

Dyce 1857      Alexander Dyce (ed.), The works of William Shakespeare, vol. 5 (London, 1857), 379--465.

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MACBETH.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, king of Scotland.

Malcolm,      )  
Donalbain,    ) his sons.

Macbeth,      )  
Banquo,       ) generals of the King's army.

Macduff,      )

Lennox,       )

Ross,          )  
Menteith,     ) noblemen of Scotland.

Angus,        )

Caithness,    )

Fleance, son to Banquo.

Siward, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young Siward, his son.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

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

Hecate. Ø

Three Witches.

Ø Apparitions.

Scene -- in the end of the fourth act, in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland. Ø

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

Scene I. An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First 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 Forres.

Alarum within. Enter  $\emptyset$  Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,  
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

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

Mal. This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought

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'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 kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel 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 reflection  
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 kerns 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,

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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.]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

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

Enter Ross.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Ross. 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  
Thethane 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!

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

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: -- go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

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

[Exeunt.]

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Scene III. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts 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.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou art kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary seven-nights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be **tempest-tost**. --  
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

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

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:

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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 **Forres**? -- What are these  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the 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?

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

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

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king  
hereafter!

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

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

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So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

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

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

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. 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 selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as **hail**  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
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;

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Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He hade 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 combin'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 [aside]. -- 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:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
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 [aside]. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --  
This supernatural soliciting [Aside.  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: -- if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

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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. [aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance

may crown me,  
Without my stir.

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

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me 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,  
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. Forres. A room in the palace.

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

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

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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, 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 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

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The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. -- From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

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!

Macb. [aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
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 's 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 further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;

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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, were'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,  $\emptyset$  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

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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 f

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

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady Macb. 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. Servants of Macbeth attending. Enter Duncan,  
Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross,  
Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

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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 coign 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 **ild** 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.]

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Scene VII. The same. A lobby in the castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, ø 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 hut 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 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-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
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'erleaps 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?

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Macb. We will proceed no further 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 afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

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

Lady M.                                What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

Macb.                                If we should fail?

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

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That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenchèd 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?

Macb.                                Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,



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

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A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd 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 whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
[A bell rings.  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.



Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.

Ø 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.

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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 'em. -- Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't. -- My husband!

Re-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,

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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:  
"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. [Knocking within.] I hear a  
knocking

At the south entry: -- retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:

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How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. -- [Knocking within.] 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.

[Knocking within.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exeunt.]

Ø 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  
within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-  
pectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about  
you; here you'll sweat for't. -- [Knocking within.] 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: O, come  
in, equivocator. -- [Knocking within.] 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 within.] Knock, knock;  
never at quiet! What are you? -- But this place is too cold  
for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to  
have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way  
to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon!  
I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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

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 provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery,

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sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, 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? --  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Re-enter Macbeth.

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. Ø]

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.

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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 masterpiece!  
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;  
See, and then speak yourselves. [Exeunt Macb. and Len.

Awake, awake! --

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

Re-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,  
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master 's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

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What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where. --  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessèd time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

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 fu-  
rious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun 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,

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That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

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 further. 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 **except** Malcolm and  
Donalbain.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

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

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But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. The same. Without the castle.

Enter Ross 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.

Ross. 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 travelling 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.

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

Ross. They did so, -- to the 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?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!  
What good could they pretend?

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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.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt 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.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

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

Ross. Will you to Scone?

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

Ross. Well, I will thither.

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

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. 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. Forres. 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),

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Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as  
queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

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

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

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

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

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

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.

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Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!  
[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

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

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: -- our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be 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 Cæsar. 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 seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance! -- Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

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First 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 instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd  
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. 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 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?

First 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 **clept**  
All by the name of dogs: the **valu'd** file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, 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  
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.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege.

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

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Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

First 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.

Both 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 barefac'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  
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.

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

First Mur. Though our lives --

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour  
at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[Exeunt Murderers.]

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

Scene II. The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

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

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

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:



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, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. The same. A park, ∅ with a gate leading  
to the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

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

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Third Mur. Macbeth.  
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.  
First Mur. Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.  
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.  
Ban. [within] Give us a light there, ho!  
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.  
First Mur. His horses go about.  
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate  
Make it their walk.  
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!  
Third Mur. 'Tis he.  
First Mur. Stand to 't

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.  
First Mur. Let it come down.  
[Assaults Banquo.]

Ban. O, treachery! -- Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. -- O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

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

[Exeunt.]

