

MACBETH
By William Shakespeare
Theatre Prospero Fall 2010 version.

Scene 1

A desert place.

Witch 2a (Second Witch): Student

Witch 3a (Third Witch): Student

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

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

Paddock calls.

Third Witch

Anon.

First Witch

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

Exeunt

Scene 2**A camp near Forres.****Lennox:** Student**Angus:** Student**Donalbain:** Student

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, ANGUS with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant

DUNCAN

What bloody men are these?

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. The merciless Macdonwald--
 Worthy to be a rebel, --from the western isles
 Of savage hirelings is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage
 and then unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements!

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

DUNCAN

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

Exit Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS,

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes!

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
 And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
 With terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof
 Confronted him with self comparisons,
 Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

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

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

Scene 3**A heath near Forres.****Witch 2a (Second Witch)** – Student**Witch 3a (Third Witch)** – Student**Angus**- Student*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 mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:--
 'Give me,' quoth I:
 'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
 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.
 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 sevennights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
 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,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.

FIRST WITCH

Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

How far is't call'd to Forres? -What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question?

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

Third Witch

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

Second Witch

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

First Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

First Witch

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

All

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
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 sturdy gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? -Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

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

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his. As thick as hail
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS

We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

ROSS

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

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;

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

MACBETH

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO

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

BANQUO

That trusted home

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
 In deepest consequence.
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told,

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

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

[Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

BANQUO

New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.
 Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
 Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt

Scene 4**Forres. The palace.****Lennox:** Student**Angus:** Student**Donalbain:** Student*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, ANGUS and Attendants***DUNCAN**

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

MALCOLM

My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance.

DUNCAN

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust-

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

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

DUNCAN

Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO

There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH

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

Exit

DUNCAN

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

Flourish. Exeunt

Scene 5**Inverness. Macbeth's castle.****Messenger:** Student*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter***LADY MACBETH**

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

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

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Macbeth's Messenger

The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

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

Macbeth's Messenger

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;
He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

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

Enter MACBETH

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

MACBETH

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

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

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

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

Exeunt

Scene 6**Before Macbeth's castle.****Lennox:** Student**Angus:** Student**Donalbain:** Student

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

DUNCAN

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

BANQUO

The heaven's breath
Smells woingly here.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN

See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH

All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house.

DUNCAN

Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt

Scene 7

Macbeth's castle.

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trample up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all-here,
 We'd jump the life to come. -But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on th'other--

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou
 Live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
 his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail convince ,
 And when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

MACBETH

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

Exeunt

Scene 8**Court of Macbeth's castle.****Fleance:** Student**Macbeth's Messenger:** Student*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

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUOHold, take my sword. --There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful Powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose. -- Give me my sword.*Enter MACBETH, and Macbeth's Messenger with a torch*

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUOWhat, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.**MACBETH**Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;**BANQUO**

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.**MACBETH**I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH

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

Exit Macbeth's Messenger

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:--
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.--
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. --There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.-- Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

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

Exit

Scene 9
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.
 --Hark! --Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
 The doors are open; and the surfeited guards
 Do mock their charge with snores:

MACBETH

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done:--the attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us.--Hark!--I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em.--Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.--My husband!

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

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

'Murder!'
 That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
 Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds,--

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?

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

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

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

Knocking within

I hear a knocking

At the south entry:-- retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then!

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.--Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

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

Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

Scene 10**The same.****Donalbain:** Student*Knocking within. Enter a Porter***PORTER:**

Here's a knocking indeed! If a wife were porter of hell-gate,
she should have fun turning the key.

*(Knocking within)***PORTER:** Knock, knock?**AUDIENCE:** Who's there?**PORTER:** A holy warrior!

All: A holy warrior who?

PORTER: A holy warrior who tried to fly to paradise but hit a tower
instead: come in Mr. martyr; have enough of them Arab Shawls about you;
here you'll sweat for't.

*(Knocking within)***PORTER:** Knock, knock!**AUDIENCE:** Who's there?**PORTER:** A Bush-King.**AUDIENCE:** A Bush-King who?

PORTER: A Bush-king who bombed enough in Freedom's name, yet could not
equivocate up the free way to heaven: Pleased to meet you, Mr. President

PORTER: Knock, knock!**AUDIENCE:** Who's there?**PORTER:** A wandering minstrel.**AUDIENCE:** A wandering minstrel who?

PORTER: A wandering minstrel who harped on war, then changed his tune to sweetly sing on
peace.

Knocking within

But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further.

Knocking within

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

*Opens the gate**Enter MACDUFF and ROSS***MACDUFF**

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

PORTER

'Faith good sir MacDuff, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great

provoker of three things.

MACDUFF

What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to equivocate with lechery: it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, double-talks him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

ROSS

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow both!

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

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

Exit

ROSS

Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does: he did appoint so.

