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**THE TRAGEDY OF MACB+++  
by William Shakespeare**

slightly transformed and edited by Peter Gould

for

**“Get Thee to the Funnery”**

at the Sign of the Four  
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# THE TRAGEDY OF MACB+++

by William Shakespeare

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland  
 MACB+++, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, a general in the King's army  
 LADY MACB+++, his wife  
 MACDUFF, Thane of Fife, a nobleman of Scotland  
 LADY MACDUFF, his wife  
 MALCOLM, elder son of Duncan  
 DONALBAIN, younger son of Duncan  
 BANQUO, Thane of Lochaber, a general in the King's army  
 FLEANCE, his son  
 LENNOX, nobleman of Scotland  
 ROSS, nobleman of Scotland  
 ANGUS, nobleman of Scotland  
 SEYTON, attendant to Macb+++  
 HECATE, Queen of the Witches  
 The Three Witches  
 Boy, Son of Macduff  
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macb+++  
 A Scottish Doctor  
 A Sergeant  
 A Porter, and A Woman, companion to the porter  
 Two Murderers  
 The Ghost of Banquo, other Apparitions, other Witches  
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, News-hawkers, and Messengers

### Scene 1.

*Scotland. The Commons. Thunder and Lighting*  
*Enter three WITCHES*

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH. When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth. *(all laugh)*

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND W. Paddock calls. Anon!

FIRST W. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

THIRD W. Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

[ *Insert Newsy Number One Here.* ]

**Scene 2.**

*A Camp after Battle. Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

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

MALCOLM. This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity.

DUNCAN. Hail, brave friend!

SERGEANT. Hail!

MALCOLM. Say to the King the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

SERGEANT. Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--  
The rebel of the Western Isles--  
All villainies of nature swarm upon him,  
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth -well he deserves that name--  
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,  
And then, unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT. And mark, my King of Scotland, mark:  
Next, the Norweigan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo.?

SERGEANT. Yes,  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,  
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe--  
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons. *Exit Sergeant*  
Who comes here?

LENNOX. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS. God save the King!  
 DUNCAN. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?  
 ROSS. From Fife, great King,  
 Where the Norweigan banners flout the sky  
 And fan our people cold.  
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,  
 Till great Macbeth confronted him with battle,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 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. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 3.

*A heath. Thunder and Beat.  
 Enter the three Street People.*

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum!  
 Macbeth doth come.  
*The witches, with company, all chant and dance:*  
 ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about,  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine.  
 Peace! The charm's wound up. *Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*  
 MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
 BANQUO. What are these three, so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 Are you aught that man may question? You do seem  
 T' understand me—  
 MACBETH. Speak up, if you can.  
 What are you?  
 FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!  
 SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!  
 THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!  
 BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
 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 favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By my father's death I know I'm Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be King

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO. You shall be King.

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

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

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

ROSS. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his. As thick as hail

Came post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense!

ANGUS. We are sent

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

And then to herald thee into his sight,

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

MACBETH. Wait. What?

BANQUO. 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 judgement bears that life  
 Which he deserves to lose.

ROSS. His treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
 Have overthrown him.

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

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

MACBETH. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme-I thank you, gentlemen.  
 [*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature? Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings:  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man that function  
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
 But what is not.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me  
 Without my stir. So 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 favor; my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Let us toward the King.

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

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come, friends. *Exeunt.*

**Scene 4.** *The palace.*

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

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor?

MALCOLM. My liege,  
I spoke with one that saw him die, who did  
Report that he confess'd his treasons frankly,  
Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN. There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust. *Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*  
O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Only I can say,  
More is thy due than all that I 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. It is an honor.

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

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

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
 And you whose places are the nearest, know  
 We will establish our estate upon  
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
 The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must  
 Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
 On all deservers.

My Thane of Cawdor!

MACBETH. I humbly take my leave.  
*[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.  
 He is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

### Scene 5

*Inverness. Macbeth's mansion. Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
 Art not without ambition, but without  
 The illness should attend it. Wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win.  
 Thou wouldest have, great Glamis, that which cries,  
 "This thou must do, if thou would'st have it." Come!  
 Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
 Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending;

He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*

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

*[Enter Macbeth.]* Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

MACBETH. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here 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. *(long pause)* To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under it. 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. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 6

*Before Macbeth's castle. Enter Duncan, Banquo, and Attendants.*

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

BANQUO. This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here. Everywhere this bird  
 Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle!  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
 The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

DUNCAN. See, see, our honor'd hostess! *(embraces her and gives her a bag of gold)*  
 Herein I teach you  
 How you shall bid God 'ield 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 up our house. We are  
 Obligated to you.

