The tragedy of Macbeth -- towards a performable script

THE TRAGEDY OF
MACBETH.

Scene 1.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches, flying.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. [Horrid noises.
1 Witch. I come, Grey-malkin.
2 Witch. Paddock calls.
3 Witch. Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt, flying.

Scene 2.

Flourish. Enter King, Macduff, Lenox, another Lord, and Attendants, meeting a wounded Soldier.

King. What bloody man is that?
He can report, as seemeth by his plight,
Of the revolt the newest state.
Macduff. 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.
Soldier. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art.
King. Dismayed not this our captains,
Macbeth and Banquo?
Soldier. Yes --
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
As cannons over-charged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell. --
But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.
They smack of honour both. -- Go get him surgeons. --
[Exit Soldier, attended.
Who comes here?

Macduff. The worthy thane of Ross.

Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes! --

Lord. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter Ross.

King. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers, ----

Enter Angus.

Angus. God save the king! The merciless Macdonald --
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him -- from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
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
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 chops
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

Angus. As when the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells.
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.
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
King. Great happiness!
Angus. That now
Sweno the Norways' king craves composition.
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colm's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death --
[Exeunt two Attendants.
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done. [Exeunt Ross and Angus.
King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene 3.

Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. Look what I have.
2 Witch. Show me.
3 Witch. Show me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [Drum within.
2 Witch. A drum, a drum!
3 Witch. Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyard sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
1 Witch. Thrice to thine, --
2 Witch. And thrice to mine, --
3 Witch. And thrice again -- to make up nine.
All. Peace -- the charm's wound up.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Banquo. How far is it called to Forres? ----
Macbeth. What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on it? -- Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women --
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. Speak if you can. What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
Banquo. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
  Things that do sound so fair? -- In the name of truth,
  Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
  Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
  You greet with present grace and great prediction
  Of noble having and of royal hope,
  That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.
  If you can look into the seeds of time
  And say which grain will grow and which will not,
  Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
  Your favours nor your hate.
1 Witch. Hail!
2 Witch. Hail!
3 Witch. Hail!
1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater!
2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!
3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none!
All. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
  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.
Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
  And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
Macbeth. Into the air -- and what seemed corporal melted
  As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!
Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
  Or have we eaten on the insane root
  That takes the reason prisoner?
Macbeth. Your children shall be kings!
Banquo. You shall be king!
Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too! Went it not so?
Banquo. To the self-same tune and words. -- Who's here?

  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 rebels' fight,
  His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Can post with post -- and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence
And poured them down before him.

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

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

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

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
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 --
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. 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?

Banquo. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange --
And oftentimes, to win us to our 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.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act of
The imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm 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.
Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.
Macbeth. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Banquo. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macbeth. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macbeth. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. --
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let us toward the king. --
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Banquo. Very gladly.
Macbeth. Till then, enough. -- Come, friends. [Exeunt.

Scene 4.

Flourish. Enter King, Macduff, Lenox, another Lord, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Macduff. 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
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.
King. 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
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'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.

King. 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 enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

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

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
From hence to Inverness, [to Macbeth.
And bind us further to you.

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.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth. 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.

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

Scene 5.

Enter Macbeth's Lady alone with a letter.

Lady. Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.

It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great --
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily -- would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongly win. Thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do if thou have it --
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest 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 a Servant.

What is your tidings?

Servant. The king comes here tonight.

Lady. Thou art mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? -- who, were it so,
Would have informed for preparation.

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

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.
Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see. -- [Distant trumpet.
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. [Not-so-distant trumpet.
He that's coming
Must be provided for -- and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch.
Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady. Only look up clear.
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

Scene 6.

Flourish. Enter King with his two young sons, Banquo, Macduff, Angus, Lenox, another Lord, and Attendants.

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

Enter Lady and Attendants.

King. 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. 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.

King. 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 tonight.

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

King. Give me your hand --
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene 7.

Oboes. Torches. A majordomo and divers servants with dishes and service cross over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch,
With his surcease, success -- that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all -- here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredience of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust --
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed -- then as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking off --
And pity like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's 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.

