

The Tragedy of
MACBETH
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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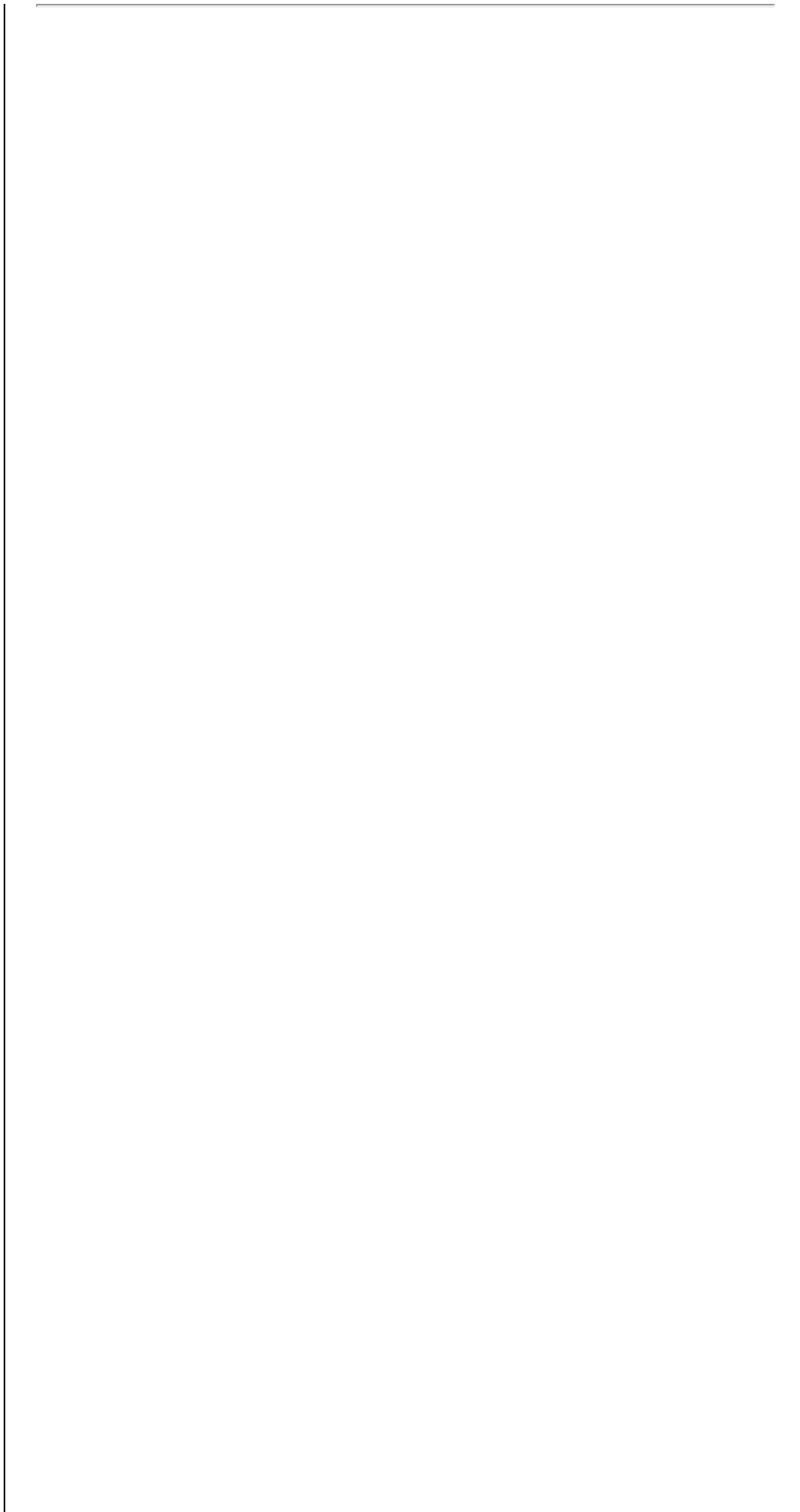
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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from

Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Macbeth, set primarily in Scotland, mixes witchcraft, prophecy, and murder. Three “Weird Sisters” appear to Macbeth and his comrade Banquo after a battle and prophesy that Macbeth will be king and that the descendants of Banquo will also reign. When Macbeth arrives at his castle, he and Lady Macbeth plot to assassinate King Duncan, soon to be their guest, so that Macbeth can become king.

After Macbeth murders Duncan, the king’s two sons flee, and Macbeth is crowned. Fearing that Banquo’s descendants will, according to the Weird Sisters’ predictions, take over the kingdom, Macbeth has Banquo killed. At a royal banquet that evening, Macbeth sees Banquo’s ghost appear covered in blood. Macbeth determines to consult the Weird Sisters again. They comfort him with ambiguous promises.

Another nobleman, Macduff, rides to England to join Duncan’s older son, Malcolm. Macbeth has Macduff’s wife and children murdered. Malcolm and Macduff lead an army against Macbeth, as Lady Macbeth goes mad and commits suicide.

Macbeth confronts Malcolm’s army, trusting in the Weird Sisters’ comforting promises. He learns that the promises are tricks, but continues to fight. Macduff kills Macbeth and Malcolm becomes Scotland’s king.

Characters in the Play

Three Witches, the Weird Sisters

DUNCAN, king of Scotland

MALCOLM, his elder son

DONALBAIN, Duncan's younger son

MACBETH, thane of Glamis

LADY MACBETH

SEYTON, attendant to Macbeth

Three Murderers in Macbeth's service

A Doctor

A Gentlewoman } *both attending upon Lady Macbeth*

A Porter

BANQUO, commander, with Macbeth, of Duncan's army

FLEANCE, his son

MACDUFF, a Scottish noble

LADY MACDUFF

Their son

LENNOX

ROSS

ANGUS

MENTEITH

CAITHNESS

} *Scottish Nobles*

SIWARD, commander of the English forces

YOUNG SIWARD, Siward's son

A Captain in Duncan's army

An Old Man

A Doctor at the English court

HECATE

Apparitions: an Armed Head, a Bloody Child, a Crowned Child,
and eight nonspeaking kings

Three Messengers, Three Servants, a Lord, a Soldier

Attendants, a Sewer, Servants, Lords, Thanes, Soldiers (all
nonspeaking)

ACT 1

Scene 1

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 0001 When shall we three meet again?

FTLN 0002 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 0003 When the hurly-burly's done,

FTLN 0004 When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

FTLN 0005 That will be ere the set of sun.

5

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 0006 Where the place?

FTLN 0007 SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

FTLN 0008 There to meet with Macbeth.

FTLN 0009 FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

FTLN 0010 「SECOND WITCH」 Paddock calls.

10

FTLN 0011 「THIRD WITCH」 Anon.

ALL

FTLN 0012 Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

FTLN 0013 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Scene 2

*Alarum within. Enter King [Duncan,] Malcolm,
Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Captain.*

DUNCAN

FTLN 0014 What bloody man is that? He can report,
FTLN 0015 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
FTLN 0016 The newest state.

MALCOLM This is the sergeant

FTLN 0018 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 5
FTLN 0019 'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
FTLN 0020 Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
FTLN 0021 As thou didst leave it.

CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,

FTLN 0023 As two spent swimmers that do cling together 10
FTLN 0024 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
FTLN 0025 (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
FTLN 0026 The multiplying villainies of nature

FTLN 0027 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
FTLN 0028 Of kerns and [gallowglasses] is supplied; 15

FTLN 0029 And Fortune, on his damnèd [quarrel] smiling,
FTLN 0030 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
FTLN 0031 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
FTLN 0032 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
FTLN 0033 Which smoked with bloody execution, 20

FTLN 0034 Like Valor's minion, carved out his passage
FTLN 0035 Till he faced the slave;
FTLN 0036 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
FTLN 0037 Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
FTLN 0038 And fixed his head upon our battlements. 25

DUNCAN

FTLN 0039 O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN

FTLN 0040 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
FTLN 0041 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders [break,]

FTLN 0042	So from that spring whence comfort seemed to	
FTLN 0043	come	30
FTLN 0044	Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:	
FTLN 0045	No sooner justice had, with valor armed,	
FTLN 0046	Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,	
FTLN 0047	But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,	
FTLN 0048	With furbished arms and new supplies of men,	35
FTLN 0049	Began a fresh assault.	
	DUNCAN	
FTLN 0050	Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and	
FTLN 0051	Banquo?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 0052	Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.	
FTLN 0053	If I say sooth, I must report they were	40
FTLN 0054	As cannons overcharged with double cracks,	
FTLN 0055	So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.	
FTLN 0056	Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds	
FTLN 0057	Or memorize another Golgotha,	
FTLN 0058	I cannot tell—	45
FTLN 0059	But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.	
	DUNCAN	
FTLN 0060	So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:	
FTLN 0061	They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.	
	<i>¶ The Captain is led off by Attendants. ¶</i>	
	<i>Enter Ross and Angus.</i>	
FTLN 0062	Who comes here?	
FTLN 0063	MALCOLM The worthy Thane of Ross.	50
	LENNOX	
FTLN 0064	What a haste looks through his eyes!	
FTLN 0065	So should he look that seems to speak things	
FTLN 0066	strange.	
FTLN 0067	ROSS God save the King.	
FTLN 0068	DUNCAN Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?	55
FTLN 0069	ROSS From Fife, great king,	
FTLN 0070	Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky	

FTLN 0071	And fan our people cold.	
FTLN 0072	Norway himself, with terrible numbers,	
FTLN 0073	Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,	60
FTLN 0074	The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,	
FTLN 0075	Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,	
FTLN 0076	Confronted him with self-comparisons,	
FTLN 0077	Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,	
FTLN 0078	Curbing his lavish spirit. And to conclude,	65
FTLN 0079	The victory fell on us.	
FTLN 0080	DUNCAN Great happiness!	
FTLN 0081	ROSS That now Sweno,	
FTLN 0082	The Norways' king, craves composition.	
FTLN 0083	Nor would we deign him burial of his men	70
FTLN 0084	Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's Inch	
FTLN 0085	Ten thousand dollars to our general use.	
	DUNCAN	
FTLN 0086	No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive	
FTLN 0087	Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present	
FTLN 0088	death,	75
FTLN 0089	And with his former title greet Macbeth.	
FTLN 0090	ROSS I'll see it done.	
	DUNCAN	
FTLN 0091	What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.	

They exit.

Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FTLN 0092	FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?	
FTLN 0093	SECOND WITCH Killing swine.	
FTLN 0094	THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0095	A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap	
FTLN 0096	And munched and munched and munched. "Give	5
FTLN 0097	me," quoth I.	
FTLN 0098	"Aroint thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.	

FTLN 0099	Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' <i>Tiger</i> ;	
FTLN 0100	But in a sieve I'll thither sail,	
FTLN 0101	And, like a rat without a tail,	10
FTLN 0102	I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.	
	SECOND WITCH	
FTLN 0103	I'll give thee a wind.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0104	Th' art kind.	
	THIRD WITCH	
FTLN 0105	And I another.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0106	I myself have all the other,	15
FTLN 0107	And the very ports they blow;	
FTLN 0108	All the quarters that they know	
FTLN 0109	I' th' shipman's card.	
FTLN 0110	I'll drain him dry as hay.	
FTLN 0111	Sleep shall neither night nor day	20
FTLN 0112	Hang upon his penthouse lid.	
FTLN 0113	He shall live a man forbid.	
FTLN 0114	Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,	
FTLN 0115	Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.	
FTLN 0116	Though his bark cannot be lost,	25
FTLN 0117	Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.	
FTLN 0118	Look what I have.	
FTLN 0119	SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0120	Here I have a pilot's thumb,	
FTLN 0121	Wracked as homeward he did come. <i>Drum within.</i>	30
	THIRD WITCH	
FTLN 0122	A drum, a drum!	
FTLN 0123	Macbeth doth come.	
	ALL, [<i>dancing in a circle</i>]	
FTLN 0124	The Weïrd Sisters, hand in hand,	
FTLN 0125	Posters of the sea and land,	
FTLN 0126	Thus do go about, about,	35
FTLN 0127	Thrice to thine and thrice to mine	

FTLN 0128 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 FTLN 0129 Peace, the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

MACBETH

FTLN 0130 So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

FTLN 0131 How far is 't called to 'Forres?'—What are these, 40
 FTLN 0132 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 FTLN 0133 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth
 FTLN 0134 And yet are on 't?—Live you? Or are you aught
 FTLN 0135 That man may question? You seem to understand
 FTLN 0136 me 45
 FTLN 0137 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 FTLN 0138 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
 FTLN 0139 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 FTLN 0140 That you are so.

FTLN 0141 MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you? 50

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 0142 All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 0143 All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

FTLN 0144 All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

FTLN 0145 Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
 FTLN 0146 Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth, 55
 FTLN 0147 Are you fantastical, or that indeed
 FTLN 0148 Which outwardly you show? My noble partner
 FTLN 0149 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 FTLN 0150 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 FTLN 0151 That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. 60
 FTLN 0152 If you can look into the seeds of time
 FTLN 0153 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 FTLN 0154 Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
 FTLN 0155 Your favors nor your hate.

FTLN 0156	FIRST WITCH	Hail!	65
FTLN 0157	SECOND WITCH	Hail!	
FTLN 0158	THIRD WITCH	Hail!	
	FIRST WITCH		
FTLN 0159		Lesser than Macbeth and greater.	
	SECOND WITCH		
FTLN 0160		Not so happy, yet much happier.	
	THIRD WITCH		
FTLN 0161		Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.	70
FTLN 0162		So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!	
	FIRST WITCH		
FTLN 0163		Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0164		Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.	
FTLN 0165		By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis.	
FTLN 0166		But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives	75
FTLN 0167		A prosperous gentleman, and to be king	
FTLN 0168		Stands not within the prospect of belief,	
FTLN 0169		No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence	
FTLN 0170		You owe this strange intelligence or why	
FTLN 0171		Upon this blasted heath you stop our way	80
FTLN 0172		With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.	
		<i>Witches vanish.</i>	
	BANQUO		
FTLN 0173		The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,	
FTLN 0174		And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0175		Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted,	
FTLN 0176		As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!	85
	BANQUO		
FTLN 0177		Were such things here as we do speak about?	
FTLN 0178		Or have we eaten on the insane root	
FTLN 0179		That takes the reason prisoner?	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0180		Your children shall be kings.	
FTLN 0181	BANQUO	You shall be king.	90

MACBETH

FTLN 0182 And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO

FTLN 0183 To th' selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

ROSS

FTLN 0184 The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
 FTLN 0185 The news of thy success, and, when he reads
 FTLN 0186 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 95
 FTLN 0187 His wonders and his praises do contend
 FTLN 0188 Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
 FTLN 0189 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day
 FTLN 0190 He finds thee in the stout Norwayan ranks,
 FTLN 0191 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, 100
 FTLN 0192 Strange images of death. As thick as tale
 FTLN 0193 「Came」 post with post, and every one did bear
 FTLN 0194 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
 FTLN 0195 And poured them down before him.

