

# THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

By  
William Shakespeare

**ACT I, SCENE i**

*A Desolate Battlefield*

**FIRST WITCH**

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

**SECOND WITCH**

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

**THIRD WITCH**

That will be ere the set of sun.

**FIRST WITCH**

Where the place?

**SECOND WITCH**

Upon the heath.

**THIRD WITCH**

There to meet with Macbeth.

*Thunder and Lightning. LIGHTS fade on  
MACBETH and the WITCHES dance.*

**ALL**

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

*THUNDER AND LIGHTING. Exeunt.*

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**ACT I, SCENE ii**

*King Duncan's Camp on the edge of the battlefield*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants,  
meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

**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.

**SERGEANT**

Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. But all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name--  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

**SERGEANT**

Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

**DUNCAN**

Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

**SERGEANT**

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

**DUNCAN**

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

*Exit SERGEANT, attended*

Who comes here?

*Enter ROSS, followed by SOLDIERS leading  
CAWDOR in chains*

**MALCOLM**

The worthy thane of Ross.

**ROSS**

God save the king!

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest 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, lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!  
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.

*Exit ROSS, DONALBAIN AND MALCOM  
followed by soldiers leading CAWDOR in  
chains.*

**DUNCAN**

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

*Exeunt*

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**ACT I, SCENE iii**  
*A Heath near the Battlefield*

*THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.*

**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 munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

**SECOND WITCH**

I'll give thee a wind.

**FIRST WITCH**

Thou'rt kind.

**THIRD WITCH**

And I another.

**FIRST WITCH**

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

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

**SECOND WITCH**

Show me, show me.

**FIRST WITCH**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

**THIRD WITCH**

A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

**ALL**

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
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 call'd to Forres? What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips...

**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, thou shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

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

**FIRST WITCH**

Hail!

**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 my father's death I know I amthane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? thethane 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.

*The WITCHES vanish.*

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

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

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS.*

**ROSS**

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

**ANGUS**

We are sent to give thee from our royal master thanks.

**ROSS**

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane! For it is thine.

**BANQUO**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me in borrow'd 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 the enemy, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind.

*To ROSS and ANGUS*

Thanks for your pains.

*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 us in deepest consequence.

*To ROSS and ANGUS*

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**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 smother'd 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. Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

**BANQUO**

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

**MACBETH**

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

*ROSS and ANGUS Exeunt*

*BANQUO follows, but MACBETH stops him.*

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

**BANQUO**

Very gladly.

**MACBETH**

Till then, enough. Come, friend.

*Exeunt*

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**ACT I, SCENE iv**  
*Duncan's Camp*

*Flourish/Drums. Enter DUNCAN,  
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and  
Attendants*

**DUNCAN**

Is execution done on Cawdor?

**MALCOLM**

I have spoke with one that saw him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd 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.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and  
ANGUS*

**DUNCAN**

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.  
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 every thing  
Safe toward your love and honour.

**DUNCAN**

Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so. 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;

*DUNCAN dubs MALCOLM with his sword*

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

**MACBETH**

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach.

**DUNCAN**

My worthy Cawdor!

*Exeunt*

**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.

*MACBETH exits.*

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**ACT I, SCENE v****THE MAIN HALL IN MACBETH'S CASTLE AT INVERNESS**

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

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

*Enter a SERVING WOMAN*

What is your tidings?

**SERVING WOMAN**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it: Is not thy master with him?  
Who, were't so, would have inform'd for preparation.

**SERVING WOMAN**

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.

*Exit SERVING WOMAN*

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

*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 to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:

*NOISES OFF.*

Leave all the rest to me.

*Exit MACBETH.*



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**ACT I, Scene vi**

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS,  
ANGUS, FLEANCE, SOLDIERS 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 pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

**DUNCAN**

See, our honour'd hostess! How you shall bid God,  
Shield us for your pains, and thank us for your trouble.

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service in every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd 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 holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Your servants ever

**DUNCAN**

Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

*Exeunt*

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**ACT I, Scene vii**  
**A Corridor at Inverness**

*Servants and Attendants cross with trays and  
as if moving between kitchen and dining hall.  
Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;

*Servants and Attendants cross*

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.

*Servants and Attendants cross*

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other.

*Servants and Attendants cross  
Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

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

*Servants and Attendants cross*

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself?  
Hath it slept since and wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time such I account thy love.  
Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou live a coward  
In thine own esteem, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

**MACBETH**

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 pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd 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 clamour roar upon his death?

**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt*

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**ACT II, SCENE i**  
***THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE AT INVERNESS***

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing 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. 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!

