

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

Written c. 1606

Earliest Extant Edition: 1623

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DRAMATIS PERSONS

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, son of Duncan.
DONALBAIN, son of Duncan.
MACBETH, General of the King's Army.
LADY MACBETH, wife to Macbeth.
BANQUO, General of the King's Army.
FLEANCE, son of Banquo.

Noblemen of Scotland:

MACDUFF.
LADY MACDUFF, wife to Macduff.
GENTLEWOMAN attending on Lady Macbeth.
BOY, son of Macduff.
LENNOX.
ROSS.
MENTEITH.
ANGUS.
CAITHNESS.

OLD SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

A SCOTCH DOCTOR.

A SOLDIER.

A PORTER.

AN OLD MAN.

HECAT.

THREE WITCHES.

APPARITIONS.

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

Scene: Scotland, England.

NOTES

A. Lineation of Macbeth in the Folio

The lineation of *Macbeth* in the 1623 Folio – the division of the speeches into lines – is generally unreliable, and even problematic: a great many of the lines simply cannot be read iambically – that is, the meter is often clearly broken, and there is no obvious way to repair it. Additionally, there are what appear to be too many short lines and too many long ones. To what degree these "errors" represent Shakespeare's original work, or are errors that can be traced to the inaccuracy of the play's typesetter, or compositor, is impossible to determine.

On the other hand, there are a handful of cases in which large portions of speeches can easily be relineated, producing continuous lines of smooth iambic pentameter.

For this edition of *Macbeth*, then, we have decided to reproduce the lineation as it appears in the Folio, except in those cases where relineation materially improves the scansion (specifically, the iambic pentameter of successive lines). Furthermore, retained faulty lines will pass without comment: this is unlike our usual procedure, in which possible errors in line length or meter are identified in the annotations. To do the same with *Macbeth* would serve only to overly-clutter the annotations.

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Our edition of *Macbeth* is a faithful reproduction of the play as it appeared in the 1623 Folio, but with the spelling generally modernized. In other words, as is usual for all the plays found on our website, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the original text as much as possible.

In the rare cases in which words or syllables have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter, the supplemental material is surrounded by hard brackets []. These generally represent widely accepted alterations to the text. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course omit any of the supplementary wording.

The Folio divides *Macbeth* into numbered Acts and Scenes; this edition follows these divisions faithfully, as generally all versions you will find of the play do. The only exception is the division of the play's very last scene, Scene vii, into two scenes (Scenes vii and viii), as is frequently done.

Stage directions in Elizabethan-era published plays are often minimal in quantity and confusing in quality. Hence, it is generally thought acceptable to healthily supplement a play's stage directions to give clarity to the action. As such, we adopt many of the stage directions of the *Yale Shakespeare* edition of *Macbeth*.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

*An Open Place.
Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

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

4 **2nd Witch.** When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

6 **3rd Witch.** That will be ere the set of sun.

8 **1st Witch.** Where the place?

10 **2nd Witch.** Upon the heath.

12 **3rd Witch.** There to meet with Macbeth.

14 **1st Witch.** I come, Gray Malkin!

16 **2nd Witch.** Paddock calls.

18 **3rd Witch.** Anon.

20 **All.** Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
22 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

24 [Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE II.

A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within.

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

1 **Duncan.** What bloody man is that? he can report,
2 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

4 **Malc.** This is the sergeänt,
6 Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity: – Hail, brave friend!
8 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

10 **Capt.** Doubtful it stood,
12 As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art: the merciless Macdonwald
14 (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
16 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowgrosses is supplied;
18 And Fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Shewed like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
20 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
22 Which smoked with bloody execution
(Like Valour's minion), carvèd out his passage,
24 Till he faced the slave:
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
26 Till he unseamed him from the nave toth' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

28 **Duncan.** O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
30

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
32 Shipwracking storms, and direful thunders [break],
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come,
34 Discomfort swells: mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with valour armed,
36 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
38 With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,

Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes, as sparrows eagles;
Or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged 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.

[Exit Captain, attended.]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Malc. The worthy Thane of Ross.

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

Ross. God save the King!

Duncan. 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,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

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,

88 | Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

90 | **Duncan.** No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
92 | And with his former title greet Macbeth.

94 | **Ross.** I'll see it done.

96 | **Duncan.** What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

98 | [Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE III.*A heath.**Thunder.**Enter the three Witches.*

1 **1st Witch.** Where hast thou been, sister?

2
3 **2nd Witch.** Killing swine.

4
5 **3rd Witch.** Sister, where thou?

6
7 **1st Witch.** A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
8 And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. "Give me," quoth
9 I.

10 "Aroynt thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
11 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*:
12 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
13 And like a rat without a tail,
14 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

15 **2nd Witch.** I'll give thee a wind.

16
17 **1st Witch.** Th'art kind.

18
19 **3rd Witch.** And I another.

20
21 **1st Witch.** I myself have all the other,
22 And the very ports they blow,
23 All the quarters that they know
24 I' th' shipman's card.
25 I'll drain him dry as hay:
26 Sleep shall neither night nor day
27 Hang upon his pent-house lid:
28 He shall live a man forbid:
29 Weary sev'-nights, nine times nine,
30 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
31 Though his bark cannot be lost,
32 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. —
33 Look what I have.

34
35 **2nd Witch.** Shew me, shew me.

36
37 **1st Witch.** Here I have a pilot's thumb,
38 Wracked, as homeward he did come.

39
40 [Drum within.]

42 **3rd Witch.** A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

44
46 **All.** The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go, about, about,
48 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine. –
50 Peace, the charm's wound up.

52 *Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

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

56 **Banquo.** How far is't called to Forres? – What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
58 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? – Live you, or are you aught
60 That man may question? – You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
62 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
64 That you are so.

66 **Macbeth.** Speak, if you can: what are you?

68 **1st Witch.** All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

70 **2nd Witch.** All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

72 **3rd Witch.** All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

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

86 **1st Witch.** Hail!

88 **2nd Witch.** Hail!

90 **3rd Witch.** Hail!

92 **1st Witch.** Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

94 **2nd Witch.** Not so happy, yet much happier.

96 **3rd Witch.** Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

98
100 **1st Witch.** Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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

112 [Witches vanish.]

114 **Banquo.** The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanished?

116
Macbeth. Into the air: and what seemed corporal,
118 Melted, as breath into the wind.
Would they had stayed!

120
Banquo. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
122 Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

124
Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

126
Banquo. You shall be king.

128
Macbeth. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

130
Banquo. Toth' selfsame tune and words. – Who's here?

132
134 *Enter Ross and Angus.*

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
136 The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
138 His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenced with that,
140 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,

142 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
144 Came post with post, and everyone did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
146 And poured them down before him.

148 **Angus.** We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks,
150 Only to harald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

152 **Ross.** And for an earnest of a greater honour,
154 He bad me, from him, call thee "Thane of Cawdor":
In which addition, hail! most worthy thane,
156 For it is thine.

158 **Banquo.** What, can the devil speak true?