How now? What news?
Lady. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?
Macbeth. Hath he asked for me?
Lady. Know you not he has?
Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life --
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage.
Macbeth. Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.
Lady. What beast was it then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man --
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.
Macbeth. If we should fail, ----
Lady. We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
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 it?
Lady. 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. [Exeunt.

Scene 8.

Enter Banquo, a Servant with a torch before him.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Servant. I have not heard the clock.
The moon is down.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Servant. I take it, 'tis later, sir.
Banquo. 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. --

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?
Macbeth. A friend!
Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and sent forth
Great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.
Macbeth. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weyard sisters.
To you they have showed some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.
Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macbeth. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.
[Exit Banquo with Servant.
Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. --
[Exit Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? -- Come, let me clutch thee. --
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? --
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. --
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. --
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. -- I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccat's offerings -- and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, 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 where-about
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. -- [A little bell rings.
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

Scene 9.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold --
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. -- Hark! --
Peace --
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bell-man
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
possets,
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.
Voice within. Who's there? What ho?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. -- Hark! -- I laid their daggers ready --
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it. --

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!
Macbeth. I have done the deed.
Lady. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Lady. Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark! -- Who lies in the second chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. 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.
Lady. There are two lodged together.
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. 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.
Lady. 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 sleave 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. What do you mean?
Macbeth. Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more -- Macbeth shall sleep no more.
Lady. 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 hands. --
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 it again I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. -- If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

[Knock within.

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is it 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.

Enter Lady.

Lady. 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.
Macbeth. To know my deed,
'Twere best not know myself. [Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.
[Exeunt.

Scene 10.

Enter a Porter.

[Knock.
Porter. Here's a knocking indeed. If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knock. Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, in the name of Belzebub? 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 it. [Knock. 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. [Knock. Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor, come hither for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose.
[Knock. 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. [Knock. Anon, anon. I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?
Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.
Macduff. Is thy master stirring?
Lenox. Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes. --

Enter Macbeth.

Good morrow, noble sir.
Macbeth. Good morrow both. [Exit Porter.
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 'tis one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.
Macduff. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.
Lenox. Goes the king hence today?
Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.
Lenox. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death --
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.
Macbeth and Lenox. 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 of the building.
Macbeth. What is it you say -- the life?
Lenox. 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 Lenox.
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!
Malcolm and Donalbain, Banquo, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself. Up, up, and see
The great doom's image. Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady.

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

Enter Banquo, Angus, another Lord, Attendants and Servants.

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

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

Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pray thee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

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

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Malcolm. What is amiss?
Macbeth. You are, and do not know it.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped -- the very source of it is stopped.
Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.
Donalbain. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.
They stared and were distracted. No man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macbeth. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macduff. Wherefore did you so?
Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and 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,
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?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!
Macduff. Look to the lady!

Donalbain. Why do we hold our tongues,
  That most may claim this argument for ours?
Malcolm. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
  Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?
  Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed,
  Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.
                              [Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain.
Banquo. Look to the lady -- [Exit Lady Macbeth, attended.
  And when we have our naked frailties hid,
  That suffer in exposure, let us meet
  And question this most bloody piece of work,
  To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
  In the great hand of God I stand -- and thence
  Against the undivulged pretence I fight
  Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
  And meet in the hall together.
All. Well contented.   [Exeunt.

  Scene 11.

  Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donalbain. What will you do?
Malcolm. Let's not consort with them.
  To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
  Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Donalbain. 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.
Malcolm. 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. There's warrant in that theft
  Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.
                                                     [Exeunt.

  Scene 12.

  Enter Ross with an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
  Within the volume of which time I have seen
  Hours dreadful and things strange. But this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock 'tis day --
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?
Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
And Duncan's horses -- a thing most strange and certain! --
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
Ross. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Old Man. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon it.
Ross. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now? [Exit Old Man.
Macduff. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is it known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macduff. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled -- which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?
Macduff. He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colmkill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu! --
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new. [Exeunt.

Scene 13.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard women promised -- and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it. 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, Ross, Lenox, another Lord, and Attendants.

Macbeth. 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 tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. [Exeunt.

INTERMISSION.

Scene 14.

Enter Macbeth, Lords, and Attendants, meeting Banquo and Fleance.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-thing unbecoming. --
Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me -- to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. We should have else desired your good advice --
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous --
In this day's council. But we'll take tomorrow.
Is it far you ride?
Banquo. 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.
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon us.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot --
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 Lords and Attendants.
Sirrah, a word with you.

