

The tragedy of Macbeth -- the script printed in 1623

THE TRAGEDY OF
MACBETH.

Act I. Scene i.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?	5
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?	
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,	
When the battle's lost and won.	
3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.	
1 Witch. Where the place?	10
2 Witch. Upon the heath.	
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.	
1 Witch. I come, Grey-malkin.	
All. Paddock calls anon. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.	
Hover through the fog and filthy air.	Exeunt. 15

Scene ii.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting
a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,	5
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt	
The newest state.	
Malcolm. This is the sergeant	
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought	
'Gainst my captivity. -- Hail, brave friend.	10
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil	
As thou didst leave it.	
Captain. Doubtful it stood,	
As two spent swimmers that do cling together	
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald --	15
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that	
The multiplying villanies of nature	
Do swarm upon him -- from the western isles	
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,	
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling	20
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak --	

For brave Macbeth -- well he deserves that name --
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage 25
 Till he faced the slave,
 Which ne'er shook hands nor bade *farewell* to him
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.
 King. Oh, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman! 30
 Captain. As *when* the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders,
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark!
 No sooner justice had, with valour armed, 35
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.
 King. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and 40
 Banquo?
 Captain. Yes -- as sparrows eagles,
 Or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons over-charged with double cracks, 45
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell. -- But I am faint.
 My gashes cry for help. 50
 King. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.
 They smack of honour both. -- Go get him surgeons. --

 Enter Ross and Angus.

 Who comes here?
 Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross. 55
 Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes!
 So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.
 Ross. God save the king!
 King. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
 Ross. From Fife, great king, 60
 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, 65
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. And, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us. 70
 King. Great happiness!
 Ross. That now Sweno the Norways' king
 Craves composition.
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men
 Till he disbursed at Saint Colm's inch 75
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
 King. 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. 80
 King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
 Exeunt.

Scene iii.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
 2 Witch. Killing swine.
 3 Witch. Sister, where thou? 5
 1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munched, and munched, and munched.
 Give me, quoth I.
 Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed runnion cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger. 10
 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.
 2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
 1 Witch. Th'art kind. 15
 3 Witch. And I another.
 1 Witch. I myself have all the other,
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 In the shipman's card. 20
 I'll drain him dry as hay.
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his penthouse lid.
 He shall live a man forbid.
 Weary sennights, nine times nine, 25
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. --
 Look what I have.
 2 Witch. Show me, show me. 30
 1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come. Drum within.

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

All. The weyard sisters, hand in hand, 35
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
Thrice to thine, -- and thrice to mine, --
And thrice again -- to make up nine.
Peace -- the charm's wound up. 40

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

Banquo. How far is it called to [Forres](#)? -- What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth 45
And yet are on it? -- Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women --
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret 50
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter! 55

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? -- In 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 60
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 65
Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater! 70

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!

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

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers -- tell me more. 75
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis --
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives --
A prosperous gentleman. And to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 80
 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, 85
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
 Macbeth. Into the air -- and what seemed corporal
 Melted as breath into the wind.
 Would they had stayed!
 Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about? 90
 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? 95
 Banquo. To the self-same 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, 100
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make 105
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale
 Can post with post -- and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence
 And poured them down before him.
 Angus. We are sent 110
 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 -- 115
 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 borrowed robes? 120
 Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose.
 Whether he was combined with those of Norway,
 Or did line the rebel with hidden help 125

And vantage, or that with both he laboured
 In his country's wreck, I know not --
 But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis and thane of Cawdor -- 130
 The greatest is behind. -- Thanks for your pains. --
 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, 135
 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 us 140
 In deepest consequence. --
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. -- 145
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
 If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I'm thane of Cawdor.
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion 150
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, 155
 Shakes so my single state of man
 That function is smothered in surmise,
 And nothing is but what is not.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth. If chance will have me king, 160
 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. 165

Macbeth. Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-
 sure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour. 170
 My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. --
 Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
 Where every day I turn the leaf
 To read them.