*NOISES OFF*

Give me my sword. Who's there?

*Enter MACBETH with SEYTON*

**MACBETH**

A friend.

**BANQUO**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
Naymore he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*BANQUO takes MACBETH aside*

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

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Good repose the while!

**BANQUO**

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*

**MACBETH**

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get you to bed.

*Exit SEYTON*

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

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:

*A BELL tolls*

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

*Exit*



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**ACT II, SCENE ii**  
**A Corridor at Inverness**

*Enter LADY MACBETH with a goblet. She passes g MACBETH on the stairs as he exits from the previous scene and then speaks when she is alone.*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**A VOICE**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Enter MACBETH, his hands covered in blood.*

**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' the second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*Looking on his hands*

**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 address'd them  
Again to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**

There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

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 ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

**LADY MACBETH**

What do you mean?

**MACBETH**

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY 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 afeared 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: I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt.

*Exit. Knocking within*

**MACBETH**

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

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH, her hands  
covered in blood*

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your colour; but I shame to wear a heart so white.

***KNOCKING OFF***

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.

***KNOCKING OFF***

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.

*LADY MACBETH exits. The WITCHES  
appear and lead the dead DUNCAN from his  
chamber.*

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

***KNOCKING OFF***

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*Exeunt*

## ACT II, SCENE iii

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

**PORTER**

Here's a knocking indeed! If I were porter of hell-gate,  
He should have old turning the key.

*Knocking within*

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

*Knocking within*

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
swear in both the scales against either scale;  
who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator.

*Knocking within*

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

*Knocking within*

Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But  
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter  
it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all  
Professions that go the primrose way to th'  
Everlasting bonfire. But I pray you, remember the porter.

*Knocking within.  
Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

**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, is a great provoker of three things.

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink especially provoke?

**PORTER**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. And, lechery, sir; though it 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; 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.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

**LENNOX**

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.  
Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthythane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

*Exit*

**LENNOX**

Goes the king hence to-day?

**MACBETH**

He does: he did appoint so.

**LENNOX**

The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

**MACBETH**

'Twas a rough night.

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope'  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence the life o' the building!

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

---

**MACDUFF**

See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

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

*ALARM BELL RINGS. Enter LADY  
MACBETH and her SERVING WOMAN*

**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 and SOLDIERS*

Banquo, Our royal master 's murder'd!

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas! What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel anywhere. I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH, and LENNOX*

**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.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN and  
ATTENDANTS*



**DONALBAIN**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an 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, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart courage to make 's love known?

*LADY MACBETH swoons.*

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

**DONALBAIN**

Let 's away; our tears are not yet brew'd.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

*LADY MACBETH is helped out*

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady: And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work, to know it further.  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence against the undivulged pretence  
I fight of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

Let's briefly put on manly readiness and meet in the hall together.

*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

**MALCOLM**

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.

**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.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II, SCENE iv**  
***THE CHAPEL AT INVERNESS***

*Enter ROSS and 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**

Aye, good mother, thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act.  
By the clock, 'tis day, And yet 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, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

**ROSS**

And Duncan's horses broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make war with mankind.

**OLD MAN**

'Tis said they ate each other.

**ROSS**

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.  
How goes the world, sir, now?

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Why, see you not?

**ROSS**

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

**MACDUFF**

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**ROSS**

What good could they pretend?

**MACDUFF**

They were suborn'd: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

**ROSS**

Then 'tis most like the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

**MACDUFF**

He is already named, and gone to Scone to be invested.

**OLD MAN**

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.

**OLD MAN**

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

*Exeunt*

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**ACT III, SCENE i**  
***THE MAIN HALL AT INVERNESS***

*Enter MACBETH and LADY MACBETH,  
crowned, followed by BANQUO, LENNOX,  
ROSS, ANGUS, SEYTON, Lords, Ladies, and  
Attendants in a coronation procession.*

**BANQUO**

[Aside.] Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'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.

**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**

To-night 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,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel patricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow.  
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.

*Exit BANQUO*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and SEYTON*

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

**SEYTON**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit SEYTON*

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To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus--  
Our fears in Banquo stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is 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 hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,  
Thence to be wrench'd 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 murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

*Re-enter SEYTON, with two MURDERERS*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**FIRST MURDERER**

It was, so it please your highness.

**MACBETH**

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, how cross'd, 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 gospell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

**FIRST MURDERER**

We are men, my liege.

**MACBETH**

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed. And so, men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off.

**SECOND MURDERER**

I am one, my liege.

**FIRST MURDERER**

And I another

**MACBETH**

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

**SECOND MURDERER**

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,



Yet I must not, and so 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.