FTLN 0196 ANGUS We are sent 105
 FTLN 0197 To give thee from our royal master thanks,
 FTLN 0198 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 FTLN 0199 Not pay thee.

ROSS

FTLN 0200 And for an earnest of a greater honor,
 FTLN 0201 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor, 110
 FTLN 0202 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
 FTLN 0203 For it is thine.

FTLN 0204 BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

FTLN 0205 The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
 FTLN 0206 In borrowed robes? 115

FTLN 0207 ANGUS Who was the Thane lives yet,
 FTLN 0208 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 FTLN 0209 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 FTLN 0210 combined

FTLN 0211	With those of Norway, or did line the rebel	120
FTLN 0212	With hidden help and vantage, or that with both	
FTLN 0213	He labored in his country's wrack, I know not;	
FTLN 0214	But treasons capital, confessed and proved,	
FTLN 0215	Have overthrown him.	
FTLN 0216	MACBETH, <i>「aside」</i> Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!	125
FTLN 0217	The greatest is behind. <i>「To Ross and Angus.」</i> Thanks	
FTLN 0218	for your pains.	
FTLN 0219	<i>「Aside to Banquo.」</i> Do you not hope your children	
FTLN 0220	shall be kings,	
FTLN 0221	When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me	130
FTLN 0222	Promised no less to them?	
FTLN 0223	BANQUO That, trusted home,	
FTLN 0224	Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,	
FTLN 0225	Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.	
FTLN 0226	And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,	135
FTLN 0227	The instruments of darkness tell us truths,	
FTLN 0228	Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's	
FTLN 0229	In deepest consequence.—	
FTLN 0230	Cousins, a word, I pray you. <i>「They step aside.」</i>	
FTLN 0231	MACBETH, <i>「aside」</i> Two truths are told	140
FTLN 0232	As happy prologues to the swelling act	
FTLN 0233	Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.	
FTLN 0234	<i>「Aside.」</i> This supernatural soliciting	
FTLN 0235	Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,	
FTLN 0236	Why hath it given me earnest of success	145
FTLN 0237	Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.	
FTLN 0238	If good, why do I yield to that suggestion	
FTLN 0239	Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair	
FTLN 0240	And make my seated heart knock at my ribs	
FTLN 0241	Against the use of nature? Present fears	150
FTLN 0242	Are less than horrible imaginings.	
FTLN 0243	My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,	
FTLN 0244	Shakes so my single state of man	
FTLN 0245	That function is smothered in surmise,	
FTLN 0246	And nothing is but what is not.	155

FTLN 0247	BANQUO	Look how our partner's rapt.	
	MACBETH,	「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 0248		If chance will have me king, why, chance may	
FTLN 0249		crown me	
FTLN 0250		Without my stir.	
FTLN 0251	BANQUO	New honors come upon him,	160
FTLN 0252		Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold	
FTLN 0253		But with the aid of use.	
FTLN 0254	MACBETH,	「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 0255		Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	
	BANQUO		
FTLN 0256		Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.	165
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0257		Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought	
FTLN 0258		With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains	
FTLN 0259		Are registered where every day I turn	
FTLN 0260		The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.	
FTLN 0261		「 <i>Aside to Banquo.</i> 」 Think upon what hath chanced,	170
FTLN 0262		and at more time,	
FTLN 0263		The interim having weighed it, let us speak	
FTLN 0264		Our free hearts each to other.	
FTLN 0265	BANQUO	Very gladly.	
FTLN 0266	MACBETH	Till then, enough.—Come, friends.	175
			<i>They exit.</i>

Scene 4

*Flourish. Enter King 「Duncan,」 Lennox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants.*

	DUNCAN		
FTLN 0267		Is execution done on Cawdor? 「Are」 not	
FTLN 0268		Those in commission yet returned?	
FTLN 0269	MALCOLM	My liege,	
FTLN 0270		They are not yet come back. But I have spoke	
FTLN 0271		With one that saw him die, who did report	5

FTLN 0272	That very frankly he confessed his treasons,	
FTLN 0273	Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth	
FTLN 0274	A deep repentance. Nothing in his life	
FTLN 0275	Became him like the leaving it. He died	
FTLN 0276	As one that had been studied in his death	10
FTLN 0277	To throw away the dearest thing he owed	
FTLN 0278	As 'twere a careless trifle.	
FTLN 0279	DUNCAN	There's no art
FTLN 0280	To find the mind's construction in the face.	
FTLN 0281	He was a gentleman on whom I built	15
FTLN 0282	An absolute trust.	
	<i>Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.</i>	
FTLN 0283	O worthiest cousin,	
FTLN 0284	The sin of my ingratitude even now	
FTLN 0285	Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before	
FTLN 0286	That swiftest wing of recompense is slow	20
FTLN 0287	To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,	
FTLN 0288	That the proportion both of thanks and payment	
FTLN 0289	Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,	
FTLN 0290	More is thy due than more than all can pay.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0291	The service and the loyalty I owe	25
FTLN 0292	In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part	
FTLN 0293	Is to receive our duties, and our duties	
FTLN 0294	Are to your throne and state children and servants,	
FTLN 0295	Which do but what they should by doing everything	
FTLN 0296	Safe toward your love and honor.	30
FTLN 0297	DUNCAN	Welcome hither.
FTLN 0298	I have begun to plant thee and will labor	
FTLN 0299	To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,	
FTLN 0300	That hast no less deserved nor must be known	
FTLN 0301	No less to have done so, let me enfold thee	35
FTLN 0302	And hold thee to my heart.	
FTLN 0303	BANQUO	There, if I grow,
FTLN 0304	The harvest is your own.	

FTLN 0305	DUNCAN	My plenteous joys,	
FTLN 0306		Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves	40
FTLN 0307		In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,	
FTLN 0308		And you whose places are the nearest, know	
FTLN 0309		We will establish our estate upon	
FTLN 0310		Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter	
FTLN 0311		The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must	45
FTLN 0312		Not unaccompanied invest him only,	
FTLN 0313		But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine	
FTLN 0314		On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness	
FTLN 0315		And bind us further to you.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0316		The rest is labor which is not used for you.	50
FTLN 0317		I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful	
FTLN 0318		The hearing of my wife with your approach.	
FTLN 0319		So humbly take my leave.	
FTLN 0320	DUNCAN	My worthy Cawdor.	
	MACBETH, [<i>aside</i>]		
FTLN 0321		The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step	55
FTLN 0322		On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,	
FTLN 0323		For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;	
FTLN 0324		Let not light see my black and deep desires.	
FTLN 0325		The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be	
FTLN 0326		Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.	60
		<i>He exits.</i>	
	DUNCAN		
FTLN 0327		True, worthy Banquo. He is full so valiant,	
FTLN 0328		And in his commendations I am fed:	
FTLN 0329		It is a banquet to me.—Let's after him,	
FTLN 0330		Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.	
FTLN 0331		It is a peerless kinsman.	65
		<i>Flourish. They exit.</i>	

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone, with a letter.

FTLN 0332	LADY MACBETH, [<i>reading the letter</i>]	<i>They met me in the</i>	
FTLN 0333		<i>day of success, and I have learned by the perfect'st</i>	
FTLN 0334		<i>report they have more in them than mortal knowledge.</i>	
FTLN 0335		<i>When I burned in desire to question them further, they</i>	
FTLN 0336		<i>made themselves air, into which they vanished.</i>	5
FTLN 0337		<i>Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives</i>	
FTLN 0338		<i>from the King, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor,"</i>	
FTLN 0339		<i>by which title, before, these Weïrd Sisters saluted me</i>	
FTLN 0340		<i>and referred me to the coming on of time with "Hail,</i>	
FTLN 0341		<i>king that shalt be." This have I thought good to deliver</i>	10
FTLN 0342		<i>thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou</i>	
FTLN 0343		<i>might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant</i>	
FTLN 0344		<i>of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy</i>	
FTLN 0345		<i>heart, and farewell.</i>	
FTLN 0346		Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be	15
FTLN 0347		What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;	
FTLN 0348		It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness	
FTLN 0349		To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,	
FTLN 0350		Art not without ambition, but without	
FTLN 0351		The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst	20
FTLN 0352		highly,	
FTLN 0353		That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false	
FTLN 0354		And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'dst have, great	
FTLN 0355		Glamis,	
FTLN 0356		That which cries "Thus thou must do," if thou have	25
FTLN 0357		it,	
FTLN 0358		And that which rather thou dost fear to do,	
FTLN 0359		Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,	
FTLN 0360		That I may pour my spirits in thine ear	
FTLN 0361		And chastise with the valor of my tongue	30
FTLN 0362		All that impedes thee from the golden round,	
FTLN 0363		Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem	
FTLN 0364		To have thee crowned withal.	

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

FTLN 0365

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight.

35

FTLN 0366

FTLN 0367

LADY MACBETH Thou 'rt mad to say it.

FTLN 0368

FTLN 0369

Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,

Would have informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0370

FTLN 0371

FTLN 0372

FTLN 0373

FTLN 0374

FTLN 0375

FTLN 0376

FTLN 0377

FTLN 0378

FTLN 0379

FTLN 0380

FTLN 0381

FTLN 0382

FTLN 0383

FTLN 0384

FTLN 0385

FTLN 0386

FTLN 0387

FTLN 0388

FTLN 0389

FTLN 0390

FTLN 0391

FTLN 0392

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.

40

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending.

He brings great news.

Messenger exits.

The raven himself is hoarse

45

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.

50

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

55

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

60

To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

FTLN 0393

FTLN 0394

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,

Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!

FTLN 0395 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 FTLN 0396 This ignorant present, and I feel now 65
 FTLN 0397 The future in the instant.

FTLN 0398 MACBETH My dearest love,
 FTLN 0399 Duncan comes here tonight.

FTLN 0400 LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?
 MACBETH

FTLN 0401 Tomorrow, as he purposes. 70
 FTLN 0402 LADY MACBETH O, never
 FTLN 0403 Shall sun that morrow see!
 FTLN 0404 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 FTLN 0405 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 FTLN 0406 Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye, 75
 FTLN 0407 Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent
 FTLN 0408 flower,
 FTLN 0409 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
 FTLN 0410 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 FTLN 0411 This night's great business into my dispatch, 80
 FTLN 0412 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 FTLN 0413 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

FTLN 0414 MACBETH We will speak further.

FTLN 0415 LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.
 FTLN 0416 To alter favor ever is to fear. 85
 FTLN 0417 Leave all the rest to me.

They exit.

Scene 6

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

DUNCAN

FTLN 0418 This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
 FTLN 0419 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 FTLN 0420 Unto our gentle senses.

FTLN 0421	BANQUO	This guest of summer,	
FTLN 0422		The temple-haunting 「martlet,」 does approve,	5
FTLN 0423		By his loved 「mansionry,」 that the heaven's breath	
FTLN 0424		Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,	
FTLN 0425		Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird	
FTLN 0426		Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.	
FTLN 0427		Where they 「most」 breed and haunt, I have	10
FTLN 0428		observed,	
FTLN 0429		The air is delicate.	
 <i>Enter Lady 「Macbeth.」</i> 			
FTLN 0430	DUNCAN	See, see our honored hostess!—	
FTLN 0431		The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,	
FTLN 0432		Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you	15
FTLN 0433		How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains	
FTLN 0434		And thank us for your trouble.	
FTLN 0435	LADY MACBETH	All our service,	
FTLN 0436		In every point twice done and then done double,	
FTLN 0437		Were poor and single business to contend	20
FTLN 0438		Against those honors deep and broad wherewith	
FTLN 0439		Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,	
FTLN 0440		And the late dignities heaped up to them,	
FTLN 0441		We rest your hermits.	
FTLN 0442	DUNCAN	Where's the Thane of Cawdor?	25
FTLN 0443		We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose	
FTLN 0444		To be his purveyor; but he rides well,	
FTLN 0445		And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath helped	
FTLN 0446		him	
FTLN 0447		To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,	30
FTLN 0448		We are your guest tonight.	
FTLN 0449	LADY MACBETH	Your servants ever	
FTLN 0450		Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt	
FTLN 0451		To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,	
FTLN 0452		Still to return your own.	35
FTLN 0453	DUNCAN	Give me your hand.	

「*Taking her hand.*」

FTLN 0454 Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly
FTLN 0455 And shall continue our graces towards him.
FTLN 0456 By your leave, hostess.

They exit.

Scene 7

*Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers Servants
with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter
Macbeth.*

MACBETH

FTLN 0457 If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
FTLN 0458 It were done quickly. If th' assassination
FTLN 0459 Could trammel up the consequence and catch
FTLN 0460 With his surcease success, that but this blow
FTLN 0461 Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
FTLN 0462 But here, upon this bank and 「shoal」 of time,
FTLN 0463 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
FTLN 0464 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
FTLN 0465 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
FTLN 0466 To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice 10
FTLN 0467 Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice
FTLN 0468 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
FTLN 0469 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
FTLN 0470 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
FTLN 0471 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
FTLN 0472 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
FTLN 0473 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
FTLN 0474 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
FTLN 0475 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
FTLN 0476 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
FTLN 0477 And pity, like a naked newborn babe
FTLN 0478 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed

FTLN 0479 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 FTLN 0480 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 FTLN 0481 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 FTLN 0482 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 FTLN 0483 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 FTLN 0484 And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

FTLN 0485 How now, what news?
 LADY MACBETH
 FTLN 0486 He has almost supped. Why have you left the 30
 FTLN 0487 chamber?
 MACBETH
 FTLN 0488 Hath he asked for me?
 FTLN 0489 LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?
 MACBETH
 FTLN 0490 We will proceed no further in this business.
 FTLN 0491 He hath honored me of late, and I have bought 35
 FTLN 0492 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 FTLN 0493 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 FTLN 0494 Not cast aside so soon.
 FTLN 0495 LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk
 FTLN 0496 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? 40
 FTLN 0497 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 FTLN 0498 At what it did so freely? From this time
 FTLN 0499 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 FTLN 0500 To be the same in thine own act and valor
 FTLN 0501 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that 45
 FTLN 0502 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
 FTLN 0503 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 FTLN 0504 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 FTLN 0505 Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
 FTLN 0506 MACBETH Prithee, peace. 50
 FTLN 0507 I dare do all that may become a man.
 FTLN 0508 Who dares "do" more is none.

