

# *Macbeth*

William Shakespeare

# Contents

<b>Dramatis Personae</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Act 1</b>	<b>4</b>
Scene 1 . . . . .	4
Scene 2 . . . . .	4
Scene 3 . . . . .	7
Scene 4 . . . . .	12
Scene 5 . . . . .	14
Scene 6 . . . . .	17
Scene 7 . . . . .	18
<b>Act 2</b>	<b>21</b>
Scene 1 . . . . .	21
Scene 2 . . . . .	23
Scene 3 . . . . .	26
Scene 4 . . . . .	32
<b>Act 3</b>	<b>35</b>
Scene 1 . . . . .	35
Scene 2 . . . . .	39
Scene 3 . . . . .	41
Scene 4 . . . . .	43
Scene 5 . . . . .	48
Scene 6 . . . . .	49
<b>Act 4</b>	<b>52</b>
Scene 1 . . . . .	52
Scene 2 . . . . .	58
Scene 3 . . . . .	61
<b>Act 5</b>	<b>70</b>
Scene 1 . . . . .	70
Scene 2 . . . . .	72
Scene 3 . . . . .	73
Scene 4 . . . . .	76
Scene 5 . . . . .	77
Scene 6 . . . . .	79
Scene 7 . . . . .	79
Scene 8 . . . . .	81

## Dramatis Personae

Three Witches, the Weird Sisters

DUNCAN *king of Scotland*

MALCOLM *his elder son*

DONALBAIN *Duncan's younger son*

MACBETH *thane of Glamis*

LADY MACBETH

SEYTON *attendant to Macbeth*

Three Murderers in Macbeth's service

Both attending upon Lady Macbeth:

A Doctor

A Gentlewoman

A Porter

BANQUO *commander, with Macbeth, of Duncan's army*

FLEANCE *his son*

MACDUFF *a Scottish noble*

LADY MACDUFF

Their son

Scottish Nobles:

LENNOX

ROSS

ANGUS

MENTEITH

CAITHNESS

SIWARD *commander of the English forces*

YOUNG SIWARD *Siward's son*

A Captain in Duncan's army

An Old Man

A Doctor at the English court

HECATE

Apparitions: an Armed Head, a Bloody Child, a Crowned Child, and eight nonspeaking kings

Three Messengers, Three Servants, a Lord, a Soldier

Attendants, a Sewer, Servants, Lords, Thanes, Soldiers (all nonspeaking)

## Act 1

### Scene 1

*[Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.]*

FIRST WITCH

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

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND WITCH Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*[They exit.]*

### Scene 2

*[Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.]*

DUNCAN

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

MALCOLM This is the sergeant

Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like Valor's minion, carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,  
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN  
O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN  
As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to  
come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,  
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN  
Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and  
Banquo?

CAPTAIN  
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 honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.  
*[The Captain is led off by Attendants.]*

*[Enter Ross and Angus.]*

Who comes here?

MALCOLM 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, worthy thane?

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  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN  
No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present  
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

*[They exit.]*

### Scene 3

*[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]*

FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap  
And munched and munched and munched. "Give  
me," quoth I.  
"Aroint thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th' art kind.

THIRD WITCH

And I another.

FIRST WITCH

I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow;  
All the quarters that they know  
I' th' shipman's card.  
I'll drain him dry as hay.  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his penthouse lid.  
He shall live a man forbid.  
Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.  
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH  
Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wracked as homeward he did come.     *[Drum within.]*

THIRD WITCH  
A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

ALL *[dancing in a circle]*  
The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace, the charm's wound up.

*[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.]*

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

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

MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you?

FIRST WITCH  
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH  
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!



THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

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

FIRST WITCH Hail!

SECOND WITCH Hail!

THIRD WITCH Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

MACBETH  
Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted,  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

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

MACBETH  
Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO You shall be king.

MACBETH  
And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO  
To th' selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

*[Enter Ross and Angus.]*

ROSS  
The King hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success, and, when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,  
And poured them down before him.

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

ROSS  
And for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor,

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,  
For it is thine.

BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

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

ANGUS Who was the Thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labored in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

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

BANQUO That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*They step aside.*]

MACBETH [*aside*] Two truths are told  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.  
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success  
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man  
That function is smothered in surmise,  
And nothing is but what is not.

BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH *[aside]*  
If chance will have me king, why, chance may  
crown me  
Without my stir.

BANQUO New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold  
But with the aid of use.

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

BANQUO  
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH  
Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registered where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.  
*[Aside to Banquo.]* Think upon what hath chanced,  
and at more time,  
The interim having weighed it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH Till then, enough.—Come, friends.  
*[They exit.]*

## Scene 4

*[Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm,  
Donalbain, and Attendants.]*

DUNCAN  
Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

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

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

*[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.]*

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

MACBETH  
The service and the loyalty I owe  
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties, and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and servants,  
Which do but what they should by doing everything  
Safe toward your love and honor.

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

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

DUNCAN My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness  
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

The rest is labor which is not used for you.  
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach.  
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor.

MACBETH *[aside]*

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

DUNCAN

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

*[Flourish. They exit.]*

## Scene 5

*[Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone, with a letter.]*

LADY MACBETH *[reading the letter]* They met me in the  
day of success, and I have learned by the perfect'st  
report they have more in them than mortal knowledge.  
When I burned in desire to question them further, they  
made themselves air, into which they vanished.  
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives  
from the King, who all-hailed me “Thane of Cawdor,”  
by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me  
and referred me to the coming on of time with “Hail,  
king that shalt be.” This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant

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

*[Enter Messenger.]*

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH Thou 'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,  
Would have informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

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

LADY MACBETH Give him tending.  
He brings great news. *[Messenger exits.]*  
The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry "Hold, hold!"

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

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

MACBETH My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH  
Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent  
flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH  
We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.  
To alter favor ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.

*[They exit.]*



**Scene 6**

*[Hautboys and Torches. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.]*

DUNCAN

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

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

*[Enter Lady Macbeth.]*

DUNCAN See, see our honored hostess!—  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains  
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH All our service,  
In every point twice done and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath helped  
him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt

To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

DUNCAN Give me your hand.

*[Taking her hand.]*

Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 7

*[Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers Servants  
with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter  
Macbeth.]*

MACBETH

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

*[Enter Lady Macbeth.]*

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.  
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

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

MACBETH Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man.  
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH What beast was 't,  
then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail—

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

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

LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

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

*[They exit.]*

## Act 2

### Scene 1

*[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.]*

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

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

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take 't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO  
Hold, take my sword. *[He gives his sword to Fleance.]*  
There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

*[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]*

Give me my sword.—Who's  
there?

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO  
What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

*[He gives Macbeth a jewel.]*

MACBETH Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.  
To you they have showed some truth.

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

BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH  
If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counseled.

MACBETH Good repose the while.

BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you.  
*[Banquo and Fleance exit.]*

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

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

Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his  
design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*[A bell rings.]*

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

*[He exits.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Lady Macbeth.]*

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me  
bold.

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.

Hark!—Peace.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.  
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them  
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH *[within]* Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*[Enter Macbeth with bloody daggers.]*

My husband?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark!—Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried  
“Murder!”

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard  
them.

But they did say their prayers and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried “God bless us” and “Amen” the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,  
List'ning their fear. I could not say “Amen”  
When they did say “God bless us.”

LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.



MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done.  
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

*[She exits with the daggers. Knock within.]*

MACBETH Whence is that  
knocking?

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

*[Enter Lady Macbeth.]*

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your color, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.     *[Knock.]*  
I hear a knocking  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.     *[Knock.]*  
Hark, more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.  
                                                           *[Knock.]*  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou  
couldst.  
                                                           *[They exit.]*

### Scene 3

*[Knocking within. Enter a Porter.]*

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were  
porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the  
key. *[(Knock.)]* Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'  
th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged  
himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time!  
Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat  
for 't. *[(Knock.)]* Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'  
other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator  
that could swear in both the scales against either  
scale, who committed treason enough for God's  
sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,  
equivocator. *[(Knock.)]* Knock, knock, knock! Who's  
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for  
stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here  
you may roast your goose. *[(Knock.)]* Knock, knock!  
Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is  
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had  
thought to have let in some of all professions that go  
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. *[(Knock.)]*  
Anon, anon!