**MACBETH**

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
For't must be done to-night -- and something from the palace;  
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. It is concluded.

*Exeunt MURDERERS*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*Exit MACBETH*

**ACT III, Scene ii****LADY MACBETH**

Is Banquo gone from court?

**SEYTON**

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Say to the king, I would attend his leisure for a few words.

**SEYTON**

Madam, I will.

*Exit*

**LADY MACBETH**

Nought'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?  
Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

You must leave this.

**MACBETH**

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 cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
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 the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III, SCENE iii**  
*A Field Near Inverness*

*Enter TWO MURDERERS and SEYTON*

**FIRST MURDERER**

But who did bid thee join with us?

**THIRD MURDERER**

Macbeth.

**SECOND 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.

**BANQUO**

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

**SECOND MURDERER**

A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE*

**THIRD MURDERER**

'Tis he.

**FIRST MURDERER**

Stand to't.

**BANQUO**

It will be rain to-night.

**THIRD MURDERER**

Let it come down.

*THUNDER and LIGHTNING, The Lamp is  
extinguished. They set upon BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

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

*Dies. FLEANCE escapes*

**THIRD MURDERER**

Who did strike out the light?

**FIRST MURDERER**

Was 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.

*Exeunt*

THUNDER AND LIGHTING. *The  
WITCHES appear and lead BANQUO from  
the stage.*

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**ACT III, SCENE iv**  
***THE BANQUET HALL AT INVERNESS***

*A FLOURISH. Enter MACBETH, LADY  
MACBETH, ROSS, ANGUS, LENNOX, Lords  
& Ladies with goblets.*

**MACBETH**

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

*They COMPANY sits at a banquet table.*

**ANGUS**

Thanks to your majesty.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*FIRST MURDERER appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure the table round.  
There's blood on thy face.

**FIRST MURDERER**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatch'd?

**FIRST MURDERER**

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

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

**FIRST MURDERER**

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

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

**FIRST 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 the present. Get thee gone.

*Exit FIRST MURDERER*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord, you do not give the cheer.

**MACBETH**

Sweet remembrancer!  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!  
Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
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?

*The GHOST OF BANQUO appears  
and sits in MACBETH'S place.*

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

ANGUS

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say: 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: Are you a man?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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.  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done, you look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Behold! Look! lo! how say you? Why, what care I?  
If thou canst nod, speak too. If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the maws of kites.

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him. The times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end;  
But now they rise again, with twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
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; Give me some wine;  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! Avaunt! and quit my sight!  
Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with!

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

What man dare, I dare: approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!  
Why, so: being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

**LADY MACBETH**

You have 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  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine is blanched with fear.

**ANGUS**

What sights, my lord?

**LADY MACBETH**

-----  
I pray you, speak not; 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!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY  
MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

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

**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 to-morrow, to the weird sisters: More shall they speak;  
For now I am bent to know, by the worst means, the worst.  
I am in blood stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY 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.

**ACT III, SCENE v**  
**A HEATH**

*DRUMS. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.*  
*Enter the three WITCHES and HECATE*

**FIRST WITCH**

Why, how now, Hecate!

**THIRD WITCH**

You look angrily.

**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 call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon,  
And by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

**SECOND WITCH**

Come, let's make haste.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III, SCENE vi**  
**A CORRIDOR AT INVERNESS**

*Enter LENNOX and ANGUS*

**LENNOX**

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, which can interpret further:

*SEYTON crosses*

-- only, I say,

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? 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?

*SEYTON crosses*

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. I hear Macduff lives in disgrace:  
Sir, can you tell where he bestows himself?

**ANGUS**

The noble Malcolm lives in the English court: thither Macduff  
Is gone and this report hath so exasperate the king,  
That he prepares for some attempt of war.

**LENNOX**

Some holy angel fly to the court of England that a swift blessing may soon  
return to this our suffering country under a hand accursed!

**ANGUS**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV, SCENE i**  
**A HEATH**

*Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES*

**FIRST WITCH**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**SECOND WITCH**

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

**THIRD WITCH**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

*The WITCHES huddle around a cauldron.*

**FIRST WITCH**

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

**ALL**

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

.

**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 blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

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

**THIRD WITCH**

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

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

**ALL**

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

**SECOND WITCH**

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

*DRUMS. THUNDER AND LIGHTING.*  
*Enter HECATE*

**HECATE**

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

*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 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 thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths, or from our masters?

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**ALL**

Come, high or low; thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition appears*

**MACBETH**

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

**FIRST WITCH**

He knows thy thought: hear his speech, but say thou nought.