Let us toward the king. -- Think upon 175
What hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Banquo. Very gladly.
Macbeth. Till then, enough. -- 180
Come, friends. Exeunt.

Scene iv.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Are not those in commission yet returned? 5
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
Confessed his treasons, implored your highness's pardon,
And set forth a deep repentance. 10
Nothing in his life became him
Like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle. 15
King. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus. 20

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved, 25
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine. Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. 30
Your highness's 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 everything safe toward your love
And honour. 35
King. Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. -- Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me enfold thee 40
 And hold thee to my heart.
 Banquo. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.
 King. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves 45
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The prince of Cumberland -- which honour must 50
 Not unaccompanied invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
 On all deservers. -- From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.
 Macbeth. The rest is labour which is not used for you. 55
 I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach.
 So humbly take my leave.
 King. My worthy Cawdor!
 Macbeth. The prince of Cumberland! That is a step 60
 On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
 Let not light see my black and deep desires.
 The eye wink at the hand -- yet let that be
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. Exit. 65
 King. 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. 70

Scene v.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a letter.

Lady. "They met me in the day of success, and I have
 learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than
 mortal knowledge. When I burnt 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 weyard 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 might'st 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 15
 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.
 It is too full of the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great --
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly, 20
 That would'st thou holily -- would'st not play false
 And yet would'st wrongly win.
 Thou'd'st have, great Glamis, that which cries,
 Thus thou must do if thou have it --
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do 25
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
 To have thee crowned withal. -- Enter Messenger.
 What is your tidings?
 Messenger. The king comes here tonight.
 Lady. Thou art mad to say it.
 Is not thy master with him? -- who, were it so, 35
 Would have informed for preparation.
 Messenger. So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message. 40
 Lady. 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 45
 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 50
 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, 55
 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! 60

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, 65
 Duncan comes here tonight.
 Lady. And when goes hence?
 Macbeth. Tomorrow, as he purposes.
 Lady. Oh, never
 Shall sun that morrow see. -- 70
 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 it. He that's coming 75
 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. 80
 Lady. Only look up clear.
 To alter favour ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me. Exeunt.

Scene vi.

Oboes and torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
 Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
 Ross, Angus, and Attendants.
 King. This castle hath a pleasant seat. 5
 The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.
 Banquo. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
 By his loved masonry that the heavens' breath 10
 Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
 Buttress nor coigne of vantage but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
 The air is delicate. Enter Lady. 15
 King. See, see, our honoured 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 yield us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble. 20
 Lady. 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. 25
 For those of old, and the late dignities
 Heaped up to them, we rest your hermits.
 King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor. But he rides well -- 30
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest tonight.
 Lady. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs in compt, 35
 To make their audit at your highness's pleasure,
 Still to return your own.
 King. Give me your hand --
 Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him. 40
 By your leave, hostess. Exeunt.

Scene vii.

Oboes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service
 over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence and catch,
 With his surcease, success -- that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all -- here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time 10
 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 ingredience of our poisoned chalice 15
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust --
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed -- then as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan 20
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking off --
 And pity like a naked new-born babe, 25
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only 30
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other ---- Enter Lady.
 How now? What news?
 Lady. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?
 Macbeth. Hath he asked for me? 35
 Lady. Know you not he has?
 Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, 40
 Not cast aside so soon.
 Lady. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time, 45
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life --
 And live a coward in thine own esteem, 50
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat in the adage.
 Macbeth. Prithee, peace.
 I dare do all that may become a man.
 Who dares do more is none. 55
 Lady. What beast was it 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 60
 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, 65
 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
 And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you have done to this.
 Macbeth. If we should fail, ----
 Lady. We fail? 70
 But screw your courage to the sticking place
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep --
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him -- his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince 75

That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures *lie*, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon 80
 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 85
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done it?

Lady. Who dares receive it other, 90
 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. 95
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene i.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch
 before him.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
 Fleance. The moon is down. I have not heard the 5
 clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
 Fleance. I take it, 'tis later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. --
 There's husbandry in heaven, 10
 Their candles are all out. -- Take thee that too. --
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep.
 Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts
 That nature gives way to in repose. -- 15

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. -- Who's there?
 Macbeth. A friend!

