

Macbeth

By

William Shakespeare

Adapted by Brent Glenn

2010 Theatre/Converse

ACT I

SCENE I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

First Witch

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

Second Witch

When the hurlyburly's¹ done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch

That will be ere² the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

ALL

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. A camp near Forres.

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN,
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX,*

¹ noisy, tumultuous commotion

² before

*with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Sergeant*

DUNCAN

What bloody man³ is that?

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier
fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the
broil
As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling
together
And choke their art.⁴ The merciless
Macdonwald--
Worthy to be a rebel,
And fortune, on his damned quarrel
smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore⁵: but all's too
weak:
For brave Macbeth
Like valour's minion⁶ carved out his
passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade
farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to
the chaps,⁷
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

³ injured man

⁴ It was not clear who had the upper hand; both sides seemed weak, and seemed to be failing simultaneously.

⁵ the rebel's whore being fortune in this case; fortune favoured the rebel Macdonwald initially in the battle

⁶ a highly regarded emissary of bravery

⁷ Macbeth fought his way through the battle to the rebel leader ("the slave"), and then killed him by slicing open his lower abdomen

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns⁸ to trust
their heels⁹,
But the Norwegian lord surveying
vantage¹⁰,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of
men

Began a fresh assault.¹¹

DUNCAN

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?¹²

Sergeant

Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the
lion.¹³
If I say sooth¹⁴, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double
cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both.¹⁵ Go get
him surgeons.

Exit Sergeant, attended

⁸ kerns: light infantry unit in Medieval
Irish armies

⁹ to run away; retreat

¹⁰ recognizing a moment of opportunity

¹¹ the Norwegian lord sent more soldiers
equipped with weapons restored to good
condition to attack again

¹² Did this overcome/overwhelm the
captains?

¹³ sarcasm: the captains were bothered as
little by the new assault as the presence
of a hare would bother a lion

¹⁴ say sooth: to speak the truth

¹⁵ both the Sergeants wounds and his
words evidence the honesty of his report

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS

MALCOLM

The worthy thane¹⁶ of Ross¹⁷.

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou¹⁸, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife¹⁹, great king;
Norway himself, With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor²⁰, began a dismal
conflict;
Point against point rebellious, arm
'gainst arm.
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to
conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest²¹: go pronounce his
present death,
And with his former title greet
Macbeth.²²

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won.

¹⁶ a thane: (in Scottish history) a person,
ranking equal with an earl's son, steward
of the lands of the king

¹⁷ a region of Scotland

¹⁸ from where did you come?

¹⁹ a region of Scotland

²⁰ a village and parish in Nairn, Scotland

²¹ our most important interest

²² Macbeth is now the thane of Cawdor

Exeunt

SCENE III. A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch

Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch

Killing swine.

Third Witch

Sister, where thou?

First Witch

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and
munch'd:--

'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon
cries.

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.²³

Second Witch

I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch

Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch

And I another.²⁴

First Witch

I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nights nine times nine

²³ "A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and munched away at them. "Give me one," I said. "Get away from me, witch!" the fat woman cried. Her husband has sailed off to Aleppo as master of a ship called the *Tiger*. I'll sail there in a kitchen strainer"(sparknotes.com/macbeth)

²⁴ another wind

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:²⁵
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.²⁶

Look what I have.

Second Witch

Show me, show me.

First Witch

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters²⁷ of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.²⁸

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

²⁵ I control all the other winds, "along with the ports from which they blow and every direction on the sailor's compass in which they can go. I'll drain the life out of him. He won't catch a wink of sleep, either at night or during the day. He will live as a cursed man. For eighty-one weeks he will waste away in agony." (sparknotes.com/macbeth)

²⁶ and though his ship will not be drowned, it shall be tossed by storms

²⁷ people who travel with great speed

²⁸ thus do we dance around and around, three times to yours, three times to mine, and three times again to equal nine – Enough! The charm is complete.

How far is't call'd to Forres?²⁹ What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?³⁰ you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.³¹

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!³²

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.³³

²⁹ town and district established by the king in Scotland

³⁰ what are these creatures, so withered and strange looking that they look like nothing that would live on earth, and yet are here on it

³¹ you look as though you are women, except that you have beards

³² a villiage in Scottand

³³ (to the WITCHES, from "My noble partner) You greet my friend with such praise and foreshadowings of great honor to come that you have rendered him speechless. You say nothing to me.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.³⁴

First Witch

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.³⁵

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Speak, I charge you.³⁶

³⁴ If you can see the future and foretell what will happen, then tell me. I do not ask for your goodwill or blessings, nor do I fear you or what you might say.

³⁵ Your children will be kings, although you will not be.

³⁶ I know that I am now the thane of Glamis because of Sinel's death, but how could I be the thane of Cawdor, as he is still alive? To say that I will become king is beyond belief, as unbelievable as to say that I am the thane of Cawdor – Explain yourselves.

Witches vanish

BANQUO

Whither are they vanish'd?³⁷

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had
stay'd!³⁸

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?³⁹

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not
so?

BANQUO

To the selfsame tune and words.⁴⁰ Who's
here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS

The king hath happily received,
Macbeth,
The news of thy success.

ANGUS

We are sent
To give thee from our royal master
thanks.

ROSS

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of
Cawdor:⁴¹

In which addition, hail, most worthy
thane!

For it is thine.

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me

In borrow'd robes?⁴²

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;
But treasons capital, confess'd and
proved,

Have overthrown him.⁴³

MACBETH

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

To ROSS and ANGUS

Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO

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

BANQUO

³⁷ Where did they disappear to?

³⁸ Into the air; what seemed to be
physical has dissipated into the wind. I
wish that they had stayed!

³⁹ Are you sure that they were real?
Have we been inadvertently influenced
by something that deceives our reason
and logic?

⁴⁰ That is indeed what the WITCHES
said.

⁴¹ And as an indication of a great honor,
he told me to refer to you now as thane
of Cawdor.

⁴² The thane of Cawdor is still alive –
why do you address me with a title that
belongs to someone else?

⁴³ The man who was the thane is still
alive, but he has been convicted of
capital treason, and so he has been
stripped of his title and sentenced to die.

That might yet enkindle you unto the crown,⁴⁴

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.⁴⁵

Aside

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that
suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my
ribs,

Present fears are less than horrible
imaginings.⁴⁶

If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir. Come what come may,

⁴⁴ It may yet prove that you will become king.

⁴⁵ These two happy predictions made by the WITCHES are as preludes to the final ascension to royalty.

⁴⁶ These foretellings have been good, and yet if they come from evil beings, how can they be good? If they are evil, then why did they give me promises of success that then came true? Yet if they are good, why am I now tempted by the plot suggested to my mind, which is so horrible that it makes my hair stand on end and my heart beat against my ribs? The dangers of the present are less horrible than these things I imagine for the future. (Macbeth is considering the murder of Duncan, at this point.)