Enter a Servant.

Attend those men our pleasure?
Servant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us. [Exit Servant.
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep -- and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind --
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them -- and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.
Rather than so, come fate into the list
And champion me to the utterance. -- Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Ruffians.

Now go to the door and stay there till we call.
[Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 Ruffian. It was, so please your highness.
Macbeth. 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
How you were borne in hand, how crossed,
The instruments, who wrought with them,
And all things else that might to half a soul
And to a notion crazed say, Thus did Banquo.
2 Ruffian. You made it known to us.
Macbeth. I did so -- and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so 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?
1 Ruffian. We are men, my liege.
Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it --
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us --
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 Ruffian. 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.
1 Ruffian. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on it.
Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Ruffians. 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 bare-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not --
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop -- but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 Ruffian. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 Ruffian. Though our lives ----
Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy of the time,
The moment on it -- for it must be done tonight,
And something from the palace -- always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. -- Resolve yourselves apart --
I'll come to you anon.
Ruffians. We are resolved, my lord.
Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight -- abide within.
[Exeunt Ruffians.
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. [Exit.

Scene 15.

Enter Macbeth's Lady and Seyton.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?
Seyton. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Seyton. Madam, I will. [Exit.
Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

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

Lady. Come on!
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

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

Lady. You must leave this.

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

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not etern.

Macbeth. There's comfort yet. They are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Heccat'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. What's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

Scene 16.

Enter the two Ruffians and Seyton.

1 Ruffian. But who did bid thee join with us?
Seyton. Macbeth.
2 Ruffian. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 Ruffian. 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.
2 Ruffian. Hark! -- I hear horses.
Banquo within. Give us a light, there -- ho!
Seyton. Then 'tis he. The rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are in the court.
1 Ruffian. His horses go about.
Seyton. Almost a mile -- but he does usually --
So all men do -- from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
2 Ruffian. A light, a light!
Seyton. 'Tis he.
1 Ruffian. Stand to it!

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch.

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.
1 Ruffian. Let it come down! [They attack Banquo.
Banquo. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
[Exit Fleance, running.
Thou may'st revenge -- Oh, slave! [Dies.
Seyton. Who did strike out the light?
1 Ruffian. Was it not the way?
Seyton. There's but one down. The son is fled.
2 Ruffian. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
1 Ruffian. Well, let's away,
And say how much is done. [Exeunt.

Scene 17.

Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Angus,
Lenox, Lords and Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down. At first
  And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
  And play the humble host.
  Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
  We will require her welcome.
Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends --
  For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
      thanks.
  Both sides are even. Here I'll sit in the midst.

  Enter Seyton to the door.

  Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
  The table round. --
  There's blood upon thy face.
Seyton. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
  Is he dispatched?
Seyton. My lord, his throat is cut.
  That I did for him.
Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats. Yet he's
      good
  That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
  Thou art the non-pareil.
Seyton. Most royal sir,
  Fleance 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?
Seyton. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
  With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
  The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
  There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled
  Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
  No teeth for the present. -- Get thee gone. Tomorrow
  We'll hear ourselves again.   [Exit Seyton.
Lady. My royal lord,
  You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
  That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
  'Tis 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.
Ross. May it please your highness sit?
Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present --

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.
Angus. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. -- Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macbeth. The table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macbeth. Where?
Lenox. Here, my good lord. -- What is it that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary. Upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not. -- Are you a man?
Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady. Oh, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts --
Impostors to true fear -- would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macbeth. Prithee, see there! Behold! Look! Lo! How say you? --
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too!
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.
Lady. What, quite unmanned in folly?
Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie, for shame!
Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal.

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

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 of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

Enter Ghost.

Would he were here. To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth. 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. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis 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! -- [Ghost vanishes.
Why so, being gone,
I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

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

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

Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady. 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.
Angus. Good night, and better health
  Attend his majesty.
Lady. A kind goodnight to all.
          [Exeunt Ross, Angus, Lenox, Lords and Attendants.
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 maggot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth
  The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?
Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
  At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you send to him, sir?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way -- but I will send.
  There's not a one of them but in his house
  I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow --
  And betimes I will -- to the weyard 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.
  Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
  Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
  We are yet but young in deed.   [Exeunt.