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, 20
 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,
 25
 Our will became the servant to defect,
 Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo. All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weyard sisters.
 To you they have showed some truth.
 30

Macbeth. I think not of them.
 Yet, when we can intreat 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.
 35

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent,
 When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
 40
 I shall be counselled.

Macbeth. Good repose the while.

Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.
 Exit Banquo.

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. --
 Exit. 45
 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
 50
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? --
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw. --
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 55
 And such an instrument I was to use. --
 Mine eyes are made the fools of 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.
 60
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. -- Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Heccat's offerings -- and withered murder,
 65
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. -- Thou **sure** and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which **way they** walk, for fear
 70

Thy very stones prate of my where-about
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. 75

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

Scene ii.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold --
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. --
Hark! -- Peace -- It was the owl that shrieked, 5
The fatal bell-man which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it. The doors are open,
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
With snores. I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them 10
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Who's there? What ho?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed 15
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 it. --
My husband!
Macbeth. I have done the deed. 20
Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady. Now. 25
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark! -- Who lies in the second chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. 30
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried Murder, that they did wake each other.
I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers
And addressed them again to sleep. 35

Lady. 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. 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. 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 ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast, ----

Lady. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house.

Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more -- Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water

And wash this filthy witness from your **hands**. --

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 it again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. -- If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

Exit.

Knock within.

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?

How is it with me when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour, but I shame

To wear a heart so white.

Knock.

I hear a knocking at the south entry.
 Retire we to our chamber.
 A little water clears us of this deed. -- 85
 How easy is it then! -- Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. Knock.
 Hark, more knocking.
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost 90
 So poorly in your thoughts.
 Macbeth. To know my deed, Knock.
 'Twere best not know myself.
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking!
 I would thou could'st. Exeunt. 95

Scene iii.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed. If a man were
 porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the
 key. Knock. Knock, knock, knock. Who's there,
 in the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged
 himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time. Have
 napkins enow about you. Here you'll sweat for it. Knock.
 Knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?
 Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both
 the scales against either scale, who committed treason
 enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to hea-
 ven. Oh, come in, equivocator. Knock. Knock,
 knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an English
 tailor, come hither for stealing out of a French hose.
 Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose. Knock.
 Knock, knock. Never at quiet. What are you? -- But this
 place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further.
 I had thought to have let in some of all professions that
 go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. Knocking.
 Anon, anon. I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
 That you do lie so late? 25
 Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.
 And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.
 Macduff. What three things does drink especially
 provoke?
 Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. 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.

Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, in 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.

Enter Macbeth.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring? 45

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes. --

Lenox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth. Not yet. 50

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him.

I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,

But yet 'tis one. 55

Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited

service. Exit Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the king hence today? 60

Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.

Lenox. The night has been unruly.

Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,

And, as they say, lamentings heard in the air,

Strange screams of death -- 65

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatched to the woeful time.

The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.

Some say the earth was feverous 70

And did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff. 75

Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror!
 Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.
 Macbeth and Lenox. What's the matter?
 Macduff. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope 80
 The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
 The life of the building.
 Macbeth. What is it you say -- the life?
 Lenox. Mean you his majesty?
 Macduff. Approach the chamber and destroy your sight 85
 With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
 See, and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake!
 Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
 Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake! 90
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself. Up, up, and see
 The great doom's image. Malcolm, Banquo,
 As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the bell! 95

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the business
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
 Macduff. Oh, gentle lady, 100
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered. 105
 Lady. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?
 Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.
 Dear Duff, I pray thee, contradict thyself
 And say it is not so. 110

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, 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. 115
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know it. 120
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopped -- the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it. 125
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
 No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury, 130
 That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
 The expedition of my violent love 135
 Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood --
 And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
 Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers 140
 Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady! 145

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

Donalbain. What should be spoken here,
 Where our fate, hid in an [auger](#) hole,
 May rush and seize us? Let's away. 150
 Our tears are not yet brewed.