FTLN 0509	LADY MACBETH	What beast was 't,	
FTLN 0510		then,	
FTLN 0511		That made you break this enterprise to me?	55
FTLN 0512		When you durst do it, then you were a man;	
FTLN 0513		And to be more than what you were, you would	
FTLN 0514		Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place	
FTLN 0515		Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.	
FTLN 0516		They have made themselves, and that their fitness	60
FTLN 0517		now	
FTLN 0518		Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know	
FTLN 0519		How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.	
FTLN 0520		I would, while it was smiling in my face,	
FTLN 0521		Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums	65
FTLN 0522		And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you	
FTLN 0523		Have done to this.	
FTLN 0524	MACBETH	If we should fail—	
FTLN 0525	LADY MACBETH	We fail?	
FTLN 0526		But screw your courage to the sticking place	70
FTLN 0527		And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep	
FTLN 0528		(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey	
FTLN 0529		Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains	
FTLN 0530		Will I with wine and wassail so convince	
FTLN 0531		That memory, the warder of the brain,	75
FTLN 0532		Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason	
FTLN 0533		A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep	
FTLN 0534		Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,	
FTLN 0535		What cannot you and I perform upon	
FTLN 0536		Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon	80
FTLN 0537		His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt	
FTLN 0538		Of our great quell?	
FTLN 0539	MACBETH	Bring forth men-children only,	
FTLN 0540		For thy undaunted mettle should compose	
FTLN 0541		Nothing but males. Will it not be received,	85
FTLN 0542		When we have marked with blood those sleepy two	
FTLN 0543		Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,	
FTLN 0544		That they have done 't?	

FTLN 0545 LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,
FTLN 0546 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar 90
FTLN 0547 Upon his death?
FTLN 0548 MACBETH I am settled and bend up
FTLN 0549 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
FTLN 0550 Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
FTLN 0551 False face must hide what the false heart doth 95
FTLN 0552 know.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

FTLN 0553 BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

FTLN 0554 The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

FTLN 0555 BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FTLN 0556 FLEANCE I take 't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

FTLN 0557 Hold, take my sword. *「He gives his sword to Fleance.」* 5

FTLN 0558 There's husbandry in heaven;

FTLN 0559 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

FTLN 0560 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

FTLN 0561 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

FTLN 0562 Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature 10

FTLN 0563 Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

FTLN 0564 Give me my sword.—Who's

FTLN 0565 there?

FTLN 0566 MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO

FTLN 0567 What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed. 15

FTLN 0568 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

FTLN 0569 Sent forth great largess to your offices.

FTLN 0570 This diamond he greets your wife withal,

FTLN 0571	By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up	
FTLN 0572	In measureless content.	20
		<i>「He gives Macbeth a jewel.」</i>
FTLN 0573	MACBETH	Being unprepared,
FTLN 0574	Our will became the servant to defect,	
FTLN 0575	Which else should free have wrought.	
FTLN 0576	BANQUO	All's well.
FTLN 0577	I dreamt last night of the three Weïrd Sisters.	25
FTLN 0578	To you they have showed some truth.	
FTLN 0579	MACBETH	I think not of
FTLN 0580	them.	
FTLN 0581	Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,	
FTLN 0582	We would spend it in some words upon that	30
FTLN 0583	business,	
FTLN 0584	If you would grant the time.	
FTLN 0585	BANQUO	At your kind'st leisure.
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0586	If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,	
FTLN 0587	It shall make honor for you.	35
FTLN 0588	BANQUO	So I lose none
FTLN 0589	In seeking to augment it, but still keep	
FTLN 0590	My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,	
FTLN 0591	I shall be counseled.	
FTLN 0592	MACBETH	Good repose the while.
FTLN 0593	BANQUO	Thanks, sir. The like to you.
		<i>Banquo 「and Fleance」 exit.</i>
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0594	Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,	
FTLN 0595	She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.	
		<i>「Servant」 exits.</i>
FTLN 0596	Is this a dagger which I see before me,	
FTLN 0597	The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch	45
FTLN 0598	thee.	
FTLN 0599	I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.	
FTLN 0600	Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible	
FTLN 0601	To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but	

FTLN 0602	A dagger of the mind, a false creation	50
FTLN 0603	Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?	
FTLN 0604	I see thee yet, in form as palpable	
FTLN 0605	As this which now I draw. <i>「He draws his dagger.」</i>	
FTLN 0606	Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,	
FTLN 0607	And such an instrument I was to use.	55
FTLN 0608	Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses	
FTLN 0609	Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,	
FTLN 0610	And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,	
FTLN 0611	Which was not so before. There's no such thing.	
FTLN 0612	It is the bloody business which informs	60
FTLN 0613	Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world	
FTLN 0614	Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse	
FTLN 0615	The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates	
FTLN 0616	Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,	
FTLN 0617	Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,	65
FTLN 0618	Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,	
FTLN 0619	With Tarquin's ravishing <i>「strides,」</i> towards his	
FTLN 0620	design	
FTLN 0621	Moves like a ghost. Thou <i>「sure」</i> and firm-set earth,	
FTLN 0622	Hear not my steps, which <i>「way they」</i> walk, for fear	70
FTLN 0623	Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts	
FTLN 0624	And take the present horror from the time,	
FTLN 0625	Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.	
FTLN 0626	Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.	
	<i>A bell rings.</i>	
FTLN 0627	I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.	75
FTLN 0628	Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell	
FTLN 0629	That summons thee to heaven or to hell.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

Scene 2
Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 0630 That which hath made them drunk hath made me
FTLN 0631 bold.

FTLN 0632 What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
FTLN 0633 Hark!—Peace.

FTLN 0634 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman, 5
FTLN 0635 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

FTLN 0636 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
FTLN 0637 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged
FTLN 0638 their possets,

FTLN 0639 That death and nature do contend about them 10
FTLN 0640 Whether they live or die.

FTLN 0641 MACBETH, *within* Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 0642 Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
FTLN 0643 And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed
FTLN 0644 Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready; 15
FTLN 0645 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
FTLN 0646 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth with bloody daggers.

FTLN 0647 My husband?

MACBETH

FTLN 0648 I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 0649 I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. 20
FTLN 0650 Did not you speak?

FTLN 0651 MACBETH When?

FTLN 0652 LADY MACBETH Now.

FTLN 0653 MACBETH As I descended?

FTLN 0654 LADY MACBETH Ay. 25

FTLN 0655 MACBETH Hark!—Who lies i' th' second chamber?

FTLN 0656 LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

FTLN 0657	MACBETH	This is a sorry sight.	
	LADY MACBETH		
FTLN 0658		A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0659		There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried	30
FTLN 0660		“Murder!”	
FTLN 0661		That they did wake each other. I stood and heard	
FTLN 0662		them.	
FTLN 0663		But they did say their prayers and addressed them	
FTLN 0664		Again to sleep.	35
FTLN 0665	LADY MACBETH	There are two lodged together.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0666		One cried “God bless us” and “Amen” the other,	
FTLN 0667		As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,	
FTLN 0668		List'ning their fear. I could not say “Amen”	
FTLN 0669		When they did say “God bless us.”	40
FTLN 0670	LADY MACBETH	Consider it not so deeply.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0671		But wherefore could not I pronounce “Amen”?	
FTLN 0672		I had most need of blessing, and “Amen”	
FTLN 0673		Stuck in my throat.	
FTLN 0674	LADY MACBETH	These deeds must not be thought	45
FTLN 0675		After these ways; so, it will make us mad.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0676		Methought I heard a voice cry “Sleep no more!	
FTLN 0677		Macbeth does murder sleep”—the innocent sleep,	
FTLN 0678		Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,	
FTLN 0679		The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,	50
FTLN 0680		Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,	
FTLN 0681		Chief nourisher in life's feast.	
FTLN 0682	LADY MACBETH	What do you mean?	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0683		Still it cried “Sleep no more!” to all the house.	
FTLN 0684		“Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore	55
FTLN 0685		Cawdor	
FTLN 0686		Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.”	

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 0687 Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
 FTLN 0688 You do unbend your noble strength to think
 FTLN 0689 So brainsickly of things. Go get some water 60
 FTLN 0690 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
 FTLN 0691 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 FTLN 0692 They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear
 FTLN 0693 The sleepy grooms with blood.

FTLN 0694 MACBETH I'll go no more. 65
 FTLN 0695 I am afraid to think what I have done.
 FTLN 0696 Look on 't again I dare not.

FTLN 0697 LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!
 FTLN 0698 Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
 FTLN 0699 Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood 70
 FTLN 0700 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 FTLN 0701 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 FTLN 0702 For it must seem their guilt.

She exits [with the daggers.] Knock within.

FTLN 0703 MACBETH Whence is that
 FTLN 0704 knocking? 75
 FTLN 0705 How is 't with me when every noise appalls me?
 FTLN 0706 What hands are here! Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
 FTLN 0707 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 FTLN 0708 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 FTLN 0709 The multitudinous seas incarnadine, 80
 FTLN 0710 Making the green one red.

Enter Lady [Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 0711 My hands are of your color, but I shame
 FTLN 0712 To wear a heart so white. *Knock.*
 FTLN 0713 I hear a knocking
 FTLN 0714 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. 85
 FTLN 0715 A little water clears us of this deed.
 FTLN 0716 How easy is it, then! Your constancy
 FTLN 0717 Hath left you unattended. *Knock.*

FTLN 0718	Hark, more knocking.	
FTLN 0719	Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us	90
FTLN 0720	And show us to be watchers. Be not lost	
FTLN 0721	So poorly in your thoughts.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0722	To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.	
		<i>Knock.</i>
FTLN 0723	Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou	
FTLN 0724	couldst.	95
		<i>They exit.</i>

Scene 3

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

FTLN 0725	PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were	
FTLN 0726	porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the	
FTLN 0727	key. (<i>Knock.</i>) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'	
FTLN 0728	th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged	
FTLN 0729	himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time!	5
FTLN 0730	Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat	
FTLN 0731	for 't. (<i>Knock.</i>) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'	
FTLN 0732	other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator	
FTLN 0733	that could swear in both the scales against either	
FTLN 0734	scale, who committed treason enough for God's	10
FTLN 0735	sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,	
FTLN 0736	equivocator. (<i>Knock.</i>) Knock, knock, knock! Who's	
FTLN 0737	there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for	
FTLN 0738	stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here	
FTLN 0739	you may roast your goose. (<i>Knock.</i>) Knock, knock!	15
FTLN 0740	Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is	
FTLN 0741	too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had	
FTLN 0742	thought to have let in some of all professions that go	
FTLN 0743	the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (<i>Knock.</i>)	
FTLN 0744	Anon, anon!	20

⌈*The Porter opens the door to*⌋ *Macduff and Lennox.*

FTLN 0745	I pray you, remember the porter.	
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	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0746	Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed	
FTLN 0747	That you do lie so late?	
FTLN 0748	PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second	
FTLN 0749	cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three	25
FTLN 0750	things.	
FTLN 0751	MACDUFF What three things does drink especially	
FTLN 0752	provoke?	
FTLN 0753	PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.	
FTLN 0754	Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes	30
FTLN 0755	the desire, but it takes away the performance.	
FTLN 0756	Therefore much drink may be said to be an	
FTLN 0757	equivocator with lechery. It makes him, and it	
FTLN 0758	mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it	
FTLN 0759	persuades him and disheartens him; makes him	35
FTLN 0760	stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates	
FTLN 0761	him in a sleep and, giving him the lie, leaves	
FTLN 0762	him.	
FTLN 0763	MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.	
FTLN 0764	PORTER That it did, sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I	40
FTLN 0765	requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too	
FTLN 0766	strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,	
FTLN 0767	yet I made a shift to cast him.	
FTLN 0768	MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?	

Enter Macbeth.

FTLN 0769	Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.	45
	<i>〔Porter exits.〕</i>	
	LENNOX	
FTLN 0770	Good morrow, noble sir.	
FTLN 0771	MACBETH Good morrow, both.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0772	Is the King stirring, worthy thane?	
FTLN 0773	MACBETH Not yet.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0774	He did command me to call timely on him.	50
FTLN 0775	I have almost slipped the hour.	

FTLN 0776	MACBETH	I'll bring you to him.	
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0777		I know this is a joyful trouble to you,	
FTLN 0778		But yet 'tis one.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0779		The labor we delight in physics pain.	55
FTLN 0780		This is the door.	
FTLN 0781	MACDUFF	I'll make so bold to call,	
FTLN 0782		For 'tis my limited service. <i>Macduff exits.</i>	
FTLN 0783	LENNOX	Goes the King hence today?	
FTLN 0784	MACBETH	He does. He did appoint so.	60
	LENNOX		
FTLN 0785		The night has been unruly. Where we lay,	
FTLN 0786		Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,	
FTLN 0787		Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of	
FTLN 0788		death,	
FTLN 0789		And prophesying, with accents terrible,	65
FTLN 0790		Of dire combustion and confused events	
FTLN 0791		New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird	
FTLN 0792		Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth	
FTLN 0793		Was feverous and did shake.	
FTLN 0794	MACBETH	'Twas a rough night.	70
	LENNOX		
FTLN 0795		My young remembrance cannot parallel	
FTLN 0796		A fellow to it.	
		<i>Enter Macduff.</i>	
FTLN 0797	MACDUFF	O horror, horror, horror!	
FTLN 0798		Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!	
FTLN 0799	MACBETH AND LENNOX	What's the matter?	75
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0800		Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.	
FTLN 0801		Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope	
FTLN 0802		The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence	
FTLN 0803		The life o' th' building.	

FTLN 0804	MACBETH	What is 't you say? The life?	80
FTLN 0805	LENNOX	Mean you his Majesty?	
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0806		Approach the chamber and destroy your sight	
FTLN 0807		With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.	
FTLN 0808		See and then speak yourselves.	
		<i>Macbeth and Lennox exit.</i>	
FTLN 0809		Awake, awake!	85
FTLN 0810		Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason!	
FTLN 0811		Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!	
FTLN 0812		Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,	
FTLN 0813		And look on death itself. Up, up, and see	
FTLN 0814		The great doom's image. Malcolm, Banquo,	90
FTLN 0815		As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites	
FTLN 0816		To countenance this horror.—Ring the bell.	
		<i>Bell rings.</i>	
		<i>Enter Lady [Macbeth.]</i>	
FTLN 0817	LADY MACBETH	What's the business,	
FTLN 0818		That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley	
FTLN 0819		The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!	95
FTLN 0820	MACDUFF	O gentle lady,	
FTLN 0821		'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.	
FTLN 0822		The repetition in a woman's ear	
FTLN 0823		Would murder as it fell.	
		<i>Enter Banquo.</i>	
FTLN 0824		O Banquo, Banquo,	100
FTLN 0825		Our royal master's murdered.	
FTLN 0826	LADY MACBETH	Woe, alas!	
FTLN 0827		What, in our house?	
FTLN 0828	BANQUO	Too cruel anywhere.—	
FTLN 0829		Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself	105
FTLN 0830		And say it is not so.	

