

**MACBETH**

***1 Hour Cut***

By William Shakespeare

Edited by Colleen Stovall

For the Florida Shakespeare Theater

**Characters in the Play**

Three Witches, the Weïrd Sisters

DUNCAN, king of Scotland

MALCOLM, his elder 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

MACDUFF, a Scottish noble

LADY MACDUFF

Their son

Scottish Nobles:

 LENNOX, ROSS, , MENTEITH, CAITHNESS

SIWARD, commander of the English forces

A Captain in Duncan’s army

Three Messengers,

Three Servants,

a Lord, a Soldier

***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.*

**ACT 1 SCENE 2**

*Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm,
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,

The merciless Macdonwald

from the Western Isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

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**

But the Norweyan 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.

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*

Who comes here?

**MALCOLM** The worthy Thane of Ross.

**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.

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

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.

**DUNCAN**

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

***They exit.***

**Act 1 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.**

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 Weïrd 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?

**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**

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. 60

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! 65

**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

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.*

**ROSS**

We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks,

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?

**ROSS** Who was the Thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.

But treasons capital, confessed and proved,

Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH***, aside* Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. *To Ross.* Thanks

for your pains.

**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**  Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

*They exit.*

**Act 1 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,

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,

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.

**DUNCAN**

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;

—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.*

*Flourish. They exit.*

**Act 1 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 Weïrd 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

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,

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

**MESSENGER**

The King comes here tonight.

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, 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.*

**Act 1 Scene 6**

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

**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.

**DUNCAN** Where’s the Thane of Cawdor?

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.*

**Act 1 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.

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.

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**

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.

**MACBETH** If we should fail—

**LADY MACBETH** We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place

And we’ll not fail.

his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince

that When in swinish sleep

Their drenchèd 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**

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**

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.

**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 exits.*

**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-oppressèd brain?

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.

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.*

**Act 2 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.

**LADY MACBETH** Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

Methought I heard a voice cry “Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep”

**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.

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? 75

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. *Knocking.*

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.*

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.

 *Knocking.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou

couldst.

 *They exit.*

**Act 2 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!

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?

 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,

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**

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

 *Macbeth and Lennox exit.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!

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.*

 *Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.*

**MALCOM** 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.

 ***Lady Macbeth feigns to faint***

**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**

I’ll not consort with them.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I’ll to England.

 This murderous shaft that’s shot

Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,

And we will 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.*

**Act 2 Scene 4**

***Enter Ross with an Old Man.***

**ROSS**

 ***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** 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,

*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.

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I’ll request your presence.

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**  Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

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 bestowed

In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention.

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 suppertime 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.

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,

, 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.***

**Act 3 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.***Servant exits.***

**LADY MACBETH** ***Enter Macbeth****.*

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone, 0

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.

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. 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.***

**Act 3 Scene 3**

*Enter three Murderers.*

**FIRST MURDERER**

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.

**SECOND 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.

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

**SECOND MURDERER** A light, a light!

’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.***

**FIRST MURDERER** Was ’t not the way?

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.***

**Act 3 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**

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.

***Enter First Murderer to the door.***

**MACBETH**

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 trenchèd gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

**MACBETH** Thanks for that.

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!

**ROSS**

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;

***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.

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.***

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH** Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

The time has been

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end. But now they rise again

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

**LADY MACBETH** My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

**MACBETH**  I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to

all.

Then I’ll sit down.—Give me some wine. Fill full.

***Enter Ghost****.*

I drink to th’ general joy o’ th’ whole table

**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.

 ***to the Ghost***

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**

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.

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 Weïrd 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.***

***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’ charmèd 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,

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.***

*.*

**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.

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.

**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?

***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.

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? ***The Witches vanish.***

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone?

Come in, without there.

***Enter Lennox.***

**LENNOX** What’s your Grace’s will?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the Weïrd 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.***

**Act 4 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;

**ROSS** My dearest coz,

I pray you school yourself.

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 65

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.

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.***

**Act 4 Scene 3**

***Enter Malcolm and Macduff.***

**MALCOLM**

Let us seek out some desolate shade and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

**MACDUFF**

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**

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.

**MACDUFF**  I have lost my hopes.

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.

**MALCOLM**

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;

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.

. 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,

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,

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.

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.

**MALCOLM** Well, more anon.—

Comes the King forth, I pray you?

***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.

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.

**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, ***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**  You see her eyes are open.

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

**DOCTOR** What is it she does now? Look how she rubs

her hands.

**GENTLEWOMAN** It is an accustomed action with her to

seem thus washing her hands. I have known her

continue in this a quarter of an hour.

**LADY MACBETH** Yet here’s a spot.

**DOCTOR** Hark, she speaks

**LADY MACBETH** Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.

Why then, ’tis time to do ’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.

**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.

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.***

**Act 5 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.

Revenges burn in them, for their dear causes

Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

Excite the mortified man.

 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;

 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.***

**Act 5 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?

***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**

What soldiers, patch?

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.—

***Attendants begin to arm him.***

Pull ’t off, I say.—

**MACBETH** Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

***They exit.***

**Act 5 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 constrainèd things

Whose hearts are absent too.

**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.***

**Act 5 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 dareful, 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.***

**Act 5 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.***

**Act 5 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, abhorrèd 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 bruited. 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****.*

**Act 5 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.

***Fight. Alarum****.* 10

**MACBETH**

I bear a charmèd 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**

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cowed my better part of man!

 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.

***Enter Macduff with Macbeth’s head.***

**MACDUFF**

Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands

Th’ usurper’s cursèd 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**

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****.*