Malcolm. Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo. Look to the lady --
 And when we have our naked frailties hid, 155
 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 160
 Of treasonous malice.

Macduff. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
 And meet in the hall together. 165

All. Well contented. Exeunt.

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. 170
 I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland, I.
 Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer.
 Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.
 The near in blood, the nearer bloody. 175

Malcolm. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted -- and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse --
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away. There's warrant in that theft 180
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt.

Scene iv.

Enter Ross with 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 5
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ha, good father,
 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock 'tis day --
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp. 10
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb
 When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, 15
 A falcon towering in her pride of place
 Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses --
 A thing most strange and certain! --
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, 20
 Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make war with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, 25
 To the amazement of mine eyes that looked upon it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
 How goes the world, sir, now?
 Macduff. Why, see you not? 30
 Ross. Is it 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 suborned. 35
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stolen away and fled -- which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.
 Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
 Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up 40
 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. Where is Duncan's body? 45
 Macduff. Carried to Colmkill,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
 And guardian of their bones.
 Ross. Will you to Scone?
 Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife. 50
 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 55
 That would make good of bad and friends of foes. Exeunt.

Act III. Scene i.

Enter Banquo.

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weyard women promised -- and I fear
 Thou play'dst most foully for it. Yet it was said 5
 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, 10
 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, Lenox,
 Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest. 15
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-thing unbecoming. --
Macbeth. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence. 20
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? 25
Banquo. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. We should have else desired your good advice --
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous --
In this day's council. But we'll take tomorrow.
Is it far you ride? 30
Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth. Fail not our feast. 35
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow, 40
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?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon us. 45
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 50
The sweeter welcome,
We will keep ourself till supper time alone.
While then, God be with you. -- Exeunt Lords.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure? 55
Servant. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us. Exit Servant.
To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.
Our fears in Banquo stick deep -- 60
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares --

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he 65
 Whose being I do fear -- and under him
 My genius is rebuked, as it is said
 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like 70
 They hailed 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 wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so, 75
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind --
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them -- and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man 80
 To make them kings, the [seed](#) of Banquo kings.
 Rather than so, come fate into the list
 And champion me to the utterance. --
 Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers. 85

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

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
 Murderers. It was, so please your highness.
 Macbeth. Well then, 90
 Now -- have you considered 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 -- 95
 Passed in probation with you
 How you were borne in hand, how crossed,
 The instruments, who wrought with them,
 And all things else that might
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed 100
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Murderer. You made it known to us.
 Macbeth. I did so --
 And went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. 105
 Do you find your patience so predominant
 In your nature that you can let this go?
 Are you so gosselled to pray for this good man,
 And for his issue, whose heavy hand

Hath bowed you to the grave and beggared Yours for ever?	110
1 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. The valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The house-keeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike. And so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it -- And I will put that business in your bosoms Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us -- Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.	115 120 125
2 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.	130
1 Murderer. And I another, So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance To mend it or be rid on it.	135
Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy. Murderers. True, my lord.	
Macbeth. So is he mine -- and in such bloody distance That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life. And though I could With bare-faced 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 -- 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.	140 145 150
2 Murderer. We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.	
1 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 of the time, The moment on it -- for it must be done tonight,	155

And something from the palace -- always thought
 That I require a clearness. And with him, 160
 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 -- 165
 I'll come to you anon.
 Murderers. We are resolved, my lord.
 Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight -- abide within.
 It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. Exeunt. 170

Scene ii.

Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?
 Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
 Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure 5
 For a few words.
 Servant. Madam, I will. Exit.
 Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content.
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy 10
 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 15
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy
 Should be without regard. What's done is done.
 Macbeth. We have scorched the snake, not killed it.
 She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice 20
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint,
 Both the worlds suffer,
 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 25
 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. 30
 Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on!

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks. 35
 Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

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 40
 Our honours in these flattering streams
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macbeth. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife. 45
 Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance [live](#).

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not etern.