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

LADY MACBETH. My servants tend  
All for your Highness' pleasure.

DUNCAN. Lend your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,  
And shall continue all our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 7

*Macbeth's castle. 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 judgement here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off.  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe  
Striding the blast,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

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 honor'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. Art thou afeard  
 To be the same in thine own act and valor  
 As thou art in desire?  
 Wouldst live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would"  
 Like a poor cat who fish would eat  
 But will not wet his feet?

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

LADY MACBETH. What beast wast 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 now their fitness  
 Does unmake you! I have given suck and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me-  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
 And dash'd the brains out had I so sworn as you  
 Have done to this.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. We fail! *(long pause)*  
 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 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 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.      *Exeunt.*

### Scene 8.

*Macbeth's castle, upper deck. Enter Banquo and Fleance*

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?  
 FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.  
 BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.  
 FLEANCE. I take't 'tis later, sir.  
 BANQUO. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,  
 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
 Gives way to in repose! [*Enter Macbeth and a Servant.*] Give me my sword!  
 Who's there?  
 MACBETH. A friend.  
 BANQUO.            What, sir, not yet at rest?  
 The King's abed.  
 He hath been in unusual pleasure and  
 Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
 With this necklace he greets your wife withal,  
 By the name of most kind hostess. Now he lies  
 In measureless content.  
 MACBETH. Being unprepared,  
 Our will became the servant to defect,  
 Else we had wrought a better visit.  
 BANQUO.        All is well. (*long pause*)  
 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.  
 MACBETH. Good repose the while.  
 BANQUO. Thanks, sir, the like to you.      *Exeunt Banquo. and Fleance.*

MACBETH. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get 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.  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing!  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
Towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.     *A bell rings.*  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.     *Exit.*

### Scene 9

*Macbeth's Castle*  
*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

LADY MACBETH. *[all to the audience]*  
That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.  
*[An owl hoots.]*                             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,*  
 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. A guest I heard, laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"  
 That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them,  
 But they did say their prayers and address'd them  
 Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodg'd together.

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

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.

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

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

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

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?

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

LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,  
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
 So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water

And wash this filthy witness from your hand. (*discovers:*)  
 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!

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

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.

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your color, but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear knocking  
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed.

[*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. Knocking continues!!*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! *Exeunt.*

### Scene 10

*Near the Entrance Foyer of Macbeth's Estate.*

*A Porter, sleeping, with a woman, under sheet. Knocking within.*

WOMAN: (*she hears the knocking first*) Knock, knock, knock!

[*she wakes slowly, looks round, and discovers the porter in the bed.*]

Here's a knocking indeed!

[*to Porter.*] Knock, knock, knock!

PORTER. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? [*sees woman, remembers.*]

Here's a porter that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty.

[*Knocking within.*]

Come in time! Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't.

*[Knocking within.]* Knock, knock! Who's there? in th' other devil's name? *[tries to embrace the woman]* *[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. *[woman squeaks.]* *[Knocking within.]*  
 WOMAN. Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold. I'll devil-porter it no further. *[she pulls the sheet off the both of them, backs away wrapped in sheet.]*  
 PORTER. *[shivering]* But I had thought to go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.  
 WOMAN. Right.  
 PORTER. *[Knocking within.]* Anon, anon! I pray you! *[to the woman:]* Remember the porter. *(He gives her a coin. She takes it, laughing at him!)*  
*Opens the gate. 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.  
 WOMAN. Indeed, he speaks truth.  
 PORTER. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him—  
 WOMAN. Makes him stand to and not stand to!  
 PORTER. In conclusion...  
 MACDUFF. Is thy master stirring?  
*PORTER looks rueful.*  
*Enter Macbeth.*  
 MACDUFF. 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 slipp'd the hour.  
 MACBETH. I'll bring you to him.  
 MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,  
 But yet 'tis one.  
 MACBETH. The labor 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 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 in the air, strange screams of death,  
 And prophesying with accents terrible  
 Of dire combustion and confused events  
 New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
 Clamor'd the livelong night. Some say the earth  
 Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH. 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
 A fellow to it.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee.

MACBETH. LENNOX. What's the matter?

MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.  
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence  
 The life o' the building.

MACBETH. What is't you say? the life?

LENNOX. Mean you his Majesty?