*[The Porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox.]*

I pray you, remember the porter.

MACDUFF

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

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

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially  
provoke?

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

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

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

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

*[Porter exits.]*

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him.  
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

The labor we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. *[Macduff exits.]*

LENNOX Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH He does. He did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of  
death,  
And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*[Enter Macduff.]*

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!  
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH AND LENNOX What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence  
The life o' th' building.

MACBETH What is 't you say? The life?

LENNOX Mean you his Majesty?

MACDUFF  
Approach the chamber and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.  
See and then speak yourselves.

*[Macbeth and Lennox exit.]*

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

*[Bell rings.]*

*[Enter Lady Macbeth.]*

LADY MACBETH What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

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

*[Enter Banquo.]*

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

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.—  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself  
And say it is not so.

*[Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.]*

MACBETH

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

*[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.]*

DONALBAIN What is amiss?

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

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate, and furious,  
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.  
Th' expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,  
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

MALCOLM [*aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our  
tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN [*aside to Malcolm*]  
What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?  
Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM [*aside to Donalbain*]  
Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO Look to the lady.

*[Lady Macbeth is assisted to leave.]*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet  
And question this most bloody piece of work  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF And so do I.

ALL So all.

MACBETH

Let's briefly put on manly readiness  
And meet i' th' hall together.

ALL Well contented.

*[All but Malcolm and Donalbain exit.]*

MALCOLM

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

DONALBAIN

To Ireland I. Our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles. The near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

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

*[They exit.]*

#### Scene 4

*[Enter Ross with an Old Man.]*

OLD MAN  
Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore  
night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

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

OLD MAN 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS  
And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and  
certain),  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

OLD MAN 'Tis said they eat each  
other.

ROSS  
They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes



That looked upon 't.

*[Enter Macduff.]*

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

MACDUFF Why, see you not?

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

MACDUFF  
Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS Alas the day,  
What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF They were suborned.  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS 'Gainst nature still!  
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up  
Thine own lives' means. Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

ROSS Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF  
No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF  
Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

ROSS Farewell, father.

OLD MAN

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

*[All exit.]*

**Act 3****Scene 1**

*[Enter Banquo.]*

BANQUO

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

*[Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady  
Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.]*

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

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

MACBETH

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

BANQUO Let your Highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
Forever knit.

MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

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

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. *[Banquo exits.]*  
Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night. To make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supertime alone. While then, God be with you.  
*[Lords and all but Macbeth and a Servant exit.]*  
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

SERVANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us. *[Servant exits.]*  
To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he  
dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me  
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren scepter in my grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,  
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man  
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance.—Who's there?

*[Enter Servant and two Murderers.]*

*[To the Servant.]* Now go to the door, and stay there  
till we call. *[Servant exits.]*  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS

It was, so please your Highness.

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

FIRST MURDERER You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave  
And beggared yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

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

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on 't.

MACBETH Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

MURDERERS True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine, and in such bloody distance  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life. And though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

Who I myself struck down. And thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER Though our lives—

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

MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH  
I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.  
*[Murderers exit.]*  
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.  
*[He exits.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant.]*

LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT  
Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH  
Say to the King I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

SERVANT Madam, I will. *[He exits.]*

LADY MACBETH Naught's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

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

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

LADY MACBETH Come on, gentle my lord,  
Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial  
Among your guests tonight.

MACBETH So shall I, love,  
And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance  
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence  
Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we  
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH You must leave this.

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



LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH What's to be done?

MACBETH

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

*[They exit.]*

### Scene 3

*[Enter three Murderers.]*

FIRST MURDERER

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER *[to the First Murderer]*

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

FIRST MURDERER Then stand with us.—

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.  
Now spurs the lated traveler apace  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER Hark, I hear horses.

BANQUO [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER Then 'tis he. The rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER  
Almost a mile; but he does usually  
(So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*[Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.]*

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to 't.

BANQUO [*to Fleance*] It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!  
*[The three Murderers attack.]*

BANQUO  
O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge—O slave!  
*[He dies. Fleance exits.]*

THIRD MURDERER  
Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER Was 't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER There's but one down. The son is  
fled.

SECOND MURDERER We have lost best half of our  
affair.

FIRST MURDERER

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

*[They exit.]*

#### Scene 4

*[Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,  
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.]*

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down. At first  
And last, the hearty welcome. *[They sit.]*

LORDS Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

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

*[Enter First Murderer to the door.]*

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.  
Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round. *[He approaches the Murderer.]* There's  
blood upon thy face.

MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats,  
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.  
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH *[aside]*

Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air.  
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER

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

MACBETH Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow  
We'll hear ourselves again. *[Murderer exits.]*

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

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

MACBETH *[to Lady Macbeth]* Sweet remembrancer!—  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite  
And health on both!

LENNOX May 't please your Highness sit.

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honor roofed,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance.

ROSS His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your  
Highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH  
The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH Where?

LENNOX  
Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your  
Highness?

MACBETH  
Which of you have done this?

LORDS What, my good lord?

MACBETH [*to the Ghost*]  
Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS  
Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH  
Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him  
You shall offend him and extend his passion.  
Feed and regard him not. [*Drawing Macbeth aside.*]  
Are you a man?

MACBETH  
Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appall the devil.

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

MACBETH  
Prithee, see there. Behold, look! [*To the Ghost.*] Lo,

how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.     *[Ghost exits.]*

LADY MACBETH   What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH   Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end. But now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

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

MACBETH   I do forget.—

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

*[Enter Ghost.]*

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

LORDS   Our duties, and the pledge.

*[They raise their drinking cups.]*

MACBETH *[to the Ghost]*

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

Which thou dost glare with.

LADY MACBETH Think of this, good  
peers,  
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH [*to the Ghost*] What man dare, I dare.  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mock'ry, hence! [*Ghost exits.*]  
Why so, being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

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

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

ROSS What sights, my  
lord?

LADY MACBETH  
I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.  
Question enrages him. At once, good night.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

LENNOX Good night, and better health  
Attend his Majesty.

LADY MACBETH A kind good night to all.  
*[Lords and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth exit.]*

MACBETH

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
speak.

Augurs and understood relations have  
By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought  
forth  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

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

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 5

*[Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.]*

FIRST WITCH

Why, how now, Hecate? You look angerly.

HECATE

Have I not reason, beldams as you are?



Saucy and overbold, how did you dare  
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
 In riddles and affairs of death,  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never called to bear my part  
 Or show the glory of our art?  
 And which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
 But make amends now. Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron  
 Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he  
 Will come to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels and your spells provide,  
 Your charms and everything beside.  
 I am for th' air. This night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon.  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vap'rous drop profound.  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground,  
 And that, distilled by magic sleights,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprites  
 As by the strength of their illusion  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.  
 And you all know, security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*[Music and a song.]*

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. *[Hecate exits.]*  
*[Sing within "Come away, come away," etc.]*

FIRST WITCH

Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be back again.

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 6

*[Enter Lennox and another Lord.]*

LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
 Which can interpret farther. Only I say  
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious

Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.  
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,  
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact,  
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too,  
For 'twould have angered any heart alive  
To hear the men deny 't. So that I say  
He has borne all things well. And I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key  
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should  
find  
What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.  
But peace. For from broad words, and 'cause he  
failed  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

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

LENNOX Sent he to Macduff?

LORD

He did, and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back  
And hums, as who should say "You'll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer.”

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

LORD I'll send my prayers with him.

*[They exit.]*

**Act 4****Scene 1**

*[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]*

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH

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

*[The Witches circle the cauldron.]*

ALL

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

SECOND WITCH

Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake.  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

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

THIRD WITCH

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron  
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL

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

SECOND WITCH

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

*[Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.]*

HECATE

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

*[Music and a song: "Black Spirits," etc. Hecate exits.]*

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?  
What is 't you do?

ALL A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you by that which you profess  
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches, though the yeasty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up,  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown  
down,  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads,  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations, though the  
treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak.

SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH  
Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths  
Or from our masters'.

MACBETH Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH  
Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderers' gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

ALL Come high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show.

*[Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.]*

MACBETH  
Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH He knows thy  
thought.  
Hear his speech but say thou naught.

FIRST APPARITION  
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!  
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.  
*[He descends.]*

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.  
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word  
more—

FIRST WITCH

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

*[Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.]*

SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

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

SECOND APPARITION

Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. *[He descends.]*

MACBETH

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

*[Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree  
in his hand.]*

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

ALL Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him. *[He descends.]*

MACBETH That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!  
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied. Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!  
*[Cauldron sinks. Hautboys.]*  
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

FIRST WITCH Show.

SECOND WITCH Show.

THIRD WITCH Show.

ALL

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

*[A show of eight kings, the eighth king with a glass in  
his hand, and Banquo last.]*

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags,  
Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?  
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more.  
And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more, and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.  
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,  
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me  
And points at them for his.

*[The Apparitions disappear.]*

What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why



Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites  
And show the best of our delights.  
I'll charm the air to give a sound  
While you perform your antic round,  
That this great king may kindly say  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

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

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

*[Enter Lennox.]*

LENNOX What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH  
Saw you the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX No, my lord.

MACBETH  
Came they not by you?

LENNOX No, indeed, my lord.

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

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

MACBETH Fled to England?

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH *[aside]*  
Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

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

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.]*

LADY MACDUFF

What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF He had none.

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

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

ROSS My dearest coz,

I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much  
further;

But cruel are the times when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move—I take my leave of you.  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward  
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you.

LADY MACDUFF  
Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

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

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

SON  
As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF   What, with worms and flies?

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

LADY MACDUFF  
Poor bird, thou 'dst never fear the net nor lime,  
The pitfall nor the gin.

SON  
Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set  
for.  
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF  
Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

SON   Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF  
Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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

LADY MACDUFF   Thou speak'st with all thy wit,  
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

SON   Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.

SON And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF Every one that does so is a traitor  
and must be hanged.

SON And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF Every one.

SON Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.

SON Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there  
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest  
men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF Now God help thee, poor monkey! But  
how wilt thou do for a father?

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

LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*[Enter a Messenger.]*

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones!  
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve  
you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Messenger exits.]*

LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defense  
To say I have done no harm?

*[Enter Murderers.]*

What are these faces?

MURDERER Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF  
I hope in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

MURDERER He's a traitor.

SON  
Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

MURDERER What, you egg?  
*[Stabbing him.]* Young fry of treachery!

SON He has killed  
me, mother.  
Run away, I pray you.

*[Lady Macduff exits, crying "Murder!" followed by the  
Murderers bearing the Son's body.]*

### Scene 3

*[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]*

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

MACDUFF Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,  
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out  
Like syllable of dolor.

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

MACDUFF  
I am not treacherous.

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

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

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

MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy  
wrongs;  
The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord.  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM Be not offended.  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.

It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF What should he be?

MALCOLM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

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

MACDUFF Fit to govern?  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,  
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Hath banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,



Thy hope ends here!

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

MACDUFF

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

*[Enter a Doctor.]*

MALCOLM Well, more anon.—  
Comes the King forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR

Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces  
The great assay of art, but at his touch  
(Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand)  
They presently amend.

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.

*[Doctor exits.]*

MACDUFF

What's the disease he means?

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

*[Enter Ross.]*

MACDUFF See who comes here.

MALCOLM  
My countryman, but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF  
My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM  
I know him now.—Good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS Sir, amen.

MACDUFF  
Stands Scotland where it did?

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

MACDUFF

O relation too nice and yet too true!

MALCOLM What's the newest grief?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF How does my wife?

ROSS Why, well.

MACDUFF And all my children?

ROSS Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes 't?

ROSS

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

MALCOLM Be 't their comfort

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

ROSS Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words  
That would be howled out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF What concern

they—  
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast?

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

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

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

MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.

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

MALCOLM Merciful heaven!—  
What, man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.  
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

MACDUFF My children too?

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

MACDUFF  
And I must be from thence? My wife killed too?

ROSS I have said.

MALCOLM Be comforted.  
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge  
To cure this deadly grief.

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

MALCOLM Dispute it like a man.

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

MALCOLM  
Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief  
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.

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

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

*[They exit.]*

## Act 5

### Scene 1

*[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.]*

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN 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, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

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

DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

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

*[Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.]*

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

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

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

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

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

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

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

LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

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

DOCTOR Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep,

who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown.  
Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's  
buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

DOCTOR Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the  
gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your  
hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to  
bed, to bed. *[Lady Macbeth exits.]*

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

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

GENTLEWOMAN Good night, good doctor.  
*[They exit.]*

## Scene 2

*[Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,  
Lennox, and Soldiers.]*

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

ANGUS Near Birnam Wood  
Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

CAITHNESS  
Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?



LENNOX

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

MENTEITH What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

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

ANGUS Now does he feel

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

MENTEITH Who, then, shall blame  
His pestered senses to recoil and start  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS Well, march we on  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

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

*[They exit marching.]*

### Scene 3

*[Enter Macbeth, the Doctor, and Attendants.]*

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.  
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
“Fear not, Macbeth. No man that’s born of woman  
Shall e’er have power upon thee.” Then fly, false  
thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures.  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*[Enter Servant.]*

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

SERVANT There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH  
Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH  
Take thy face hence. *[Servant exits.]*  
Seyton!—I am sick at heart  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough. My way of life  
Is fall’n into the sere, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have, but in their stead  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath  
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare  
not.—  
Seyton!

*[Enter Seyton.]*

SEYTON  
What’s your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.  
Give me my armor.

SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH I'll put it on.

Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine  
armor.—

How does your patient, doctor?

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

MACBETH Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it.—  
Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.

*[Attendants begin to arm him.]*

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from  
me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of  
them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

MACBETH Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR *[aside]*

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

*[They exit.]*

#### Scene 4

*[Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,  
Siward's son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers,  
marching.]*

MALCOLM

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

MENTEITH We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH The Wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear 't before him. Thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

SOLDIER It shall be done.

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope;

For, where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

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

*[They exit marching.]*

## Scene 5

*[Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.]*

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

*[A cry within of women.]*

What is that noise?

SEYTON  
It is the cry of women, my good lord. *[He exits.]*

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

*[Enter Seyton.]*

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON The Queen, my lord, is dead.

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

*[Enter a Messenger.]*

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

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

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER  
As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought  
The Wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

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

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive  
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth. "Fear not till Birnam Wood  
Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun  
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now

undone.—

Ring the alarum bell!—Blow wind, come wrack,  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 6

*[Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and  
their army, with boughs.]*

MALCOLM

Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down  
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

SIWARD Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

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

*[They exit.]*

*[Alarums continued.]*

## Scene 7

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

MACBETH

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

*[Enter young Siward.]*

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

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

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

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

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

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

MACBETH Thou wast born of  
woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

*[He exits.]*

*[Alarums. Enter Macduff.]*

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune,  
And more I beg not. *[He exits. Alarums.]*

*[Enter Malcolm and Siward.]*

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle.



*[They exit. Alarum.]*

## Scene 8

*[Enter Macbeth.]*

MACBETH

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

*[Enter Macduff.]*

MACDUFF Turn, hellhound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee.  
But get thee back. My soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF I have no words;

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out. *[Fight. Alarum.]*

MACBETH Thou lovest labor.

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

MACDUFF Despair thy charm,

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

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit  
“Here may you see the tyrant.”

MACBETH I will not yield  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet  
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.  
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damned be him that first cries “Hold! Enough!”  
*[They exit fighting. Alarums.]*

*[They enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain. Macduff  
exits carrying off Macbeth’s body. Retreat and flourish.  
Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, Siward, Ross,  
Thanes, and Soldiers.]*

MALCOLM  
I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD  
Some must go off; and yet by these I see  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM  
Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS  
Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt.  
He only lived but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

SIWARD Then he is dead?

ROSS  
Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

SIWARD Had he his hurts before?

ROSS  
Ay, on the front.

SIWARD Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death;  
And so his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM  
He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for  
him.

SIWARD He's worth no more.  
They say he parted well and paid his score,  
And so, God be with him. Here comes newer  
comfort.

*[Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.]*

MACDUFF  
Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands  
Th' usurper's cursed head. The time is free.  
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds,  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL Hail, King of Scotland! *[Flourish.]*

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