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

MACBETH

FTLN 0831 Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 FTLN 0832 I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
 FTLN 0833 There's nothing serious in mortality.
 FTLN 0834 All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead. 110
 FTLN 0835 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 FTLN 0836 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

FTLN 0837 DONALBAIN What is amiss?
 FTLN 0838 MACBETH You are, and do not know 't.
 FTLN 0839 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood 115
 FTLN 0840 Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

FTLN 0841 Your royal father's murdered.

FTLN 0842 MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX

FTLN 0843 Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.
 FTLN 0844 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood. 120
 FTLN 0845 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 FTLN 0846 Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
 FTLN 0847 No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

FTLN 0848 O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
 FTLN 0849 That I did kill them. 125

FTLN 0850 MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

FTLN 0851 Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate, and furious,
 FTLN 0852 Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.
 FTLN 0853 Th' expedition of my violent love
 FTLN 0854 Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, 130
 FTLN 0855 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
 FTLN 0856 And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
 FTLN 0857 For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,

FTLN 0858	Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers	
FTLN 0859	Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain	135
FTLN 0860	That had a heart to love, and in that heart	
FTLN 0861	Courage to make 's love known?	
FTLN 0862	LADY MACBETH	Help me hence, ho!
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0863	Look to the lady.	
FTLN 0864	MALCOLM, <i>['aside to Donalbain']</i>	Why do we hold our
FTLN 0865	tongues,	140
FTLN 0866	That most may claim this argument for ours?	
	DONALBAIN, <i>['aside to Malcolm']</i>	
FTLN 0867	What should be spoken here, where our fate,	
FTLN 0868	Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?	
FTLN 0869	Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.	145
	MALCOLM, <i>['aside to Donalbain']</i>	
FTLN 0870	Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.	
FTLN 0871	BANQUO	Look to the lady.
		<i>['Lady Macbeth is assisted to leave.']</i>
FTLN 0872	And when we have our naked frailties hid,	
FTLN 0873	That suffer in exposure, let us meet	
FTLN 0874	And question this most bloody piece of work	150
FTLN 0875	To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.	
FTLN 0876	In the great hand of God I stand, and thence	
FTLN 0877	Against the undivulged pretense I fight	
FTLN 0878	Of treasonous malice.	
FTLN 0879	MACDUFF	And so do I.
FTLN 0880	ALL	So all.
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0881	Let's briefly put on manly readiness	
FTLN 0882	And meet i' th' hall together.	
FTLN 0883	ALL	Well contented.
		<i>['All but Malcolm and Donalbain'] exit.</i>
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 0884	What will you do? Let's not consort with them.	160
FTLN 0885	To show an unfelt sorrow is an office	
FTLN 0886	Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.	

DONALBAIN

FTLN 0887 To Ireland I. Our separated fortune
 FTLN 0888 Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
 FTLN 0889 There's daggers in men's smiles. The near in blood, 165
 FTLN 0890 The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM

FTLN 0891 This murderous shaft that's shot
 FTLN 0892 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
 FTLN 0893 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
 FTLN 0894 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking 170
 FTLN 0895 But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
 FTLN 0896 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

OLD MAN

FTLN 0897 Threescore and ten I can remember well,
 FTLN 0898 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 FTLN 0899 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
 FTLN 0900 night
 FTLN 0901 Hath trifled former knowings. 5

ROSS

Ha, good father,

FTLN 0902 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 FTLN 0903 Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
 FTLN 0904 And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
 FTLN 0905 Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame 10
 FTLN 0906 That darkness does the face of earth entomb
 FTLN 0907 When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN

'Tis unnatural,

FTLN 0910 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
 FTLN 0911 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, 15
 FTLN 0912 Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS

FTLN 0913 And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
 FTLN 0914 certain),

FTLN 0915	Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,	
FTLN 0916	Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,	20
FTLN 0917	Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would	
FTLN 0918	Make war with mankind.	
FTLN 0919	OLD MAN	'Tis said they eat each
FTLN 0920	other.	
	ROSS	
FTLN 0921	They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes	25
FTLN 0922	That looked upon 't.	
	<i>Enter Macduff.</i>	
	Here comes the good	
FTLN 0923		
FTLN 0924	Macduff.—	
FTLN 0925	How goes the world, sir, now?	
FTLN 0926	MACDUFF	Why, see you not? 30
	ROSS	
FTLN 0927	Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0928	Those that Macbeth hath slain.	
FTLN 0929	ROSS	Alas the day,
FTLN 0930	What good could they pretend?	
FTLN 0931	MACDUFF	They were suborned. 35
FTLN 0932	Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,	
FTLN 0933	Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them	
FTLN 0934	Suspicion of the deed.	
FTLN 0935	ROSS	'Gainst nature still!
FTLN 0936	Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up	40
FTLN 0937	Thine own lives' means. Then 'tis most like	
FTLN 0938	The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 0939	He is already named and gone to Scone	
FTLN 0940	To be invested.	
FTLN 0941	ROSS	Where is Duncan's body? 45
FTLN 0942	MACDUFF	Carried to Colmekill,
FTLN 0943	The sacred storehouse of his predecessors	
FTLN 0944	And guardian of their bones.	

FTLN 0945 ROSS Will you to Scone?
MACDUFF

FTLN 0946 No, cousin, I'll to Fife. 50
FTLN 0947 ROSS Well, I will thither.
MACDUFF

FTLN 0948 Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
FTLN 0949 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.
FTLN 0950 ROSS Farewell, father.
OLD MAN

FTLN 0951 God's benison go with you and with those 55
FTLN 0952 That would make good of bad and friends of foes.
All exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1 *Enter Banquo.*

BANQUO

FTLN 0953 Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
FTLN 0954 As the Weïrd Women promised, and I fear
FTLN 0955 Thou played'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said
FTLN 0956 It should not stand in thy posterity,
FTLN 0957 But that myself should be the root and father 5
FTLN 0958 Of many kings. If there come truth from them
FTLN 0959 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
FTLN 0960 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
FTLN 0961 May they not be my oracles as well,
FTLN 0962 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady
[Macbeth,] Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH

FTLN 0963 Here's our chief guest.

FTLN 0964 LADY MACBETH If he had been forgotten,
FTLN 0965 It had been as a gap in our great feast
FTLN 0966 And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH

FTLN 0967 Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, 15
FTLN 0968 And I'll request your presence.

FTLN 0969 BANQUO Let your Highness

FTLN 0970	Command upon me, to the which my duties	
FTLN 0971	Are with a most indissoluble tie	
FTLN 0972	Forever knit.	20
FTLN 0973	MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?	
FTLN 0974	BANQUO Ay, my good lord.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0975	We should have else desired your good advice	
FTLN 0976	(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)	
FTLN 0977	In this day's council, but we'll take tomorrow.	25
FTLN 0978	Is 't far you ride?	
	BANQUO	
FTLN 0979	As far, my lord, as will fill up the time	
FTLN 0980	'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,	
FTLN 0981	I must become a borrower of the night	
FTLN 0982	For a dark hour or twain.	30
FTLN 0983	MACBETH Fail not our feast.	
FTLN 0984	BANQUO My lord, I will not.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0985	We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed	
FTLN 0986	In England and in Ireland, not confessing	
FTLN 0987	Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers	35
FTLN 0988	With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,	
FTLN 0989	When therewithal we shall have cause of state	
FTLN 0990	Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,	
FTLN 0991	Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?	
	BANQUO	
FTLN 0992	Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.	40
	MACBETH	
FTLN 0993	I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,	
FTLN 0994	And so I do commend you to their backs.	
FTLN 0995	Farewell. <i>Banquo exits.</i>	
FTLN 0996	Let every man be master of his time	
FTLN 0997	Till seven at night. To make society	45
FTLN 0998	The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself	
FTLN 0999	Till suppertime alone. While then, God be with you.	
	<i>Lords [and all but Macbeth and a Servant] exit.</i>	

FTLN 1000 Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
 FTLN 1001 Our pleasure?
 SERVANT
 FTLN 1002 They are, my lord, without the palace gate. 50
 MACBETH
 FTLN 1003 Bring them before us. *Servant exits.*
 FTLN 1004 To be thus is nothing,
 FTLN 1005 But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
 FTLN 1006 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
 FTLN 1007 Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he 55
 FTLN 1008 dares,
 FTLN 1009 And to that dauntless temper of his mind
 FTLN 1010 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
 FTLN 1011 To act in safety. There is none but he
 FTLN 1012 Whose being I do fear; and under him 60
 FTLN 1013 My genius is rebuked, as it is said
 FTLN 1014 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
 FTLN 1015 When first they put the name of king upon me
 FTLN 1016 And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,
 FTLN 1017 They hailed him father to a line of kings. 65
 FTLN 1018 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
 FTLN 1019 And put a barren scepter in my grip,
 FTLN 1020 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 FTLN 1021 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
 FTLN 1022 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; 70
 FTLN 1023 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,
 FTLN 1024 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 FTLN 1025 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
 FTLN 1026 Given to the common enemy of man
 FTLN 1027 To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings. 75
 FTLN 1028 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 FTLN 1029 And champion me to th' utterance.—Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

FTLN 1030 「*To the Servant.*」 Now go to the door, and stay there
 FTLN 1031 till we call. *Servant exits.*

FTLN 1032	Was it not yesterday we spoke together?	80
	「MURDERERS」	
FTLN 1033	It was, so please your Highness.	
FTLN 1034	MACBETH	
	Well then, now	
FTLN 1035	Have you considered of my speeches? Know	
FTLN 1036	That it was he, in the times past, which held you	
FTLN 1037	So under fortune, which you thought had been	85
FTLN 1038	Our innocent self. This I made good to you	
FTLN 1039	In our last conference, passed in probation with you	
FTLN 1040	How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the	
FTLN 1041	instruments,	
FTLN 1042	Who wrought with them, and all things else that	90
FTLN 1043	might	
FTLN 1044	To half a soul and to a notion crazed	
FTLN 1045	Say “Thus did Banquo.”	
FTLN 1046	FIRST MURDERER	
	You made it known to us.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1047	I did so, and went further, which is now	95
FTLN 1048	Our point of second meeting. Do you find	
FTLN 1049	Your patience so predominant in your nature	
FTLN 1050	That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled	
FTLN 1051	To pray for this good man and for his issue,	
FTLN 1052	Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave	100
FTLN 1053	And beggared yours forever?	
FTLN 1054	FIRST MURDERER	
	We are men, my liege.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1055	Ay, in the catalogue you go for men,	
FTLN 1056	As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,	
FTLN 1057	curs,	105
FTLN 1058	Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept	
FTLN 1059	All by the name of dogs. The valued file	
FTLN 1060	Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,	
FTLN 1061	The housekeeper, the hunter, every one	
FTLN 1062	According to the gift which bounteous nature	110
FTLN 1063	Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive	

FTLN 1064	Particular addition, from the bill	
FTLN 1065	That writes them all alike. And so of men.	
FTLN 1066	Now, if you have a station in the file,	
FTLN 1067	Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't,	115
FTLN 1068	And I will put that business in your bosoms	
FTLN 1069	Whose execution takes your enemy off,	
FTLN 1070	Grapples you to the heart and love of us,	
FTLN 1071	Who wear our health but sickly in his life,	
FTLN 1072	Which in his death were perfect.	120
FTLN 1073	SECOND MURDERER	I am one, my liege,
FTLN 1074	Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world	
FTLN 1075	Hath so incensed that I am reckless what	
FTLN 1076	I do to spite the world.	
FTLN 1077	FIRST MURDERER	And I another
FTLN 1078	So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,	125
FTLN 1079	That I would set my life on any chance,	
FTLN 1080	To mend it or be rid on 't.	
FTLN 1081	MACBETH	Both of you
FTLN 1082	Know Banquo was your enemy.	130
FTLN 1083	「MURDERERS」	True, my lord.
FTLN 1084	MACBETH	
FTLN 1085	So is he mine, and in such bloody distance	
FTLN 1086	That every minute of his being thrusts	
FTLN 1087	Against my near'st of life. And though I could	
FTLN 1088	With barefaced power sweep him from my sight	135
FTLN 1089	And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,	
FTLN 1090	For certain friends that are both his and mine,	
FTLN 1091	Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall	
FTLN 1092	Who I myself struck down. And thence it is	
FTLN 1093	That I to your assistance do make love,	140
FTLN 1094	Masking the business from the common eye	
FTLN 1095	For sundry weighty reasons.	
FTLN 1096	SECOND MURDERER	We shall, my lord,
FTLN 1097	FIRST MURDERER	Though our lives—
		145

MACBETH

FTLN 1098 Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
 FTLN 1099 most
 FTLN 1100 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 FTLN 1101 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
 FTLN 1102 The moment on 't, for 't must be done tonight 150
 FTLN 1103 And something from the palace; always thought
 FTLN 1104 That I require a clearness. And with him
 FTLN 1105 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
 FTLN 1106 Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
 FTLN 1107 Whose absence is no less material to me 155
 FTLN 1108 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 FTLN 1109 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart.
 FTLN 1110 I'll come to you anon.
 FTLN 1111 「MURDERERS」 We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

FTLN 1112 I'll call upon you straight. Abide within. 160
「Murderers exit.」
 FTLN 1113 It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 FTLN 1114 If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.
「He exits.」

Scene 2

Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant.

FTLN 1115 LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?
 SERVANT
 FTLN 1116 Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
 LADY MACBETH
 FTLN 1117 Say to the King I would attend his leisure
 FTLN 1118 For a few words.
 FTLN 1119 SERVANT Madam, I will. *He exits.* 5
 FTLN 1120 LADY MACBETH Naught's had, all's spent,
 FTLN 1121 Where our desire is got without content.
 FTLN 1122 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
 FTLN 1123 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

FTLN 1124	How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,	10
FTLN 1125	Of sorriest fancies your companions making,	
FTLN 1126	Using those thoughts which should indeed have died	
FTLN 1127	With them they think on? Things without all remedy	
FTLN 1128	Should be without regard. What's done is done.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1129	We have scorched the snake, not killed it.	15
FTLN 1130	She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice	
FTLN 1131	Remains in danger of her former tooth.	
FTLN 1132	But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds	
FTLN 1133	suffer,	
FTLN 1134	Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep	20
FTLN 1135	In the affliction of these terrible dreams	
FTLN 1136	That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,	
FTLN 1137	Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,	
FTLN 1138	Than on the torture of the mind to lie	
FTLN 1139	In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.	25
FTLN 1140	After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.	
FTLN 1141	Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,	
FTLN 1142	Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing	
FTLN 1143	Can touch him further.	
FTLN 1144	LADY MACBETH Come on, gentle my lord,	30
FTLN 1145	Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial	
FTLN 1146	Among your guests tonight.	
FTLN 1147	MACBETH So shall I, love,	
FTLN 1148	And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance	
FTLN 1149	Apply to Banquo; present him eminence	35
FTLN 1150	Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we	
FTLN 1151	Must lave our honors in these flattering streams	
FTLN 1152	And make our faces vizards to our hearts,	
FTLN 1153	Disguising what they are.	
FTLN 1154	LADY MACBETH You must leave this.	40
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1155	O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!	
FTLN 1156	Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.	