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

*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!  
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself!

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 murder'd.

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

BANQUO. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so. *Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.*

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

DONALBAIN. What is amiss?

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

MACDUFF. Your royal father's murder'd.

MALCOLM. O, by whom?

LENNOX. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, have done it.  
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 temperate in such a moment?  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
There, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

LADY MACBETH. Help me hence, ho! *(fainting) (to cause a distraction)*

MACDUFF. Look to the lady!

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

DONALBAIN. *[Aside to Malcolm.]* What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?  
Let's away.

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

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

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.

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.*

### **NEWSIE Scene**

*Outside Macbeth's castle. Enter Newsie Number Two.*

*NEWSIE. Extra! Extra! Read all about it!  
 Good King Duncan is dead!  
 His two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, disappear!  
 Guilty finger points to them!  
 Natural disasters abound!  
 Macbeth named new king, sent to Scone for Coronation!*

### **Scene 11**

*The Same. Enter Banquo.*

BANQUO. I'll take one, Boy.

*(reads) Exit Newsie.*

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 hush, no more.

*Sennet sounds. 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,  
 It had been as a gap in our great feast  
 And all thing unbecoming.

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

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

MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO. Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH. Is't far you ride'!

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

MACBETH. Fail not our feast.

BANQUO. My lord, I will not.

MACBETH. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
 In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
 With strange invention. But of that tomorrow.  
 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. Till then, God be with you!

*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
 Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH. 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. There is none but he  
 Whose being I do fear; and under him  
 My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
 When first they put the name of King upon me  
 And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.  
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
 And put a barren sceptre in my grip,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind,  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd,  
 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.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER. It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
 That it was Banquo in times past who held you  
 So under fortune, which you thought had been  
 Our innocent self?

FIRST MURDERER. You made it known to us.

MACBETH. And do you find

That you can let this go?

FIRST MURDERER. We're men, my liege.

MACBETH. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
 And demi-wolves all go by th' name of dogs.

If you've a station in the file of men,

Not in the worst rank, say it:

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  
 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 life 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; and though I could  
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight.  
 Yet I must not,  
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
 Would wail his fall. 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 might-  
 MACBETH. (*stops further conversation*) Your spirits shine through you.  
 It must be done tonight, and from the palace.  
 I require a clearness. And with him--  
 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--  
 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 tonight. *Exit.*

## Scene 12

*The palace. In Macbeth's private quarters.  
 Macbeth discovered, Enter Lady Macbeth, seeing him.*

LADY MACBETH. How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
 With them they think on? What's done is done.  
 MACBETH. We have but scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.  
 We can not eat or sleep. Afflicting dreams  
 Do shake us nightly.  
 LADY MACBETH. Come on, my gentle lord,  
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
 Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH. Better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.  
 Treason has done his worst. Nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH. You must leave this!

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

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

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

LADY MACBETH. What's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
 Till thou applaud the deed.  
 Come, prithee, get with me. Come, seeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 13

*A park near Macbeth's palace.*

*Enter 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' the court.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.*

SECOND MURDERER. 'Tis he.  
 FIRST MURDERER. Stand to't.  
 BANQUO. It will be rain tonight.  
 FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down. *They set upon Banquo.*  
 BANQUO. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
 Thou mayst revenge. O slave! *Dies. Fleance escapes.*  
 FIRST MURDERER. There's but one down; the son is fled.  
 SECOND MURDERER. We have lost  
 Best half of our affair.  
 FIRST MURDERER. Well, let's away,  
 And say how much is done. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 14

*Great 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.  
*[aside to Lady M]* We will require your welcome.  
 LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.  
*Enter first Murderer to the door.*  
 MACBETH. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
 Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.  
 Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
 The table round. *[Approaches the door.]* There's blood upon thy face.  
 MURDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.  
 MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
 Is he dispatch'd?  
 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.  
 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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears -But Banquo's safe?  
 MURDERER. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,  
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
 The least a death to nature.

MACBETH. Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow  
 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.  
*The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place.*

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

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

MACBETH. The table's full.

LENNOX. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH. Where?

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. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake  
 Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,  
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
 He will again be well. If much you note him,  
 You shall offend him and extend his passion.  
 Feed, and regard him not--- 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;  
 This is the air-drawn dagger which you said  
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
 Impostors to true fear, would well become  
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
 You look but on a stool.

MACBETH. Prithee, see there! Behold! Look! Lo! How say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
Can charnel house and graves send back the ones  
We buried?