160 **Macbeth.** The Thane of Cawdor lives:
Why do you dress me in [his] borrowed robes?
162

Angus. Who was the thane, lives yet,
164 But under heavy judgement bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose.
166 Whether he was combined with those of Norway,
Or did line the rebel with hidden help
168 And vantage; or that with both he laboured
In his country's wrack, I know not:
170 But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

172 **Macbeth.** [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
174 The greatest is behind.
[To Ross and Angus.] Thanks for your pains.
176 [To Banquo.]
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
178 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

180 **Banquo.** That, trusted home,
182 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
184 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
186 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence. —
188 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

190 **Macbeth.** [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
192 Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen: –
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
194 Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of success,
196 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,
198 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
200 Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
202 My thought, whose murmur yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,
204 That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.
206
Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.
208
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king,
210 Why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
212
Banquo. New honours come upon him
214 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
216
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
218 Time, and the hour, runs through the roughest day.
220
Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
222
Macbeth. Give me your favour:
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
224 Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf,
226 To read them.
Let us toward the king:
228 [*Aside to Banquo.*] think upon
What hath chanced: and at more time,
230 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
232
Banquo. Very gladly.
234
Macbeth. Till then, enough: – Come, friends.
236

|

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE IV.

The next day: Forres.

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish.

*Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain,
and Attendants.*

1 **Duncan.** Is execution done on Cawdor?
2 Are not those in commission yet returned?

4 **Malc.** My liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
6 Who did report, that very frankly he
Confessed his treasons, implored your Highness' pardon,
8 And set forth a deep repentance:
Nothing in his life became him,
10 Like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
12 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

14 **Duncan.** There's no art
16 To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
18 An absolute trust.

20 *Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*

22 [To Macbeth.] O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
24 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
26 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
28 Might have been mine: only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

30
32 **Macbeth.** The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.
Your Highness' part is to receive our duties:
34 And our duties are to your throne and state,
Children and servants; which do but what they should,
36 By doing everything safe toward your love
And honour.

38 **Duncan.** Welcome hither:

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

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

48
Duncan. My plenteous joys,
50 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. – Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
52 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
54 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
56 Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
58 On all deservers. –

[To Macbeth.] From hence to Enverness,
60 And bind us further to you.

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

66 **Duncan.** My worthy Cawdor!

68
Macbeth. [Aside.]
70 The Prince of Cumberland! – that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
72 For in my way it lies. – Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
74 The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

76
[Exit Macbeth.]

78
Duncan. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
80 And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
82 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.

84
[Flourish.]

86
[Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE V.*Inverness.**A Room in Macbeth's Castle.**Enter Lady Macbeth alone with a letter.*

1 **L. Macbeth.** "They met me in the day of success:
2 and I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt
4 in desire to question them further, they made
themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I
6 stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
king, who all-hailed me, "Thane of Cawdor"; by
8 which title before, these wayward sisters saluted me,
and referred me to the coming on of time with "Hail,
10 king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to
deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that
12 thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to
14 thy heart, and farewell."

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

Enter Messenger.

36 What is your tidings?

38 **Mess.** The king comes here tonight.

40 **L. Macbeth.** Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
42 Would have informed for preparation.

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

48 **L. Macbeth.** Give him tending,
50 He brings great news.

52 [Exit Messenger.]

54 The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
56 Under my battlements. – Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
58 And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
60 Stop up th’ access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
62 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th’ effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts,
64 And take my milk for gall, your murth’ring ministers,
Wherever, in your sightless substances,
66 You wait on nature’s mischief! – Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
68 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
70 To cry, “Hold, hold!”

72 Enter Macbeth.

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

80 **Macbeth.** My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

82 **L. Macbeth.** And when goes hence?

84 **Macbeth.** Tomorrow, as he purposes.

86 **L. Macbeth.** O never
88 Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
90 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,

92 | Your hand, your tongue: look like th' innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
94 | Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
96 | Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway, and masterdom.

98 |
Macbeth. We will speak further.

100 |
L. Macbeth. Only look up clear;
102 | To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

104 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE VI.

*The evening of the same day: Inverness.
Before the Castle.*

Hoboyes and torches.

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

1 **Duncan.** This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
2 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

4 **Banquo.** This guest of summer,
6 The temple-haunting barlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
8 Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
10 hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they must breed and haunt, I have observed
12 The air is delicate.

14 *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

16 **Duncan.** See, see, our honoured hostess! –
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
18 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
20 And thank us for your trouble.

22 **L. Macbeth.** All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
24 Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad,
26 Wherewith your Majesty loads our house:
For those of old, and the late dignities
28 Heaped up to them, we rest your ermites.

30 **Duncan.** Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
32 To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath holp him
34 To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

36 **L. Macbeth.** Your servants ever
38 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,

40 | Still to return your own.

42 | **Duncan.** Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
44 | And shall continue our graces towards him. –
By your leave, hostess.

46 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE VII.

*The Same Evening.
A Lobby in the Castle.*

Hoboyes. Torches.

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

1 **Macbeth.** If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
2 It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
4 With his surcease, success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all. Here,
6 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
8 We still have judgement here: that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
10 To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice
12 To our own lips. – He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
14 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
16 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek; hath been
18 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
20 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
22 Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
24 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
26 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
28 And falls on th' other –

30 *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

32 How now? what news?

34 **L. Macbeth.** He has almost supped: why have you left the
chamber?

36 **Macbeth.** Hath he asked for me?

- 38 **L. Macbeth.** Know you not he has?
- 40 **Macbeth.** We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
42 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
44 Not cast aside so soon.
- 46 **L. Macbeth.** Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
48 And wakes it now to look so green, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
50 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
52 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
54 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would",
56 Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
- 58 **Macbeth.** Prythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
60 Who dares do more is none.
- 62 **L. Macbeth.** What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
64 When you durst do it, then you were a man.
And, to be more than what you were, you would
66 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
68 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
70 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
72 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
74 As you have done to this.
- 76 **Macbeth.** If we should fail?
- 78 **L. Macbeth.** We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
80 And we'll not fail: when Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
82 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine, and wassail, so convince,
84 That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

86 | A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
88 | What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
90 | His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
92 |
Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only:
94 | For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. – Will it not be received,
96 | When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
98 | That they have done't?
100 | **L. Macbeth.** Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
102 | Upon his death?
104 | **Macbeth.** I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. –
106 | Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
108 |

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same night: late night.

A Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

1 **Banquo.** How goes the night, boy?

2
3 **Fleance.** The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

4
5 **Banquo.** And she goes down at twelve.

6
7 **Fleance.** I take't, 'tis later, sir.

8
9 **Banquo.** Hold, take my sword: – there's husbandry in Heaven;
10 Their candles are all out: – take thee that too.
11 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
12 And yet I would not sleep: –
13 Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursèd thoughts
14 That nature gives way to in repose!

15
16 *Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

17 Give me my sword: – Who's there?

18
19 **Macbeth.** A friend.

20
21 **Banquo.** What sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
22 He hath been in unusual pleasure and
23 Sent forth great largess to your offices:
24 This diämond he greets your wife withal,
25 By the name of most kind hostess,
26 And shut up in measureless content.

27
28
29 **Macbeth.** Being unprepared,
30 Our will became the servant to defect,
31 Which else should free have wrought.

