

The Tragedy of Macbeth

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Second Witch/Second Murderer/Messenger – Eva Keller

Third Witch/Attendant – Mahalia Baer

Macbeth – Taylor Wallace

Ross/Witch – Chance Baer

Duncan/Porter/Seyton/Witch – Tom Bendelow

Banquo/Seward - Ryan Roulette

Lady Macbeth – Riley McIntire

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Assistant Stage Managers – Mahalia Baer/Nia Quinonez

ACT I SCENE I. The wood *Thunder and lightning.*

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

1. **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.

First Witch I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch Paddock calls.

Third Witch Anon.

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

Drum within

Third Witch A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up. *Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

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

BANQUO What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch All hail, Macbeth, thou 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 favours nor your hate.

First Witch Hail!

Second Witch Hail!

Third Witch Hail!

First Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch Not so happy, yet much happier.

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

First Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? 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 LENNOX

ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and I am sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
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?

LENNOX Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

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

To ROSS and LENNOX Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
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] 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. If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me, Without my stir.
Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Let us toward the king.
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 2. The palace. *Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM & Attendant*

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.

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, FLEANCE, LENNOX and ROSS

O worthiest cousin!
Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

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

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

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

DUNCAN My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, 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 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 The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor!

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

SCENE V. 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 weird sisters saluted me, and referred
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.'

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

Messenger The king comes here to-night.

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

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*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!' *Enter MACBETH*
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Before Macbeth's castle. *Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, BANQUO, FLEANCE, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS and Attendant*

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

BANQUO The air is delicate. *Enter LADY MACBETH*

DUNCAN See, 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 honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever
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. *Exeunt*

SCENE V. 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 judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. 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. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' 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. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail?

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

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

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

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

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

ACT II SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle. *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 Who's there? *Enter MACBETH*

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.

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

BANQUO All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have 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 If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

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

MACBETH Good repose the while!

BANQUO Thanks, sir: the like to you! *Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*

MACBETH Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. 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 II. *Enter LADY MACBETH*

LADY MACBETH That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. *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 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!' That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.

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

LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply.

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

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

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

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

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

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

MACBETH I'll go no more:
I am 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 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*

SCENE III. Macbeth's Castle *Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! *Knocking within*
Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of
Beelzebub?. *Knocking within*
Knock, knock! Who's there? *Knocking within*
Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? *Knocking within. Anon, anon! Opens the gate Enter*
MACDUFF and LENNOX I pray you, remember the porter.

MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late? Is thy master stirring? *Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

PORTER Knock, Knock Knock Knock Knock! (Exit)

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

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

LENNOX Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible. 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! *ENTER ROSS* Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

ROSS 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?

ROSS 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, LENNOX and ROSS*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Malcolm! awake! *Bell rings Enter LADY MACBETH, ATTENDANT and LADY in WAITING*

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*

BANQUO What's the matter?

MACDUFF O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!

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

BANQUO Too cruel any where.
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. *Enter MALCOLM*

MALCOLM What is amiss?

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

MACDUFF Your royal father 's murder'd.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood.

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.

LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho!

BANQUO Look to the lady. **LADY IN WAITING & ATTENDANT** help *LADY MACBETH* 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. *Exeunt all but Malcolm.*

MALCOLM What will I do? I'll not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England. *Exeunt*

ACT III SCENE I. Forres. The palace. *Enter BANQUO*

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

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LADY IN WAITING, ATTENDANT, Murderer 1 & 2

MACBETH Here's our chief guest.

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

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

BANQUO Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit. **LADY MACBETH** and **LADY IN WAITING** exit.

MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

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

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

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's. **MACBETH SENDS ATTENDANT OFF**

MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

Exit BANQUO, ATTENDANT Enters with MURDERER 1 & 2. ATTENDANT exits.

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

Murderers True, my lord.

MACBETH 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 he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference.

First Murderer You made it known to us.

MACBETH Are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer We are men, my liege.

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 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: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer Though our lives--

MACBETH Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night.
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 to-night. *Exit*

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and LADY IN WAITING

LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?

LADY IN WAITING Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

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

LADY IN WAITING Madam, I will. *Exit*

LADY MACBETH Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. *Enter MACBETH*
How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
what's done is done.

MACBETH We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

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

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; 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. So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt*

SCENE III. A park near the palace. *Enter three Murderers*

First Murderer But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer Macbeth.

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

First Murderer Then stand with us.

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

Third Murderer Hark! I hear voices.

Second Murderer Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court. *Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE*

Third Murderer 'Tis he.

First Murderer Stand to't.

BANQUO It will be rain to-night.

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*

Third Murderer Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer Wast not the way?

Third Murderer There's but one down; the son is fled.

Second Murderer We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace. *A banquet. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, LADY IN WAITING, Attendants*

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

All Thanks to your majesty.

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

LADY MACBETH Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome. *First Murderer appears at the door*

MACBETH See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. *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?

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

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

First Murderer Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

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

Second 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: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. *Exit Murderers*

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making.

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 honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

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

MACBETH The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH Where?

LENNOX Here, my good lord.

ROSS 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 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 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 Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

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 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:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

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

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH I hear it by the way; but I will send:
I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. *Exeunt*

ACT IV SCENE I. Forrest In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

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

Second 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, answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch Speak.

Second Witch Demand.

Third Witch We'll answer.

MACBETH Tell me --

First Witch We know thy thought:
Hear our speech, but say thou nought.

Witches Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Second Witch Beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Enough.

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

First Witch Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Witches Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

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

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

First Witch 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.

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, 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?

Witches 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!

Witches Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart! All Witches pass followed by *GHOST OF BANQUO*

MACBETH Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.
Filthy hags! Why do you show me this?
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.
What, is this so?

First Witch Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters! *The witches dance and then vanish.*

MACBETH Gone? 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.
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England!

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH 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 II. England. Before the King's palace. *Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF and ROSS from the other side*

MALCOLM My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MACDUFF Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave.

MALCOLM What's the newest grief?

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

MACDUFF Hum!

ROSS Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd.

MALCOLM Merciful heaven!

MACDUFF My children too?

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

MACDUFF And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

ROSS I have said.

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

MACDUFF He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

MALCOLM Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man. 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. (of ENGLAND) *Exeunt*

ACT V SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle. Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.
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.
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.

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!
Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so
pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he
cannot come out on's grave.
To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed! *Exit*

SCENE 2 Country near Birnam wood. *Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS,*

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

ROSS We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD What wood is this before us?

MACDUFF The wood of Birnam.

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

LENNOX It shall be done. *Exeunt, marching*

SCENE 3. Dunsinane. Within the castle. *Enter MACBETH, SEYTON*

MACBETH Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Attendant cries out.*
What is that noise?

SEYTON It is the cry of a woman, 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. *Re-enter SEYTON with ATTENDANT*
Wherefore was that cry?

ATTENDANT The queen, my lord – (Cries out) is dead.

SEYTON The queen, my lord – (Cries out) is dead.

MACBETH She should have died hereafter;

MACBETH waives them off, SEYTON and ATTENDANT exit.

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*

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. 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! *Exeunt*

SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs

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

SIWARD Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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

SCENE VII. Another part of the field. *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. *Enter YOUNG SIWARD*

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

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

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

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

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. *They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain.*

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

MACDUFF Tyrant, show thy face!
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 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!
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 on a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH I will not yield.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
'Hold, enough!' *They fight. Macbeth is killed. Enter MALCOM, SEWARD, ROSS*

MACDUFF Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed body: 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 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:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. *Flourish. Exeunt*