

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--
Worthy to be a rebel, but too weak:
For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name--
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
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 unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Worthy gentleman!

Duncan
Sergeant

Mark, king of Scotland:

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norway lord surveying vantage,
Began a fresh assault.

Ross
Duncan

God save the King!

Who comes here?

Enter Ross

Malcolm
Duncan
Ross

The worthy thane of Ross.

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

From Fife, great king;

The victory fell on us!

Duncan
Ross

Great happiness!

That now

Duncan

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition.
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.

Exeunt

Duncan

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

All Witches

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.

Drum within

3rd Witch
2nd Witch
1st Witch

A drum!

A drum!

Macbeth doth come.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo

Macbeth
Banquo

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

Macbeth Speak, if you can: what are you?
1st Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2nd Witch All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3rd Witch All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!
Banquo Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch Hail!
2nd Witch Hail!
3rd Witch Hail!
1st Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2nd Witch Not so happy, yet much happier.
3rd Witch Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

Witches turn to leave.

Macbeth Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
The thane of Cawdor lives, 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.
1st Witch So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
All Witches Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Witches vanish.

Banquo Whither are they vanish'd?
Macbeth Into the air.
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

Angus The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; As thick as tale
Can post with post and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.
Ross We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks.

Angus And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 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,
 For treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Banquo Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
Macbeth [*Aside*] The greatest is behind. [*to others*] Thanks for your pains.
Banquo Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macbeth [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. But 'tis strange:
 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?
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single stage of man
 That function is smothered in surmise,
 And nothing is but what is not.
 If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
 Without my stir. Til then, 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.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Forres. The King's camp.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants

Duncan Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?

Malcolm My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die: who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus

Duncan Welcome
O worthiest cousin! I have to say
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macbeth The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state.
Duncan Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Banquo There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Duncan Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers: from hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macbeth 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.

Exit

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

Exit

SCENE III.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

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

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,
Bear welcome in your eye. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch.
Macbeth We will speak further.
Lady Macbeth Only look up clear.
To alter favor ever is to fear:

Knocking

Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

Knocking. Enter Porter.

Porter Here's a knocking indeed! Anon, anon!

Exeunt

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Ross, Angus, and Attendants

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

Enter Lady Macbeth

Duncan See our honour'd 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 Fair hostess,
We are your guest. 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

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

Exit Lady Macbeth, Duncan and 2 servants. The rest exit to their own rooms.

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 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 the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth

How now! what news?

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.

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. 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' the adage?

Macbeth Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.

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:

Exit Lady Macbeth

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed
In measureless content.

Macbeth

Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo

All's well.

Enter Lady Macbeth

Macbeth

How goes the night, fair and noble hostess?

Lady Macbeth

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me.
Good repose the while.

Banquo

The like to you.

Exit Lady Macbeth

Banquo

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 leisure.

Exeunt Banquo

Macbeth

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

Exit servant

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. 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. And whiles I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps,
Which way they walk, for fear thy very stones
Prate of my whereabouts.

A bell rings 3 times. A witch appears with each bell.

The bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Exit

Witches

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

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 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.

Macbeth

[*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

Macbeth My husband!
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.
Lady Macbeth A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth There's one did laugh in's sleep and one cried "Murder!"
I heard them.
Lady Macbeth There are two lodged together.
Macbeth One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other.
List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady Macbeth Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth But wherefore could I not pronounce "Amen?"
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady Macbeth These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.
Macbeth Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--
Lady Macbeth What do you mean?
Macbeth Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
Lady Macbeth Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

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 in incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth

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

Knocking within

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 within

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 within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Porter Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? If a man 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! I pray you,
remember the porter.

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, sir,
is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff What three things does drink especially provoke?
Porter Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macduff I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
Porter That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.
Macduff Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth. Exit Porter.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.
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 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,
 Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
 And prophesying with accents terrible
 Of dire combustion: some say, the earth
 Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth 'Twas a rough night.
Lennox My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.
Macduff [*offstage*] Ring the alarum-bell! Murder and treason!

Re-enter Macduff

Macbeth/Lennox What's the matter.
Macduff Most sacrilegious murder!
Macbeth What is 't you say?
Lennox Mean you his majesty?
Macduff Do not bid me speak.
 See, and then speak yourselves.

Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox

Awake, awake!
Banquo and Donalbain! Up, up! Malcolm!
As from your graves rise up, and ring the bell!

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady Macbeth What's the business? Speak, speak!
Macduff O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear.