32
33 **Banquo.** All's well.
34 I dreamt last night of the three weyward sisters:
35 To you they have shewed some truth.

36
37 **Macbeth.** I think not of them:
38 Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,
39 We would spend it in some words upon that business,
40 If you would grant the time.

42 **Banquo.** At your kind'st leisure.

44 **Macbeth.** If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

46 **Banquo.** So I lose none
48 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
50 I shall be counselled.

52 **Macbeth.** Good repose the while!

54 **Banquo.** Thanks sir: the like to you.

56 [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

58 **Macbeth.** [To Servant.]
Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
60 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

62 [Exit Servant.]

64 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? – Come, let me clutch thee: –
66 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
68 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
70 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain? –
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
72 As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
74 And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
76 Or else worth all the rest: – I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
78 Which was not so before. – There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
80 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
82 The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecat's off'rings; and withered murder,
84 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
86 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. – Thou sure and firm-set earth,
88 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

90 | And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. – Whiles I threat, he lives:
92 | Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

94 | *[A bell rings.]*

96 | I go, and it is done: the bell invites me. –
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
98 | That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

ACT II, SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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

10 **Macbeth.** [*Within.*] Who's there? what, ho!

12 **L. Macbeth.** Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt and not the deed,
14 Confounds us: – Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
16 My father as he slept, I had done't. –

Enter Macbeth.

20 My husband!

22 **Macbeth.** I have done the deed: didst thou not hear a noise?

24 **L. Macbeth.** I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

26 **Macbeth.** When?

28 **L. Macbeth.** Now.

30 **Macbeth.** As I descended?

32 **L. Macbeth.** Ay.

34 **Macbeth.** Hark, – who lies i' th' second chamber?

36 **L. Macbeth.** Donalbain.

38 **Macbeth.** [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.

40 **L. Macbeth.** A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

42 **Macbeth.** There's one did laugh in's sleep,

44 And one cried, "Murther!" that they did wake each other:
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
46 And addressed them again to sleep.

48 **L. Macbeth.** There are two lodged together.

50 **Macbeth.** One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
52 List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"

54
56 **L. Macbeth.** Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
58 I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

60
62 **L. Macbeth.** These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

64 **Macbeth.** Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther Sleep" – the innocent Sleep,
66 Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
68 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

70
72 **L. Macbeth.** What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
74 "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

76
78 **L. Macbeth.** 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,
80 And wash this filthy witness from your hand. –
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
82 They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

84
86 **Macbeth.** I'll go no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.

88
90 **L. Macbeth.** Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,

92 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
94 For it must seem their guilt.

96 [Exit Lady Macbeth.]

98 [Knocking within.]

100 **Macbeth.** Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
102 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
104 Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
106 Making the green one, red.

108 Enter Lady Macbeth.

110 **L. Macbeth.** My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

112 [Knocking within.]

114 I hear a knocking

116 At the south entry:
Retire we to our chamber:
118 A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? Your constancy
120 Hath left you unattended.

122 [Knocking within.]

124 Hark, more knocking. —
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
126 And shew us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

128 **Macbeth.** To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

130 [Knocking within.]

132 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

134 [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE III.*The same: the South Gate**Enter a Porter.
Knocking within.*

1 **Porter.** Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were
2 porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key.

4 [Knocking within.]

6 Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of
Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th'
8 expectation of plenty: – come in time, have napkins
enow about you, here you'll sweat for't.

10 [Knocking within.]

12 Knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' other devil's name?
14 Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both
the scales against either scale, who committed treason
16 enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
Heaven: – Oh, come in, equivocator.

18 [Knocking within.]

20 Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? 'Faith, here's
22 an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a
French hose: – come in tailor, here you may roast your
24 goose.

26 [Knocking within.]

28 Knock, knock! Never at quiet: what are you? But
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no
30 further: I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose way to th'
32 everlasting bonfire.

34 [Knocking within.]

36 Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

38 [Opens the gate.]

40 *Enter Macduff and Lennox.*

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

44 **Porter.** Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
46 cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three
48 things.

50 **Macduff.** What three things does drink especially
52 provoke?

54 **Porter.** Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
56 Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes
58 the desire, but it takes away the performance.
60 Therefore, much drink may be said to be an
62 equivocator with Lechery: it makes him, and it mars
64 him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades
66 him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and
68 not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a
69 sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

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

72 **Porter.** That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I
74 requited him for his lie, and (I think) being too strong
76 for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I
78 made a shift to cast him.

80 **Macduff.** Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

82 Our knocking has awaked him: here he comes.
84

86 **Lennox.** Good morrow, noble sir.

88 **Macbeth.** Good morrow, both.

90 **Macduff.** Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

92 **Macbeth.** Not yet.

94 **Macduff.** He did command me to call timely on him:
96 I have almost slipped the hour.

98 **Macbeth.** I'll bring you to him.

100 **Macduff.** I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
102 But yet 'tis one.

104 **Macbeth.** The labour we delight in, physics pain. –
106 This is the door.

94 **Macduff.** I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.]

98
100 **Lennox.** Goes the king hence today?

102 **Macbeth.** He does. He did appoint so.

104 **Lennox.** The night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i' th' air;
106 Strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
108 Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New-hatched toth' woeful time.
110 The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was feverous, and did shake.

112 **Macbeth.** 'Twas a rough night.

114 **Lennox.** My young remembrance cannot parallel
116 A fellow to it.

118 *Enter Macduff.*

120 **Macduff.** O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

122 **Macbeth and Lennox.** What's the matter?

124 **Macduff.** Confusion now hath made his masterpiece:
126 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
128 The life o' th' building.

130 **Macbeth.** What is't you say, "the life"?

132 **Lennox.** Mean you his majesty?

134 **Macduff.** Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:
136 See, and then speak yourselves.

138 [Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]

140 Awake, awake! —
Ring the alarum-bell: — Murder, and treason!
142 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
144 And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm, Banquo,
146 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! – Ring the bell!

148

[Bell rings.]

150

Enter Lady Macbeth.

152

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

156

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

162

Enter Banquo.

164 O Banquo, Banquo! our royal master's murdered!

166 **L. Macbeth.** Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

168

Banquo. Too cruel anywhere. –
170 Dear Duff, I prythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

172

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

174

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

182

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

184 **Donal.** What is amiss?

186 **Macbeth.** You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
188 Is stopped: the very source of it is stopped.

190 **Macduff.** Your royal father's murdered.

192 **Malc.** Oh, by whom?

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

200 **Macbeth.** O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

202
204 **Macduff.** Wherefore did you so?

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

216
218 **L. Macbeth.** Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady.

220
222 **Malc.** [*Aside to Donalbain.*]
Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

224
226 **Donal.** [*Aside to Malcolm.*]
What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
228 May rush and seize us? Let's away.
Our tears are not yet brewed.

230
232 **Malc.** [*Aside to Donalbain.*]
Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

234
236 **Banquo.** Look to the lady –

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth with Attendants.*]

238
240 And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

242 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,
244 Against the undivulged pretence, I fight
Of treasonous malice.

246 **Macduff.** And so do I.

248 **All.** So all.

250 **Macbeth.** Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
252 And meet i' th' hall together.

254 **All.** Well contented.