Macbeth. There's comfort yet. They are assailable.
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloistered flight, ere to black Heccat's summons 50
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, 55
 Till thou applaud the deed. -- Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, 60
 And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --
 Thou marvell'st at my words -- but hold thee still.
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. 65
 So, prithee, go with me. Exeunt.

Scene iii.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?
 3 Murderer. Macbeth.
 2 Murderer. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers 5
 Our offices and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 Murderer. Then stand with us. --
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace 10

To gain the timely inn -- and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 Murderer. Hark! -- I hear horses.
Banquo within. Give us a light, there -- ho!
2 Murderer. Then 'tis he. 15
The rest that are within the note of expectation
Already are in the court.
1 Murderer. His horses go about.
3 Murderer. Almost a mile -- but he does usually --
So all men do -- from hence to the palace gate 20
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch.

2 Murderer. A light, a light!
3 Murderer. 'Tis he.
1 Murderer. Stand to it! 25
Banquo. It will be rain tonight.
1 Murderer. Let it come down!
Banquo. Oh, treachery!
Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge -- Oh, slave! 30
3 Murderer. Who did strike out the light?
1 Murderer. Was it not the way?
3 Murderer. There's but one down. The son is fled.
2 Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair. 35
1 Murderer. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scene iv.

Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.
At first and last, the hearty welcome. 5
Lords. 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. 10
Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends --
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit in the midst. 15
 Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
 The table round. -- There's blood upon thy face.
 Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.
 Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
 Is he dispatched? 20
 Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.
 Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats.
 Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.
 If thou didst it, thou art the non-pareil.
 Murderer. Most royal sir, 25
 Fleance is 'scaped.
 Macbeth. Then comes my fit again!
 I had else been perfect,
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 As broad and general as the casing air. 30
 But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
 To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?
 Murderer. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
 The least a death to nature. 35
 Macbeth. Thanks for that.
 There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
 No teeth for the present. -- Get thee gone. Tomorrow
 We'll hear ourselves again. Exit Murderer. 40
 Lady. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
 That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home.
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony. 45
 Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer! --
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both. 50
 Lenox. May it please your highness sit?
 Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present --
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance. 55
 Ross. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. -- Please it your highness
 To grace us with your royal company?
 Macbeth. The table's full.
 Lenox. Here is a place reserved, sir. 60
 Macbeth. Where?

Lenox. Here, my good lord. --
 What is it that moves your highness?
 Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
 Lords. What, my good lord? 65
 Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.
 Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.
 Lady. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. 70
 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 75
 Which might appal the devil.
 Lady. Oh, proper stuff!
 This is the very painting of your fear.
 This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
 Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts -- 80
 Impostors to true fear -- would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool. 85
 Macbeth. Prithee, see there!
 Behold! Look! Lo! How say you? --
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too!
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments 90
 Shall be the maws of kites.
 Lady. What, quite unmanned in folly?
 Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
 Lady. Fie, for shame!
 Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time, 95
 Ere human statute purged the gentle weal.
 Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end. But now they rise again, 100
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange
 Than such a murder is.
 Lady. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you. 105
 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. --

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of 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. 115

Lords. 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. 120

Lady. 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, 125
 The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger --
 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.
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me 130
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence! -- Why so, being gone,
 I am a man again. -- Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displaced the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting with most admired disorder. 135

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 140
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
 When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.
 Question enrages him. At once, good night. 145
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Lenox. Good night, and better health
 Attend his majesty.

Lady. A kind goodnight to all. Exit Lords. 150

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say.
 Blood will have blood.
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
 Augurs and understood relations have,
 By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth 155
 The secret'st man of blood. -- What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
 Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?
 Lady. Did you send to him, sir? 160
 Macbeth. I hear it by the way -- but I will send.
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow --
 And betimes I will -- to the weyard sisters.
 More shall they speak -- for now I am bent to know, 165
 By the worst means, the **worst**. **For** mine own good
 All causes shall give way. I am in blood
 Stepped 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, 170
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
 Lady. 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. 175

Scene v.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
 Hecat.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecat? You look angerly.
 Hecat. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, 5
 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, 10
 Was never called to bear my part
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, 15
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now. Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me in the morning. Thither he
 Will come to know his destiny. 20
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside.
 I am for the air. This night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon. 25
 Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop, profound.
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground --
 And that, distilled by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites 30
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear --
 And, you all know, security 35
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a Song.