  Scene 19.

  Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Lenox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
  Which can interpret farther. Only I say,
  Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
  Was pitied of Macbeth -- marry, he was dead --
  And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
  Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
  For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
  Who cannot want the thought how monstrous it was
  For Malcolm and for Donalbain
  To kill their gracious father? Damned fact --
  How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
  In pious rage the two delinquents tear
  That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that I say
He has borne all things well. And I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key --
As and it please heaven he shall not -- they should find
What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
But peace! -- for from bold words, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace.

Lord. Sent he to Macduff?

Lenox. He did -- and with an absolute Sir, not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums, as who should say, You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.

Lord. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide.

Lenox. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accursed.

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.

Scene 20.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2 Witch. Thrice -- and once the hedgepig whined.

3 Witch. Harpier cries -- 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go.
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got --
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

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

2 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 owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
  Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
  Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
  Root of hemlock digged in the dark,
  Finger of birth-strangled babe
  Ditch-delivered by a drab,
  Make the gruel thick and slab.
  Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
  For the ingredience of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
  Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
1 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood --
  Then the charm is firm and good.
2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
  Something wicked this way comes.
  Open, locks, whoever knocks.

  Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. How now, you secret black and midnight hags!
  What is it you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
  Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
  Though you untie the winds and let them fight
  Against the churches -- though the yesty waves
  Confound and swallow navigation up --
  Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down --
  Though castles topple on their warders' heads --
  Though palaces and pyramids do slope
  Their heads to their foundations -- though the treasure
  Of nature's germens tumble all together,
  Even till destruction sicken -- answer me
  To what I ask you.
1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.
1 Witch. Say if th'hadst rather hear it from our mouths
  Or from our masters.
Macbeth. Call 'em -- let me see 'em.
1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
  Her nine farrow. Grease that's sweaten
  From the murderer's gibbet, throw
  Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low,
  Thy self and office deftly show.

  Thunder. First Apparition, an armed head.

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

1 Witch. He knows thy thought.
  Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth -- Beware Macduff.
  Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me -- enough.
                                                [Descends.
Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks --
  Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more ----
1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
  More potent than the first.

  Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody child.

Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth ----
Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!
Apparition. Be bloody, bold and resolute. Laugh to scorn
  The power of man -- for none of woman born
  Shall harm Macbeth.   [Descends.
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.

  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 it.
Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth --
  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.
Macbeth. That will never be!
  Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
  Unfix his earth-bound root? What, is this so?
                                              [Witches vanish.
  Where are they? -- Gone? --
  Come in, without there!

  Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What's your grace's will?
Macbeth. Saw you the weyard sisters?
Seyton. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Seyton. No indeed, my lord.
Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them. -- I did hear
The galloping of horses. Who was it came by?
Seyton. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macbeth. Fled to England?
Seyton. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

Scene 23.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Nurse.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Nurse. 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.
Doctor. 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?
Nurse. That, sir, which I will not report after her.
Doctor. You may, to me -- and 'tis most meet you should.
Nurse. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise -- and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her -- stand close.
Doctor. How came she by that light?
Nurse. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her

continually -- 'tis her command.
Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.
Nurse. Ay, but their senses are shut.
Doctor. What is it she does now?
Look how she rubs her hands.
Nurse. 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. Yet here's a spot.
Doctor. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
Lady. Out, damned spot -- out, I say. One -- two -- why, then 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie -- a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?
Doctor. Do you mark that?
Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife -- where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more of that, my lord, no more of that -- you mar all with this starting.
Doctor. Go to, go to -- you have known what you should not.
Nurse. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.
Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.
Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.
Nurse. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.
Doctor. Well, well, well.
Nurse. Pray God it be, sir.
Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice -- yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.
Lady. 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 his grave.
Doctor. Even so?
Lady. 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 Lady.
Doctor. Will she go now to bed?
Nurse. Directly.
Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! [Exeunt.

Scene 22.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword and like good men
Bestride our downfallen 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.
Malcolm. 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 ----
Malcolm. 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.
Malcolm. 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 --
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 afeard. -- 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. -- Oh, my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Malcolm. 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. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command --
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old Seyward 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
'Tis hard to reconcile. -- See who comes here!
Malcolm. My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malcolm. I know him now. -- Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers.
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macduff. 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 rent 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 e'er they sicken.
Macduff. Oh, relation
Too nice and yet too true.
Malcolm. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.
Macduff. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macduff. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Ross. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes 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.