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 1157 But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH

FTLN 1158 There's comfort yet; they are assailable.

FTLN 1159 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 45

FTLN 1160 His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

FTLN 1161 The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums

FTLN 1162 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

FTLN 1163 A deed of dreadful note.

FTLN 1164 LADY MACBETH What's to be done? 50

MACBETH

FTLN 1165 Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

FTLN 1166 Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,

FTLN 1167 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day

FTLN 1168 And with thy bloody and invisible hand

FTLN 1169 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond 55

FTLN 1170 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow

FTLN 1171 Makes wing to th' rooky wood.

FTLN 1172 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

FTLN 1173 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do

FTLN 1174 rouse.— 60

FTLN 1175 Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still.

FTLN 1176 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

FTLN 1177 So prithee go with me.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1178 But who did bid thee join with us?

FTLN 1179 THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER, [to the First Murderer]

FTLN 1180 He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

FTLN 1181 Our offices and what we have to do

FTLN 1182 To the direction just. 5

FTLN 1183	FIRST MURDERER	Then stand with us.—	
FTLN 1184		The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.	
FTLN 1185		Now spurs the lated traveler apace	
FTLN 1186		To gain the timely inn, 「and」 near approaches	
FTLN 1187		The subject of our watch.	10
FTLN 1188	THIRD MURDERER	Hark, I hear horses.	
FTLN 1189	BANQUO, <i>within</i>	Give us a light there, ho!	
FTLN 1190	SECOND MURDERER	Then 'tis he. The rest	
FTLN 1191		That are within the note of expectation	
FTLN 1192		Already are i' th' court.	15
FTLN 1193	FIRST MURDERER	His horses go about.	
	THIRD MURDERER		
FTLN 1194		Almost a mile; but he does usually	
FTLN 1195		(So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate	
FTLN 1196		Make it their walk.	
 <i>Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.</i> 			
FTLN 1197	SECOND MURDERER	A light, a light!	20
FTLN 1198	THIRD MURDERER	'Tis he.	
FTLN 1199	FIRST MURDERER	Stand to 't.	
FTLN 1200	BANQUO, 「to Fleance」	It will be rain tonight.	
FTLN 1201	FIRST MURDERER	Let it come down!	
		「 <i>The three Murderers attack.</i> 」	
	BANQUO		
FTLN 1202		O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!	25
FTLN 1203		Thou mayst revenge—O slave!	
		「 <i>He dies. Fleance exits.</i> 」	
	THIRD MURDERER		
FTLN 1204		Who did strike out the light?	
FTLN 1205	FIRST MURDERER	Was 't not the way?	
FTLN 1206	THIRD MURDERER	There's but one down. The son is	
FTLN 1207		fled.	30
FTLN 1208	SECOND MURDERER	We have lost best half of our	
FTLN 1209		affair.	
	FIRST MURDERER		
FTLN 1210		Well, let's away and say how much is done.	
		<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 4

*Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady [Macbeth,]
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH

FTLN 1211 You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
FTLN 1212 And last, the hearty welcome. [They sit.]

FTLN 1213 LORDS Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

FTLN 1214 Ourself will mingle with society
FTLN 1215 And play the humble host. 5
FTLN 1216 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
FTLN 1217 We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

FTLN 1218 Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
FTLN 1219 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer [to the door.]

MACBETH

FTLN 1220 See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. 10
FTLN 1221 Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
FTLN 1222 Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
FTLN 1223 The table round. [He approaches the Murderer.] There's
FTLN 1224 blood upon thy face.

FTLN 1225 MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then. 15

MACBETH

FTLN 1226 'Tis better thee without than he within.
FTLN 1227 Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

FTLN 1228 My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.

MACBETH

FTLN 1229 Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats,
FTLN 1230 Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance. 20
FTLN 1231 If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER

FTLN 1232 Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH, [aside]

FTLN 1233 Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,

FTLN 1234	Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,	
FTLN 1235	As broad and general as the casing air.	25
FTLN 1236	But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in	
FTLN 1237	To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?	
	MURDERER	
FTLN 1238	Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,	
FTLN 1239	With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,	
FTLN 1240	The least a death to nature.	30
FTLN 1241	MACBETH	Thanks for that.
FTLN 1242	There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled	
FTLN 1243	Hath nature that in time will venom breed,	
FTLN 1244	No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow	
FTLN 1245	We'll hear ourselves again. <i>Murderer exits.</i>	35
FTLN 1246	LADY MACBETH	My royal lord,
FTLN 1247	You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold	
FTLN 1248	That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,	
FTLN 1249	'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;	
FTLN 1250	From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;	40
FTLN 1251	Meeting were bare without it.	
	<i>Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.</i>	
FTLN 1252	MACBETH, <i>['to Lady Macbeth']</i> Sweet remembrancer!—	
FTLN 1253	Now, good digestion wait on appetite	
FTLN 1254	And health on both!	
FTLN 1255	LENNOX	May 't please your Highness sit. 45
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1256	Here had we now our country's honor roofed,	
FTLN 1257	Were the graced person of our Banquo present,	
FTLN 1258	Who may I rather challenge for unkindness	
FTLN 1259	Than pity for mischance.	
FTLN 1260	ROSS	His absence, sir, 50
FTLN 1261	Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your	
FTLN 1262	Highness	
FTLN 1263	To grace us with your royal company?	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1264	The table's full.	

FTLN 1265	LENNOX	Here is a place reserved, sir.	55
FTLN 1266	MACBETH	Where?	
	LENNOX		
FTLN 1267		Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your	
FTLN 1268		Highness?	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1269		Which of you have done this?	
FTLN 1270	LORDS	What, my good lord?	60
	MACBETH,	「 <i>to the Ghost</i> 」	
FTLN 1271		Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake	
FTLN 1272		Thy gory locks at me.	
	ROSS		
FTLN 1273		Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.	
	LADY MACBETH		
FTLN 1274		Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus	
FTLN 1275		And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.	65
FTLN 1276		The fit is momentary; upon a thought	
FTLN 1277		He will again be well. If much you note him	
FTLN 1278		You shall offend him and extend his passion.	
FTLN 1279		Feed and regard him not. 「 <i>Drawing Macbeth aside.</i> 」	
FTLN 1280		Are you a man?	70
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1281		Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that	
FTLN 1282		Which might appall the devil.	
FTLN 1283	LADY MACBETH	O, proper stuff!	
FTLN 1284		This is the very painting of your fear.	
FTLN 1285		This is the air-drawn dagger which you said	75
FTLN 1286		Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,	
FTLN 1287		Impostors to true fear, would well become	
FTLN 1288		A woman's story at a winter's fire,	
FTLN 1289		Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!	
FTLN 1290		Why do you make such faces? When all's done,	80
FTLN 1291		You look but on a stool.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1292		Prithee, see there. Behold, look! 「 <i>To the Ghost.</i> 」 Lo,	
FTLN 1293		how say you?	

FTLN 1294	Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—	
FTLN 1295	If charnel houses and our graves must send	85
FTLN 1296	Those that we bury back, our monuments	
FTLN 1297	Shall be the maws of kites. [<i>Ghost exits.</i>]	
FTLN 1298	LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1299	If I stand here, I saw him.	
FTLN 1300	LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame!	90
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1301	Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,	
FTLN 1302	Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;	
FTLN 1303	Ay, and since too, murders have been performed	
FTLN 1304	Too terrible for the ear. The [<i>time</i>] has been	
FTLN 1305	That, when the brains were out, the man would die,	95
FTLN 1306	And there an end. But now they rise again	
FTLN 1307	With twenty mortal murders on their crowns	
FTLN 1308	And push us from our stools. This is more strange	
FTLN 1309	Than such a murder is.	
FTLN 1310	LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,	100
FTLN 1311	Your noble friends do lack you.	
FTLN 1312	MACBETH I do forget.—	
FTLN 1313	Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.	
FTLN 1314	I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing	
FTLN 1315	To those that know me. Come, love and health to	105
FTLN 1316	all.	
FTLN 1317	Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine. Fill full.	
	<i>Enter Ghost.</i>	
FTLN 1318	I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table	
FTLN 1319	And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.	
FTLN 1320	Would he were here! To all, and him we thirst,	110
FTLN 1321	And all to all.	
FTLN 1322	LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.	
	[<i>They raise their drinking cups.</i>]	
	MACBETH, [<i>to the Ghost</i>]	
FTLN 1323	Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee.	
FTLN 1324	Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;	

FTLN 1325	Thou hast no speculation in those eyes	115
FTLN 1326	Which thou dost glare with.	
FTLN 1327	LADY MACBETH	Think of this, good
FTLN 1328	peers,	
FTLN 1329	But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;	
FTLN 1330	Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.	120
FTLN 1331	MACBETH, <i>['to the Ghost']</i>	What man dare, I dare.
FTLN 1332	Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,	
FTLN 1333	The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;	
FTLN 1334	Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves	
FTLN 1335	Shall never tremble. Or be alive again	125
FTLN 1336	And dare me to the desert with thy sword.	
FTLN 1337	If trembling I inhabit then, protest me	
FTLN 1338	The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!	
FTLN 1339	Unreal mock'ry, hence!	<i>['Ghost exits.']</i>
FTLN 1340		Why so, being gone,
FTLN 1341	I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.	130
	LADY MACBETH	
FTLN 1342	You have displaced the mirth, broke the good	
FTLN 1343	meeting	
FTLN 1344	With most admired disorder.	
FTLN 1345	MACBETH	Can such things be
FTLN 1346	And overcome us like a summer's cloud,	135
FTLN 1347	Without our special wonder? You make me strange	
FTLN 1348	Even to the disposition that I owe	
FTLN 1349	When now I think you can behold such sights	
FTLN 1350	And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks	140
FTLN 1351	When mine is blanched with fear.	
FTLN 1352	ROSS	What sights, my
FTLN 1353	lord?	
	LADY MACBETH	
FTLN 1354	I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.	
FTLN 1355	Question enrages him. At once, good night.	145
FTLN 1356	Stand not upon the order of your going,	
FTLN 1357	But go at once.	
FTLN 1358	LENNOX	Good night, and better health
FTLN 1359	Attend his Majesty.	

FTLN 1360	LADY MACBETH	A kind good night to all.	150
		<i>Lords [and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth] exit.</i>	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1361		It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.	
FTLN 1362		Stones have been known to move, and trees to	
FTLN 1363		speak.	
FTLN 1364		Augurs and understood relations have	
FTLN 1365		By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought	155
FTLN 1366		forth	
FTLN 1367		The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?	
	LADY MACBETH		
FTLN 1368		Almost at odds with morning, which is which.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1369		How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person	
FTLN 1370		At our great bidding?	160
FTLN 1371	LADY MACBETH	Did you send to him, sir?	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1372		I hear it by the way; but I will send.	
FTLN 1373		There's not a one of them but in his house	
FTLN 1374		I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow	
FTLN 1375		(And betimes I will) to the Weïrd Sisters.	165
FTLN 1376		More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know	
FTLN 1377		By the worst means the worst. For mine own good,	
FTLN 1378		All causes shall give way. I am in blood	
FTLN 1379		Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,	
FTLN 1380		Returning were as tedious as go o'er.	170
FTLN 1381		Strange things I have in head that will to hand,	
FTLN 1382		Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.	
	LADY MACBETH		
FTLN 1383		You lack the season of all natures, sleep.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1384		Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse	
FTLN 1385		Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.	175
FTLN 1386		We are yet but young in deed.	

They exit.

Scene 5

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1387 Why, how now, Hecate? You look angerly.

HECATE

FTLN 1388 Have I not reason, beldams as you are?

FTLN 1389 Saucy and overbold, how did you dare

FTLN 1390 To trade and traffic with Macbeth

FTLN 1391 In riddles and affairs of death, 5

FTLN 1392 And I, the mistress of your charms,

FTLN 1393 The close contriver of all harms,

FTLN 1394 Was never called to bear my part

FTLN 1395 Or show the glory of our art?

FTLN 1396 And which is worse, all you have done 10

FTLN 1397 Hath been but for a wayward son,

FTLN 1398 Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

FTLN 1399 Loves for his own ends, not for you.

FTLN 1400 But make amends now. Get you gone,

FTLN 1401 And at the pit of Acheron 15

FTLN 1402 Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he

FTLN 1403 Will come to know his destiny.

FTLN 1404 Your vessels and your spells provide,

FTLN 1405 Your charms and everything beside.

FTLN 1406 I am for th' air. This night I'll spend 20

FTLN 1407 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

FTLN 1408 Great business must be wrought ere noon.

FTLN 1409 Upon the corner of the moon

FTLN 1410 There hangs a vap'rous drop profound.

FTLN 1411 I'll catch it ere it come to ground, 25

FTLN 1412 And that, distilled by magic sleights,

FTLN 1413 Shall raise such artificial sprites

FTLN 1414 As by the strength of their illusion

FTLN 1415 Shall draw him on to his confusion.

FTLN 1416 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30

FTLN 1417 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.

FTLN 1418
FTLN 1419

And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song.

FTLN 1420
FTLN 1421

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. *〔Hecate exits.〕*
Sing within "Come away, come away," etc.

35

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1422

Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be back again.

They exit.

Scene 6

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

LENNOX

FTLN 1423
FTLN 1424
FTLN 1425
FTLN 1426
FTLN 1427
FTLN 1428
FTLN 1429
FTLN 1430
FTLN 1431
FTLN 1432
FTLN 1433
FTLN 1434
FTLN 1435
FTLN 1436
FTLN 1437
FTLN 1438
FTLN 1439
FTLN 1440
FTLN 1441
FTLN 1442
FTLN 1443
FTLN 1444

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

5

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight

10

In pious rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive

15

To hear the men deny 't. So that I say
He has borne all things well. And I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should
find

20

What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1479 Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 1480 Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

FTLN 1481 Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1482 Round about the cauldron go;

FTLN 1483 In the poisoned entrails throw. 5

FTLN 1484 Toad, that under cold stone

FTLN 1485 Days and nights has thirty-one

FTLN 1486 Sweltered venom sleeping got,

FTLN 1487 Boil thou first i' th' charmèd pot.