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.⁴⁷

BANQUO

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.⁴⁸

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants

DUNCAN

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?⁴⁹

MALCOLM

My liege⁵⁰,

They are not yet come back. But I have

⁴⁷ If fate will make me king, then I'll not protest, nor fight what will happen. What is fated to happen will happen.

⁴⁸ Forgive me, my brain was preoccupied with things forgotten. Let's go now to the king. Think about what has happened, and after some time has passed, speak about it freely with each other.

⁴⁹ Has the thane been executed? Have those who were assigned to execute him returned?

⁵⁰ liege: lord

spoke
With one that saw him die: who did
report
That very frankly he confess'd his
treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set
forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.⁵¹
*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and
ANGUS*

DUNCAN
O worthiest cousin!
Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and
payment
Might have been mine! only I have left
to say,
More is thy due than more than all can
pay.⁵²

MACBETH
The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness'
part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and
servants,⁵³

DUNCAN
Welcome hither⁵⁴:
I have begun to plant thee, and will

⁵¹ his behavior just before his death was more suitable and dignified than his behavior in life

⁵² If only you had been less deserving of my thanks and payment, I might have been able to adequately show my gratitude to you. I can only say that you are owed more than all could pay you.

⁵³ I owe you service and loyalty, and fulfilling their requirements is payment enough. It is your duty to receive our loyalty and service; our duties are to defend you and your people.

⁵⁴ Welcome hither: welcome to this place/here

labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble
Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be
known
No less to have done so, let me enfold
thee
And hold thee to my heart.⁵⁵

BANQUO
There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.⁵⁶

DUNCAN
Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest,
know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name
hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland. From hence
to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.⁵⁷

MACBETH
[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that
is a step
On which I must fall down, or else
o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your
fires;
Let not light see my black and deep
desires:

Flourish. Exeunt

SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter
LADY MACBETH

⁵⁵ Banquo, you deserve no less honor than Macbeth; you have no less than he. Therefore, I will keep you close and in high regard.

⁵⁶ If I excel with your help a favor, I will remain loyal to you/my efforts will benefit you.

⁵⁷ The

'They⁵⁸ met me in the day of success:
and I have
learned by the perfectest report, they
have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I
burned in desire
to question them further, they made
themselves air,
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood
rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives⁵⁹ from
the king, who
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by
which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me,
and referred
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail,
king that
shalt be!' This have I thought good to
deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by
being
ignorant of what greatness is promised
thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt
be
What thou art promised⁶⁰: yet do I fear
thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human
kindness
To catch the nearest way⁶¹ Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my
tongue

⁵⁸ (They: the WITCHES)

⁵⁹ missives: messages (especially written messages)

⁶⁰ you shall be king, as was foretold

⁶¹ I do worry about your tendency for human kindness; it would likely prevent you from striking at the first opportunity.

All that impedes thee from the golden
round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth
seem
To have thee crown'd withal.⁶²

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Messenger

The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it:⁶³

Messenger

So please you, it is true: our thane is
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had
scarcely more

Than would make up his message.⁶⁴

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.⁶⁵ Come, you
spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me
here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe

⁶² Hasten to me, so that I can persuade you, and with my daring words drive away everything that holds you back from achieving the kingship which fate and the supernatural seem to have crowned you with.

⁶³ You sound crazy; that is unbelievable.

⁶⁴ One of my fellows arrived ahead of him – he is so exhausted that he can barely speak to deliver his message.

⁶⁵ Even the croaking raven can barely speak of the doomed arrival of Duncan.

top-full
Of direst cruelty!⁶⁶ Come to my
woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall⁶⁷, you
murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come,
thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of
hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of
the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'⁶⁸

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail
hereafter!⁶⁹
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

⁶⁶ Come to me spirits who influence and corrupt mortal thoughts – take away my (stereotyped) feminine qualities (of kindness, stayed comportment, purity ect.) and fill me with the most terrible cruelty possible.

⁶⁷ gall: bile

⁶⁸ You are always supporting the mischief that human nature makes! Come, thick night, and shroud (cloak/cover) yourself in the darkest smoke of hell, so that my knife will not see the wound it makes, nor heaven see through the darkness to cry Wait! Stop!

⁶⁹ and soon to be greater, according to the prophecies made

And when goes hence?⁷⁰

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.⁷¹

LADY MACBETH

O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where
men
May read strange matters. To beguile⁷²
the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in
your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the
innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's
coming
Must be provided⁷³ for.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:⁷⁴
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants

DUNCAN

⁷⁰ When is he leaving?

⁷¹ as he intends

⁷² beguile: to charm and so trick into delusion

⁷³ taken care of

⁷⁴ “You should project a peaceful mood, because if you look troubled, you will arouse suspicion”

(sparknotes.com/macbeth)

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.⁷⁵

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN

See, see, our honour'd hostess!

LADY MACBETH

All our service

In every point twice done and then done
double

Were poor and single business to
contend

Against those honours deep and broad
wherewith

Your majesty loads our house.⁷⁶

DUNCAN

Fair and noble hostess,

We are your guest to-night.

DUNCAN

Give me your hand;

Conduct me to mine host⁷⁷: we love him
highly,

And shall continue our graces towards
him.

By your leave⁷⁸, hostess.

Exeunt

SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer,
and divers Servants with dishes and
service, and pass over the stage. Then
enter MACBETH*

⁷⁵ This castle is located in a pleasant place; the agreeable air appeals to my dignified senses.

⁷⁶ Our efforts, carefully executed and repeated over and over, are poor in comparison to the honor we feel at your visit.

⁷⁷ bring me to Macbeth

⁷⁸ with your consent/permission

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
catch

With his surcease success; that but this
blow

Might be the be-all and the end⁷⁹ - He's
here in double trust⁸⁰;

First, as I am his kinsman and his
subject,

Strong both against the deed⁸¹; then, as
his host,

Who should against his murderer shut
the door,

Not bear the knife myself... I have no
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.⁸²

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd⁸³: why have you
left the chamber?

⁷⁹ If this plan could be finished with the murder, then best to have it done quickly. If the murder could somehow end all of the other complications and prevent any consequences, then the murder would be both the process and the completion of this plot.

⁸⁰ Macbeth has a double responsibility to Duncan

⁸¹ both are strong arguments against committing the murder

⁸² I am lacking motivation to complete the plot I wish to carry out. I only have ambition, which causes people to rush forward with plans and often leads to failure and disaster.

⁸³ he has almost finished dinner

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this
business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their
newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.⁸⁴

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd
yourself?
Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and
valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of
life,
And live a coward in thine own
esteem,⁸⁵

MACBETH

Prithee, peace:⁸⁶
I dare do all that may become⁸⁷ a man;

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise⁸⁸ to

⁸⁴ We should not carry out this plot. Duncan has just honored me, and now many people have high opinions of me. I would rather enjoy my present accomplishments, and not move on so quickly.