Malcolm. Be it their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seyward 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.

Macduff. 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.

Macduff. 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.

Macduff. Hmm -- I guess at it.

Ross. 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.

Malcolm. 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?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. 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? Oh, hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? 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.

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

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

Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready --
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may --
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

Scene 24.

Drum and colours. Enter Lenox and another Lord, meeting Angus and Soldiers.

Lenox. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them -- for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Lord. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

Angus. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lenox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Seyward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Lord. What does the tyrant?

Angus. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad. Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Lenox. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands.
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Lord. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Angus. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us. Make we our march towards Birnam.
[Exeunt, marching.

Scene 25.

Enter Macbeth.

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?

Enter a passing Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Servant. There is ten thousand ----
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Servant. Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul, those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Servant. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. 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 fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf --
And that which should accompany old age --
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends --
I must not look to have -- but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. --
SEYTON!

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth. What news more?
Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth. Give me my armour.
Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macbeth. I'll put it on.
  Send out more horses, skir the country round,
  Hang those that talk of fear. -- [Exit Seyton.
  GIVE ME MINE ARMOUR. --

  Enter the Doctor and Nurse.

  How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
  As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
  That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth. Cure her of that.
  Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
  Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
  Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
  And with some sweet oblivious antidote
  Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
  Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
  Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs -- I'll none of it.

  Enter Servants with Macbeth's armour.

  Come, put mine armour on -- give my my staff. --
  SEYTON, SEND OUT! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
  Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
  The water of my land, find her disease
  And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
  I would applaud thee to the very echo
  That should applaud again. -- Pull it off, I say. --
  What rhubarb, cynne, or what purgative drug
  Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
  Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. Bring it after me. [Exeunt Macbeth and Servants.
Doctor. 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.
Nurse. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

  Scene 26.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Macduff, Ross, Seyward, Seyward's Son, and English Soldiers. Then enter Angus, Lenox, another Lord and Scottish Soldiers.

Angus. To wake Northumberland and warlike Seyward,
That by the help of these -- with Him above
To ratify the work -- we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now.
Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Lenox. We doubt it nothing.
Seyward. What wood is this before us?
Angus. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear it before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Lenox. It shall be done. [Exit.
Seyward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before it.
Malcolm. 'Tis 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.
Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event -- and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Seyward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

Scene 27.

Enter Macbeth and Seyton.

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. -- What is that noise?

[A cry within of women.
Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.
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,
As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. --

Enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?
Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macbeth. She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word. --
[Exit Seyton.
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time --
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Soldier.

Thou comest to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.
Soldier. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macbeth. Well, say, sir.
Soldier. 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!
Soldier. Let me endure your wrath if it be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.
Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. -- If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. [Exit Soldier.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. -- ARM, ARM, AND OUT!
RING THE ALARUM BELL! -- Blow wind, come wrack,

At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[Bell rings. Exit.

Scene 28.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their army, with boughs.

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

Scene 29.

Alarums continued. Enter Macbeth and Seyton.

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. [Exeunt.

Scene 30.

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. -- There thou should'st be.
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. [Exit.

Scene 31.

Alarums. Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Seyward. This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Seyward. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt.

Scene 32.

Alarums. 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.

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.
Macduff. I have no words.
My voice is is my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight.
Macbeth. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.
I bear a charmed life, 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. Accursed 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 of the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macbeth. I will not yield,

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

Scene 33.

Retreat and flourish. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Angus, Lenox, another Lord, and Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Seyward. Some must go off -- and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man --
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Seyward. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Seyward. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Seyward. Why then, God's soldier be he.
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death --
And so his knell is knolled.
Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Seyward. He's worth no more.
They say he parted well and paid his score --
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold where stands
The usurper's cursed head. 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! [Flourish.
Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves

And make us even with you. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time --
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen --
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life -- this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
[Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

Scene 1.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches, flying.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. [Horrid noises.
1 Witch. I come, Grey-malkin.
2 Witch. Paddock calls.
3 Witch. Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt, flying.

THE END.