〔The Witches circle the cauldron.〕

ALL

FTLN 1488 Double, double toil and trouble; 10

FTLN 1489 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 1490 Fillet of a fenny snake

FTLN 1491 In the cauldron boil and bake.

FTLN 1492 Eye of newt and toe of frog,

FTLN 1493 Wool of bat and tongue of dog, 15

FTLN 1494 Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,

FTLN 1495 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
 FTLN 1496 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 FTLN 1497 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

FTLN 1498 Double, double toil and trouble; 20
 FTLN 1499 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH

FTLN 1500 Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 FTLN 1501 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 FTLN 1502 Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
 FTLN 1503 Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark, 25
 FTLN 1504 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 FTLN 1505 Gall of goat and slips of yew
 FTLN 1506 Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
 FTLN 1507 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 FTLN 1508 Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
 FTLN 1509 Ditch-delivered by a drab,
 FTLN 1510 Make the gruel thick and slab.
 FTLN 1511 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
 FTLN 1512 For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL

FTLN 1513 Double, double toil and trouble; 35
 FTLN 1514 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 1515 Cool it with a baboon's blood.
 FTLN 1516 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate 「to」 *the other three Witches.*

HECATE

FTLN 1517 O, well done! I commend your pains,
 FTLN 1518 And everyone shall share i' th' gains. 40
 FTLN 1519 And now about the cauldron sing
 FTLN 1520 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 FTLN 1521 Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: "Black Spirits," etc. 「Hecate exits.」

SECOND WITCH

FTLN 1522	By the pricking of my thumbs,	
FTLN 1523	Something wicked this way comes.	45
FTLN 1524	Open, locks,	
FTLN 1525	Whoever knocks.	

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH

FTLN 1526	How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?	
FTLN 1527	What is 't you do?	

FTLN 1528	ALL	A deed without a name.	50
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MACBETH

FTLN 1529	I conjure you by that which you profess	
FTLN 1530	(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.	
FTLN 1531	Though you untie the winds and let them fight	
FTLN 1532	Against the churches, though the yeasty waves	
FTLN 1533	Confound and swallow navigation up,	55
FTLN 1534	Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown	
FTLN 1535	down,	
FTLN 1536	Though castles topple on their warders' heads,	
FTLN 1537	Though palaces and pyramids do slope	
FTLN 1538	Their heads to their foundations, though the	60
FTLN 1539	treasure	
FTLN 1540	Of nature's 'germens' tumble 'all together'	
FTLN 1541	Even till destruction sicken, answer me	
FTLN 1542	To what I ask you.	

FTLN 1543	FIRST WITCH	Speak.	65
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FTLN 1544	SECOND WITCH	Demand.	
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FTLN 1545	THIRD WITCH	We'll answer.	
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FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1546	Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths	
FTLN 1547	Or from our masters'.	

FTLN 1548	MACBETH	Call 'em. Let me see 'em.	70
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FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1549	Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten	
FTLN 1550	Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten	

FTLN 1551 From the murderers' gibbet throw
 FTLN 1552 Into the flame.
 FTLN 1553 ALL Come high or low; 75
 FTLN 1554 Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.

MACBETH
 FTLN 1555 Tell me, thou unknown power—
 FTLN 1556 FIRST WITCH He knows thy
 FTLN 1557 thought.
 FTLN 1558 Hear his speech but say thou naught. 80
 FIRST APPARITION
 FTLN 1559 Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
 FTLN 1560 Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.
He descends.

MACBETH
 FTLN 1561 Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
 FTLN 1562 Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
 FTLN 1563 more— 85
 FIRST WITCH
 FTLN 1564 He will not be commanded. Here's another
 FTLN 1565 More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

FTLN 1566 SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
 FTLN 1567 MACBETH Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
 SECOND APPARITION
 FTLN 1568 Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn 90
 FTLN 1569 The power of man, for none of woman born
 FTLN 1570 Shall harm Macbeth. *〔He〕 descends.*
 MACBETH
 FTLN 1571 Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
 FTLN 1572 But yet I'll make assurance double sure
 FTLN 1573 And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live, 95
 FTLN 1574 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 FTLN 1575 And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

FTLN 1576	What is this	
FTLN 1577	That rises like the issue of a king	
FTLN 1578	And wears upon his baby brow the round	100
FTLN 1579	And top of sovereignty?	
FTLN 1580	ALL Listen but speak not to 't.	
	THIRD APPARITION	
FTLN 1581	Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care	
FTLN 1582	Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.	
FTLN 1583	Macbeth shall never vanquished be until	105
FTLN 1584	Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill	
FTLN 1585	Shall come against him. <i>〔He〕 descends.</i>	
FTLN 1586	MACBETH That will never be.	
FTLN 1587	Who can impress the forest, bid the tree	
FTLN 1588	Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!	110
FTLN 1589	Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood	
FTLN 1590	Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth	
FTLN 1591	Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath	
FTLN 1592	To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart	
FTLN 1593	Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art	115
FTLN 1594	Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever	
FTLN 1595	Reign in this kingdom?	
FTLN 1596	ALL Seek to know no more.	
	MACBETH	
FTLN 1597	I will be satisfied. Deny me this,	
FTLN 1598	And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!	120
	<i>〔Cauldron sinks.〕 Hautboys.</i>	
FTLN 1599	Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?	
FTLN 1600	FIRST WITCH Show.	
FTLN 1601	SECOND WITCH Show.	
FTLN 1602	THIRD WITCH Show.	
	ALL	
FTLN 1603	Show his eyes and grieve his heart.	125
FTLN 1604	Come like shadows; so depart.	

A show of eight kings, [the eighth king] with a glass in his hand, and Banquo last.

MACBETH

FTLN 1605 Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
 FTLN 1606 Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
 FTLN 1607 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
 FTLN 1608 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags, 130
 FTLN 1609 Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!
 FTLN 1610 What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
 FTLN 1611 Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more.
 FTLN 1612 And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass
 FTLN 1613 Which shows me many more, and some I see 135
 FTLN 1614 That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
 FTLN 1615 Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
 FTLN 1616 For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me
 FTLN 1617 And points at them for his.

[The Apparitions disappear.]

FTLN 1618 What, is this so? 140

FIRST WITCH

FTLN 1619 Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
 FTLN 1620 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
 FTLN 1621 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
 FTLN 1622 And show the best of our delights.
 FTLN 1623 I'll charm the air to give a sound 145
 FTLN 1624 While you perform your antic round,
 FTLN 1625 That this great king may kindly say
 FTLN 1626 Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance and vanish.

MACBETH

FTLN 1627 Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
 FTLN 1628 Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!— 150
 FTLN 1629 Come in, without there.

Enter Lennox.

FTLN 1630 LENNOX What's your Grace's will?

	MACBETH		
FTLN 1631	Saw you the Weïrd Sisters?		
FTLN 1632	LENNOX	No, my lord.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1633	Came they not by you?		155
FTLN 1634	LENNOX	No, indeed, my lord.	
	MACBETH		
FTLN 1635	Infected be the air whereon they ride,		
FTLN 1636	And damned all those that trust them! I did hear		
FTLN 1637	The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?		
	LENNOX		
FTLN 1638	'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word		160
FTLN 1639	Macduff is fled to England.		
FTLN 1640	MACBETH	Fled to England?	
FTLN 1641	LENNOX	Ay, my good lord.	
	MACBETH, [<i>aside</i>]		
FTLN 1642	Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.		
FTLN 1643	The flighty purpose never is o'ertook		165
FTLN 1644	Unless the deed go with it. From this moment		
FTLN 1645	The very firstlings of my heart shall be		
FTLN 1646	The firstlings of my hand. And even now,		
FTLN 1647	To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and		
FTLN 1648	done:		170
FTLN 1649	The castle of Macduff I will surprise,		
FTLN 1650	Seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword		
FTLN 1651	His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls		
FTLN 1652	That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;		
FTLN 1653	This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.		175
FTLN 1654	But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?		
FTLN 1655	Come bring me where they are.		

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

LADY MACDUFF

FTLN 1656 What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

FTLN 1657 You must have patience, madam.

FTLN 1658 LADY MACDUFF He had none.

FTLN 1659 His flight was madness. When our actions do not,

FTLN 1660 Our fears do make us traitors. 5

FTLN 1661 ROSS You know not

FTLN 1662 Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

FTLN 1663 Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,

FTLN 1664 His mansion and his titles in a place

FTLN 1665 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not; 10

FTLN 1666 He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,

FTLN 1667 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

FTLN 1668 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

FTLN 1669 All is the fear, and nothing is the love,

FTLN 1670 As little is the wisdom, where the flight 15

FTLN 1671 So runs against all reason.

FTLN 1672 ROSS My dearest coz,

FTLN 1673 I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,

FTLN 1674 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

FTLN 1675 The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much 20

FTLN 1676 further;

FTLN 1677 But cruel are the times when we are traitors

FTLN 1678 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

FTLN 1679 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

FTLN 1680 But float upon a wild and violent sea 25

FTLN 1681 Each way and move—I take my leave of you.

FTLN 1682 Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

FTLN 1683 Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward

FTLN 1684 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,

FTLN 1685 Blessing upon you. 30

	LADY MACDUFF	
FTLN 1686	Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.	
	ROSS	
FTLN 1687	I am so much a fool, should I stay longer	
FTLN 1688	It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.	
FTLN 1689	I take my leave at once.	<i>Ross exits.</i>
FTLN 1690	LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead.	35
FTLN 1691	And what will you do now? How will you live?	
	SON	
FTLN 1692	As birds do, mother.	
FTLN 1693	LADY MACDUFF What, with worms and flies?	
	SON	
FTLN 1694	With what I get, I mean; and so do they.	
	LADY MACDUFF	
FTLN 1695	Poor bird, thou 'dst never fear the net nor lime,	40
FTLN 1696	The pitfall nor the gin.	
	SON	
FTLN 1697	Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set	
FTLN 1698	for.	
FTLN 1699	My father is not dead, for all your saying.	
	LADY MACDUFF	
FTLN 1700	Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?	45
FTLN 1701	SON Nay, how will you do for a husband?	
	LADY MACDUFF	
FTLN 1702	Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.	
FTLN 1703	SON Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.	
FTLN 1704	LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit,	
FTLN 1705	And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.	50
FTLN 1706	SON Was my father a traitor, mother?	
FTLN 1707	LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.	
FTLN 1708	SON What is a traitor?	
FTLN 1709	LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.	
FTLN 1710	SON And be all traitors that do so?	55
FTLN 1711	LADY MACDUFF Every one that does so is a traitor	
FTLN 1712	and must be hanged.	
FTLN 1713	SON And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?	

FTLN 1714 LADY MACDUFF Every one.
 FTLN 1715 SON Who must hang them? 60
 FTLN 1716 LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.
 FTLN 1717 SON Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there
 FTLN 1718 are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
 FTLN 1719 men and hang up them.
 FTLN 1720 LADY MACDUFF Now God help thee, poor monkey! But 65
 FTLN 1721 how wilt thou do for a father?
 FTLN 1722 SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you would
 FTLN 1723 not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a
 FTLN 1724 new father.
 FTLN 1725 LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! 70

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 1726 Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
 FTLN 1727 Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
 FTLN 1728 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
 FTLN 1729 If you will take a homely man's advice,
 FTLN 1730 Be not found here. Hence with your little ones! 75
 FTLN 1731 To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
 FTLN 1732 To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
 FTLN 1733 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
 FTLN 1734 you!
 FTLN 1735 I dare abide no longer. *Messenger exits.* 80
 FTLN 1736 LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly?
 FTLN 1737 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 FTLN 1738 I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
 FTLN 1739 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 FTLN 1740 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas, 85
 FTLN 1741 Do I put up that womanly defense
 FTLN 1742 To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

FTLN 1743 What are these faces?
 FTLN 1744 MURDERER Where is your husband?

	LADY MACDUFF	
FTLN 1745	I hope in no place so unsanctified	90
FTLN 1746	Where such as thou mayst find him.	
FTLN 1747	MURDERER	He's a traitor.
	SON	
FTLN 1748	Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!	
FTLN 1749	MURDERER	What, you egg?
FTLN 1750	「 <i>Stabbing him.</i> 」 Young fry of treachery!	95
FTLN 1751	SON	He has killed
FTLN 1752	me, mother.	
FTLN 1753	Run away, I pray you.	
	「 <i>Lady Macduff</i> 」 exits, crying “Murder!” 「 <i>followed by the Murderers bearing the Son's body.</i> 」	

Scene 3

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1754	Let us seek out some desolate shade and there	
FTLN 1755	Weep our sad bosoms empty.	
FTLN 1756	MACDUFF	Let us rather
FTLN 1757	Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,	
FTLN 1758	Bestride our 「downfall'n」 birthdom. Each new morn	5
FTLN 1759	New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows	
FTLN 1760	Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds	
FTLN 1761	As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out	
FTLN 1762	Like syllable of dolor.	
FTLN 1763	MALCOLM	What I believe, I'll wail;
FTLN 1764	What know, believe; and what I can redress,	10
FTLN 1765	As I shall find the time to friend, I will.	
FTLN 1766	What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.	
FTLN 1767	This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,	
FTLN 1768	Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.	15
FTLN 1769	He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but	
FTLN 1770	something	

FTLN 1771	You may ¹ deserve ¹ of him through me, and wisdom	
FTLN 1772	To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb	
FTLN 1773	T' appease an angry god.	20
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1774	I am not treacherous.	
FTLN 1775	MALCOLM	But Macbeth is.
FTLN 1776	A good and virtuous nature may recoil	
FTLN 1777	In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your	
FTLN 1778	pardon.	25
FTLN 1779	That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.	
FTLN 1780	Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.	
FTLN 1781	Though all things foul would wear the brows of	
FTLN 1782	grace,	
FTLN 1783	Yet grace must still look so.	30
FTLN 1784	MACDUFF	I have lost my hopes.
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1785	Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.	
FTLN 1786	Why in that rawness left you wife and child,	
FTLN 1787	Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,	
FTLN 1788	Without leave-taking? I pray you,	35
FTLN 1789	Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,	
FTLN 1790	But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,	
FTLN 1791	Whatever I shall think.	
FTLN 1792	MACDUFF	Bleed, bleed, poor country!
FTLN 1793	Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,	40
FTLN 1794	For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy	
FTLN 1795	wrongs;	
FTLN 1796	The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord.	
FTLN 1797	I would not be the villain that thou think'st	
FTLN 1798	For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,	45
FTLN 1799	And the rich East to boot.	
FTLN 1800	MALCOLM	Be not offended.
FTLN 1801	I speak not as in absolute fear of you.	
FTLN 1802	I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.	
FTLN 1803	It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash	50
FTLN 1804	Is added to her wounds. I think withal	

FTLN 1805	There would be hands uplifted in my right;	
FTLN 1806	And here from gracious England have I offer	
FTLN 1807	Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,	
FTLN 1808	When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head	55
FTLN 1809	Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country	
FTLN 1810	Shall have more vices than it had before,	
FTLN 1811	More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,	
FTLN 1812	By him that shall succeed.	
FTLN 1813	MACDUFF	What should he be?
	MALCOLM	60
FTLN 1814	It is myself I mean, in whom I know	
FTLN 1815	All the particulars of vice so grafted	
FTLN 1816	That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth	
FTLN 1817	Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state	
FTLN 1818	Esteem him as a lamb, being compared	65
FTLN 1819	With my confineless harms.	
FTLN 1820	MACDUFF	Not in the legions
FTLN 1821	Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned	
FTLN 1822	In evils to top Macbeth.	
FTLN 1823	MALCOLM	I grant him bloody,
FTLN 1824	Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,	70
FTLN 1825	Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin	
FTLN 1826	That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,	
FTLN 1827	In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,	
FTLN 1828	Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up	75
FTLN 1829	The cistern of my lust, and my desire	
FTLN 1830	All continent impediments would o'erbear	
FTLN 1831	That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth	
FTLN 1832	Than such an one to reign.	
FTLN 1833	MACDUFF	Boundless intemperance
FTLN 1834	In nature is a tyranny. It hath been	80
FTLN 1835	Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne	
FTLN 1836	And fall of many kings. But fear not yet	
FTLN 1837	To take upon you what is yours. You may	
FTLN 1838	Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty	85
FTLN 1839	And yet seem cold—the time you may so hoodwink.	