256 [Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

258 **Malc.** What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
260 Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

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

266 **Malc.** This murtherous shaft that's shot,
268 Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
270 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
272 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

274 [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.*The same.**Without the Castle.**Enter Ross, with an Old Man.*

1 **Old Man.** Threescore and ten I can remember well,
2 Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange: but this sore night
4 Hath trifled former knowings.

6 **Ross.** Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
8 Threatens his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
10 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
12 When living light should kiss it?

14 **Old Man.** 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: on Tuesday last,
16 A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

18 **Ross.** And Duncan's horses
20 (A thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,
22 Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
24 War with mankind.

26 **Old Man.** 'Tis said they eat each other.

28 **Ross.** They did so:
To th' amazement of mine eyes that looked upon't. —

Enter Macduff.

32 Here comes the good Macduff. —
34 How goes the world, sir, now?

36 **Macduff.** Why, see you not?

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

40 **Macduff.** Those that Macbeth hath slain.

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

44 | **Macduff.** They were suborned.
46 | Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
48 | Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
50 | Suspicion of the deed.
52 | **Ross.** 'Gainst nature still!
54 | Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
56 | Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like,
58 | The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
60 | **Macduff.** He is already named, and gone to Scone
62 | To be invested.
64 | **Ross.** Where is Duncan's body?
66 | **Macduff.** Carried to Colmekill,
68 | The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
70 | And guardian of their bones.
72 | **Ross.** Will you to Scone?
74 | **Macduff.** No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
76 | **Ross.** Well, I will thither.
78 | **Macduff.** Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
72 | **Ross.** Farewell, father.
74 | **Old Man.** God's benison go with you, and with those
76 | That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
78 |

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Forres.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

1 **Banquo.** Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
2 As the weyard women promised: and I fear
Thou playd'st most foully for't; yet it was said
4 It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root, and father,
6 Of many kings. If there come truth from them –
As upon thee Macbeth, their speeches shine –
8 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
10 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.*

16 **Macbeth.** Here's our chief guest.

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

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

24 **Banquo.** Let your Highness
26 Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
28 Forever knit.

30 **Macbeth.** Ride you this afternoon?

32 **Banquo.** Ay, my good lord.

34 **Macbeth.** We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
36 In this day's council: but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?

38 **Banquo.** As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
40 'Twixt this, and supper. Go not my horse the better,

42 I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

44 **Macbeth.** Fail not our feast.

46 **Banquo.** My lord, I will not.

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

56 **Banquo.** Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
58

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
60 And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. –

62
[Exit Banquo.]

64
Let every man be master of his time,
66 Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome: we will keep ourself,
68 Till suppertime, alone. While then, God be with you. –

70 [Exeunt all but Macbeth, and a Servant.]

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

74 **Serv.** They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

76 **Macbeth.** Bring them before us.
78

[Exit Servant.]

80
To be thus, is nothing,
82 But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
84 Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
86 He hath a wisdom, that doth guide his valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he
88 Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said

90 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
92 And bad them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
94 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
96 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding: if't be so,
98 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
100 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
102 Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!
104 Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! –
106 Who's there? –

108 *Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.*

110 *[To Servant.]*
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. –

112 *[Exit Servant.]*

114 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

116 **1st Murd.** It was, so please your Highness.

118 **Macbeth.** Well then, now,
120 Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
122 So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self.
124 This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Passed in probation with you:
126 How you were borne in hand: how crossed:
The instruments: who wrought with them:
128 and all things else, that might
To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,
130 Say, "Thus did Banquo."

132 **1st Murd.** You made it known to us.

134 **Macbeth.** I did so: and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
136 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,

138 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
140 And beggared yours forever?

142 **1st Murd.** We are men, my liege.

144 **Macbeth.** Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
146 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clipt
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
148 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
150 According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed: whereby he does receive
152 Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
154 Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say't,
156 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
158 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
160 Which in his death were perfect.

162 **2nd Murd.** I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
164 Hath so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

166 **1st Murd.** And I another,
168 So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
170 To mend it or be rid on't.

172 **Macbeth.** Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

174 **Both Murds.** True, my lord.

176 **Macbeth.** So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
178 That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
180 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
182 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
184 Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,

186 Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

188
189 **2nd Murd.** We shall, my lord,
190 Perform what you command us.

192 **1st Murd.** Though our lives –

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

208 **Both Murderers.** We are resolved, my lord.

210 **Macbeth.** I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

212 [Exeunt Murderers.]

214 It is concluded: – Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out tonight.

216 [Exit.]

ACT III, SCENE II.*The same.**Another Room in the Palace.**Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

1 **L. Macbeth.** Is Banquo gone from court?

2
3 **Serv.** Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

4
5 **L. Macbeth.** Say to the king, I would attend his leisure,
6 For a few words.

8 **Serv.** Madam, I will.

10 [Exit Servant.]

12 **L. Macbeth.** Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
14 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

16
17 *Enter Macbeth.*

18
19 How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
20 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
22 With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what'st done, is done.

24
25 **Macbeth.** We have scorched the snake, not killed it:
26 She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. —
28 But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
30 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
32 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
34 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.
36 Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well:
38 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
40 Can touch him further.

42 **L. Macbeth.** Come on:

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

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

54 **L. Macbeth.** You must leave this.

56 **Macbeth.** O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

58 **L. Macbeth.** But in them, nature's copy's not eterne.

60 **Macbeth.** There's comfort yet, they are assailable:
62 Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere to black Hecat's summons
64 The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
66 There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

68 **L. Macbeth.** What's to be done?

70 **Macbeth.** Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. – Come, seeling night,
72 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
74 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! – Light thickens, and the crow
76 Makes wing toth' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop, and drowse,
78 Whiles Night's black agents to their preys do rouse. –
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
80 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me.

82

[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE III.

The same.

A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murtherers.

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

2 **3rd Murd.** Macbeth.

4 **2nd Murd.** He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
6 Our offices, and what we have to do,
8 To the direction just.

10 **1st Murd.** Then stand with us:
12 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
14 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
16 To gain the timely inn: and near approaches
18 The subject of our watch.

20 **3rd Murd.** Hark, I hear horses.

22 **Banquo.** [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

24 **2nd Murd.** Then 'tis he: the rest
26 That are within the note of expectation
28 Already are i' th' court.

30 **1st Murd.** His horses go about.

32 **3rd Murd.** Almost a mile: but he does usually,
34 So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate
36 Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

38 **2nd Murd.** A light, a light!

40 **3rd Murd.** 'Tis he.

1st Murd. Stand to't.

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

1st Murd. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*]

42 | **Banquo.** O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
44 | Thou mayst revenge – O slave!
46 | *[Banquo dies. Fleance escapes.]*
48 | **3rd Murd.** Who did strike out the light?
50 | **1st Murd.** Was't not the way?
52 | **3rd Murd.** There's but one down: the son is fled.
54 | **2nd Murd.** We have lost best half of our affair.
56 | **1st Murd.** Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
58 | *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III, SCENE IV.*Inverness.**A Room of State in the Palace.**A banquet prepared.**Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox,
Lords, and Attendants.*

1 **Macbeth.** You know your own degrees, sit down:
2 At first and last the hearty welcome.

4 **Lords.** Thanks to your Majesty.