Enter Banquo

Lady Macbeth O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!
Banquo Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Too cruel anywhere.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox. Re-enter Porter.

Macbeth Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for grace is dead.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain

Donalbain What is amiss?
Macbeth You are, and do not know't:
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 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, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
Here lay Duncan, his gash'd stabs breech'd with gore,
Their daggers -
Lady Macbeth Help me hence!
Banquo Look to the lady.

Lady Macbeth is carried out

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

Macduff And so do I.
All So all.

Macbeth Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Malcolm What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Donalbain To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Malcolm This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

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 Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage.
Old Man 'Tis unnatural.
Duncan's horses--a thing most strange and certain--
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Ross 'Tis said they eat each other.
Old Man They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter Macduff

Macduff How goes the world, sir, now?
Ross Why, see you not?
Macduff Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Ross Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Macduff Alas, the day!
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 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

Ross Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross Will you to Scone?
Macduff No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross Well, I will thither.
Macduff Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

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

SCENE V.

Forres. The palace.

A coronation ceremony is conducted in which Macbeth is crowned King of Scotland. Macbeth and his wife exit into the castle, followed by all of the guests leaving Banquo alone on the stage.

Banquo Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst 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 yet, 'tis strange
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray
In deepest consequence, come what come may.

Exeunt

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE I.

Forres. The palace.

*Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen,
Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macbeth Here's our chief guest.
Lady Macbeth If he had been forgotten,
Macbeth It had been as a gap in our great feast.
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
For ever 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.
Macbeth Pray, 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 parricide, but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macbeth I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

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 an attendant

Attendant Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Macbeth Our pleasure?
They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

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. 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,
 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;
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come fate into the list.
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Exit Attendant

First Murderer Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Macbeth It was, so please your highness. *Well then, now*
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was Banquo times past which held you
 So under fortune?
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?
First Murderer We are men, my liege.
Macbeth Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The hunter, every one. And so of 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.
2nd Murderer I am one whom the vile blows of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.
First Murderer And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my lie on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macbeth Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both 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.

2nd 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' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
Fleance his son must also embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers We are resolved, my lord.
Macbeth I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

Exeunt Murderers

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

Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady Macbeth How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?
Macbeth We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the world's suffer
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly –

Lady Macbeth Come on, 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,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are. There shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth What's to be done?
Macbeth Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest wife,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night.
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

SCENE II.

A park near the palace. The two murderers are hidden. Enter attendant.

First Murderer But who did bid thee join with us?

Attendant Macbeth.
2nd Murderer He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Murderer Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Attendant Hark! I hear horses.

*The murderers hide. Attendant exits.
Enter Banquo, Fleance and witches.*

Banquo O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Fleance escapes. Banquo is murdered.

Exeunt

SCENE III.

Hall in the palace. A 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.
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.

First Murderer appears at the door

Macbeth Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Approaching the door

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,
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;
Macbeth Thanks for that. Get thee gone now: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

Exit 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!
Lennox May't please your highness sit.
Macbeth 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 sits and dinner begins.
The ghost of Banquo appears at the table.*

Macbeth Which of you have done this?
Lords What, my good lord?
Macbeth Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.
Lady Macbeth Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary. Are you a man?
Macbeth Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady Macbeth O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.
Macbeth Behold! look!

Ghost of Banquo vanishes

Lady Macbeth What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macbeth If I stand here, I saw him.
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.
I drink to the general joy o'th' whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here!
Lords Our duties, and the pledge.

Witches appear.

Macbeth Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! Hence!

Witches vanish.

Macbeth You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross What sights, my lord?

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

Lennox Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady Macbeth A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth

Macbeth It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
What is the night?

Lady Macbeth Almost at odds with morning.

Macbeth 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, for mine own good.
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.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. The witches encircle it.

1st Witch Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

2nd Witch 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,

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

3rd Witch Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

All Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

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
To what I ask you.

1st Witch Speak.

2nd Witch Demand.

3rd Witch We'll answer.

1st Witch Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macbeth Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1st Witch Into the flame, come, high or low;

All Thyselves and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

Macbeth Tell me, thou unknown power,--

1st Witch He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

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

Descends

Macbeth Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

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

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

2nd Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

2nd Apparition Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

Macbeth Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this?

All Listen, but speak not to't.
Third Apparition Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Descends

Macbeth That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! Good!
Rebellion's head, 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?

All Seek to know no more.
Macbeth I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
1st Witch Show!
2nd Witch Show!
3rd Witch Show!
All Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings along with Banquo appear.

