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MACBETH.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM,)
DONALBAIN,) his Sons.

MACBETH,)
BANQUO,) Generals of his Army.

MACDUFF,)

LENOX,)

ROSSE,)
MENTETH,) Thanes of Scotland.

ANGUS,)

CATHNESS,)

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English
Forces.

Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending ø Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending ø Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and ø Witches.

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

The Ghost of Banquo, and ø other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, ø in England; through
the rest of the Play, in Scotland. ø

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly'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.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: -- Anon. --

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

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

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

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd 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.

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

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

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

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king;

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

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

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Our bosom interest. -- Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: "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.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

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3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

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

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

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores? -- What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

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That look not like **th'** inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her **chappy** finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: -- You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. -- What are you?

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.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? -- I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

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:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

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Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such **prophetic** greeting? -- Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

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

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

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

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, 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. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' 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,
Came post with post; and every one did bear

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Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

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

Rosse. 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?

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

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

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. 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,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

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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.

Macb. 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 amthane 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 smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give your favour: my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. -- Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. -- Let us toward the king. --
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

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The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. -- Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor; or not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd 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 ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!

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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 deserv'd,
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.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' 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 every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, 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. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. -- Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. -- From hence to Inverness,
And bind us **farther** to you.

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

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

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

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
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 V.

Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and
I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more
in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in
desire to question them **farther**, 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, be-
fore, 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."

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Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. -- Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
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 crown'd withal. --

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

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

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [Exit Attendant.] The raven
 himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, ~~o~~ you spirits

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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 th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' 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.

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

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

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But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

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

SCENE VI.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. ø Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Don-
albain, Banquo, Lexox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus,
and Attendants.

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

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

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

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

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Castle.

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

Macb. 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 th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;

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And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. -- I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. --

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left
the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

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

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
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 i' the adage?

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, ø with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

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

Ban. Hold, take my sword. -- There's husbandry in
heaven;

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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?

Macb. A friend.

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

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

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

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

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

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. --

[Exit Servant.]

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

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

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. --
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep: ø witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. -- Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

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

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

Macb. [Within.] Who's there? -- what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: -- the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. -- Hark! -- I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. -- Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. -- My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

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

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
cry.

Did **not** you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.]

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

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried,
"murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard

them;
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.
 Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
 Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen,"
 the other,
 As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
 When they did say God bless us.
 Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
 Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
 I had most need of blessing, and amen
 Stuck in my throat.
 Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways: so, it will make us mad.
 Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
 more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep," -- the innocent sleep;
 Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast; --
 Lady M. What do you mean?
 Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
 house:

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"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
 Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
 thane,
 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.
 Macb. I'll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again, I dare not.
 Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as pictures: '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. -- Knocking within.
 Macb. Whence is that knocking? --
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one, red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: -- retire we to our chamber.

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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 nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. -- Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [Knock.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou
couldst! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the
key. [Knocking.] 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
time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll
sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Who's there,
in the other devil's name? -- 'Faith, here's an equivo-
cator, that could swear in both the scales against either
scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake,
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equi-
vocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's
there? -- 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither
for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor;
here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock,
knock. Never at quiet! What are you? -- But this

place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther:
 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 Lenox.

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

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

Macd. What three things does drink especially pro-
 voke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
 Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
 the desire, but it takes away the performance. There-
 fore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator
 with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets
 him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and
 disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand
 to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and,
 giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but
 I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too
 strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,
 yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? --

Enter Macbeth.

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

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
 I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
 But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

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

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas 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!

Macb. 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.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight
With a new Gorgon. -- Do not bid me speak:

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

[Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O, gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter Banquo.

Would murder as it fell. -- O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. 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 Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

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I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. -- Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?

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Lady M. 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. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an **auger-hole**,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady. --
[Lady Macbeth is carried out.
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it **farther**. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.
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; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot

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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 IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. 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.

Rosse. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the **travailing** lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. '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 hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange
and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

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Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they **ate** each other.