6 **Macbeth.** Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
8 Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,
We will require her welcome.

10 **L. Macbeth.** Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
12 For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

14 *Enter First Murtherer [at the door].*

16 **Macbeth.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. –
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst. –
18 Be large in mirth: anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

20
22 *[Macbeth approaching the door.]*

24 There's blood upon thy face.

26 **1st Murd.** 'Tis Banquo's then.

28 **Macbeth.** 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatched?

30 **1st Murd.** My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.

32 **Macbeth.** Thou art the best o' th' cut-throats:
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
34 If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

36 **Murd.** Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

38 **Macbeth.** Then comes my fit again:
I had else been perfect;
40 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing air:

42 But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
44 To saucy doubts, and fears. – But Banquo's safe?

46 **1st Murd.** Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
48 With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

50 **Macbeth.** Thanks for that:
52 There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
54 No teeth for th' present. – Get thee gone, tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

[Exit 1st Murderer.]

56 **L. Macbeth.** My royal lord,
58 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making:
60 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
62 Meeting were bare without it.

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

66 **Macbeth.** Sweet remembrancer! –
68 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

70 **Lennox.** May't please your highness sit.

72 **Macbeth.** Here had we now our country's honour, roofed,
74 Were the graced person of our Banquo present:
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
76 Than pity for mischance!

78 **Ross.** His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
80 To grace us with your royal company?

82 **Macbeth.** The table's full.

84 **Lennox.** Here is a place reserved, sir.

86 **Macbeth.** Where?

88 **Lennox.** Here, my good lord. – What is't that moves your
highness?

- 90 **Macbeth.** Which of you have done this?
- 92 **Lords.** What, my good lord?
- 94 **Macbeth.** [*To the Ghost.*]
Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
96 Thy gory locks at me.
- 98 **Ross.** Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.
- 100 **L. Macbeth.** Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat,
102 The fit is momentary: upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
104 You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. –
106 [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Are you a man?
- 108 **Macbeth.** Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
- 110 **L. Macbeth.** [*Aside to Macbeth.*] O proper stuff!
112 This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
114 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
116 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authóriz'd by her grandam: Shame itself!
118 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
- 120 **Macbeth.** Prythee, see there!
122 Behold! look! lo! how say you? –
[*To Ghost.*]
124 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses and our graves must send
126 Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
- 128 [Ghost vanishes.]
- 130 **L. Macbeth.** [*Aside to Macbeth.*]
132 What? quite unmanned in folly?
- 134 **Macbeth.** If I stand here, I saw him.
- 136 **L. Macbeth.** [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Fie, for shame!
- 138 **Macbeth.** Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,

140 Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal:
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been,
142 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again
144 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
146 Than such a murder is.

148 **L. Macbeth.** My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

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

156 [Re-enter Ghost.]

158 I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,
160 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here: to all, and him, we thirst,
162 And all to all!

164 **Lords.** Our duties, and the pledge.

166 **Macbeth.** [To Ghost.]
Avant and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
168 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
170 Which thou dost glare with!

172 **L. Macbeth.** Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other,
174 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

176 **Macbeth.** What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
178 The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
180 Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
182 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
184 Unreal mock'ry, hence!

186 [Ghost vanishes.]

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again: – Pray you sit still.

L. 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 of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

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

Lennox. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

L. Macbeth. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*]

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 magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. – What is the night?

L. Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

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

L. 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 weyward 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

236 | Stepped in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
238 | Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

240 | **L. Macbeth.** You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

242 | **Macbeth.** Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
244 | Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

246 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE V.*The heath.**Thunder.**Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.*

1 **1st Witch.** Why, how now Hecat? you look angrily.

2 **Hecat.** Have I not reason, beldams as you are?

4 Saucy, and overbold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

6 In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

8 The close contriver of all harms,

Was never called to bear my part,

10 Or shew the glory of our art?

And which is worse, all you have done

12 Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful, who (as others do)

14 Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now. Get you gone,

16 And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' th' morning: thither he

18 Will come, to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells provide

20 Your charms, and everything beside;

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

22 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon.

24 Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

26 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distilled by magic sleights,

28 Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As by the strength of their illusion,

30 Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

32 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, security

34 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

36 [Music, and a song within:

38 "Come away, come away," &c.]

Hark, I am called: my little spirit, see,

40 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

42 | [Exit Hecat.]

44 | **1st Witch.** Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

46 | [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE VI.*Forres.**The Palace.**Enter Lennox, and another Lord.*

1 **Lennox.** My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
2 Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
4 Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late:
6 Whom, you may say (if't please you) Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
8 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain
10 To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
12 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
14 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
16 To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do think,
18 That had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, and't please Heaven, he shall not) they should find
20 What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance. –
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
22 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
24 Where he bestows himself?

26 **Lord.** The son of Duncan,
(From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth)
28 Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
30 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
32 Is gone, to pray the holy king, upon his aid,
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward,
34 That, by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
36 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
38 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
40 Hath so exasperate their king, that he

42 Prepares for some attempt of war.

44 **Lennox.** Sent he to Macduff?

46 **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
48 That clogs me with this answer.”

50 **Lennox.** And that well might
Advise him to a caution, t’ hold what distance
52 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
54 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
56 Under a hand accursed!

58 **Lord.** I’ll send my prayers with him.

60

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A cavern.

In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 **1st Witch.** Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2
3 **2nd Witch.** Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

4
5 **3rd Witch.** Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

6
7 **1st Witch.** Round about the cauldron go:

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

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

16
17 **2nd Witch.** Fillet of a fenny snake,
18 In the cauldron boil and bake:
19 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
20 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog:
21 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
22 Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing:
23 For a charm of powerful trouble,
24 Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

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

28
29 **3rd Witch.** Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
30 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
31 Of the ravined salt-sea shark:
32 Root of hemlock, digged i' th' dark:
33 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
34 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
35 Slivered in the moon's eclipse:
36 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips:
37 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
38 Ditch-delivered by a drab:

40 Make the gruël thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
42 For th' ingredience of our caudron.

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

46 *2nd Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

48
50 *Enter Hecat to the other three Witches.*

52 *Hecat.* O, well done: I commend your pains,
And everyone shall share i' th' gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
54 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

56
58 *[Music and a song: "Black Spirits," &c.]*

60 *[Exit Hecat.]*

62 *2nd Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: –
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

64
66 *Enter Macbeth.*

68 *Macbeth.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

70 *All.* A deed without a name.

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

84
86 *1st Witch.* Speak.

88 **2nd Witch.** Demand.
90 **3rd Witch.** We'll answer.
92 **1st Witch.** Say if th'hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
94 **Macbeth.** Call 'em: let me see 'em.
96 **1st Witch.** Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
98 Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
100 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
102 Into the flame.
104 **All.** Come, high or low;
106 Thyself and office deftly show!
108 [Thunder.
110 *First Apparition: an armed Head rises.*]
112 **Macbeth.** Tell me, thou unknown power, –
114 **1st Witch.** He knows thy thought:
116 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
118 **1st Appar.** Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth! Beware Macduff,
120 Beware the Thane of Fife: – Dismiss me. Enough.
122 [*First Apparition descends.*]
124 **Macbeth.** Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
126 Thou hast harped my fear aright: but one word more, –
128 **1st Witch.** He will not be commanded: – here's another,
130 More potent than the first.
132 [Thunder.
134 *Second Apparition: a bloody Child rises.*]
136 **2nd Appar.** Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!
138 **Macbeth.** Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
140 **2nd Appar.** Be bloody, bold, and resolute:
142 Laugh to scorn the power of man,
144 For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
146 [*Second Apparition Descends.*]
148 **Macbeth.** Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

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

142 [Thunder.
*Third Apparition: a Child crowned,
144 with a tree in his hand, rises.]*

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

150 *All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

152 *3rd Appar.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
154 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
156 Great Birnam Wood, to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

158 [Third Apparition descends.]

