

Mac. [Within.] Who 's there? -- what, ho!
 Lady Mac. 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 'em. Had he not resembled

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady Mac. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady Mac. Ay.

Mac. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Mac. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady Mac. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Mac. 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 Mac. There are two lodged together.

Mac. 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."

31

Lady Mac. Consider it not so deeply.

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

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

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

Mac. 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 Mac. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the

house:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady Mac. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

Lady Mac. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil, If he do bleed
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. --
[Exit. -- Knocking within.]

32

Mac. 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 incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. My hands are of your colour: but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry; -- retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! -- Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knock.] Hark, more
knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. -- Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [Knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: -- I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt.]

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-
ing the key: -- [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock.
"Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?" --
"Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the
expectation of plenty:" "Come in, farmer."
[Knocking.] Knock, knock. "Who 's there, i' the

33

other devil's name?" -- "Faith, here's an English
tailor come hither for stealing out of a French
hose:" "Come in, tailor; here you may roast
your goose." [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at
quiet! "What are you?" -- But this place is too
cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further. I had
thought to have let in some of all professions, that
go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
[Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you remember
the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

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

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Mac. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Mac. Not yet.

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

I have almost slipped the hour.

Mac. I 'll bring you to him.

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

Mac. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

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

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Mac. He does: -- he did appoint so.

34

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.

The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Mac. 'T was a rough night.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

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

Mac., Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. 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.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake! awake! --

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

35

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

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

Lady Mac. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

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

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

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

Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

36

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had
done 't:
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.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

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

Lady Mac. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. Let 's away: our tears
Are not yet brewed.

Ban. Look to the lady: --

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.

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

37

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

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

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

Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. [Exeunt.

38

ACT III.

Scene 1. -- Forres. The Hall in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised;
and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't;
yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them, --
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine, --
"Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady
Macbeth as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords and
Attendants.

Mac. Here 's our chief guest.

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

Mac. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,

39

And I 'll request your presence.

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

Mac. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. 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.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow.
Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon 's.

Mac. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. -- [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper time alone; while then, God be with
you. [Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, etc.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

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

4Q

Mac. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared.

He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of King upon
me,

And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-
like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance! -- Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant with two Murderers.

Now, go the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Mur. It was, so please yur highness.

Mac. 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. Are you so gospelled
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?

2nd Mur. I am one, my liege,

41

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

1st 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.

Mac. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Mur. True, my lord,

Mac. So he is mine; and in such bloody dis-
tance,
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.

2nd Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1st Mur. Though our lives ----

Mac. 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;
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I 'll come to you anon.

2nd Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Mac. I 'll come upon you straight; abide within. --

[Exeunt Murderers.]

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

42

Scene 2. -- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton.

Lady Mac. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

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

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done, is done.

Mac. 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,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reckless 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.

43

Lady Mac. Come on; gentle my lord, sleek o'er
your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
We 'll make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Mac. You must leave this.

Mac. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

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

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

Lady Mac. What 's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse. --

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee
still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill.

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

44

Scene 3. -- A Wood near the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1st Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3rd Mur. Macbeth.

2nd Mur. He needs not our mistrust since he
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do
To the direction just.

1st Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3rd Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2nd Mur. Then it is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation,

Already are i' th' court.

1st Mur. His horses go about.

3rd Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

2nd Mur. A light, a light!

3rd Mur. 'T is he.

1st Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1st Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

Ban. O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, ily, fly,
fly!

Thou may'st avenge -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

45

3rd Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1st Mur. Was 't not the way?

3rd Mur. There 's but one down: the son is fled.

2nd Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1st Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is
done. [Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- The Hall in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Mac. You know your own degrees, sit down: at
first and last,

The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mac. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady Mac. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter 1st Murderer, to the door.

Mac. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. -- There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.

Mac. Is he dispatched?

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

46

Mac. 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.

Mac. 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?

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

Mac. Thanks for that.
Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. -- [Exit Murderer.

Lady Mac. 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.

Mac. Sweet remembrancer! --
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's
place.

Mac. Here had we now our country's honour

roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who I may rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

47

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Mac. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mac. Where?

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

Mac. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady Mac. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep scat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. -- Are you a man?

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

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

Mac. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you? --
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. --
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments

48

Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

Lady Mac. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Mac. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Mac. Fie, for shame!

Mac. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
time,

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear; the time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die
And there an end: but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

Mac. I do forget. --
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all;

Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine: fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

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

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

49

Mac. 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! [Ghost disappears.
Why, so; -- being gone,
I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

Lady Mac. You have displaced the mirth, broke
the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

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

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Mac. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;
Question enrages him: At once, good night: --
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady Mac. A kind good night to all!
[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]

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

50

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

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

Lady Mac. Did you send to him, sir?