ROSS

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.
The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night:
Some say, the earth was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

ROSS

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH, ROSS

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

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

Exeunt MACBETH and ROSS

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain!

Bell rings

Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACDUFF

O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO

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

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO

Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, ANGUS and ROSS,

MACBETH

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

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN

What is amiss?

MACBETH

You are, and do not know't:

MACDUFF

Your royal father 's murder'd.

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

ROSS

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

MACBETH

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? Here
Lay Duncan, His silver skin laced with
His golden blood; there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade,
Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

DONALBAIN

[Aside to MALCOLM]

Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

MALCOLM

[Aside to DONALBAIN]

What should be spoken here, where our fate
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

BANQUO

Look to the lady:--

LADY MACBETH is carried out by ROSS

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

MACDUFF

And so do I.

ALL

So all.

MACBETH

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

ALL

Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

MALCOLM

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

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the nearer in blood,
The nearer bloody.

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.

Exeunt

Scene 11
Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter ROSS and an old Man

Old Man

Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS

By the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:

Old Man

'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses--a thing most strange and certain--
 Turn'd wild in nature,

Old Man

'Tis said they ate each other.

ROSS

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF

Why, see you not?

ROSS

Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS

Alas, the day!
 What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF

They were suborn'd:
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS

'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!--Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF

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

ROSS

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS

Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS

Farewell, father.

Old Man

God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

Exeunt

Scene 12
Forres. The palace.

Murderer 2: Student
Macbeth's Messenger: Student
Lennox: Student
Angus: Student

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: yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity,
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them--
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ANGUS, Lords, Ladies, and Macbeth's Messenger

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Let your highness
 Command upon me; to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
 Is't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twill this and supper.

MACBETH

Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

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

Exit BANQUO

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night:
To make society the sweeter welcome,
We will keep ourself till supper-time alone:
While then, God be with you.

Exeunt all but MACBETH, and Macbeth's Messenger

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

Macbeth's Messenger

They are, my lord,
Without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Macbeth's Messenger

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Who's there!

Re-enter Macbeth's Messenger, with two Murderers

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

Exit Macbeth's Messenger

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.

First Murderer

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so, and went further. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

First Murderer

Though our lives--

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him--
 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

Exeunt Murderers

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

Exit

Scene 13
The palace.

Macbeth's Messenger: Student

Enter LADY MACBETH and Messenger

LADY MACBETH
Is Banquo gone from court?

Macbeth's Messenger
Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

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

Macbeth's Messenger
Madam, I will. *Exit*

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

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
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.

MACBETH
We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
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.

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

Scene 14
A park near the palace.

Murderer 2: Student

Enter three Murderers

First Murderer

But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer

Macbeth.

Second Murderer

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

First Murderer

Then stand with us.

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.

Third Murderer

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO

[Within] Give us a light there, ho!

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.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch

Second Murderer

A light, a light!

Third Murderer

'Tis he.

First Murderer

Stand to't.

BANQUO

It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer

Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO

BANQUO

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

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

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 15**The same. Hall in the palace.****Lennox:** Student**Banquet Guests:** Students*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Banquet Guests and Attendants***MACBETH**

You know your own degrees; sit down
 Ourselves will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host.
 Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
 The table round.

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
 Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
 If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

First Murderer

Most royal sir . . . Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 Clear as the casing air – But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer

Ay, my good Lord, safe in a ditch he lies,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head.

MACBETH

Thanks for that. Get thee gone, tomorrow we
 Will hear ourselves again.

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH

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

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

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

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

ROSS

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

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

BANQUET GUESTS

Done what, my good lord?

MACBETH

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

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, the times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: this is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.

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

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

BANQUET GUESTS

Our duties, and the pledge.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again.
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,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

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

LENNOX

Good night; and better health
 Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
 I will to-morrow to the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
 All causes shall give way: I am in blood
 Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
 We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

Scene 16
A Heath.

Witch 2b: Student

Witch 3b: Student

Thunder. Enter severally Witches meeting HECATE.

Second Witch

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

HECATE

Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth
 In riddles and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
 But make amends now: get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning: thither he
 Will come to know his destiny:
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside.
 I Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Exeunt

Scene 17 Forres. The palace.*Enter ROSS and LAIRD***LAIRD**

Our former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne.
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't.
 But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

ROSS

The son of Duncan
 Lives in the English court: thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king to muster
 Warlike Siward: and many thousand men
 That we may Free from our feasts and banquets
 Bloody knives and Do faithful homage;
 And this report Hath so exasperate Macbeth
 That he Prepares for some attempt of war.

LAIRD

Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England and unfold
 MacDuff's message ere he come. that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed!

ROSS

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt

Scene 18

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Witch 2b: Student

Witch 3b: Student

Apparitions: Students

Kings: Students

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

Third Witch

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

First Witch

Harpier cries:-Tis time, 'tis time.