160 *Macbeth.* That will never be:
162 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good! –
164 Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
166 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. – Yet my heart
168 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
170 Reign in this kingdom?

172 *All.* Seek to know no more.

174 *Macbeth.* I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. –
176 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

178 [Hautboys.]

180 *1st Witch.* Shew!

182 *2nd Witch.* Shew!

184 *3rd Witch.* Shew!

186 *All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,

188 Come like shadows, so depart!

190 [A shew of eight kings appears,
the last with a glass in his hand;
192 Banquo's Ghost following.]

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

194 Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. – And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:

196 A third is like the former. – Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this? – A fourth! Start, eyes! –

198 What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?

Another yet? – A seventh? – I'll see no more:

200 And yet the eight[h] appears, who bears a glass

Which shews me many more: and some I see

202 That twofold balls, and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight! now I see 'tis true,

204 For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.

206 [Apparitions vanish.]

208 What! is this so?

210 **1st Witch.** Ay sir, all this is so. – But why

212 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? –

Come sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

214 And shew the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

216 While you perform your antic round:

That this great king may kindly say,

218 Our duties did his welcome pay.

220 [Music.

The Witches dance, and vanish.]

222 **Macbeth.** Where are they? Gone? – Let this pernicious hour

224 Stand aye accursèd in the calendar! –

Come in, without there!

226 Enter Lennox.

228 **Lennox.** What's your Grace's will?

230 **Macbeth.** Saw you the weyard sisters?

232 **Lennox.** No, my lord.

234

236 **Macbeth.** Came they not by you?

238 **Lennox.** No indeed, my lord.

240 **Macbeth.** Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them! – I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

242 **Lennox.** 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word:
244 Macduff is fled to England.

246 **Macbeth.** Fled to England?

248 **Lennox.** Ay, my good lord.

250 **Macbeth.** Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
252 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
254 The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
256 The castle of Macduff, I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword
258 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
260 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! – Where are these gentlemen?
262 Come bring me where they are.

264

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*Fife.**A Room in Macduff's Castle.**Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.*

1 **L. Macduff.** What had he done, to make him fly the land?

2
3 **Ross.** You must have patience madam.

4
5 **L. Macduff.** He had none:
6 His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
7 Our fears do make us traitors.

8
9 **Ross.** You know not
10 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

11
12 **L. Macduff.** Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
13 His mansion, and his titles, in a place
14 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
15 He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,
16 (The most diminutive of birds) will fight,
17 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
18 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
19 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
20 So runs against all reason.

21
22 **Ross.** My dearest cooz,
23 I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,
24 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
25 The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further,
26 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
27 And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
28 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
29 But float upon a wild and violent sea
30 Each way, and none. I take my leave of you:
31 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
32 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,
33 To what they were before. – My pretty cousin,
34 Blessing upon you.

35
36 **L. Macduff.** Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

37
38 **Ross.** I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
39 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
40 I take my leave at once.

41
42 [Exit Ross.]

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

46 **Son.** As birds do, mother.

48 **L. Macduff.** What, with worms and flies?

50 **Son.** With what I get, I mean: and so do they.

52 **L. Macduff.** Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
54 The pit-fall, nor the gin.

56 **Son.** Why should I, mother?
Poor birds they are not set for:
58 My father is not dead, for all your saying.

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

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

64 **L. Macduff.** Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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

68 **L. Macduff.** Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

70 **Son.** Was my father a traitor, mother?

72 **L. Macduff.** Ay, that he was.

74 **Son.** What is a traitor?

76 **L. Macduff.** Why, one that swears, and lies.

78 **Son.** And be all traitors, that do so?

80 **L. Macduff.** Every one that does so, is a traitor,
82 And must be hanged.

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

86 **L. Macduff.** Every one.

88 **Son.** Who must hang them?

90 **L. Macduff.** Why, the honest men.

92 **Son.** Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there
are liars and swearers enow, to beat the honest men,

94 and hang up them.

96 **L. Macduff.** Now God help thee, poor monkey: but
how wilt thou do for a father?

98
100 **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.

102
104 **L. Macduff.** Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

106
108 **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.
110 If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here: hence with your little ones.
112 To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
114 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

118
120 **L. Macduff.** Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm
122 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
124 Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murtherers.

128
130 What are these faces?

132 **1st Murd.** Where is your husband?

134 **L. Macduff.** I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

136
138 **1st Murd.** He's a traitor.

140 **Son.** Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

142 **1st Murd.** What, you egg!

[Stabbing him.]

144

Young fry of treachery!

146

Son. He has killed me, mother,

148

Run away, I pray you!

150

[Son dies.

Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murther!"

152

Exeunt Murderers following her.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.*England.**Before the King's Palace.**Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

1 **Malc.** Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
2 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

4 **Macduff.** Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword: and like good men,
6 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
8 Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
10 Like syllable of dolour.

12 **Malc.** What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
14 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
16 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well,
18 He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
20 To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb
T' appease an angry God.

22 **Macduff.** I am not treacherous.

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

32 **Macduff.** I have lost my hopes.

34 **Malc.** Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
36 Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
38 Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
40 But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

42 **Macduff.** Bleed, bleed poor country! –
44 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
46 The title is affeered. – Far[e] thee well, lord,
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
48 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

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

64 **Macduff.** What should he be?

66 **Malc.** It is myself I mean: in whom I know
68 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
70 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
72 With my confineless harms.

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

78 **Malc.** I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
80 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
82 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
84 The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
86 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

88 **Macduff.** Boundless intemperance

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

100 **Malc.** With this, there grows
102 In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
104 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewëls, and this other's house:
106 And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
108 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

110 **Macduff.** This avarice
112 Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been
114 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
116 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

118 **Malc.** But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
120 As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
122 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
124 In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
126 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
128 All unity on earth.

130 **Macduff.** O Scotland, Scotland!

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

134 **Macduff.** Fit to govern?
136 No, not to live. – O nation miserable!

138 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
140 By his own interdiction stands accused,
And does blaspheme his breed? – Thy royal father
142 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees, than on her feet,
144 Died every day she lived. – Fare thee well,
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
146 Have banished me from Scotland. – O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

148 **Malc.** Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
150 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
152 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks me
154 From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
156 I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
158 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
160 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
162 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
164 The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false-speaking
166 Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
168 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
170 Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
172 Be like our warranted quarrel. – Why are you silent?

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

176

Enter a Doctor.

178

Malc. Well, more anon. – Comes the King forth, I pray you?