FTLN 1840	We have willing dames enough. There cannot be	
FTLN 1841	That vulture in you to devour so many	
FTLN 1842	As will to greatness dedicate themselves,	
FTLN 1843	Finding it so inclined.	90
FTLN 1844	MALCOLM	With this there grows
FTLN 1845	In my most ill-composed affection such	
FTLN 1846	A stanchless avarice that, were I king,	
FTLN 1847	I should cut off the nobles for their lands,	
FTLN 1848	Desire his jewels, and this other's house;	95
FTLN 1849	And my more-having would be as a sauce	
FTLN 1850	To make me hunger more, that I should forge	
FTLN 1851	Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,	
FTLN 1852	Destroying them for wealth.	
FTLN 1853	MACDUFF	This avarice
FTLN 1854	Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root	100
FTLN 1855	Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been	
FTLN 1856	The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear.	
FTLN 1857	Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will	
FTLN 1858	Of your mere own. All these are portable,	105
FTLN 1859	With other graces weighed.	
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1860	But I have none. The king-becoming graces,	
FTLN 1861	As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,	
FTLN 1862	Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,	
FTLN 1863	Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,	110
FTLN 1864	I have no relish of them but abound	
FTLN 1865	In the division of each several crime,	
FTLN 1866	Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should	
FTLN 1867	Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,	
FTLN 1868	Uproar the universal peace, confound	115
FTLN 1869	All unity on earth.	
FTLN 1870	MACDUFF	O Scotland, Scotland!
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1871	If such a one be fit to govern, speak.	
FTLN 1872	I am as I have spoken.	
FTLN 1873	MACDUFF	Fit to govern?
		120

FTLN 1874	No, not to live.—O nation miserable,	
FTLN 1875	With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,	
FTLN 1876	When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,	
FTLN 1877	Since that the truest issue of thy throne	
FTLN 1878	By his own interdiction stands 「accursed」	125
FTLN 1879	And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father	
FTLN 1880	Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,	
FTLN 1881	Of't'ner upon her knees than on her feet,	
FTLN 1882	Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.	
FTLN 1883	These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself	130
FTLN 1884	Hath banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,	
FTLN 1885	Thy hope ends here!	
FTLN 1886	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1887	Macduff, this noble passion,	
FTLN 1888	Child of integrity, hath from my soul	
FTLN 1889	Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts	135
FTLN 1890	To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth	
FTLN 1891	By many of these trains hath sought to win me	
FTLN 1892	Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me	
FTLN 1893	From overcredulous haste. But God above	
FTLN 1894	Deal between thee and me, for even now	140
FTLN 1895	I put myself to thy direction and	
FTLN 1896	Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure	
FTLN 1897	The taints and blames I laid upon myself	
FTLN 1898	For strangers to my nature. I am yet	
FTLN 1899	Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,	145
FTLN 1900	Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,	
FTLN 1901	At no time broke my faith, would not betray	
FTLN 1902	The devil to his fellow, and delight	
FTLN 1903	No less in truth than life. My first false speaking	
FTLN 1904	Was this upon myself. What I am truly	150
FTLN 1905	Is thine and my poor country's to command—	
FTLN 1906	Whither indeed, before 「thy here-approach,」	
FTLN 1907	Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,	
FTLN 1908	Already at a point, was setting forth.	
FTLN 1909	Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness	155
FTLN 1909	Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?	

MACDUFF

FTLN 1910 Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
FTLN 1911 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

FTLN 1912 MALCOLM Well, more anon.—
FTLN 1913 Comes the King forth, I pray you? 160

DOCTOR

FTLN 1914 Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls
FTLN 1915 That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
FTLN 1916 The great assay of art, but at his touch
FTLN 1917 (Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand)
FTLN 1918 They presently amend. 165
FTLN 1919 MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.

「Doctor」 exits.

MACDUFF

FTLN 1920 What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis called the evil:

FTLN 1922 A most miraculous work in this good king,
FTLN 1923 Which often since my here-remain in England 170
FTLN 1924 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven
FTLN 1925 Himself best knows, but strangely visited people
FTLN 1926 All swoll'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
FTLN 1927 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
FTLN 1928 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, 175
FTLN 1929 Put on with holy prayers; and, 'tis spoken,
FTLN 1930 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
FTLN 1931 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
FTLN 1932 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
FTLN 1933 And sundry blessings hang about his throne 180
FTLN 1934 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

FTLN 1935 MACDUFF See who comes here.

MALCOLM

FTLN 1936 My countryman, but yet I know him 「not.」

	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1937	My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.	
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 1938	I know him now.—Good God betimes remove	185
FTLN 1939	The means that makes us strangers!	
FTLN 1940	ROSS Sir, amen.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1941	Stands Scotland where it did?	
FTLN 1942	ROSS Alas, poor country,	
FTLN 1943	Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot	190
FTLN 1944	Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing	
FTLN 1945	But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;	
FTLN 1946	Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air	
FTLN 1947	Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems	
FTLN 1948	A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell	195
FTLN 1949	Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives	
FTLN 1950	Expire before the flowers in their caps,	
FTLN 1951	Dying or ere they sicken.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1952	O relation too nice and yet too true!	
FTLN 1953	MALCOLM What's the newest grief?	200
	ROSS	
FTLN 1954	That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.	
FTLN 1955	Each minute teems a new one.	
FTLN 1956	MACDUFF How does my wife?	
FTLN 1957	ROSS Why, well.	
FTLN 1958	MACDUFF And all my children?	205
FTLN 1959	ROSS Well too.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1960	The tyrant has not battered at their peace?	
	ROSS	
FTLN 1961	No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 1962	Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes 't?	
	ROSS	
FTLN 1963	When I came hither to transport the tidings	210

FTLN 1964	Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor	
FTLN 1965	Of many worthy fellows that were out;	
FTLN 1966	Which was to my belief witnessed the rather	
FTLN 1967	For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.	
FTLN 1968	Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland	215
FTLN 1969	Would create soldiers, make our women fight	
FTLN 1970	To doff their dire distresses.	
FTLN 1971	MALCOLM	Be 't their comfort
FTLN 1972	We are coming thither. Gracious England hath	
FTLN 1973	Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;	220
FTLN 1974	An older and a better soldier none	
FTLN 1975	That Christendom gives out.	
FTLN 1976	ROSS	Would I could answer
FTLN 1977	This comfort with the like. But I have words	
FTLN 1978	That would be howled out in the desert air,	225
FTLN 1979	Where hearing should not latch them.	
FTLN 1980	MACDUFF	What concern
FTLN 1981	they—	
FTLN 1982	The general cause, or is it a fee-grief	
FTLN 1983	Due to some single breast?	230
FTLN 1984	ROSS	No mind that's honest
FTLN 1985	But in it shares some woe, though the main part	
FTLN 1986	Pertains to you alone.	
FTLN 1987	MACDUFF	If it be mine,
FTLN 1988	Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.	235
FTLN 1989	ROSS	Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
FTLN 1990	Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound	
FTLN 1991	That ever yet they heard.	
FTLN 1992	MACDUFF	Hum! I guess at it.
FTLN 1993	ROSS	Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
FTLN 1994	Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner	240
FTLN 1995	Were on the quarry of these murdered deer	
FTLN 1996	To add the death of you.	
FTLN 1997	MALCOLM	Merciful heaven!—

FTLN 1998	What, man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.	245
FTLN 1999	Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak	
FTLN 2000	Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.	
FTLN 2001	MACDUFF My children too?	
	ROSS	
FTLN 2002	Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 2003	And I must be from thence? My wife killed too?	250
FTLN 2004	ROSS I have said.	
FTLN 2005	MALCOLM Be comforted.	
FTLN 2006	Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge	
FTLN 2007	To cure this deadly grief.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 2008	He has no children. All my pretty ones?	255
FTLN 2009	Did you say "all"? O hell-kite! All?	
FTLN 2010	What, all my pretty chickens and their dam	
FTLN 2011	At one fell swoop?	
FTLN 2012	MALCOLM Dispute it like a man.	
FTLN 2013	MACDUFF I shall do so,	260
FTLN 2014	But I must also feel it as a man.	
FTLN 2015	I cannot but remember such things were	
FTLN 2016	That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on	
FTLN 2017	And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,	
FTLN 2018	They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,	265
FTLN 2019	Not for their own demerits, but for mine,	
FTLN 2020	Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.	
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 2021	Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief	
FTLN 2022	Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 2023	O, I could play the woman with mine eyes	270
FTLN 2024	And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,	
FTLN 2025	Cut short all intermission! Front to front	
FTLN 2026	Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.	
FTLN 2027	Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,	
FTLN 2028	Heaven forgive him too.	275

FTLN 2029

MALCOLM This ¹tune goes manly.

FTLN 2030

Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;

FTLN 2031

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

FTLN 2032

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

FTLN 2033

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you

280

FTLN 2034

may.

FTLN 2035

The night is long that never finds the day.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

FTLN 2036	DOCTOR	I have two nights watched with you but can	
FTLN 2037		perceive no truth in your report. When was it she	
FTLN 2038		last walked?	
FTLN 2039	GENTLEWOMAN	Since his Majesty went into the field, I	
FTLN 2040		have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown	5
FTLN 2041		upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,	
FTLN 2042		fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and	
FTLN 2043		again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast	
FTLN 2044		sleep.	
FTLN 2045	DOCTOR	A great perturbation in nature, to receive at	10
FTLN 2046		once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of	
FTLN 2047		watching. In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her	
FTLN 2048		walking and other actual performances, what at any	
FTLN 2049		time have you heard her say?	
FTLN 2050	GENTLEWOMAN	That, sir, which I will not report after	15
FTLN 2051		her.	
FTLN 2052	DOCTOR	You may to me, and 'tis most meet you	
FTLN 2053		should.	
FTLN 2054	GENTLEWOMAN	Neither to you nor anyone, having no	
FTLN 2055		witness to confirm my speech.	20

Enter Lady [Macbeth] with a taper.

FTLN 2056		Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise and,	
FTLN 2057		upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.	

FTLN 2058	DOCTOR	How came she by that light?	
FTLN 2059	GENTLEWOMAN	Why, it stood by her. She has light by	
FTLN 2060		her continually. 'Tis her command.	25
FTLN 2061	DOCTOR	You see her eyes are open.	
FTLN 2062	GENTLEWOMAN	Ay, but their sense are shut.	
FTLN 2063	DOCTOR	What is it she does now? Look how she rubs	
FTLN 2064		her hands.	
FTLN 2065	GENTLEWOMAN	It is an accustomed action with her to	30
FTLN 2066		seem thus washing her hands. I have known her	
FTLN 2067		continue in this a quarter of an hour.	
FTLN 2068	LADY MACBETH	Yet here's a spot.	
FTLN 2069	DOCTOR	Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes	
FTLN 2070		from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more	35
FTLN 2071		strongly.	
FTLN 2072	LADY MACBETH	Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.	
FTLN 2073		Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my	
FTLN 2074		lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear	
FTLN 2075		who knows it, when none can call our power to	40
FTLN 2076		account? Yet who would have thought the old man	
FTLN 2077		to have had so much blood in him?	
FTLN 2078	DOCTOR	Do you mark that?	
FTLN 2079	LADY MACBETH	The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is	
FTLN 2080		she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No	45
FTLN 2081		more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all	
FTLN 2082		with this starting.	
FTLN 2083	DOCTOR	Go to, go to. You have known what you should	
FTLN 2084		not.	
FTLN 2085	GENTLEWOMAN	She has spoke what she should not,	50
FTLN 2086		I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has	
FTLN 2087		known.	
FTLN 2088	LADY MACBETH	Here's the smell of the blood still. All	
FTLN 2089		the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little	
FTLN 2090		hand. O, O, O!	55
FTLN 2091	DOCTOR	What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely	
FTLN 2092		charged.	
FTLN 2093	GENTLEWOMAN	I would not have such a heart in my	
FTLN 2094		bosom for the dignity of the whole body.	