Mac. 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 Mac. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

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

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

51

ACT IV.

Scene 1. -- A Cavern. In the middle a
Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch.

THRICE the brinded cat hath
mewed.

2nd Witch. Thrice and once the
hedge-pig whined.

3rd Witch. Harpier cries: -- 'T is
time, 't is time.

1st Witch. Round about the caul-
dron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw. --
Toad, that under a cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

2nd Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

52

For a charm of powerful trouble, „
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

3rd 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;

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

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

2nd Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood:
Then the charm is firm and good.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: [Knocking.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess, --
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Even till destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

53

1st Witch. Speak.

2nd Witch. Demand.

3rd Witch. We 'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Mac. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Pier nine farrow: grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

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

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

1st App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

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

Mac. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more: ----
1st Witch. He will not be commanded. Here 's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

2nd App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! ----

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

2nd App. Be bloody, bold and resolute: laugh to
scorn

54

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

Mac. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

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

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

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
3rd 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.]

Mac. 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?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. --
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[Hautboys.]

1st Witch. Show!

2nd Witch. Show!

55

3rd Witch. Show!

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

A show of eight kings, the last with a glass in his
hand; Banquo following.

Mac. 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;

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. -- What! is this so?

1st Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights.

I 'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antick round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.]

Mac. Where are they? Gone? -- Let this per-
nicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar! --

Come in, without there!

56

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Mac. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mac. 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?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2. -- England.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

57

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

Mal. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: 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.

Mac. 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.

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

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,

58

And does blaspheme his breed?
Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. -- O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

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.
My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Why are you silent?

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

Enter Ross.

See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes

remove

The means that make us strangers?

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. 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.

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

59

Mal. What is the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their
peace?

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

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

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings

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

Mal. Be't their comfort
We 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.

Ross. '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.

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

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

60

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

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

Macd. Humh! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd: 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.

Macd. My children too?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

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

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

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. -- Did Heaven look
on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

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

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. [Exeunt.]

Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. A room in the Castle,

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting
Gentlewoman.

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

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

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching. In this slumbery 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 taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light?

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

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

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

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

Lady Mac. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Mac. Out, damned spot! out, I say! -- One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't. -- Hell is murky! -- Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? -- Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady Mac. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? -- What, will these hands ne'er be

63

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

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

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

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

Doct. Even so? --

Lady Mac. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at
the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your
hand: -- What 's done cannot be undone: -- To bed,
to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. -- Look after
her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: -- so, good night:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[Exeunt.

64

ACT V.

Scene 1. -- Dunsimne. A room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor 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 gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand ----

Mac. Geese, villain?

65

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Mac. 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, wheyface?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Mac. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

-- Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,
When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, 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?

Mac. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was re-
ported.

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

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Mac. I 'll put it on. --

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine
armour. --

How does your patient, doctor?

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

66

Mac. 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.

Mac. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it. --
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff --
Seyton, send out -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me --
Come, sir, despatch -- 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 -- Pull 't off, I say --
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Mac. Bring it after me. --
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2. -- Country near Dunsinane. A Wood
in view.

Enter Malcolm, Old Siward and his Son,
Macduff, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers,
marching.

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

Ross. We doubt it nothing.

67

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ross. 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.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinanc, 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 hath given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

Scene 3. -- Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Mac. 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. What is that

noise? [A cry of women within.]

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

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled

68

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with
horrors.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac. 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 Messenger.

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

Mess. Gracious my lord,

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

Mac. Well, say, sir.

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

Mac. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be
not so.

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

69

Msc. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. --
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" -- and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here. --
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done. --
Ring the alarum-bell! -- Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4. -- Near Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Mac. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Mac. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title
More hateful to mine ear.

70

Mac. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorréd tyrant: with my
sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and Young Siward is slain.]

Mac. Thou wast born of woman. --
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. -- Tyrant, show thy
face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are 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.]

Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; -- the castle's gently
rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

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

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. Alarums.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

71

On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

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

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

Mac. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

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

Mac. Accurséd 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.

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

Mac. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,

72

Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries, "Hold,
enough!"

[They fight, and Macbeth is killed.

Flourish. Re-enter Malcolm, Old Siward,
Ross, Thanes and Soldiers.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art.

The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, --
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland!

73

LONDON
PRINTED BY THE NASSAU PRESS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.
AND SOUTHWARK, S.E.

74

<blank>