Third Witch

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

ALL WITCHES

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

First Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

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

Second Witch

Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:

ALL

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

Third Witch

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

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

HECATE

O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;

First Witch

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

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

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch

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

ALL

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

First Apparition

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

Descends

MACBETH

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

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!

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.

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;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.-

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.

Descends

MACBETH

That will never be
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root?
 Sweet bodements! good! Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

ALL

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

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 Kings; GHOST OF BANQUO following

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
 A third is like the former. a fourth! Start, eyes!
 What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Now, I see, 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo
 Smiles upon me, And points at them for his:
 -What, is this so?

Third Witch

Ay, sir, all this is so:

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!--Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Scene 19**Fife. Macduff's castle.****Macduff's Son:** Student**Murderer 2:** Student*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS***LADY MACDUFF**

What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.**ROSS**

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFFWisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.**ROSS**

My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak
much further. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!**LADY MACDUFF**

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

ROSSI am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once.*Exit*

LADY MACDUFF

Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Macduff's Son

My father is not dead, for all your saying.
Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

Macduff's Son

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

Macduff's Son

And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Macduff's Son

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

Macduff's Son

Then the liars and swearers are fools,
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat
the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Macduff's Son

If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would
Not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a
New father.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor prattler, how thou talks't!

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

Bless you, fair dame!
I know fell danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

Exit

LADY MACDUFF

Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly:

(She sees the Murderers enter)

What are these faces?

Third Murderer

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

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

Third Murderer

He's a traitor.

Macduff's Son

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

Third Murderer

What, you egg!

Stabbing him

Young fry of treachery!

Macduff's Son

He has kill'd me, mother.

Run away, I pray you!

Dies

Exit LADY MACDUFF, screaming 'Murder!' Exeunt Murderers, following her

SCENE 20**England. Before the King's palace.***Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF***MALCOLM**

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

MACDUFF

Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword: and like good men
Bestride our downfall birthdom.

MALCOLM

This tyrant,
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

MACDUFF

I am not
Traacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.
But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

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,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties.

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. Fare 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 I think withal

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall more suffer in more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

What should he be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow.

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness: with this there grows
 In my most ill-composed affection such
 A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
 Forge quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF

This avarice
 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust, yet do not fear;
 All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

MALCOLM

But I have none:
 The king-becoming graces as
 Justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 I have no relish of them. Had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!
No, not to live. Fare thee well!
O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, but God above
Deal between thee and me! What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

Well, more anon,
See, who comes here?
My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

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.

MACDUFF

How does my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

ROSS

Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

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, to add the death of you.

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven!

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

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

ROSS

I have said.

MALCOLM

Be comforted:

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

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.

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

Exeunt

Scene 21**Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.****Waiting Gentlewoman:** Student*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, take forth paper, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor

In this slumbry agitation, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor

You may to me.

Gentlewoman

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

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

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands.

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.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

LADY MACBETH

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

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

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

More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she hath checkmated and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

Scene 22**SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.****Lennox:** Student**Angus:** Student**Scot 1 and 2:** Students**LAIRD**

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
 His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
 Revenges burn in them.

ANGUS

Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them.

LENNOX

What does the tyrant?

Scot 1

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he's mad, and minutely revolts
 Upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands
 Move only in command, nothing in love.

ANGUS

Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

SCOT 2

Now does he feel his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Scot 1

Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself for being there?

LAIRD

Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

Scot 1

Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching

Scene 23**SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.****Seyton (Pronounced " See-ton"):** Student*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants***MACBETH**

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

Enter Boy

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

Boy

There is ten thousand--

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

Boy

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

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

Boy

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit Boy

Seyton!--I am sick at heart,
 When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough: 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, Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

SEYTON

What is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

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,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw med'cin to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Nor rhubarb, cyme, nor purgative drug,
Will scour these English hence. Seyton, send out.
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 24**Country near Birnam wood.****Angus:** Student**Lennox:** Student**Soldiers:** Students

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

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MACDUFF

The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

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

Soldiers

It shall be done.

Here an ordering and boughing of the troops.

SIWARD

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

MALCOLM

'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF

Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

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 25**Dunsinane. Within the castle.****SEYTON:** Student*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: here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up:

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 when my fell of hair
 Would at a night-shriek rouse and stir
 As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
 Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 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 Boy

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Scene 26
Dunsinane. Before the castle.

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

MALCOLM

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

SIWARD

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

MACDUFF

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

Exeunt

Scene 27**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**

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

Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD

SIWARD

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
And little is to do.

MALCOLM

We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SIWARD

Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarums

Scene 28

Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

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

They fight

MACBETH

Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:

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

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted 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 curs.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

Scene 29**Lennox:** Student**Angus:** Student**Soldiers:** Students*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers***SIWARD**

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;

But like a man he died.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ANGUS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd. Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head***MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

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

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL (Including Soldiers)

Hail, King of Scotland!

*Flourish***MALCOLM**

My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour named. What's more to do,

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time and place:

So, thanks to all at once and to each one,

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt