

A performance of Macbeth -- a TV movie
directed by Philip Casson from a script
by Trevor Nunn (1979)

00:03:26

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

3 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

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

1 Witch. Where the place?

3 Witch. Upon the heath.

2 Witch. There to meet with --

3 Witch. Macbeth.

2 Witch. Macbeth.

1 Witch. Macbeth.

I come, Grey-malkin.

3 Witch. Paddock calls.

2 Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

00:04:17

Duncan. What bloody man is that?

Malcolm. This is the sergeant

That fought 'gainst my captivity.

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil

As thou didst to leave it.

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood.

The merciless Macdonald from the western isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,

And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling

Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak --

For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --

Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel

Which smoked with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion, carved out his passage

Till he faced the slave,

Which ne'er shook hands with him nor bade farewell

Till he unseamed him from the navel to the chops

And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. Oh, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

Sergeant. Mark, king of Scotland, mark!

No sooner justice had, with valour armed,

Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,

But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,

With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Duncan. Dismayed not this our captains,
Macbeth and Banquo?
Sergeant. Yes --
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons over-charged with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell. --
But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.
Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.
They smack of honour both. -- Go get him surgeons. --

Who comes here?
Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross.
Lennox. What haste looks through his eyes!
Ross. God save the king!
Duncan. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, brave Macbeth,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Duncan. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno the Norways' king craves composition.
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Duncan. 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.
Duncan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

00:07:30

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
2 Witch. Killing swine, sister. Where thou?
1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munched, and munched, and munched. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed runnion cried.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of 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.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
Weary se'nnights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. --
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!

2 Witch. Macbeth doth come.

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

Thrice to thine, -- and thrice to mine, --
And thrice again -- to make up nine.

1 Witch. Peace -- the charm's wound up.

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

Banquo. How far is't called to Forres? -- What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of 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 choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women --
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

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

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

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

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

Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater!

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!

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

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers -- tell me more.

By my father'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 have this strange intelligence, and why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth. Into the air -- and what seemed corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings!

Banquo. You shall be king!

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too! Went it not so?

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

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success.

Angus. We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor --

In which addition hail, most worthy thane,

For it is thine.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives.

Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combined with those of Norway,

Or did line the rebel with hidden help

And vantage, or that with both he laboured

In his country's wrack, I know not --

But treasons capital, confessed and proved,

Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis and thane of Cawdor --

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

Banquo. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange --
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. -- Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
This supernatural solliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
If ill, why has it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

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

Banquo. New honours come upon him,

Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. --

Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's toward the king. --

Think upon what hath chanced. At more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough. -- Come, friend.

00:15:34

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Malcolm. I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one who had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Duncan. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

O worthiest cousin!

Donalbain and others in turn. Macbeth!

Duncan. 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. Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants,
which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Duncan. Welcome hither.

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

Banquo. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Duncan. My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. -- Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland -- which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers. -- From hence to Inverness,

And lodge this night with our beloved Macbeth.
Macbeth. I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach.

Duncan. My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth. So humbly take my leave.

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.

Duncan. 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.

00:19:55

Lady Macbeth. "Hail, king that shalt be. -- Hail, king that shalt be. -- 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 burnt 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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great --
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily -- would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongfully win. Thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do if thou have it --
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal. --

What is your tidings?

Seyton. The king comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth. Thou art mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? -- who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Seyton. 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 Macbeth. Go give him tending --

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

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. Oh, 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 hand,
Your eye, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for -- and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear.
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

00:25:49

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat.
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress nor coigne of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

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

Lady Macbeth. 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.

Duncan. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor. But he rides well --
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Give me your hand --
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

00:27:48

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch,
With his surcease, success -- that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all -- here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instruction, which being taught returns

To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust --
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed -- then as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking off --
And pity like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Will blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears will drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the side of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other ----

How now? What news?

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

Macbeth. Hath he asked for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life --
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage.

Macbeth. Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man.

Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth. 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 plucked my nipple from its boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail, ----

Lady Macbeth. We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only --

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done it?

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

Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

00:33:12

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. I take it, 'tis later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. -- There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. -- Take thou that too. --
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose. --

Give me my sword. -- Who's there?
Macbeth. A friend!
Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess to your offices.
Nay more, he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess,
And shut up in measureless content.
Macbeth. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.
To you they have showed some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We'd spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo. At your kindest leisure.
Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I will be counselled.
Macbeth. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.
Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get you to bed. --

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? -- Come, let me clutch thee. --
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? --
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. --
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. --
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. -- I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings -- and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing stride, 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 this present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. -- Whiles I threat, he lives.
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.

00:39:48

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

Macbeth. What ho?

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. -- I laid their daggers ready --
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it. --

My husband!

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

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

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark! -- Who lies in the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in his sleep,

And one cried Murder, that they did wake each other.

I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers

And addressed them again to sleep.
Lady Macbeth. There are two lodged together.
Macbeth. One cried God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say Amen
When they did say God bless us.
Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing but Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.
Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep -- the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled 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 Macbeth. What do you mean?
Macbeth. Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more -- Macbeth shall sleep no more.
Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hands. --
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more.
I am afeard to think what I have done --
Look on it again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
Which fears a painted devil. -- If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed. --
How easy is it then! -- Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.

00:45:21

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed. If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock,
knock, knock. Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?
Faith, here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the
expectation of plenty. Come in, time-server. Have napkins
enough about you. Here you'll sweat for it. Knock, knock.
Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's
an equivocator, who can swear in both the scales against
either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake,
yet could not equivocate to heaven. Come in, equivocator.
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an
English tailor, come hither for stealing out of a French
hose. Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose.
Knock, knock. 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. Anon, anon.

I pray you, remember the porter.

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

Porter. Faith, sir, we was carousing till the second cock.
And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, drink 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 makes him stand to and not stand to --
in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep and, giving
him the lie, leaves him.

Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, in the very throat on me.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Lennox. Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes. --

Good morrow, noble sir.
Macbeth. Good morrow both.
Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macbeth. Not yet.
Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.
Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.
Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macduff. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service.
Lennox. Goes the king hence today?
Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.
Lennox. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death --
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror!
Lennox. What's the matter?
Macduff. Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.
Macbeth. What is the matter?
Macduff. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life of the building.
Macbeth. What is it you say -- the life?
Lennox. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
See, and then speak yourselves. 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.
Banquo! Malcolm! Ring the bell!

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

Macduff. Oh, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.
Lady Macbeth. What, in our house?

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

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

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and you do not know it.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped -- the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm. Oh, by whom?

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

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

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady!

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

Donalbain. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?

Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.
Malcolm. Nor our strong sorrow on the foot of motion.
Banquo. Look to the lady --
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand -- and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
Angus. So all.
Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet in the hall together.
Lennox. Well contented.

Malcolm. 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.
Donalbain. To Ireland, I.
Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer.
Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.
The nearer in blood, the nearer bloody.
Malcolm. Our safest way is to avoid the aim.
Therefore to horse --
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

00:56:10

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange. But this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock 'tis day --
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 Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done.

Ross. How goes the world, sir, now?
Macduff. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborned.

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

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's mean! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?

Macduff. He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colmkill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, coz, I'll home to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu! --
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

Ross. Farewell, father.

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

00:58:23

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

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

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

Macbeth. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

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

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. I should have else desired your good advice
At this day's council. But we'll take tomorrow.
Is it far you ride?

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

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse.
Adieu, till you return at night.
Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon us.

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

Farewell. --

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.

To make society the sweeter welcome,
We'll keep ourself till supper time alone.
While then, God be with you. --

Sirrah, a word with you.

Attend those men our pleasure?

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

Macbeth. Bring them before us. To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep -- and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --
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 rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind --

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them -- and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.
Rather than so, come fate into the list
And champion me to the utterance. --

Who's there?

Now go to the door and stay there till we call.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. Well then,

Now -- have you considered of my speeches --
Know that it was he, in the times past,
Who held you so under fortune,
Who you thought had been our innocent self.
This I made good to you at our last conference --
Passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crossed,
The instruments, who wrought with them,
And all things else which might to half a soul
And to a notion crazed say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so -- and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?

1 Murderer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguished the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to that gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it --
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off.

1 Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I'm reckless what I do

To spite the world.
2 Murderer. And I another.
Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.
1 Murderer. True, my lord.
Macbeth. So is he mine -- and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my nearest of life. And though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not --
For certain friends who 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.
1 Murderer. We will, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
2 Murderer. Though our lives ----
Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most,
I will acquaint you where to plant yourselves,
Advise you with the perfect spy of the time,
The moment on it -- for it must be done tonight,
And something from the palace -- always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance, his son, who 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.
1 Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.
Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight -- it is concluded.
Abide within. -- Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

01:07:47

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

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

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

Macbeth. We have scotched the snake, not killed it.
She'll close, and be herself, whiles our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint
And both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on!

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

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

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

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

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

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

Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great band
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
While 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.

01:12:52

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

Seyton. Macbeth.

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

1 Murderer. Well, stand with us. --
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

Seyton. Hark! -- I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light, there -- ho!

2 Murderer. Then 'tis he.

1 Murderer. His horses go about.

Seyton. Almost a mile -- but he does usually --
So all men do -- from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

2 Murderer. A light, a light!

Seyton. 'Tis he.

1 Murderer. Stand to it!

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

1 Murderer. Let it come down!

Banquo. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge -- Oh, slave!

Seyton. Who did strike out the light?

1 Murderer. Was it not the way?

Seyton. There's but one down. The son is fled.

2 Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

1 Murderer. Let's away,
And say how much is done.

01:14:41

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourselves will mingle with society

And need to play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We shall require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends --

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit in the midst.
But first we'll drink a measure the table round. --

There's blood upon thy face.
Seyton. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?
Seyton. My lord, his throat is cut.
That I did for him.
Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats. Yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Seyton. Most royal sir,
Fleance escaped.
Macbeth. Then comes my fit again! I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?
Seyton. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled
Has nature that in time shall venom breed,
No teeth for the present.
Lady Macbeth. My royal lord, you do not give the cheer.
Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer! --
Now good digestion wait on appetite.
Lords. And health on both.
Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present --
Who may we rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. -- Will't please your highness
Grace us with your royal company?
Macbeth. The table's full.
Lennox. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macbeth. Where?
Lennox. Here, my good lord. --

What is't that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lennox. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. 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 will offend him and extend his passion. --
Are you a man?

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

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

Macbeth. Behold! Look! How say you? --
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.

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end. But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

Macbeth. I do forget!

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all.
Then I'll sit down. -- Give me some wine. Fill full. --
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here. To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless. Thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.
Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other.
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcan tiger --
Take any shape but this, and my firm nerves
Will never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! -- Why so, being gone,
I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.
Lady Macbeth. You have displaced the mirth,
Broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.
Macbeth. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural ruby in your cheek
When mine is blanched with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and
worse.
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not on the order of your going,
But go at once.
Lennox. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.
Lady Macbeth. A kind goodnight to all.

Macbeth. It will have blood. They say, blood will have
blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
Augurs and understood relations have,
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?
Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. How say'st thou, Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way -- but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow --
And betimes I will -- to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak -- for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head which will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. 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.

01:26:23

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth -- marry, he was dead --
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact --
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that I say
He hath 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 out
What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
But peace! -- for from bold words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Angus. The noble Malcolm
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward. Thither Macduff is gone,
To pray the holy king to lend his aid
That by his help we may again
Bring 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.

Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?

Angus. 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.

Lennox. 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 accursed.

Angus. I'll send my prayers with him.

01:28:53

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

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

3 Witch. Harpier cries.

2 Witch. 'Tis time?

1 Witch. 'Tis time.

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

1 and 3 (chanting). Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

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

2 and 3 (chanting). Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged in the dark,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab.

2 and 3 (chanting). Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

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

3 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

1 Witch. Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Macbeth. How now, you secret black and midnight hags!
What is it you do?

1, 2, 3 in turn. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches -- though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up --
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down --
Though castles topple on their warders' heads --
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations -- though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken -- answer me
To what I ask.

1 Witch. Speak.

3 Witch. Demand.

2 Witch. We'll answer.

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

Macbeth. Call 'em -- let me see 'em.

All. Come, high or low,
Thy self and office deftly show.

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

1 Witch. He knows thy thoughts.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

2 Witch. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth -- Beware Macduff.
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me -- enough.

Macbeth. Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more ----

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

3 Witch. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth ----

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!

3 Witch. Be bloody, bold and resolute. Laugh to scorn
The power of man -- for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

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

What's this, that rises like the issue of a king?

1 Witch. Listen, but speak not to it.

2 and 3. Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.

Macbeth. That will never be!

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements -- good!
Rebellious dead rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise -- and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live his 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?

3 Witch. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied.

1 Witch. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. Deny me this

And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know.

1 Witch. Show.

2 Witch. Show.

3 Witch. Show.

All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows, so depart.

Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows, so depart.

Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows, so depart.

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. 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 now the eighth appears, which bears a glass

That shows me many more. Now I see 'tis true,

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me

And points at them for his. --

Where are they? -- Gone? --

Saw you the weird sisters?

Seyton. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride.

Seyton. Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Seyton. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!

From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool --
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!

01:38:58

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. 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.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his
babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her loved ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love.
As little is the wisdom, when 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 of 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 ere 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.

Lady Macduff. Fathered 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.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead. And what will
you do now? How will you live?

Young Macduff. As birds do, mother. My father's not dead,
for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a
father?

Young Macduff. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Young Macduff. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Young Macduff. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Young Macduff. And be all traitors, that do so?

Lady Macduff. Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must
be hanged.

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

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Young Macduff. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Young Macduff. Then the liars and swearers are fools --
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey.

Angus. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

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.

Lady Macduff. 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? --

Murderer. Where's your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Seyton. He's a traitor.

Young Macduff. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain.

Murderer. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Young Macduff. He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you.

Lady Macduff. Murder!

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword and like good men
Bestride our downfallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds --
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. What I believe, I'll wail --

What know, believe -- and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.
He hath not touched you yet. I am young -- but something
You may deserve of him through me -- and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.

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

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child
Without leave-taking?

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

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

Malcolm. 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. Yet, 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
Through him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean -- in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow.

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

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That hath a name. But there's no bottom, none,
To my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust. Better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.

Macduff. 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 inclined.

Malcolm. With this there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A staunchless avarice that were I king
Then 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.

Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper -- grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust. Yet do not fear.
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Malcolm. But I have none. The king-becoming graces --
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, courage, patience, 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.

Macduff. Oh, Scotland, Scotland, ----

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern? No, not to live! O nation
miserable,

With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accused
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 lived. -- Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland. Oh, my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power -- and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me. For even now
I put myself to thy direction and
Unspeak mine own detraction -- here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this against myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command --
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point were setting forth.

Now we'll together. Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Malcolm. Well, more anon. The king comes forth today.
There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure -- for at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Macduff. What's their disease?

Malcolm. 'Tis called the Evil --

A most miraculous work in this good king
Which often since my here remain in England
Have I 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 --
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Macduff. See who comes here!

Malcolm. My countryman.

Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. Good God betimes remove

The means that makes us strangers.

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave -- where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile --
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not marked -- where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who -- and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macduff. Oh, relation too nice and yet too true.

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.

Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings

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

Malcolm. Be it their comfort

We are coming thither, and with ten thousand men.

Ross. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words

That should be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing would not latch them.

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

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

Macduff. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

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

Macduff. Hmm -- I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven! --
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

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

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

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

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

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

Malcolm. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready --
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking. -- Receive what cheer you may --
The night is long that never finds the day.

02:00:35

Doctor. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her,
unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't,
read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed --
yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once
the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! What,
besides her walking and her other actual performances, have
you at any time heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may, to me.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness
to confirm my speech.

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise -- and,
upon my life, fast asleep.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

Gentlewoman. 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 Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark, she speaks.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot -- out, I say. One -- two --
why then, 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord,
fie -- a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows
it, when none can call our power to accompt? Yet who would
have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

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

Doctor. Go to, go to -- you have known what you should not.

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

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh,
oh, oh.

Doctor. The heart is sorely charged.

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

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

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Doctor. Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles.

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 amazed my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

02:07:07

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

Lennox. Near Birnam wood shall we well meet them.

Ross. What does the tyrant?

Angus. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Lennox. Some say he's mad.

Angus. Others that lesser hate him

Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distempered cause

Within the belt of rule.

Lennox. Now does he find

His secret murders sticking on his hands.

Angus. Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love.

Lennox. Now does he find his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Angus. Who then can blame

His pestered senses to recoil and start,

When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

Ross. Well, march we on.

02:08:04

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus --
Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Messenger. There is ten thousand ----
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Messenger. Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
What soldiers, whey-face?
Messenger. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Take your face hence. -- Seyton! -- I am sick at
heart
When I behold ---- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will chair me ever or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf --
And that which should accompany old age --
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends --
I must not look to have -- but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. --
Seyton!

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth. What news more?
Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me mine armour.
Seyton. It is not needed yet.
Macbeth. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skir the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine armour. --

How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies.
Macbeth. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs -- I'll none of it. --
Come, put mine armour on -- give my my staff. --
Seyton, send out! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I should applaud thee to the very echo
Which should applaud again. -- Pull it off, I say. --
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Could scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

02:12:08

Ross. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before it.
Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope.
What wood is this before us?
Angus. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear it before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Ross. It shall be done.
Malcolm. Advance the war.
All. Advance the war.

02:12:32

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
The cry is still, They come. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up. --
What's that noise?
Doctor. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. --

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

Thou comest to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.
Seyton. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.
Seyton. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!
Seyton. Let me endure your wrath if it be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.

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

02:16:59

Malcolm. Now near enough.
Your leavy screens throw down
And show like those you are.

02:17:09

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

02:17:32

Macduff. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. -- Fortune, let me find him,
And more I beg not.

02:17:54

Malcolm. Make all our trumpets speak -- give them all
breath.

02:18:02

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? Whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words.

My voice is is my sword.

Macbeth. Thou lovest labour.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm --

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man.
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense --
And keep the word of promise to our ear k
But break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live -- to be the show and gaze of the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff, --
And damned be him who first cries Hold, enough.

02:20:55

Ross. Enter, sir, the castle.

Malcolm. I would the friends we lack were safe arrived.
Macduff is missing.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. The time is free.
Hail, king of Scotland!

Ross. Hail, king of Scotland.

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. What's more to do --
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen --
Who, '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 shall perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

02:23:50

Macbeth	Ian McKellen
Lady Macbeth	Judi Dench
Lennox	John Bown
3rd Witch	Susan Dury
Lady Macduff	==
2nd Witch	Judith Harte
Gentlewoman	==
Donalbain	Greg Hicks
Seyton	==
Sergeant	David Howey
1st Murderer	==
Doctor	==
Duncan	Griffith Jones
1st Witch	Marie Kean
Ross	Ian McDiarmid
Porter	==
Macduff	Bob Peck
Angus	Duncan Preston
Malcolm	Roger Rees
Fleance	Zak Taylor
Messenger	==
Young Macduff	Stephen Warner
Banquo	John Woodvine