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Scene IV. The same. A room of state in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross,  
Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

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

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks. --

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer to the door.

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 dispatch'd?

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

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's 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 trenchèd gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

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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't please your highness sit.  
[The Ghost of Banquo rises, 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!

Ross. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't 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?

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

Ross. 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?

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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. 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 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' the 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,  
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. --  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

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And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost rises again.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide  
thee!



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  
Stepp'd 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.]

Scene V. The heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

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;

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

[Music and 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.

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

Scene VI. Forres. A room in the palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

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Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
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? damnèd 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  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! -- for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing

Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
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: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

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Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. 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."

Len. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. 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 accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Scene I. A dark cave. In the middle, a caldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. **Harpier** cries: -- 'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the caldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw. --

Toad, that under **cold** stone

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and **howlet's** wing, --

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

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

Third Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf  
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 caldron.

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

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

Enter Hecate. ∅

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains:  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and song, "Black spirits," &c.

[Exit Hecate.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes: --

Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

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.

First Witch.           Speak.

Sec. Witch.           Demand.

Third Witch.                   We'll answer.

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

Or from our masters?

Macb.                   Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten  
 From the murderer's gibbet throw  
 Into the flame.

All.                   Come, high or low;  
 Thysel'f and office deftly show!

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, --

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

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

[Descends.]

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

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's ano-  
     ther,  
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

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. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his  
hand, rises.

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

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!  
**Rebellion's** 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 caldron? and what noise is this?  
[Hautboys.]

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First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

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

Eight Kings appear, and pass over ø in order, the last with a glass  
in his hand; Banquo following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: -- and thy hair,



Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: --  
A third is like the former. -- Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? -- A fourth? -- Start, eyes! --  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? --  
Another yet? -- A seventh? -- I'll see no more: --  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; 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?

First 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 **then** vanish.

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

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

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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 Ross.

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

Ross. 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.

Ross. 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,

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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.

Ross. 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 further:  
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.

Ross. 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. ø]

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

Son. As birds do, mother.

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 pitfall 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.

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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!

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. Ø]

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.

First Mur. Where is your husband?

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

First Mur.                                He 's a traitor.

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

First Mur.                                What, you egg!  
  [Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!

Son.                                        He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you!                                [Dies.

  [Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" and  
  pursued by the Murderers.

Scene III. England. **Before** 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 something  
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;

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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.

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 **dare** not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,  
Thy 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?

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.

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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'erbear,  
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The 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,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own: all these are portable,

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With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. -- O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed? -- Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. -- O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

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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  
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.

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Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: -- good God, betimes remove  
The means that **makes** us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country, --  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd 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 mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who; 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 's the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

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

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 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.

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Mal. Be 't their comfort  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

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

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

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

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

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

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! --

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

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

Macd. And I must be from thence! --  
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

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

Macd. He has no children. -- All my pretty ones?

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Did you say all? -- O hell-kite! -- All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot hut 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.]

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 nightgown upon her, unlock

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her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, -- to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! -- In this **slumberry** 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. -- Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

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

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

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

Lady 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.

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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.

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 nightgown; 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. ø

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.

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Scene II. The country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:  
Revenues 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.  
Caith. 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?  
Caith. 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 **course**  
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?

Caith. 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.

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

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 gott'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. [Exit Servant.

Seyton! -- I am sick at heart,

When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push  
Will **chair** 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,

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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:  
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 none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

Siw. The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

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Scene V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. 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 forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. [A cry of women within.

What is that noise?

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word. --  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale



Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mess. Gracious my lord,  
I **should** report that which I say I saw,

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But know not how to **do it**.

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.

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 the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;" -- and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I **gin** to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the 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 **drum** and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff,  
&c., and their Army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your **leafy** screens throw down,  
And show like those you are. -- You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon '**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.

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

Scene VII. The same. Another part of the plain.

Alarums. 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.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrèd 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 kerns, 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 shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited: -- let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.]

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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. Alarums.

Scene VIII. The same. Another part of the plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 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.

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

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

Macb. Accursèd 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,

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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,  
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. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old  
Siward, Ross, Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith, 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.

Ross. 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?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sor-  
row  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

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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 comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head. ø

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursèd 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.

Addenda and corrigenda, vol. 1, p. ccxv

P. 412. "But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat," &c.

Arrange:

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat, &c.

And dele the note on this passage.

P. 424. "Of nature's germins tumble all together," &c.

Read: "Of nature's germens tumble," &c.