180

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
182 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But at his touch,

184 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

186 **Malc.** I thank you, doctor.

188 [Exit Doctor.]

190 **Macduff.** What's the disease he means?

192 **Malc.** 'Tis called "*the evil*":

194 A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here-remain in England,
196 I have seen him do: how he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows. But strangely-visited people,
198 All swol'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
200 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
202 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
204 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
206 That speak him full of grace.

208 Enter Ross.

210 **Macduff.** See who comes here.

212 **Malc.** My countryman: but yet I know him not.

214 **Macduff.** My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

216 **Malc.** I know him now. – Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

218 **Ross.** Sir, amen.

220 **Macduff.** Stands Scotland where it did?

222 **Ross.** Alas, poor country,
224 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
226 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
228 Are made, not marked: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
230 Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
232 Dying or ere they sicken.

234 **Macduff.** Oh, relation:
Too nice, and yet too true!

236 **Malc.** What's the newest grief?

238 **Ross.** That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
240 Each minute teems a new one.

242 **Macduff.** How does my wife?

244 **Ross.** Why, well.

246 **Macduff.** And all my children?

248 **Ross.** Well too.

250 **Macduff.** The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

254 **Macduff.** Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

256 **Ross.** When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
258 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
260 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
262 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

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

270 **Ross.** Would I could answer
272 This comfort with the like! but I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
274 Where hearing should not latch them.

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

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

284 **Macduff.** If it be mine,
Keep it not from me: quickly let me have it.

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

290 **Macduff.** Humh: I guess at it.

292 **Ross.** Your castle is surprised: your wife, and babes
294 Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
296 To add the death of you.

298 **Malc.** Merciful Heaven! –
What, man, ne’er pull your hat upon your brows:
300 Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

302 **Macduff.** My children too?

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

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

308 **Ross.** I have said.

310 **Malc.** Be comforted:
312 Let’s make us med’cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

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

320 **Malc.** Dispute it like a man.

322 **Macduff.** I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man;
324 I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did Heaven look on,
326 And would not take their part? – Sinful Macduff,
They were all strook for thee! – Naught that I am,
328 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now.

330 **Malc.** Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief

332 | Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

334 | **Macduff.** O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. – But gentle heavens,
336 | Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
338 | Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

340 | **Malc.** This tune goes manly:

342 | Come go we to the king, our power is ready.
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
344 | Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.

346 | (To Macduff.) Receive what cheer you may,
The night is long, that never finds the day.

348 |

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.SCENE I.

Dunsinane.

A Room in the Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic,
and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

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

4
6 **G.Woman.** Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
8 write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

10
12 **Doct.** A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her
14 walking, and other actual performances, what (at any
time) have you heard her say?

16
18 **G.Woman.** That sir, which I will not report after her.

20 **Doct.** You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

22 **G.Woman.** Neither to you, nor anyone, having no
witness to confirm my speech.

24 *Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.*

26 Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise, and
upon my life, fast asleep: observe her, stand close.

28
30 **Doct.** How came she by that light?

32 **G.Woman.** Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually, 'tis her command.

34 **Doct.** You see her eyes are open.

36 **G.Woman.** Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

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

44 **L. Macbeth.** Yet here's a spot.

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

50 **L. Macbeth.** Out, damned spot! out, I say! – One:
52 two: why, then 'tis time to do't. – Hell is murky! –
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need
54 we fear who knows it, when none can call our power
to accompt? yet who would have thought the old
56 man to have had so much blood in him?

58 **Doct.** Do you mark that?

60 **L. Macbeth.** The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is
she now? – What, will these hands ne'er be clean? –
62 No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar
all with this starting.

64 **Doct.** Go to, go to! – you have known what you
66 should not.

68 **G.Woman.** She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

70 **L. Macbeth.** Here's the smell of the blood still: all
72 the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh...oh...oh!

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

78 **G.Woman.** I would not have such a heart in my
bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

80 **Doct.** Well, well, well. –

82 **G.Woman.** Pray God it be, sir.

84 **Doct.** This disease is beyond my practice: yet
86 I have known those which have walked in their
sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

88

90 **L. Macbeth.** Wash your hands, put on your
nightgown: look not so pale: I tell you yet again,
92 Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

94 **Doct.** Even so?

L. Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the
96 gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand:
what's done, cannot be undone. – To bed, to bed, to
98 bed!

100 [Exit Lady Macbeth.]

102 **Doct.** Will she go now to bed?

104 **G. Woman.** Directly.

106 **Doct.** Foul whisp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
108 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician: –
110 God, God, forgive us all! – Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
112 And still keep eyes upon her: so, good night,
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
114 I think, but dare not speak.

116 **G. Woman.** Good night, good doctor.

118 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours.

Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Soldiers.

1 **Ment.** The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
2 His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
4 Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

6 **Angus.** Near Birnam Wood
8 Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

10 **Caith.** Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

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

16 **Ment.** What does the tyrant?

18 **Caith.** Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
20 Some say he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
22 He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

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

32 **Ment.** Who then shall blame
34 His pestered senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
36 Itself for being there?

38 **Caith.** Well, march we on,
To give obedience, where 'tis truly owed:
40 Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge,

42 | Each drop of us.

44 | **Lennox.** Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds:

46 | Make we our march towards Birnam.

48 | [Exeunt, marching.]

ACT V, SCENE III.*Dunsinane.**A Room in the Castle.**Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

1 **Macbeth.** Bring me no more reports, let them fly all! –
2 Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
4 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
6 "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." – Then fly, false thanes,
8 And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
10 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

14 The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

16 **Serv.** There is ten thousand –

18 **Macbeth.** Geese, villain?

20 **Serv.** Soldiers, sir.

22 **Macbeth.** Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
24 Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
26 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

28 **Serv.** The English force, so please you.

30 **Macbeth.** Take thy face hence.

[Exit Servant.]

34 Seyton! – I am sick at heart,
When I behold – Seyton, I say! – This push
36 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
38 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
40 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
42 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath

44 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. –
Seyton!

46 *Enter Seyton.*

48 **Seyt.** What's your gracious pleasure?

50 **Macbeth.** What news more?

52 **Seyt.** All is confirmed my lord, which was reported.

54 **Macbeth.** I'll fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

56 **Seyt.** 'Tis not needed yet.

58 **Macbeth.** I'll put it on:
60 Send out mo horses, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. –
62 How does your patient, doctor?

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

68 **Macbeth.** Cure [her] of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
70 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
72 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
74 Which weighs upon the heart?

76 **Doct.** Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

78 **Macbeth.** Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it. –
80 Come, put mine armour on: give me my staff:
Seyton, send out. – Doctor, the Thanes fly from me: –
82 Come, sir, dispatch. – If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
84 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
86 That should applaud again. – Pull't off, I say. –
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
88 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

90 **Doct.** Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

92

94 **Macbeth.** Bring it after me: —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
96 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

98 **Doct.** [*Aside.*]
Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,
100 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Drum and colours.

*Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff,
Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross,
and Soldiers, marching.*

1 **Malc.** Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
2 That chambers will be safe.

4 **Ment.** We doubt it nothing.

6 **Siw.** What wood is this before us?

8 **Ment.** The wood of Birnam.