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!

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears; and some I see

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. What, is this so?

Witches and apparitions vanish.

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

Enter Lennox

Lennox What's your grace's will?
Macbeth Saw you the weird sisters?
Lennox No, my lord.
Macbeth Came they not by you?
Lennox No, indeed, my lord.
Macbeth Infected be the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd 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.

Lennox exits

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
 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.

Exeunt

SCENE V.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross

Lady Macduff What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross You must have patience yet, Lady Macduff.
Lady Macduff 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 I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once.
Lady Macduff Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?
Ross The son of Duncan
 Lives in the English court and is received
 Of the most pious Edward. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward
 That by the help of these – with Him above
 To ratify the work – that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed! My dearest coz,

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

Exit

Lady Macduff Sirrah, your father's dead. What will you do now?
Son My father is not dead, for all your saying.
Lady Macduff Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son If he were dead mother, 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 Murderers and witches.

First Murderer What are these faces?
Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence.
Lady Macduff Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm in this earthly world.
First Murderer 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!
Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff I hope –
First Murderer He's a traitor.

Murderers stab Lady Macduff.

Son Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
Second Murderer Treachery!

Murderers stab son.

Exeunt Murderers.

SCENE VI
England.

Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain

Donalbain Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Malcolm Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. O nation,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

Donalbain This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest.

Malcolm Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Donalbain I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.

Malcolm Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet.
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.

Enter Macduff, Siward, Young Siward, Angus and soldiers

Donalbain See, who comes here?

Malcolm The good Macduff, welcome!

Macduff Stands Scotland where it did?

Malcolm Alas, poor country,
Now is the time of help!

Macduff Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Siward What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command.

Malcolm Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! What does the tyrant?

Macduff Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury.

Siward 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.

Young Siward Our power is ready.
Our lack is nothing but our leave.

Siward Macbeth
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before 't?

Macduff 'Tis his main hope.

Malcolm What wood is this before us?

Angus 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 our discovery
Err in report of us.

Young Siward It shall be done.

Malcolm Make we our march towards Birnam. You, 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.

Exit Siward, Young Siward and soldiers.

Malcolm

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

Macduff

Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Donalbain

The worthy thane of Ross.

Macduff

What's the newest grief?

Ross

Would I could answer this - but I have words
That would be howl'd 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 for ever:
Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd.

Malcolm

Merciful heaven!

Macduff

My children too?

Ross

Wife, children, servants, all.

Macduff

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? O hell-kite! All?

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; Macbeth
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
 The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

SCENE VII

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

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 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 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.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a lantern

Gentlewoman Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my
 life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.
Doctor How came she by that light?
Gentlewoman She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command.
Doctor You see, her eyes are open.
Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut.
Doctor What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.
Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her
 hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
Lady Macbeth Yet here's a spot.
Doctor Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to
 satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
Lady Macbeth Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to
 do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?
 What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power
 to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have
 had so much blood in him.
Doctor Do you mark that?
Lady Macbeth Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will
 not sweeten this little hand. 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.

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!

Doctor Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman Directly.

Doctor This disease is beyond my practise.

Exit Lady Macbeth

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.

Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

Enter Macbeth and Attendants

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

Enter a Servant

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

Servant There is ten thousand

Macbeth Geese, villain?

Servant Soldiers, sir.

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

Servant The English force, so please you.

Macbeth Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

Seyton! Seyton, I say!

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.
Hang out our banners on the outward walls.

Exit Seyton.

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:
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,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

A cry of women within.

Macbeth What is that noise?

Exit Doctor.

Attendant It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit Attendant..

Macbeth I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek.

Re-enter Doctor.

Wherefore was that cry?

Doctor The queen, my lord, is dead.

Exit Doctor.

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 Messenger.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

Macduff Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macbeth Accursed be that tongue. I'll not fight with thee.
Macduff Then yield thee, coward, and -
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. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold!' -

Macbeth and Macduff fight. Macduff mortally wounds Macbeth.

Macbeth Enough.

Macduff cuts Macbeth's head off. Thunder. Blackout.

*Enter, with drum and colours,
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, the other Thaners, and Soldiers*

Siward This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
Malcolm I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siward Some must go off. And yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man,
But like a man he died.
Siward Then he is dead?
Ross Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward Had he his hurts before?
Ross Ay, on the front.
Siward Why then, God's soldier be he!
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Malcolm He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siward He's worth no more -
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head

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
Malcolm

Hail, King of Scotland!

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,
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.

Flourish. Exeunt