*Exit Ghost.*

LADY MACBETH. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH. Fie, for shame!

MACBETH. [*aside*] Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

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

MACBETH. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.  
Would he were here!

LORDS. Our duties and the pledge. *Re-enter Ghost.*

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

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

MACBETH. What man dare, I dare.  
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.  
Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

*Exit Ghost.*

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. You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe

When now I think you can behold such sights  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks  
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.  
 ROSS. What sights, my lord?  
 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, which is which.  
 MACBETH. I will tomorrow,  
 And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.  
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good  
 All causes shall give way. I am in blood  
 Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
 Strange things I have in head that will to hand,  
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.  
 LADY MACBETH. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.  
 MACBETH. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
 We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 15

*The Commons.*

*Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? You look angrily.  
 HECATE. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
 In riddles and affairs of death,  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never call'd to bear my part,  
 Or show the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now. Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron  
 Meet me i' the morning. Thither he  
 Will come to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels and your spells provide,  
 Your charms and everything beside.  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground.  
 And that distill'd by magic sleights  
 Shall raise such artificial sprites  
 As by the strength of their illusion  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.  
 And you all know security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.  
 Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. *Exit.*  
 FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

### **Newsie Scene**

*The Commons. Enter Newsie #3*

*NEWSIE. Extra! Extra! Read all about it!*  
*Special Bulletin!*  
*Macduff a No-Show at State Banquet!*  
*Macbeth Miffed at Macduff Snub!*  
*Prince Malcolm Sighted in England; "I'm Raising an Army," he says!*  
*War Fever Grips Nation!*  
*Conventional Wisdom Asks: "Is Someone Putting a Hex on Scotland?"*

### **Scene 16**

*The Commons. In the middle, a cauldron. Thunder and Beat.*  
*Enter the three Witches.*

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go;  
 In the poison'd entrails throw.  
 Toad, that under cold stone  
 Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.  
 ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
 SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
 In the cauldron boil and bake;  
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
 ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
 THIRD WITCH. Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of goat and slips of yew  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab.  
 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. Hecate tastes the Brew.*  
 HECATE. O, well done! I commend your pains,  
 And everyone shall share i' the gains.  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Enchanting all that you put in.  
*Music. Hecate retires.*  
 SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes. *(repeat as desired)*  
*Enter Macbeth.*  
 MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?  
 What is't you do?  
 ALL. A deed without a name.  
 MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess  
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
 Against the churches, though the yesty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigation up,  
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down,  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads,  
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure  
 Of nature's germains tumble all together

Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SECOND WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our master?

MACBETH. Call him, let me see him. [*Hecate approaches unseen by him*]

HECATE. Her! *Dance and Beat.*

SECOND WITCH. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweated  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power-

THIRD WITCH. She knows thy thought:

Hear her speech, but speak thou not.

HECATE. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff,  
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more-

FIRST WITCH. Shhhh! She will not be commanded.

HECATE. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

MACBETH. Then live, Macduff. What need I fear of thee?

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

SECOND WITCH. Silence! She's not done!

HECATE. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him. *Moves to depart.*

MACBETH. That will never be.

For who can bid the tree unfix his root?  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the Wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACBETH. I will be satisfied! Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!

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, Banquo's Ghost following.*

MACBETH. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.

That other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

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

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

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

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; horrible sight!

And now I see 'tis true; for Banquo smiles

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

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so. *Music. Witches laugh, howl, dance and vanish.*

MACBETH. What, are they gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand ay accursed in the calendar!

Come in, without there! Lennox! *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 wast 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.]* 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 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.

Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are.

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 17**

*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, 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;

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

ROSS. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself. But for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;

But cruel are these times, when we hold rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you;

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

My pretty cousin, blessing upon you!

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

ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. *Exit.*

LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father's dead.

And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

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

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honor I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer!

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Murderers.*

FIRST MURDERER. Where is your husband?

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

FIRST MURDERER. He's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

FIRST MURDERER. What, you egg! *Stabs him.*

Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has kill'd me, Mother.

Run away, I pray you! *Dies.*

*Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" Exeunt Murderers, following her.*

### Scene 18

*England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

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

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

MACDUFF. Who comes here?

MALCOLM. My countrymen, the Thane of Ross, and Angus.

MACDUFF. My ever gentle cousins, welcome hither.  
 Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS. Alas, poor country,  
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave.  
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd 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?

MACDUFF. How does my wife?

ROSS. Why, well.

MACDUFF. And all my children?

ROSS. Well too.

MACDUFF. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

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

MACDUFF. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goest?

ROSS. Oh, 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 forever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF. Humh! I guess at it.

ROSS. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner

Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

MALCOLM. Merciful heaven!

What, man! Neer pull your hat upon your brows;

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACDUFF. My children too?

ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

ROSS. We 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?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF. I shall do so,

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King; our power is ready,

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may,

The night is long that never finds the day.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 19.

*Dunsinane. Anteroom 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 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 slumbry 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 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! Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR. Well, well, well-

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

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

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY MACBETH. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.

To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit.*

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.

DOCTOR. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So good night.

GENTLEWOMAN. Good night, good doctor.

DOCTOR. My mind she has mated and amazed my sight.

I think, but dare not speak. *Exeunt.*

**NEWSIE Scene***Near Dunsinane. Enter Newsie #4*

*NEWSIE. Extra! Extra! English Army on the March toward Scotland!  
 Prince Malcolm and Macduff in command!  
 Scottish army called "reluctant to fight" for Macbeth!  
 King holes up in palace, preparing for siege!  
 Now does he feel his title  
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
 Upon a dwarfish thief!*

**Scene 20**

*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.  
 Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

MACBETH. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all!  
 Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane  
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
 "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
 Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false Thanes,  
 And mingle with the English epicures!  
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. *Enter 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?  
 Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?  
 SERVANT. The English force, so please you.  
 MACBETH. Take thy face hence. *Exit Servant.*  
 My way of life  
 Is fall'n into the sear, 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 confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH. I'll fight, 'til from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor!

Send out more horses, skirr the country round,

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor. *Enter Doctor.*

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!

*[to Seyton]* Come, help me with mine armor.

Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.

Come, sir. If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again. *[to Seyton]* Pull't off, I say.

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug

Would scour these English hence? Hearst thou of them?

DOCTOR. Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

MACBETH. *[to Seyton]* Bring it after me.

*[aside]* I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane. *Exit.*

DOCTOR. *[Aside.]* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exit.*

## Scene 21

*Near Birnam Wood. Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, Macduff, and others.*

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.  
 SOLDIERS. It shall be done.  
 MACDUFF. The confident tyrant keeps in his palace,  
 And none serve with him but constrained things  
 Whose hearts are absent too. The time approaches!  
 MALCOLM. Towards which advance the war!  
*Exeunt Marching.*

## Scene 22

*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*  
*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.  
*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord. *Exit.*

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

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

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 comest 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 it.

MACBETH. Well, say, sir.

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

MACBETH. Liar and slave!

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 shalt thou hang alive,  
 Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
 I pull in resolution and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
 That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam Wood  
 Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood  
 Comes toward 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 the estate o' the world were now undone.  
 Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!  
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 23

*Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

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

MALCOLM. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,  
 Show who you are. Worthy Macduff and we  
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

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

### Scene 24

*Dunsinane. Before the castle. Alarums. 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.  
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

MACDUFF. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
 If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
 Either thou, Macbeth,  
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!  
 And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

*NEWSIE Scene*

*NEWSIE. Attention! Attention!*  
*Special Bulletin from Liberation News and Rebel Radio!*  
*Macbeth's Castle in the hands of the English Army!*  
*The tyrant's people on our side do fight,*  
*The noble Thanes do bravely in the war!*  
*Victory is at hand!*  
*[Newsie is trampled by invading army][twice]*

**Scene 25**

*Another part of the field. Enter Macbeth.*

MACBETH. Why should I play the Roman fool and die  
 On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes  
 Do better upon them. *Enter Macduff.*  
 MACDUFF. Turn, hell hound, turn!  
 MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee.  
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charged  
 With blood of thine already.  
 MACDUFF. I have no words.  
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
 Than terms can give thee out! *They fight.*  
 MACBETH. Thou lovest labor.  
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.  
 MACDUFF. Despair thy charm,  
 And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripp'd.

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

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward,  
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the 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 damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" *They fight. Macbeth is slain.*

### Scene 26

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm,  
 the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

MACDUFF. Hail, King, for so thou art. The time is free.  
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl  
 That speak my salutation in their minds,  
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine—  
 Hail, King of Scotland!

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

MALCOLM. We shall not spend a large expense of time  
 Before we reckon with your several loves  
 And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,  
 Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
 In such an honor named. What's more to do,  
 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.  
 This, and what needful else  
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace  
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Malcolm is borne aloft. Finish*