FTLN 2095	DOCTOR	Well, well, well.	60
FTLN 2096	GENTLEWOMAN	Pray God it be, sir.	
FTLN 2097	DOCTOR	This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have	
FTLN 2098		known those which have walked in their sleep,	
FTLN 2099		who have died holily in their beds.	
FTLN 2100	LADY MACBETH	Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown.	65
FTLN 2101		Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's	
FTLN 2102		buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.	
FTLN 2103	DOCTOR	Even so?	
FTLN 2104	LADY MACBETH	To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the	
FTLN 2105		gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your	70
FTLN 2106		hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to	
FTLN 2107		bed, to bed. <i>Lady [Macbeth] exits.</i>	
FTLN 2108	DOCTOR	Will she go now to bed?	
FTLN 2109	GENTLEWOMAN	Directly.	
	DOCTOR		
FTLN 2110		Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds	75
FTLN 2111		Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds	
FTLN 2112		To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.	
FTLN 2113		More needs she the divine than the physician.	
FTLN 2114		God, God forgive us all. Look after her.	
FTLN 2115		Remove from her the means of all annoyance	80
FTLN 2116		And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.	
FTLN 2117		My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.	
FTLN 2118		I think but dare not speak.	
FTLN 2119	GENTLEWOMAN	Good night, good doctor.	
		<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 2

*Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox, [and] Soldiers.*

MENTEITH

FTLN 2120 The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
FTLN 2121 His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

FTLN 2122	Revenues burn in them, for their dear causes	
FTLN 2123	Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm	
FTLN 2124	Excite the mortified man.	5
FTLN 2125	ANGUS	Near Birnam Wood
FTLN 2126	Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.	
FTLN 2127	CAITHNESS	Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
FTLN 2128	LENNOX	For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
FTLN 2129	Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son	10
FTLN 2130	And many unrough youths that even now	
FTLN 2131	Protest their first of manhood.	
FTLN 2132	MENTEITH	What does the tyrant?
FTLN 2133	CAITHNESS	Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
FTLN 2134	Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him	15
FTLN 2135	Do call it valiant fury. But for certain	
FTLN 2136	He cannot buckle his distempered cause	
FTLN 2137	Within the belt of rule.	
FTLN 2138	ANGUS	Now does he feel
FTLN 2139	His secret murders sticking on his hands.	20
FTLN 2140	Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.	
FTLN 2141	Those he commands move only in command,	
FTLN 2142	Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title	
FTLN 2143	Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe	
FTLN 2144	Upon a dwarfish thief.	25
FTLN 2145	MENTEITH	Who, then, shall blame
FTLN 2146	His pestered senses to recoil and start	
FTLN 2147	When all that is within him does condemn	
FTLN 2148	Itself for being there?	
FTLN 2149	CAITHNESS	Well, march we on
FTLN 2150	To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.	30
FTLN 2151	Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,	
FTLN 2152	And with him pour we in our country's purge	
FTLN 2153	Each drop of us.	
FTLN 2154	LENNOX	Or so much as it needs

FTLN 2155
FTLN 2156

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

They exit marching.

Scene 3

Enter Macbeth, 「the」 Doctor, and Attendants.

MACBETH

FTLN 2157
FTLN 2158
FTLN 2159
FTLN 2160
FTLN 2161
FTLN 2162
FTLN 2163
FTLN 2164
FTLN 2165
FTLN 2166
FTLN 2167

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: 5
“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 10
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.

FTLN 2168
FTLN 2169
FTLN 2170
FTLN 2171
FTLN 2172

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

SERVANT There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain? 15

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

FTLN 2173
FTLN 2174
FTLN 2175
FTLN 2176
FTLN 2177

Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face? 20

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

FTLN 2178
FTLN 2179
FTLN 2180

Take thy face hence. *「Servant exits.」*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

FTLN 2181 Will cheer me ever or 「disseat」 me now. 25
 FTLN 2182 I have lived long enough. My way of life
 FTLN 2183 Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,
 FTLN 2184 And that which should accompany old age,
 FTLN 2185 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 FTLN 2186 I must not look to have, but in their stead 30
 FTLN 2187 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath
 FTLN 2188 Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare
 FTLN 2189 not.—
 FTLN 2190 Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

SEYTON
 FTLN 2191 What's your gracious pleasure? 35
 FTLN 2192 MACBETH What news more?
 SEYTON
 FTLN 2193 All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
 MACBETH
 FTLN 2194 I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
 FTLN 2195 Give me my armor.
 FTLN 2196 SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet. 40
 FTLN 2197 MACBETH I'll put it on.
 FTLN 2198 Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.
 FTLN 2199 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
 FTLN 2200 armor.—
 FTLN 2201 How does your patient, doctor? 45
 FTLN 2202 DOCTOR Not so sick, my lord,
 FTLN 2203 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
 FTLN 2204 That keep her from her rest.
 FTLN 2205 MACBETH Cure 「her」 of that.
 FTLN 2206 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 50
 FTLN 2207 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 FTLN 2208 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 FTLN 2209 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 FTLN 2210 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
 FTLN 2211 Which weighs upon the heart? 55

FTLN 2212 DOCTOR Therein the patient
 FTLN 2213 Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

FTLN 2214 Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it.—
 FTLN 2215 Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.
 「Attendants begin to arm him.」

FTLN 2216 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from 60
 FTLN 2217 me.—

FTLN 2218 Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 FTLN 2219 The water of my land, find her disease,
 FTLN 2220 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 FTLN 2221 I would applaud thee to the very echo 65
 FTLN 2222 That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
 FTLN 2223 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
 FTLN 2224 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
 FTLN 2225 them?

DOCTOR

FTLN 2226 Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation 70
 FTLN 2227 Makes us hear something.

MACBETH Bring it after me.—

FTLN 2229 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 FTLN 2230 Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR, *「aside」*

FTLN 2231 Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, 75
 FTLN 2232 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

They exit.

Scene 4

*Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,
 Siward's son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers,
 marching.*

MALCOLM

FTLN 2233 Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
 FTLN 2234 That chambers will be safe.

FTLN 2235	MENTEITH	We doubt it nothing.	
	SIWARD		
FTLN 2236		What wood is this before us?	
FTLN 2237	MENTEITH	The Wood of Birnam.	5
	MALCOLM		
FTLN 2238		Let every soldier hew him down a bough	
FTLN 2239		And bear 't before him. Thereby shall we shadow	
FTLN 2240		The numbers of our host and make discovery	
FTLN 2241		Err in report of us.	
FTLN 2242	SOLDIER	It shall be done.	10
	SIWARD		
FTLN 2243		We learn no other but the confident tyrant	
FTLN 2244		Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure	
FTLN 2245		Our setting down before 't.	
FTLN 2246	MALCOLM	'Tis his main hope;	
FTLN 2247		For, where there is advantage to be given,	15
FTLN 2248		Both more and less have given him the revolt,	
FTLN 2249		And none serve with him but constrained things	
FTLN 2250		Whose hearts are absent too.	
FTLN 2251	MACDUFF	Let our just censures	
FTLN 2252		Attend the true event, and put we on	20
FTLN 2253		Industrious soldiership.	
FTLN 2254	SIWARD	The time approaches	
FTLN 2255		That will with due decision make us know	
FTLN 2256		What we shall say we have and what we owe.	
FTLN 2257		Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,	25
FTLN 2258		But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;	
FTLN 2259		Towards which, advance the war.	

They exit marching.

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.

MACBETH

FTLN 2260 Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
 FTLN 2261 The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
 FTLN 2262 Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
 FTLN 2263 Till famine and the ague eat them up.
 FTLN 2264 Were they not forced with those that should be 5
 FTLN 2265 ours,
 FTLN 2266 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 FTLN 2267 And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women.
 What is that noise?

FTLN 2268

SEYTON

FTLN 2269 It is the cry of women, my good lord. *〔He exits.〕* 10

MACBETH

FTLN 2270 I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
 FTLN 2271 The time has been my senses would have cooled
 FTLN 2272 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 FTLN 2273 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 FTLN 2274 As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors. 15
 FTLN 2275 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 FTLN 2276 Cannot once start me.

〔Enter Seyton.〕

FTLN 2277 Wherefore was that cry?

FTLN 2278 SEYTON The Queen, my lord, is dead.

FTLN 2279 MACBETH She should have died hereafter. 20

FTLN 2280 There would have been a time for such a word.

FTLN 2281 Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
 FTLN 2282 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

FTLN 2283 To the last syllable of recorded time,

FTLN 2284 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools 25

FTLN 2285 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

FTLN 2286 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 FTLN 2287 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 FTLN 2288 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 FTLN 2289 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, 30
 FTLN 2290 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 2291 Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.
 FTLN 2292 MESSENGER Gracious my lord,
 FTLN 2293 I should report that which I say I saw,
 FTLN 2294 But know not how to do 't. 35
 FTLN 2295 MACBETH Well, say, sir.

FTLN 2296 MESSENGER
 FTLN 2296 As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 FTLN 2297 I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
 FTLN 2298 The Wood began to move.
 FTLN 2299 MACBETH Liar and slave! 40
 FTLN 2299 MESSENGER

FTLN 2300 Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
 FTLN 2301 Within this three mile may you see it coming.
 FTLN 2302 I say, a moving grove.

FTLN 2303 MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
 FTLN 2304 Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive 45
 FTLN 2305 Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
 FTLN 2306 I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

FTLN 2307 I pull in resolution and begin
 FTLN 2308 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
 FTLN 2309 That lies like truth. "Fear not till Birnam Wood 50
 FTLN 2310 Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood

FTLN 2311 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 FTLN 2312 If this which he avouches does appear,
 FTLN 2313 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

FTLN 2314 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun 55
 FTLN 2315 And wish th' estate o' th' world were now
 FTLN 2316 undone.—

FTLN 2317
FTLN 2318

Ring the alarum bell!—Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

They exit.

Scene 6

*Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and
their army, with boughs.*

MALCOLM

FTLN 2319
FTLN 2320
FTLN 2321
FTLN 2322
FTLN 2323
FTLN 2324

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.

5

FTLN 2325
FTLN 2326
FTLN 2327

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

MACDUFF

FTLN 2328
FTLN 2329

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

10

*They exit.
Alarums continued.*

Scene 7

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH

FTLN 2330
FTLN 2331
FTLN 2332
FTLN 2333

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.

FTLN 2334

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

5

FTLN 2335 MACBETH Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
 YOUNG SIWARD
 FTLN 2336 No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
 FTLN 2337 Than any is in hell.
 FTLN 2338 MACBETH My name's Macbeth.
 YOUNG SIWARD
 FTLN 2339 The devil himself could not pronounce a title 10
 FTLN 2340 More hateful to mine ear.
 FTLN 2341 MACBETH No, nor more fearful.
 YOUNG SIWARD
 FTLN 2342 Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant. With my sword
 FTLN 2343 I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
They fight, and young Siward is slain.
 FTLN 2344 MACBETH Thou wast born of 15
 FTLN 2345 woman.
 FTLN 2346 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
 FTLN 2347 Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

He exits.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF
 FTLN 2348 That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
 FTLN 2349 If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine, 20
 FTLN 2350 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 FTLN 2351 I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
 FTLN 2352 Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
 FTLN 2353 Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
 FTLN 2354 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 25
 FTLN 2355 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 FTLN 2356 Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,
 FTLN 2357 And more I beg not. *He exits. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

SIWARD
 FTLN 2358 This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
 FTLN 2359 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight, 30

FTLN 2360 The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
 FTLN 2361 The day almost itself professes yours,
 FTLN 2362 And little is to do.

MALCOLM We have met with foes
 FTLN 2363 That strike beside us. 35
 FTLN 2364

SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle.
 FTLN 2365 *They exit. Alarum.*

「Scene 8」
Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH
 FTLN 2366 Why should I play the Roman fool and die
 FTLN 2367 On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
 FTLN 2368 Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

FTLN 2369 MACDUFF Turn, hellhound, turn!
 MACBETH

FTLN 2370 Of all men else I have avoided thee. 5
 FTLN 2371 But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
 FTLN 2372 With blood of thine already.

FTLN 2373 MACDUFF I have no words;
 FTLN 2374 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
 FTLN 2375 Than terms can give thee out. *Fight. Alarum.* 10
 FTLN 2376

MACBETH Thou lokest labor.
 FTLN 2377 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 FTLN 2378 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
 FTLN 2379 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 FTLN 2380 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield 15
 FTLN 2381 To one of woman born.

FTLN 2382 MACDUFF Despair thy charm,
 FTLN 2383 And let the angel whom thou still hast served
 FTLN 2384 Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
 FTLN 2385 Untimely ripped. 20

MACBETH

FTLN 2386 Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
 FTLN 2387 For it hath cowed my better part of man!
 FTLN 2388 And be these juggling fiends no more believed
 FTLN 2389 That palter with us in a double sense,
 FTLN 2390 That keep the word of promise to our ear 25
 FTLN 2391 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,

FTLN 2393 And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.
 FTLN 2394 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 FTLN 2395 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit 30
 FTLN 2396 "Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH I will not yield

FTLN 2398 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
 FTLN 2399 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 FTLN 2400 Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane 35
 FTLN 2401 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 FTLN 2402 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 FTLN 2403 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 FTLN 2404 And damned be him that first cries "Hold! Enough!"

They exit fighting. Alarums.

「They」 enter fighting, and Macbeth 「is」 slain. 「Macduff」 exits carrying off Macbeth's body. 「Retreat and flourish.

Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

MALCOLM

FTLN 2405 I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 40

SIWARD

FTLN 2406 Some must go off; and yet by these I see
 FTLN 2407 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

FTLN 2408 Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

FTLN 2409 Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 FTLN 2410 He only lived but till he was a man, 45

FTLN 2411	The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed	
FTLN 2412	In the unshrinking station where he fought,	
FTLN 2413	But like a man he died.	
FTLN 2414	SIWARD	Then he is dead?
	ROSS	
FTLN 2415	Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow	50
FTLN 2416	Must not be measured by his worth, for then	
FTLN 2417	It hath no end.	
FTLN 2418	SIWARD	Had he his hurts before?
	ROSS	
FTLN 2419	Ay, on the front.	
FTLN 2420	SIWARD	Why then, God's soldier be he!
FTLN 2421	Had I as many sons as I have hairs,	55
FTLN 2422	I would not wish them to a fairer death;	
FTLN 2423	And so his knell is knolled.	
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 2424	He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for	
FTLN 2425	him.	60
FTLN 2426	SIWARD	He's worth no more.
FTLN 2427	They say he parted well and paid his score,	
FTLN 2428	And so, God be with him. Here comes newer	
FTLN 2429	comfort.	
	<i>Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.</i>	
	MACDUFF	
FTLN 2430	Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands	65
FTLN 2431	Th' usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.	
FTLN 2432	I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,	
FTLN 2433	That speak my salutation in their minds,	
FTLN 2434	Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.	
FTLN 2435	Hail, King of Scotland!	70
FTLN 2436	ALL	Hail, King of Scotland! <i>Flourish.</i>
	MALCOLM	
FTLN 2437	We shall not spend a large expense of time	
FTLN 2438	Before we reckon with your several loves	
FTLN 2439	And make us even with you. My thanes and	
FTLN 2440	kinsmen,	75

FTLN 2441 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
FTLN 2442 In such an honor named. What's more to do,
FTLN 2443 Which would be planted newly with the time,
FTLN 2444 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
FTLN 2445 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, 80
FTLN 2446 Producing forth the cruel ministers
FTLN 2447 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
FTLN 2448 (Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands,
FTLN 2449 Took off her life)—this, and what needful else
FTLN 2450 That calls upon us, by the grace of grace, 85
FTLN 2451 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
FTLN 2452 So thanks to all at once and to each one,
FTLN 2453 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. All exit.