⁸⁵ Where you not in your right mind when earlier you expressed your hope of becoming king? Or are you afraid to behave as boldly as you wish you could? You hold bravery to be an important quality in life, and yet you're behaving like a coward.

⁸⁶ prithee: archaic form of "pray thee," which means "please"... Prithee peace: Please, don't argue with me

⁸⁷ become: what is suitable/appropriate and responsible

me?

When you durst⁸⁹ do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man.⁹⁰ I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his

boneless gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.⁹¹

MACBETH

If we should fail?⁹²

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

⁸⁸ enterprise: undertaking (here, the plot to murder Duncan)

⁸⁹ durst: (archaic) dare; to dare to do something

⁹⁰ When you dared to carry out the plot, then you were a man. And, wishing to hold an office higher than the one you have presently, you would prove your worth as a man beyond what you have proven already.

⁹¹ I have breastfed a child before, and I understand how tender it is to love a child. Yet if I had promised, as you have promised, to carry out a murderous plot I would do it. (Here Lady Macbeth is comparing the effort it would take to murder her own child to the effort it would take Macbeth to murder Duncan. She does this to demonstrate her commitment to the plot they have made, and to show her disdain for Macbeth's weakness of will.

⁹² What if the something goes wrong?

And we'll not fail.⁹³ When Duncan is asleep--
 his two chamberlains⁹⁴
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan?⁹⁵ What not put upon
 His spongy⁹⁶ officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell^{97,98}
MACBETH
 Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males.⁹⁹ Will it not be received,
 When we have mark'd with blood those

⁹³ We will not fail if you drive your courage to a point beyond hesitancy and fear.

⁹⁴ chamberlains: servants responsible for managing and guarding Duncan's quarters

⁹⁵ I will come to his chamberlains with wine, wishing them good health, and get them so drunk that their memories will be confused and hazy. Once they are asleep, and their ability to reason is incapacitated, what could prevent us from carrying out our execution of Duncan?

⁹⁶ spongy: here referring to the sponge-like way in which the chamberlains will absorb the alcohol

⁹⁷ quell: (old English form) to violently kill/murder/execute; a violent muder

⁹⁸ What could we do that would not be blamed upon his chamberlains – surely they will be blamed for our crime.

⁹⁹ Your should only have sons; your resolute and brave disposition should not make daughters.

sleepy two
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?¹⁰⁰
LADY MACBETH
 Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?¹⁰¹
MACBETH
 I am settled¹⁰², and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.¹⁰³

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO

¹⁰⁰ Will anyone disbelieve the chamberlains' guilt, when we used their weapons to commit the murder and leave Duncan's blood upon their blades?

¹⁰¹ Who would dare to blame us – we will mourn him loudly when the news of his death is brought to us.

¹⁰² my mind is made up

¹⁰³ I will prepare myself for this with all of my being. Go now, and continue with the pretense of friendliness; Your false outward

And she¹⁰⁴ goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't, 'tis later, sir.¹⁰⁵

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.¹⁰⁶

BANQUO

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.¹⁰⁷

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.¹⁰⁸

MACBETH

Good repose the while!¹⁰⁹

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like¹¹⁰ to you!

¹⁰⁴ the moon

¹⁰⁵ then it must be late, sir

¹⁰⁶ Aren't you in bed yet? The king has gone to sleep.

¹⁰⁷ Yet, when we can find an free hour, we should discuss the WITCHES, if you would consent to spending some time doing so.

¹⁰⁸ At whatever time is best for you.

¹⁰⁹ Rest well in the mean time!

¹¹⁰ the like: the same

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.¹¹¹

Exit Servant

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not¹¹², and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed
brain?¹¹³

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw. I see thee
still,

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of
blood,

Which was not so before.¹¹⁴ There's no
such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.¹¹⁵ Now o'er the one

¹¹¹ To tell Lady Macbeth to strike the bell when my drink is ready, and then you should go to bed.

¹¹² I do not have you physically in my hand

¹¹³ Aren't you able to be felt as well as seen? Or are you only a contrivance of my mind, created from my brain that is presently preoccupied with passions.

¹¹⁴ I can still see you, looking as substantial as the real blade I now draw. And now on your blade and wooden handle large splashes of blood, which were not there before.

¹¹⁵ This bloody blade must be imagined; it my worry over the murder plot which makes me see this vision.

halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse
The curtain'd sleep;¹¹⁶ witchcraft
celebrates
Pale Hecate¹¹⁷'s offerings, and wither'd
murder¹¹⁸,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his
stealthy pace.¹¹⁹

A bell rings

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell¹²⁰
That summons thee to heaven or to
hell.¹²¹

Exit

SCENE II. The same.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me
fire.¹²²

¹¹⁶ Now it is night over half the world,
and wicked inspirations disrupt sleep.

¹¹⁷ Hecate: Greco-Roman goddess
associated with witches, ghosts and
magic

¹¹⁸ withered murder: murder is
personified as an aged man

¹¹⁹ murder, aroused by his sentinel the
wolf, now prowls stealthily about

¹²⁰ knell: slow ringing of a bell,
especially for a funeral

¹²¹ The bell calls me – I go, and the deed
is as good as done. I hope you do not
hear it, Duncan, for it calls you to your
death.

¹²² The wine I gave the chamberlains to
make them drunk has had the opposite

Hark! Peace!¹²³

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal
bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He
is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited
grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:¹²⁴ I
have drugg'd
their possets¹²⁵,
That death and nature do contend about
them,
Whether they live or die.¹²⁶

MACBETH

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!¹²⁷

LADY MACBETH

Alack¹²⁸, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not
the deed

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers
ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not
resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.¹²⁹

effect on me – I am exhilarated and
aware.

¹²³ Listen! Be quiet! It was the owl that
shrieked, like the bells that are rung
before an execution.

¹²⁴ Macbeth is murdering him right now.
The doors to Duncan's room are open,
and the drunken chamberlains have
passed out, and mock their duty by
sleeping while on guard.

¹²⁵ posset: a drink made with hot milk
and ale or wine, sweetened and spiced

¹²⁶ they are so drugged that it is difficult
to tell whether they are alive or dead

¹²⁷ what ho: what is it?

¹²⁸ alack: an archaic expression of
dismay

¹²⁹ I'm afraid the chamberlains have
woken up before the murder could be
executed. If the murder is attempted but
not completed, we will be ruined. (she

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?¹³⁰

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.¹³¹

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?¹³²

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.¹³³

Looking on his hands.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.¹³⁴

hears a sound) Listen! I took the chamberlains' daggers and put them where Macbeth would notice them. If Duncan had not looked like my father in his sleep, I would have murdered him myself.

¹³⁰ I have killed him. Didn't you hear a noise?