Rosse. They did so; to **th'** amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff. --

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that **will** ravin up
Thine own life's means! -- Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

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

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

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

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

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

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Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

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

Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Mac-
beth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and
Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

But to be safely thus. -- Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear, and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the **seeds** of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance! -- Who's there?

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Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self. This I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instru-
 ments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
 might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went **farther**, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
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 clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

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That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' 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 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

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

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. 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-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom 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 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd 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 farther!

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

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

Lady M. You must leave this.

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

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

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

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

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. 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.
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.]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Park, ∅ with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

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

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

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Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

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

2 Mur. Then, 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 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. ∅

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance ∅ escapes.]

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

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

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at
first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. 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. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

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

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
Yet he **is** good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. 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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?

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

Macb. 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: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd 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.

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

Len. May it please your highness sit?
[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.]

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

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

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

Macb. Where?

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

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

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

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

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

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

Lady M. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts,

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

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

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

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,

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With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

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

Re-enter Ghost.

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.

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

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

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

[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence! -- Why, so; -- being gone,
I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

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

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

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

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

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

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

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

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

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

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SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

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

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

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He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.
Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Dun-
can

Was pitied of Macbeth: -- marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find

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What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

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

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and 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;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf

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

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

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and \emptyset other \emptyset Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

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

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. --
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[Knocking.

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Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins 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 thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. 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;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

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Thunder. 1 Apparition, Ø an armed Head. Ø

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

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

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

Beware the thane of Fife. -- Dismiss me: -- enough.

[Descends.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution
thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. -- But one word
more: --

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's ano-

ther,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2 Apparition, ø a bloody Child. ø

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! --

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

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

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. -- What is this,

Thunder. 3 Apparition, ø a Child crowned, with a Tree
in his Hand. ø

That rises like the issue of a king;

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And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

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

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. -- Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

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

[Hautboys.]

1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, ø and Banquo last, with a Glass in
his Hand. ø

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

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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; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble **sceptres** carry.
Horrible sight! -- Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. -- What! is this so?

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

[**Music.** The Witches dance, and vanish.]

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

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Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

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

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

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

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

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

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Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,

And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move. -- I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. -- My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

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L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

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

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

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

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

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

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

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

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

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and
lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers **enow** to beat the honest men,
and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But

how wilt thou do for a father?

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

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? -- What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

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

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou **liest**, thou shag-ear'd villain.

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

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.]

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and
pursued by the Murderers.]

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SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

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

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

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

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Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

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

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! -- Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

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

Macd.

What should he be?

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Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces

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The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

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

Enter Rosse.

Macd. 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!
Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,

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But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that **rend** the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern **ecstasy**: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for **whom**; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave
them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes
it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,

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. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

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 watch-
ing. 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 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness
to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes. 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; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

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Gent. Ay, but their sense **is** shut.

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

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

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

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

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

Doct. Do you mark that?

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

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

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

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. 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.

Doct. Well, well, well, --

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

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Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have

known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your 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 M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady Macbeth.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician. -- God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. -- So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

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

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

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

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

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

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the **medicine** of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.]

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SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. 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 pronounc'd 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-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand --
 Macb. Geese, villain?
 Serv. Soldiers, sir.
 Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
 Serv. The English force, so please you.
 Macb. Take thy face hence. -- Seyton! -- I am sick at
 heart,
 When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push

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

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
 Macb. What news more?
 Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
 Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 hack'd.
 Give me my armour.
 Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
 Macb. 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.
 Macb. Cure her of that:

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

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 shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

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

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Macb. Liar, and slave!

Ø

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

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

SCENE VI.

The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward,
Macduff, &c., and their Army with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw
down,

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And show like those you are. -- You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take **upon's** what else remains to do,
According to our order.

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

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
 breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
 [Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 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.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

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

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

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

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

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

 [They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

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

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. -- Tyrant, show thy

face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord. -- The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
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. Alarum.

Re-enter Macbeth.

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

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

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

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

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

Macb. Thou lovest 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.

Macd. Despair thy charm;

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

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

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

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Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, **Thanes**, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. 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 knoll'd.

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

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

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Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head. Ø

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, --
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!

[Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large **expense** of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, --
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as '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 crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]