10 **Malc.** Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
12 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

14 **Soldiers.** It shall be done.

16 **Siw.** We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
18 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

20 **Malc.** 'Tis his main hope:
22 For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
24 And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

26 **Macduff.** Let our just censures
28 Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

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

38 [Exeunt, marching.]

ACT V, SCENE V.*Dunsinane.**Within the castle.**Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers,
with drum and colours.*

1 **Macbeth.** Hang out the banners on the outward walls,
2 The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
4 Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
6 We might have met them dareful, beard-to-beard,
And beat them backward home.

[A cry of women within.]

10 What is that noise?

12 **Seyt.** It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit Seyton.]

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

Re-enter Seyton.

26 Wherefore was that cry?

28 **Seyt.** The Queen (my lord) is dead.

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

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

44 *Enter a Messenger.*

46 Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

48 **Mess.** Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
50 But know not how to do't.

52 **Macbeth.** Well, say, sir.

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

58 **Macbeth.** Liar, and slave!

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE VI.

The same.

A Plain before the Castle.

Drum and colours.

*Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff,
and their Army, with boughs.*

1 **Malc.** Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
2 And shew like those you are: – You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
4 Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
6 According to our order.

8 **Siw.** Fare you well. –
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
10 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

12 **Macduff.** Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood, and death.

14

[Exeunt.]

16

[Alurums continued.]

ACT V, SCENE VII.

The same.

Another part of the Plain.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter young Siward.

8 **Y. Siw.** What is thy name?

10 **Macbeth.** Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

12 **Y. Siw.** No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

14 **Macbeth.** My name's Macbeth.

16 **Y. Siw.** The devil himself could not pronounce a title
18 More hateful to mine ear.

20 **Macbeth.** No: nor more fearful.

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

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

26 **Macbeth.** Thou wast born of woman;
28 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit Macbeth.*]

Alarums.

Enter Macduff.

36 **Macduff.** That way the noise is: – Tyrant, shew thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
38 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
40 Are hired to bear their staves; – either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
42 I sheathe again undeeded. – There thou shouldst be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

44 | Seems bruited. – Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.

46 |

[Exit Macduff.
Alarums.]

48 |

50 | *Enter Malcolm and old Siward.*

52 | **Siw.** This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
54 | The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
56 | And little is to do.

58 | **Malc.** We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

60 |

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

62 |

[Exeunt.
Alarums.]

64 |

ACT V, SCENE VIII.

The same.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

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

4

Enter Macduff.

6

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

8

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

12

Macduff I have no words,
14 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

16

[*They fight.*]
18 [*Alarum.*]

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

26

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

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

38

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
40 And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

42 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
43 "Here may you see the tyrant."

44 **Macbeth.** I will not yield
45 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
46 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
47 Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
48 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
49 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
50 I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
51 And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

54 [Exeunt fighting.
55 Alarums.
56 Retreat and flourish.
57 Enter, with drum and colours,
58 Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, Thanes and Soldiers.

60 **Malc.** I would the friends we miss, were safe arrived.

62 **Siw.** Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
63 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

64 **Malc.** Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

66 **Ross.** Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt,
67 He only lived but till he was a man,
68 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
69 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
70 But like a man he died.

72 **Siw.** Then he is dead?

74 **Ross.** Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
75 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
76 It hath no end.

78 **Siw.** Had he his hurts before?

80 **Ross.** Ay, on the front.

82 **Siw.** Why then, God's soldier be he!
83 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
84 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
85 And so his knell is knolled.

88 **Malc.** He's worth more sorrow,
89 And that I'll spend for him.

90

92 **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.

94 *Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.*

96 **Macduff.** [To Malcolm.]
98 Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands
Th' usurper's cursèd head: the time is free:
100 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
102 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of Scotland!

104 **All.** Hail, King of Scotland!

106 *[Flourish.]*

108 **Malc.** We shall not spend a large expense of time,
110 Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
112 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named: what's more to do,
114 Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
116 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruël ministers
118 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
120 Took off her life. This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
122 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
124 Whom we invite, to see us crowned at Scone.

126 *[Flourish.
Exeunt omnes.]*

128 FINIS.

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, *www.ElizabethanDrama.org*, generally lean towards retaining the language of the plays' earliest editions. This includes keeping archaic words and language that modern editors tend to modernize and correct. On the other hand, where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted.

This edition of *Macbeth* is based on the text of the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare's works.

You will find below a fairly comprehensive list of changes a director may wish to consider applying to the text of our play, in order to make the language more sensible. These emendations are of several types:

- (1) modernization of archaic words;
- (2) restoration of alternate wording found in the Folio; and
- (3) commonly-accepted emendations suggested by later editors and commentators.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotations to the play.

Universal Emendations:

1. modernize *shew* and its derivatives everywhere to *show*.
2. modernize *murther* and its derivatives everywhere to *murder*.
3. modernize *toth'* everywhere to *to th'*.
4. modernize *weyard sisters* to *Weird Sisters*.
5. modernize *weyward sister* to *Weird Sisters*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 17: emend *gallowgrosses* to *galloglasses*.
2. line 18: restore *quarrel* to the Folio's *quarry*.
3. line 19: emend *but all's to weak* to *but all too weak*.

Act I, Scene iii.

1. line 8: modernize *mounched* to *munched*.
2. line 23: modernize *harald* to *herald*.
3. line 61: modernize *choppy* to *chappy*.

Act I, Scene iv.

1. line 59: modernize *Enverness* to *Inverness*.

Act I, Scene v.

1. line 64: emend *your* to *you*.

Act I, Scene vi.

1. line 6: emend *barlet* to *martlet*.
2. line 11: emend *must* to *most*.
3. line 28: modernize *ermite* to *hermits*.
4. line 33: modernize *holp* to *help*.
5. line 38: emend *compt* to *count*.

Act I, Scene vii.

1. line 6: emend *shoal* to *school*.
2. line 28: emend *other* to *other side*.

3. line 52: emend *have* to *leave*.
 4. line 60: restore *do more* to the Folio's *no more*, and reassign this line to Lady Macbeth.
 5. line 78: emend *We fail?* to *We fail*.
- Act II, Scene iv.
1. line 9: modernize *travailing* to *travelling*.
- Act III, Scene ii.
1. line 64: emend *shard-born* to *shard-borne*.
- Act III, Scene iv.
1. line 141: emend *times has* to *time has* or *times have*.
 2. line 200: emend *mine is* to *mine are*.
 3. line 216: adjust the punctuation as follows:
"It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood."
- Act IV, Scene i.
- 1a. line 41: modernize *ingredience* to *ingredients*.
 - 1b. line 41: modernize *caudron* to *cauldron*.
 2. line 164: emend *dead* to *head*.
- Act IV, Scene ii.
1. line 16: modernize *diminitive* to *diminutive*.
 2. line 22: modernize *cooz* to *coz*.
 3. line 30: emend *none* to *move*.
- Act IV, Scene iii.
1. line 19: emend *discern* to *deserve*.
 2. line 327: modernize *strook* to *struck*.
- Act V, Scene i.
1. line 55: modernize *accompt* to *account*.
- Act V, Scene iii.
1. line 41: modernize *steed* to *stead*.