Hark, I am called. My little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, etc. 40

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be
 Back again. Exeunt.

Scene vi.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Lenox. My former speeches
 Have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther. Only I say, 5
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth -- marry, he was dead --
 And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
 Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. 10
 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 15
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
 For 'twould have angered any heart alive
 To hear the men deny it. So that I say
 He has borne all things well. And I do think 20
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key --
 As and it please heaven he shall not -- they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
 But peace! -- for from bold words, and 'cause he failed
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, 25
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court, and is received	30
Of the most pious Edward with such grace	
That the malevolence of fortune nothing	
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff	
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid	
To wake Northumberland and warlike Seyward,	35
That by the help of these -- with Him above	
To ratify the work -- we may again	
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,	
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,	
Do faithful homage and receive free honours,	40
All which we pine for now. And this report	
Hath so exasperate their king that he	
Prepares for some attempt of war.	
Lenox. Sent he to Macduff?	
Lord. He did -- and with an absolute Sir, not I,	45
The cloudy messenger turns me his back	
And hums, as who should say, You'll rue the time	
That clogs me with this answer.	
Lenox. And that well might	
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance	50
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel	
Fly to the court of England and unfold	
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing	
May soon return to this our suffering country,	
Under a hand accursed.	55
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.	Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene i.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.	
2 Witch. Thrice -- and once the hedgepig whined.	
3 Witch. Harpier cries -- 'tis time, 'tis time.	5
1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go.	
In the poisoned entrails throw.	
Toad that under cold stone	
Days and nights has thirty-one	
Sweltered venom sleeping got --	10
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.	
All. Double, double, toil and trouble.	
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.	
2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,	
In the cauldron boil and bake.	15
Eye of newt and toe of frog,	
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,	
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,	

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble 20
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
 All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf 25
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digged in the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat and slips of yew
 Slivered in the moon's eclipse, 30
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab.
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron 35
 For the ingredience of our cauldron.
 All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood --
 Then the charm is firm and good. 40

Enter Hecat and the other three Witches.

Hecat. Oh, well done. I commend your pains --
 And everyone shall share in the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring, 45
 Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a Song. Black spirits, etc.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks, whoever knocks. 50

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. How now, you secret black and midnight hags!
 What is it you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 55
 Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches -- though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up --
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down -- 60
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads --
 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 65
 To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say if th'hadst rather hear it from our mouths 70
 Or from our masters.

Macbeth. Call 'em -- let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow. Grease that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw 75
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low,
 Thy self and office deftly show. Thunder.

1 Apparition, an armed head.

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power, ---- 80

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

1 Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth --
 Beware Macduff.

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me -- enough. 85

Descends.

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks --
 Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more ----

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
 More potent than the first. Thunder. 90

2 Apparition, a bloody child.

2 Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth ----

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!

2 Apparition. Be bloody, bold and resolute.
 Laugh to scorn 95
 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 -- 100
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies
 And sleep in spite of thunder. Thunder.

3 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 105
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to it.

3 Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
 Macbeth shall never vanquished be until 110
 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! 115
Rebellious dead rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise -- and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art 120
Can tell so much -- shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied. Deny me this
And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know. 125
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this? Oboes.

1 Witch. Show.

2 Witch. Show.

3 Witch. Show.

All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart. 130
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight kings, and Banquo last, with a glass
in his hand.

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair, 135
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. 140
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more -- and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me 145
And points at them for his. -- What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights. 150
I'll charm the air to give a sound
While you perform your antic round --
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay. Music.