¹³¹ ay: yes

¹³² Listen! Who's sleeping in the second room?

¹³³ (Macbeth is concerned with his bloody hands)

¹³⁴ That's a foolish thing to say, its not a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried

'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.¹³⁵

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep', the

innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.¹³⁶

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'¹³⁷

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

¹³⁵ One of the chamberlains laughed in his sleep, and the other cried "Murder!" and they woke each other up. I stood and listened to them, but they said their prayers and fell back asleep.

¹³⁶ I thought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth murders sleep.' Sleep is innocent, and repairs worries and distress.

¹³⁷ The voice cried so that the whole castle could hear – the thane of Glamis as murdered the innocence and peace of sleep, and therefore he shall not sleep.

So brainsickly of things.¹³⁸ Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness¹³⁹ from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.¹⁴⁰

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.¹⁴¹

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!¹⁴²
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.¹⁴³

¹³⁸ You make yourself seem weak by speaking such things; these statements seem mentally unstable.

¹³⁹ filthy witness: the blood on Macbeth's hands is like a witness/evidence to the crime he has committed

¹⁴⁰ bring the daggers back to Duncan's room, and smear the blood on the chamberlains

¹⁴¹ I won't go into the room again, I'm afraid to think about what I've just done. I dare not look on the scene of the crime again.

¹⁴² You are weak, and not fully committed to your goal!

¹⁴³ Give me the daggers: the sleeping chamberlains and Duncan are only to be feared as much as a picture of the dead – you are behaving like a frightened child. If Duncan is bleeding, then I will put his blood on the chamberlains faces – it must look like they are the guilty ones.

Exit. Knocking within.

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?¹⁴⁴
How is't with me, when every noise appals¹⁴⁵ me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine¹⁴⁶,
Making the green one red.¹⁴⁷

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.¹⁴⁸

Knocking within

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.¹⁴⁹

Knocking within

¹⁴⁴ Where is that knocking coming from?

¹⁴⁵ appals: (in this instance) terrifies

¹⁴⁶ incarnadine: crimson, blood-red

¹⁴⁷ Whose hands are these? ha, they pluck out my eyes. Would the whole ocean be able to wash this blood from my hands and make them clean? No; the blood on my hands would stain the whole ocean red.

¹⁴⁸ My hands are also red with blood, but I would be ashamed if my heart were as unstained as yours.

¹⁴⁹ lets go back to our room; a little water will wash away all evidence of our involvement in the murder

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion
call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.¹⁵⁰

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself.¹⁵¹

Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I
would thou couldst!¹⁵²

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Porter

Here's a knocking indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should
have
old turning the key.¹⁵³

Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

MACDUFF

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to
bed,

That you do lie so late?¹⁵⁴

Porter

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great
provoker of three things.¹⁵⁵

MACDUFF

What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Porter

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and
unprovokes;

it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance: therefore, much
drink

may be said to be an equivocator with
lechery:

it makes him, and it mars him; it sets
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades
him,

and disheartens him; makes him stand
to, and

not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates
him

in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves
him.¹⁵⁶

¹⁵⁰ put on your pajamas, in case someone
summons us, and the fact that we were
awake implicates us as witnesses

¹⁵¹ Knowing what I have done, I wish I
did not know it myself.

¹⁵² I wish you could wake Duncan with
the knocking.

¹⁵³ This is a lot of knocking! If a man
were in charge of opening the gates of
hell, he would grow old having to open
the gates so many times.

¹⁵⁴ Did you go to bed so late that now it
was difficult for you to get up?

¹⁵⁵ Truly, we were up drinking and
celebrating until two in the morning.

¹⁵⁶ "Drinking turns your nose red, it puts
you to sleep, and it makes you urinate.
Lust it turns on but also turns off. What I
mean is, drinking stimulates desire but
hinders performance. Therefore, too
much drink is like a con artist when it
comes to your sex drive. It sets you up
for a fall. It gets you up but it keeps you
from getting off. It persuades you and
discourages you. It gives you an
erection but doesn't let you keep it, if
you see what I'm saying. It makes you
dream about erotic experiences, but

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.¹⁵⁷

MACDUFF

Is thy master stirring?¹⁵⁸

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morrow¹⁵⁹, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring¹⁶⁰, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.¹⁶¹

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

then it leaves you asleep and needing to pee." (sparknotes.com/macbeth)

¹⁵⁷ "It did, sir. It got me right in the throat. But I got even with drink. I was too strong for it. Although it weakened my legs and made me unsteady, I managed to vomit it out and laid it flat on the ground." (sparknotes.com/macbeth)

¹⁵⁸ Is your master awake?

¹⁵⁹ morrow: (archaic) morning

¹⁶⁰ stirring: beginning to wake up/awake

¹⁶¹ Duncan commanded me to meet him now; I am nearly late to meet him.

I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.¹⁶²

MACBETH

The labour we delight in physics pain.¹⁶³

This is the door.

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.¹⁶⁴

Exit

LENNOX

Goes the king hence to-day?¹⁶⁵

MACBETH

He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say,
the earth

Was feverous and did shake.¹⁶⁶

¹⁶² I know hosting the king is an honor, but it is a lot of work.

¹⁶³ The work is worth it, because it is for the service of the king.

¹⁶⁴ I'll be so presumptuous as to visit him, for it is my duty.

¹⁶⁵ Is the king leaving today?

¹⁶⁶ The night was disturbed; winds blew down the chimneys and the wind sounded as though it were full of mourning cries and screams of death; it spoke evil prophesies in harsh accents, and foretold of incendiary and confusing events that had just recently happened.

An uncommon bird (probably the owl Lady Macbeth referenced) cried all night

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.¹⁶⁷

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor
heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!¹⁶⁸

LENNOX

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Confusion now hath made his
masterpiece!¹⁶⁹

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple¹⁷⁰, and stole
thence

The life o' the building!¹⁷¹

MACBETH

What is 't you say? the life?

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight

With a new Gorgon¹⁷²: do not bid me
speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

long. Some say the ground trembled, as
a person who has a fever shakes.

¹⁶⁷ I can't remember another night like it.

¹⁶⁸ (the horror is too great to speak or for
the heart to comprehend)

¹⁶⁹ The most terrible thing has happened!

¹⁷⁰ the Lord's anointed temple: the king
Duncan; in the past kings were viewed
as appointed by divine right

¹⁷¹ murder has stolen the king's life

¹⁷² Gorgon: monster of Greek
mythology, whose gaze turns the
onlooker to stone (eg. Medusa)

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and
treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm!
awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's
counterfeit,

And look on death itself! Malcolm!

Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk
like sprites,

To countenance¹⁷³ this horror! Ring the
bell.

Bell rings

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to
parley¹⁷⁴

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACDUFF

O gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.¹⁷⁵

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master 's murder'd!

LADY MACBETH

¹⁷³ countenance: the appearance of
something (especially the face/facial
expression)

¹⁷⁴ parley: meeting, informal conference

¹⁷⁵ to repeat the news of Duncan's
murder to a woman would surely horrify
her to the point of death

Woe, alas!¹⁷⁶
What, in our house?
BANQUO
Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict
thysel¹⁷⁷,
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with
ROSS*

MACBETH
Had I but died an hour before this
chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this
instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys.¹⁷⁸

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN
What is amiss?¹⁷⁹
MACDUFF
Your royal father 's murder'd.
MALCOLM
O, by whom?
LENNOX
Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't:
Their hands and faces were an badged
with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped
we found
Upon their pillows.¹⁸⁰

¹⁷⁶ Great sorrow!

¹⁷⁷ please, say the news of the murder
isn't true

¹⁷⁸ If I had not lived to hear this news, I
would consider my life blessed. From
now on, nothing in life will seem
significant enough to matter seriously.

¹⁷⁹ What's wrong?

¹⁸⁰ His chamberlains appear to have
committed the crime; I found them with

MACBETH
O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.¹⁸¹
MACDUFF
Wherefore did you so?¹⁸²
MACBETH
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate
and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No
man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay
Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden
blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach
in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the
murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who
could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?¹⁸³
LADY MACBETH
Help me hence¹⁸⁴, ho!
MACDUFF
Look to the lady.¹⁸⁵

blood on their hands and faces, and their
bloody daggers were on their pillows.

¹⁸¹ I am sorry that I killed them.

¹⁸² Why did you do that?

¹⁸³ No man can be both furious and calm
at the same time. My love for Duncan
was manifested violently before my
reason could hold me back. Duncan lay
bloody, his wounds like gaping holes
through which destruction enters. The
blood-stained murderers and their gore-
covered weapons lay there. How could
anyone, who had both love and courage
to act with revenge because of that love,
could have restrained himself?

¹⁸⁴ hence: (away) from this place

MALCOLM

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?¹⁸⁶

DONALBAIN

[Aside to MALCOLM] What should be spoken here,
where our fate may rush and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.¹⁸⁷

BANQUO

Look to the lady:

LADY MACBETH is carried out

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.¹⁸⁸

MACBETH

Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.¹⁸⁹

ALL

Well contented.¹⁹⁰

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

¹⁸⁵ Help the lady.

¹⁸⁶ Why do we remain silent? The two of us have the most to say about this.

¹⁸⁷ What should we say here, where danger might be present? We haven't begun to weep yet.

¹⁸⁸ And once we have mourned alone, let's meet, and investigate this murder further.

¹⁸⁹ Let's maintain our composure for a little while, and meet in the hall.

¹⁹⁰ I agree with you.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy.¹⁹¹ I'll to
England.¹⁹²

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer

MALCOLM

Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no
mercy left.¹⁹³

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promised, and, I
fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't.¹⁹⁴
If there come truth from them--
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches
shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,

¹⁹¹ What would you like to do now? Lets not stay with them: expressing unfelt sorrow is something a guilty man can do easily.

¹⁹² I'll go to England now.

¹⁹³ Let's go to our horses, and not worry about saying polite goodbyes. There is good reason to leave a merciless circumstance.

¹⁹⁴ Now you have everything the WITCHES promised: king, Cawdor and Glamis. I'm afraid though, that you have paid terribly for it.

And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.¹⁹⁵

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.¹⁹⁶

LADY MACBETH

If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.¹⁹⁷

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my
duties

Are with a most indissoluble¹⁹⁸ tie
For ever knit.¹⁹⁹

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good
advice,

¹⁹⁵ If the WITCHES speak the truth, and their prophesies come true – as they did for you, Macbeth – perhaps the predictions they made about me will also come true. But quiet! Let's not speak more about this now.

¹⁹⁶ Here is our most important guest.
(Banquo)

¹⁹⁷ If Banquo had been forgotten he would have missed, and it would have been a mistake on our part.

¹⁹⁸ indissoluble: stable, impossible to dissolve

¹⁹⁹ Command me, my loyalty to you is strong and I am bound to you forever.

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council²⁰⁰; but we'll take to-morrow.²⁰¹

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi't this and supper.

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.²⁰²

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody cousins are
bestow'd

In England and in Ireland, not
confessing

Their cruel parricide²⁰³, filling their
hearers

With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of
state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse:
adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance
with you?²⁰⁴

BANQUO

²⁰⁰ council: advice

²⁰¹ but we'll wait for tomorrow

²⁰² Don't be absent at our feast.

²⁰³ parricide: the act of killing one's parent or close relative, or one who commits the crime

²⁰⁴ "We hear that the princes, those murderers, have hidden in England and Ireland. They haven't confessed to cruelly murdering their own father, and they've been making up strange lies to tell their hosts. But we can talk more about that tomorrow, when we'll discuss matters of state that concern us both. Hurry up and get to your horse. Good-bye, until you return tonight." Is Fleance going with you?

(sparknotes.com/macbeth)

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend²⁰⁵ you to their backs. Farewell.

Exit BANQUO

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep
ourselves
Till supper-time alone: while then, God
be with you!²⁰⁶

Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?²⁰⁷

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord, without²⁰⁸ the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. There
is none but he

²⁰⁵ commend: to give something over to the care of something/someone

²⁰⁶ Everyone may do what they like until seven, and to appreciate your company then we will also keep to ourselves until supper-time. Until then, God be with you.

²⁰⁷ are those men waiting to speak to us?

²⁰⁸ without: outside (of something)

Whose being I do fear²⁰⁹: and, under him,

My Genius²¹⁰ is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He
chid²¹¹ the sisters

When first they put the name of king
upon me,

And bade them speak to him: then
prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless
crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I
murder'd;

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings!²¹²

Rather than so, come fate into the list²¹³.
And champion²¹⁴ me to the utterance!²¹⁵
Who's there!

²⁰⁹ I am deeply afraid of Banquo; he has a royal nature which is to be feared; I am not afraid of anyone but him.

²¹⁰ Genius: guardian spirit

²¹¹ chid: to scold/reproach

²¹² He scolded the WITCHES when they told me that I would be king, and then asked them to tell him his fortune. They told him he would be the father of a line of kings, and me that I would be king but that my children would not. If this is true, than my efforts have been for Banquo's benefit, and I have murdered Duncan so that his children may be kings.

²¹³ list: (from the Middle English border and Old English boundry) a place of combat, esp. at the edge of a battlefield

²¹⁴ champion: to make (someone) victorious

²¹⁵ utterance: (archaic) to the utmost extremity, to death

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

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

Exit Attendant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?

Know

That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been

Our innocent self: this I made good to you

In our last conference.²¹⁶

First Murderer

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature

That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd

To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?²¹⁷

²¹⁶ Have you considered what I told you? You should know that in the past it was he (Banquo) that kept you in unfortunate circumstances, and not I; I am innocent. I made this clear to you at our last meeting.

²¹⁷ Do you have the patience and good nature to let the issue go? Will you pray for Banquo, whose heavy hand has controlled you and kept you in

First Murderer

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs.²¹⁸

Second Murderer

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.²¹⁹

First Murderer

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on't.²²⁰

MACBETH

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life:²²¹ and though

subservience, and made your people beggars forever?

²¹⁸ Yes you are men, but you are regarded as dogs.

²¹⁹ I am a man so incensed by the evil struggles of the world that I am reckless, and would take wreck vengeance on the world.

²²⁰ And I would risk my life on any chance to repay the world for what it has done, or to be gone from it.

²²¹ He is my enemy as well, so much so that every minute he lives is an assault to my heart.

I could
With barefaced power sweep him from
my sight
yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and
mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his
fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it
is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common
eye
For sundry weighty reasons.²²²

Second Murderer

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

First Murderer

Though our lives--

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant
yourselves;
Fleance his son, that keeps him
company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the
fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves
apart:
I'll come to you anon.²²³

²²² And although I could dismiss him through my own power I must not. We share certain friends, whose friendship I can not afford to lose, and who would mourn his death, and so I cannot kill him myself. And so I ask for your assistance: hide the true nature of the crime from everyone, for many different reasons.

²²³ I will let you know where to hide sometime this hour. Fleance, Banquo's son, must also die – his absence is no less important to me than Banquo's. Go

Both Murderers

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight: abide
within²²⁴.

Exeunt Murderers

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

Exit

SCENE II. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure
For a few words.²²⁵

Servant

Madam, I will.

Exit

LADY MACBETH

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful
joy.²²⁶

away and ready yourselves, and I'll
return to you again.

²²⁴ wait inside

²²⁵ Tell the king that I would like to have
a few words with him at his
convenience.

²²⁶ Nothing's achieved and everything is
spent when we accomplish what we
desire and yet are not content and at

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.²²⁷

MACBETH

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.²²⁸
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep

peace. It seems better to be destroyed than to live in happiness plagued with doubt and anxiety.

²²⁷ How are things now? Why do you keep to yourself, with only sorry thoughts to keep you company? Those thoughts should have died with the two you are thinking about (the chamberlains) – Do not dwell on things that you cannot fix: what's done is done.

²²⁸ We've injured the snake, but in time she will heal and will threaten us again. But the structure of everything can fall apart before we eat our meal in fear and sleep in dreams tormented by nightmares that plague us every night. It would be better to be with the dead, whom we have killed in order to achieve our own contentment, than to be constantly tortured by restless thoughts. Duncan is dead, and in death nothing can disturb his peace.

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

LADY MACBETH

Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.²²⁹

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

O, full of scorpions²³⁰ is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH

But in them nature's copy's not eterne.²³¹

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.²³²

²²⁹ Compose your rough appearance and be bright and happy among your guests.

²³⁰ demons, evil thoughts

²³¹ eterne: (archaic) eternal; meaning that they cannot live forever

²³² That's comforting; they are vulnerable to attack. Therefore, be

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck²³³,

Till thou applaud the deed. Light
thickens; and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys
do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold
thee still;

Things bad begun make strong
themselves by ill.²³⁴

So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

**SCENE III. A park near the
palace.**

Enter three Murderers

First Murderer

But who did bid thee²³⁵ join with us?

Third Murderer

Macbeth.

Second Murderer

He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers

cheerful – before the bats fly tonight,
something dreadful will be done.

²³³ chuck: (archaic) a term of
endearment; my love

²³⁴ It grows dark, and the crow flies
towards the forest where other crows
also live. The good creatures and spirits
of day grow tired and fall asleep, while
the evil things wake up to stalk their
prey. You are surprised and confused at
my words, but wait. Evil things become
stronger by doing more evil.

²³⁵ who asked you to accompany us?

Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.²³⁶

First Murderer

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some
streaks of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace

To gain the timely inn; and near
approaches

The subject of our watch.²³⁷

Third Murderer

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO

[Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Second Murderer

Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation

Already are i' the court.²³⁸

First Murderer

His horses go about.

Third Murderer

Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace
gate

Make it their walk.²³⁹

Second Murderer

A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a
torch*

Third Murderer

'Tis he.

²³⁶ We don't need to mistrust him (the
Third Murderer) – he has the same
orders as we do.

²³⁷ Then wait with us. The sun sinking in
the west encourages the belated traveler
to hurry and seek his destination in time.
Banquo approaches.

²³⁸ It is Banquo; all of the others
expected here are already inside the
castle.

²³⁹ The men usually walk the last mile to
the castle's gate.

First Murderer

Stand to't.

BANQUO

It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer

Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO

BANQUO

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

Thou mayst revenge²⁴⁰. O slave!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

Third Murderer

Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer

Wast not the way?

Third Murderer

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

Second Murderer

We have lost

Best half of our affair.

First Murderer

Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

You know your own degrees²⁴¹; sit down: at first

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords

²⁴⁰ You may have revenge some day.

²⁴¹ degrees: ranks (which would dictate where they sit at the banquet)

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.²⁴²

LADY MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.²⁴³

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatch'd?²⁴⁴

First Murderer

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou

²⁴² Lady Macbeth will remain quiet, but later we will ask her to welcome everyone.

²⁴³ Be very cheerful and celebratory, everyone, and later we'll all have a drink together.

²⁴⁴ Is he dead?

didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil²⁴⁵.

First Murderer

Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect,

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.²⁴⁶ But
Banquo's safe?

First Murderer

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his
head;

The least a death to nature.

MACBETH

Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm
that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom
breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone:
to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again.²⁴⁷

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer²⁴⁸.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer²⁴⁹!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.²⁵⁰

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and
sits in MACBETH's place*

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo
present;

Who may I rather challenge for
unkindness

Than pity for mischance!²⁵¹

ROSS

His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't
your highness

To grace us with your royal company.²⁵²

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

Lords

What, my good lord?

²⁴⁵ nonpareil: peerless

²⁴⁶ Then my fit of anxiety returns, and I
am trapped from all sides by leering
doubts and fears.

²⁴⁷ The child that flees the place of his
parent's murder is bound to become
dangerous in time, however the danger is
distant presently. Go away now until
tomorrow; we'll meet again then.

²⁴⁸ the cheer: the toast

²⁴⁹ remembrancer: someone who
reminds another of something

²⁵⁰ At your inclination, please sit with us.

²⁵¹ All of the noblemen of our country
would be here if Banquo were present. I
hope his lateness is not due to
mischance.

²⁵² His absence breaks his promise.
Please, sit with us and grace us with
your royal company.

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.²⁵³

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often
thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you,
keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note
him,
You shall offend him and extend his
passion:
Feed, and regard him not.²⁵⁴ Are you a
man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that
Which might appal the devil.²⁵⁵

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you
said,
Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When
all's done,
You look but on a stool.²⁵⁶

²⁵³ You cannot say I betrayed/murdered you, don't shake your bloody head.

²⁵⁴ Sit, worthy friends, the king is often like this, and has been since he was young. Please, stay in your seats. The fit is transitory, and in a moment he will be well again. If you pay attention to him, you will offend him and cause the fit to last longer. Eat, and pay him no attention.

²⁵⁵ Yes, a brave man, who dares to look on things that might disgust and frighten the devil.

²⁵⁶ Nonsense! This is an illusion of your mind, like the hallucination of the

MACBETH

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod,
speak too.²⁵⁷
If charnel-houses and our graves must
send
Those that we bury back, our
monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.²⁵⁸

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd²⁵⁹ in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.²⁶⁰

LADY MACBETH

Fie²⁶¹, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,
Too terrible for the ear: the times have
been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,
And there an end; but now they rise

dagger which you said led you to
Duncan. Shame on you! Why do you
make such faces? When the fit has
passed, you'll see you're only looking at
a chair.

²⁵⁷ Please, see here, look! What do you have to say? If you can nod, then speak too.

²⁵⁸ If crematories and graves send back those that we burry, our monuments shall be like the voracious mouths of kites (kites are small, predatory hawks).

²⁵⁹ unmanned: deprived of bravery and sensibility

²⁶⁰ As surely as I stand here, I saw him here also.

²⁶¹ fie: an expression of annoyance and disapproval

again,
With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns,
And push us from our stools.²⁶²

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy
friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is
nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and
health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine;
fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole
table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom
we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we
thirst,
And all to all.²⁶³

Lords

Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

MACBETH

²⁶² There has been bloodshed in the past,
to terrible to hear about. It used to be
that when you dashed out a man's brains
the man would die. Now the dead rise
again, with twenty mortal wounds on
their head, and steal our seats.

²⁶³ Do not wonder about me, my friends,
I have a strange ailment, which is not an
issue to those who know me. Let's toast
love and health to everyone, and then I'll
sit down. Give me a full glass of wine,
and I'll toast to everyone's happiness,
and to our friend Banquo, whom we
miss. I wish that he were here! We toast
to him, and to everyone.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!²⁶⁴

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is
cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.²⁶⁵

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Take any shape but that, and my firm
nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy
sword;
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,
You make me strange
When now I think you can behold such
sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your
cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.²⁶⁶

²⁶⁴ Go away! Get out of my sight and let
the earth hide your body!

²⁶⁵ See this as something that is not
uncommon; it is not a great issue,
although it does at times spoil the fun of
the moment.

²⁶⁶ You make me feel strange, now that I
notice you can look on the bloody ghost

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good
night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.²⁶⁷

LENNOX

Good night; and better health

Attend his majesty!²⁶⁸

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY
MACBETH*

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood:

What is the night?²⁶⁹

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning²⁷⁰, which
is which.

MACBETH

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent
to know,

By the worst means, the worst.²⁷¹ I am in
blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no

of Banquo and still keep the colour in
your cheeks – mine are white with fear.

²⁶⁷ Don't worry about leaving in the
order of your rank, just go immediately.

²⁶⁸ Good night; and may the king soon
be in better health.

²⁶⁹ Blood will have revenge in blood.

What time is it?

²⁷⁰ It is almost morning.

²⁷¹ Then early I will go to the witches,
and they will tell me more; I am now
determined to know, no matter what, the
worst news.

more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand;

Which must be acted ere they may be
scann'd.²⁷²

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.²⁷³

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.²⁷⁴

ACT IV

**SCENE I. A cavern. In the
middle, a boiling cauldron.**

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch

Thrice the brinded²⁷⁵ cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the hedge-pig²⁷⁶
whined.

Third Witch

Harpier²⁷⁷ cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

²⁷² I have proceeded so far into these
bloody plots that returning from the
place in which I now find myself will be
as difficult as getting there. I have
strange thoughts in my mind, which I
feel compelled to act upon, and which
must be carried out before I have a
chance to reflect upon them.

²⁷³ You need to sleep.

²⁷⁴ We'll sleep. My fears come from lack
of familiarity with these sorts of actions.
We are new to these sorts of activities
(to crime).

²⁷⁵ brinded: grey with dark streaks

²⁷⁶ hedge-pig: young hedgehog

²⁷⁷ Harprier is the third witch's familiar
(perhaps a bird)

First Witch

Round about the cauldron go;
 In the poison'd entrails throw.
 Toad, that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got²⁷⁸,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL

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

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake²⁷⁹,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork²⁸⁰ and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

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

Third Witch

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark²⁸¹,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall²⁸² of goat, and slips of yew
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse²⁸³,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab²⁸⁴,

²⁷⁸ the toad has imbued venom during its time sleeping under a rock

²⁷⁹ fenny snake: marsh snake

²⁸⁰ Addler's fork: the forked tongue of a snake

²⁸¹ gaping mouth and ravenous, vast hunger of a shark

²⁸² gall: bile

²⁸³ small pieces from a yew tree, harvested during an a lunar eclipse

²⁸⁴ the finger of a baby strangled as a prostitute gave birth to it in a ditch

Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron²⁸⁵,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL

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

Second Witch

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

Second Witch

By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH***MACBETH**

How now, you secret, black, and
 midnight hags!
 What is't you do?²⁸⁶

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you
 profess²⁸⁷,
 Howe'er you come to know it, answer
 me:

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

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

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch

²⁸⁵ chaudron: entrails

²⁸⁶ How are things now? What is it that you are doing?

²⁸⁷ by the powers that you serve

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow²⁸⁸; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame²⁸⁹.

ALL

Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition: an armed
Head*

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch

He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition

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

Descends

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright²⁹⁰: but
one

word more,--

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's
another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody
Child*

Second Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

²⁸⁸ farrow: a litter of pigs

²⁸⁹ grease from the murderers' gallows

²⁹⁰ Whatever you are, thank you for your
cautionary advice; you have identified
my fear correctly

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman
born

Shall harm Macbeth.²⁹¹

Descends

MACBETH

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

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not
live.

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

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the
round

And top of sovereignty?

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where
conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane
hill

Shall come against him.²⁹²

Descends

²⁹¹ be violent, brave and daring because
no man will harm you

²⁹² Have the courage and temperament of
a lion, and do not worry about who
conspires against you; You will never be
overcome, until the forest of Birnam
comes to fight you at Dunsinane hill.

MACBETH

That will never be
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet
 bodements! good!
 Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
 Of Birnam rise.²⁹³ Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if
 your art
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue
 ever
 Reign in this kingdom?²⁹⁴

ALL

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied²⁹⁵: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
 know.

Hautboys

First Witch

Show!

Second Witch

Show!

Third Witch

Show!

ALL

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a
 glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO
 following*

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:
 down!

²⁹³ That will never happen, what power
 can command the trees to uproot
 themselves and to march to battle?
 Sweet foretellings!

²⁹⁴ will Banquo's heirs every reign in
 this kingdom?

²⁹⁵ I demand to be answered

Thy crown does sear²⁹⁶ mine eye-balls.
 And thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the
 first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
 Why do you show me this? A fourth!
 Start, eyes!

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

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a
 glass

Which shows me many more; and some
 I see

That two-fold balls and treble scepters
 carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles
 upon me,

And points at them for his.²⁹⁷

Apparitions vanish

MACBETH

²⁹⁶ sear: to scorch

²⁹⁷ "Your blond hair, which looks like
 another crown underneath the one
 you're wearing, looks just like the first
 king's hair. Now I see a third king who
 looks just like the second. Filthy hags!
 Why are you showing me this? A fourth!
 My eyes are bulging out of their sockets!
 Will this line stretch on forever? Another
 one! And a seventh! I don't want to see
 any more. And yet an eighth appears,
 holding a mirror in which I see many
 more men. And some are carrying
 double balls and triple scepters,
 meaning they're kings of more than one
 country! Horrible sight! Now I see it is
 true, they are Banquo's descendants.
 Banquo, with his blood-clotted hair, is
 smiling at me and pointing to them as
 his." (sparknotes.com/macbeth)

Where are they? Gone? Let this
pernicious²⁹⁸ hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I
did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came
by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, thou anticipatest my dread
exploits:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the
sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate
souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting
like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose

²⁹⁸ pernicious: wicked, deadly

cool.²⁹⁹

Exeunt

SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

MALCOLM

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like
good men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom³⁰⁰:
each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry,
new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it
resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour³⁰¹.

MALCOLM

What you have spoke, it may be so
perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have
loved him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;
but something

You may deserve of him through me,
and wisdom

²⁹⁹ Time, you anticipated my dreadful
exploits: I will ambush the castle of
Macduff and seize his land, and kill this
wife, children, and all of his relations. I
am not exaggerating; I will carry out the
attack before my will to do so fades.

³⁰⁰ let us become masters of our
downfallen kingdom, which is ours by
birthright

³⁰¹ dolour : grief

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.³⁰²

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave
your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot
transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the
brightest fell;

Though all things foul would wear the
brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.³⁰³

MACDUFF

I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perchance even there where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and
child,

Those precious motives, those strong
knots of love,

Without leave-taking?

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear
thou

thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou
think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's

grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the
yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a
gash

Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my

right;

And here from gracious England have I
offer

Of goodly thousands.

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter ROSS

MACDUFF

See, who comes here?

MALCOLM

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave.

The dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good
men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF

O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM

What's the newest grief?

ROSS

Each minute teems a new one.

³⁰² You might win appease Macbeth and
win his favour by betraying me to him.

³⁰³ Virtue may hide when threatened by
the powerful will of a king. But I beg
your pardon – I cannot know the true
quality of your virtue. Although evil
things often appear in the guise of good,
good things also appear good.

MACDUFF

How does my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

ROSS

Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS

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

MALCOLM

Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men.

ROSS

Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air.

MACDUFF

What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast?

ROSS

No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF

If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF

Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,

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

To add the death of you.

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

MACDUFF

And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

ROSS

I have said.

MALCOLM

Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me. Did

heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful

Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught
that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest
them now!

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart,
enrage it.

MACDUFF

O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But,
gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and
myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he
'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM

Come, go we to the king; our power is
ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave;
Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what
cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the
day.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-
Gentlewoman*

Doctor

I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive

no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?

Gentlewoman

Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it,
and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

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

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman

It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus
washing her hands: I have known her
continue in
this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what
comes from
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two:
why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--
Fie, my
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What

need we
fear who knows it, when none can call
our power to
account?--Yet who would have thought
the old man
to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is
she now?--

What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--

No more o'

that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar
all with

this starting.

Gentlewoman

She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of

that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little

hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I
have known

those which have walked in their sleep
who have died

holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands, put on your
nightgown; look not so

pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he

cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the
gate:

come, come, come, come, give me your
hand. What's

done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed,
to bed!

Exit

Doctor

Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman

Directly.

Doctor

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected
minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets:

More needs she the divine than the
physician.

God, God forgive us all!

Exeunt

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and
Attendants*

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them fly
all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits
that know

All mortal consequences have
pronounced me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.'

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-
faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant

There is ten thousand--

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

Servant

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

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

Those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,
whey-face?

Servant

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old
age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their
stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-
honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny,
and dare not. Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

SEYTON

What is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.

Give me my armour.

SEYTON

'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country
round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me
mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick coming
fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind
diseased,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that
perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my
staff.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Exeunt

**SCENE IV. Country near Birnam
wood.**

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM,
SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD,
MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers,
marching*

MALCOLM

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

MENTEITH

We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH

The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him: thereby shall we
shadow

The numbers of our host and make
discovery

Err in report of us.

Soldiers

It shall be done.

SIWARD

The time approaches

That will with due decision make us
know

What we shall say we have and what we
owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes
relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

Exeunt, marching

**SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the
castle.**

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and
Soldiers, with drum and colours*

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;

The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn.

A cry of women within

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would
have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; I have supp'd full
with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
thoughts

Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a
word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player

That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.

Messenger

Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

Messenger

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon,

methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH
Liar and slave!

Messenger
Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it
coming;
I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH
If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam
wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm,
and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying
here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were
now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind!
come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our
back.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

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

MALCOLM
Now near enough: your leafy screens
throw down.
And show like those you are.
SIWARD
Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-

night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
MACDUFF
Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood
and death.

Exeunt

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

MACBETH
They have tied me to a stake; I cannot
fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a
one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD

YOUNG SIWARD
What is thy name?
MACBETH
Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
YOUNG SIWARD
No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.
MACBETH
My name's Macbeth.
YOUNG SIWARD
The devil himself could not pronounce a
title
More hateful to mine ear.
MACBETH
No, nor more fearful.
YOUNG SIWARD
Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain

MACBETH

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

Exit

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of
mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt
me still.

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much
charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier
villain
Than terms can give thee out!

They fight

MACBETH

Thou lovest labour:
I bear a charmed life, which must not
yield,
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast
served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his

mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the
time:

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters
are,

Painted on a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young
Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to
Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman
born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries,
'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS,
the other Thaners, and Soldiers*

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where
stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is
free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's
pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish. Exeunt

Consulted Sources

dictionary.com

wikipedia.org

sparknotes.com/macbeth (NOTE: this is a good source at several points, but some of the interpretations are incorrect... just a caution, if you use this as reference.)