**THIRD WITCH**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

*First Apparition disappears*

**MACBETH**

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more --

**FIRST WITCH**

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



*Second Apparition appears*

**SECOND WITCH**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

**SECOND WITCH**

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

**MACBETH**

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

*Second Apparition disappears*

But yet I'll make assurance double sure  
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.  
What is this that rises like the issue of a king?

*Third Apparition appears*

**SECOND WITCH**

Listen but speak not to it.

**FIRST WITCH**

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him.

*Third Apparition disappears*

**MACBETH**

That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree Unfix his earth-bound root?  
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood of Birnam rise,  
And our high-placed Macbeth shall live the lease of nature.  
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?

**FIRST WITCH**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied: deny me this and an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.

**FIRST WITCH**

Show!

**SECOND WITCH**

Show!

**THIRD WITCH**

Show!

**ALL**

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; come like shadows, so depart!

*Final Apparition appears*

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

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

*The Apparition and WITCHES vanish*

What, is this so?  
 Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

*Enter LENNOX, ANGUS and SEYTON*

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

-----

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**ANGUS**

No, indeed, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
I did hear the galloping of horse: who was't came by?

**LENNOX**

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word --

**SEYTON**

Macduff is fled to England.

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**ANGUS**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV, SCENE ii**  
**Macduff's Castle at Fife**

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON with a toy,  
ROSS and a SERVING WOMAN*

**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**

I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin, blessing upon you!

**LADY MACDUFF**

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

**ROSS**

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

*Exit ROSS with SERVING WOMAN*

**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; as so do they.  
But my father is not dead, for all your saying.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Yes, he is dead; and 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**

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 the SERVING WOMAN*

**SERVING WOMAN**

Bless you, fair dame! I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

*Exit*

**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.

*Enter TWO MURDERERS*

**FIRST MURDERER**

Where is your husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

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

**SECOND MURDERER**

He's a traitor.

**SON**

Thou liest! Thou shag-eared villain!

**SECOND MURDERER**

What, you egg! Young fry of treachery!

*MCDUFF'S SON is stabbed*

**SON**

He has kill'd me, mother: run away, I pray you!

**LADY MCDUFF**

Murder, murder, murder, murder!

*Exeunt LADY MACDUFF and MURDERERS  
The WITCHES appear and lead MCDUFF'S  
SON from the stage.*

**ACT IV, SCENE iii**  
***MALCOLM'S CAMP IN ENGLAND***

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

**MALCOLM**

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.  
He hath not touch'd you yet.

**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.

**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?

**MACDUFF**

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, 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 open'd, black Macbeth will seem as pure as snow.

**MACDUFF**

Not in the legions of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
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,  
To my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my desire; better Macbeth than such a one to reign.

**MACDUFF**

But fear not yet to take upon you what is yours.

**MALCOLM**

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: yet all these are portable, with other graces weigh'd.

**MALCOLM**

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, 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. 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-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction does blaspheme his breed?  
Thy royal father was a most sainted king:  
The queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

**MALCOLM**

Macduff, this noble passion hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
Hath sought to win me into his power,  
But God above deal between thee and me!  
I 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,  
Ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, were setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel!

**MACDUFF**

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile.  
See who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

**MACDUFF**

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

**MALCOLM**

Good God, betimes remove the means that makes us strangers!

**ROSS**

Sir, amen.

**MACDUFF**

Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

Alas, poor country! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave; where  
Violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy.

**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 batter'd at their peace?

**ROSS**

No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.  
When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out.  
I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

**MALCOLM**

Be't their comfort, we are coming thither: and with ten thousand men.

**ROSS**

Would I could answer this comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd 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 for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

**MACDUFF**

I guessed at it.

**ROSS**

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

**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 kill'd too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

He has no children. All my pretty ones? Did you say all?  
All? 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:  
Did heaven look on, And would not take their part?  
Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee!  
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,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

**MALCOLM**

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

*Exeunt*

-----  
**ACT V, SCENE i**  
**LADY MACBETH'S CHAMBER**

*Enter a DOCTOR and LADY MACBETH'S  
SERVING WOMAN*

**DOCTOR**

When was it she last walked?

**SERVING WOMAN**

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

**DOCTOR**

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

**SERVING WOMAN**

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

**DOCTOR**

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

**SERVING WOMAN**

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a lantern*

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?

**SERVING WOMAN**

She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

**DOCTOR**

You see, her eyes are open.

**SERVING WOMAN**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**DOCTOR**

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

**SERVING WOMAN**

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.

**SERVING WOMAN**

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.

**DOCTOR**

The heart is sorely charged.

**SERVING WOMAN**

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

**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. To bed, to bed!  
There's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand.  
What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**DOCTOR**

Will she go now to bed?

**SERVING WOMAN**

Directly.

**DOCTOR**

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

**SERVING WOMAN**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*



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**ACT V, SCENE ii**  
***A FIELD AT DUNSINANE***

*Enter ROSS, MACDUFF, ANGUS and  
LENNOX, from opposite sides.*

**ROSS**

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

**MACDUFF**

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

**ROSS**

For certain, he is not. I have a file of all the gentry - many unrough youths that even now protest their first manhood.

**MACDUFF**

What does the tyrant?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACDUFF**

Now does he feel his secret murders sticking on his hands;  
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.

**ANGUS**

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

**ROSS**

Well, march we on, to give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Meet we the medicine 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.

*Exeunt*

---

**ACT V, SCENE iii**  
**MACBETH'S THRONE ROOM**

*Enter MACBETH, and Soldiers*

**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 a COURIER*

Where got'st thou that goose look?

**COURIER**

There is ten thousand --

**MACBETH**

Geese, villain?!

**COURIER**

Soldiers, sir.

**MACBETH**

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, thou lily-liver'd boy.  
What soldiers?

**COURIER**

The English force, so please you.

**MACBETH**

Take thy face hence.

*Exit COURIER*

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 sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON*

**SEYTON**

What is your gracious pleasure?

**MACBETH**

What news more?

**SEYTON**

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. Give me my armour.

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

I'll put it on. Hang those that talk of fear.  
Give me mine armour. How does your patient, Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick coming fancies,  
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 stuff'd 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 armour on; give me my staff.  
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 sour these English hence?  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V, SCENE iv**  
**BIRNAM WOOD**

*Enter MALCOLM, ANGUS and MACDUF,  
armed and followed by and Soldiers*

**MALCOLM**

What wood is this before us?

**MACDUFF**

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.

**ANGUS**

It shall be done.

*Exit*

**MALCOLM**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT V, SCENE v**  
**MACBETH'S THRONE ROOM**

*Enter MACBETH and SEYTON*

**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:

*A scream within*

What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit*

**MACBETH**

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

*Re-enter SEYTON*

Wherefore was that cry?

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Exit SEYTON*

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

*Enter a COURIER*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

**COURIER**

Gracious my lord, I should report that which I saw, but know not how to do it.

**MACBETH**

Well, say, sir.

**COURIER**

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

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave!

**COURIER**

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 shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin to doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth! "Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsiane. Arm -- Arm -- and out!

*Exit COURIER*

If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt*

## ACT V, SCENE vi

*Enter MALCOLM, MACDUFF, and soldiers  
with boughs*

**MALCOLM**

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.  
And show like those you are. 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.

*Exeunt*

*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 A SOLDIER*

**SOLDIER**

Hold, sirrah, what is thy name?

**MACBETH**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. My name's Macbeth.

**SOLDIER**

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

**MACBETH**

No, nor more fearful.

**SOLDIER**

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

*They fight.*



**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt Fighting.*

**ACT V, Scene viii***Enter MACDUFF***MACDUFF**

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
Either thou, Macbeth, or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. Fortune, let me find him!

*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, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee: but get thee back;  
My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

**MACDUFF**

I have no words: my voice is in my sword!

*They fight***MACBETH**

Thou losest labour: 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 ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man! I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

Then yield thee, coward and live to be the show o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit, 'here may you see the tyrant.'

**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt, fighting.*

**ACT V, Scene ix**

*Enter ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS and  
MALCOLM, with Soldiers*

**ANGUS**

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight.

**MALCOLM**

We have met with foes that strike beside us.

**LENNOX**

The noble thanes do bravely in the war.  
The day almost itself professes yours, and little is to do.

**ROSS**

Enter, sir, the castle.

**MALCOLM**

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

**ROSS**

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

**MALCOLM**

Macduff is missing.

**LENNOX**

And the noble Sergeant.  
He has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

**MALCOLM**

Had he his hurts before?

**ANGUS**

Ay, on the front.

**MALCOLM**

Why then, God's soldier be he!  
He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

**ANGUS**

They say he parted well, and paid his score:

**MALCOLM**

And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

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

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

*During the following speech, the WITCHES  
lead on DUNCAN, BANQUO, LADY  
MACDUFF, MACDUFF'S SON. They  
descend and form a tableau on the stairs with  
candles.*

**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 honour 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,

*MACBETH and LADY MACBETH enter at  
the top of the stairs with candles.*

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Exeunt*

*End of Play*