The Witches dance, and vanish. 155

Macbeth. Where are they? -- Gone? --
Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your grace's will? 160
 Macbeth. Saw you the weyard sisters?
 Lenox. No, my lord.
 Macbeth. Came they not by you?
 Lenox. No indeed, my lord.
 Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride, 165
 And damned all those that trust them. -- I did hear
 The galloping of [horses](#). Who was it came by?
 Lenox. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
 Macduff is fled to England.
 Macbeth. Fled to England? 170
 Lenox. Ay, my good lord.
 Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be 175
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
 Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls 180
 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 ii.

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

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
 Ross. You must have patience, madam.
 Wife. He had none. 5
 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.
 Wife. Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes, 10
 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. 15
 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, 20

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits of the season. I dare not speak much further --
 But cruel are the times when we are traitors
 And do not know ourselves -- when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear -- 25
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way and move. -- I take my leave of you --
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. -- My pretty cousin, 30
 Blessing upon you.
 Wife. Fathered he is,
 And yet he's fatherless.
 Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort. 35
 I take my leave at once. Exit Ross.
 Wife. Sirrah, your father's dead.
 And what will you do now? How will you live?
 Son. As birds do, mother.
 Wife. What, with worms and flies? 40
 Son. With what I get, I mean, and so do they.
 Wife. Poor bird,
 Thou'd'st never fear the net nor lime,
 The pitfall nor the gin.
 Son. Why should I, mother? 45
 Poor birds they are not set for.
 My father is not dead, for all your saying.
 Wife. Yes, he is dead.
 How wilt thou do for a father?
 Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband? 50
 Wife. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
 Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
 Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit --
 And yet, i'faith, with wit enough for thee.
 Son. Was my father a traitor, mother? 55
 Wife. Ay, that he was.
 Son. What is a traitor?
 Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.
 Son. And be all traitors, that do so?
 Wife. Every one that does so is a traitor, 60
 And must be hanged.
 Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?
 Wife. Every one.
 Son. Who must hang them?
 Wife. Why, the honest men. 65
 Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools -- for there
 are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men
 and hang up them.
 Wife. Now God help thee, poor monkey.

But how wilt thou do for a father? 70
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.
Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger. 75
Messenger. Bless you, fair dame -- I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones. 80
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage.
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger.

Wife. Whether should I fly? 85
I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence, 90
To say, I have done no harm? --
What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.
Murderer. Where is your husband?
Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 95
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Murderer. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou **shag-haired** villain.
Murderer. What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery? 100
Son. He has killed me, mother.
Run away, I pray you. Exit crying Murder.

Scene iii.
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.
Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macduff. Let us rather 5
Hold fast the mortal sword and like good men
Bestride our **downfallen** birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds --
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out 10
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. What I believe, I'll wail --
What know, believe -- and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. 15
This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.
He hath not touched you yet. I am young -- but something
You may discern of him through me -- and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb 20
To appease an angry god.

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. 25
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.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes. 30

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? -- I pray you, 35
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 40
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy wrongs --
The title is afeard. -- 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. 45

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 50
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 55
Shall have more vices than it had before --
More suffer, and 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 60
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow -- and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms. 65

Macduff. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
 In evils, to top Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, 70
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons and your maids could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust -- and my desire 75
 All continent impediments would o'erbear
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
 Than such a one to reign.

Macduff. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny. It hath been 80
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours. You may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
 And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink. 85
 We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
 That vulture in you to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclined.

Malcolm. With this there grows, 90
 In my most ill-composed affection, such
 A staunchless avarice that were I king
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands --
 Desire his jewels and this other's house --
 And my more having would be as a sauce 95
 To make me hunger more -- that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macduff. This avarice
 Sticks deeper -- grows with more pernicious root 100
 Than summer-seeming lust -- and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear.
 Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weighed. 105

Malcolm. But I have none. The king-becoming graces --

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude --
 I have no relish of them -- but abound 110
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth. 115

Macduff. Oh, 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! O nation
 miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred, 120
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed
 And does blaspheme his breed? -- Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee, 125
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. -- Fare thee well.
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Hath banished me from Scotland. Oh, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here. 130

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 135
 Into his power -- and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste. But God above
 Deal between thee and me. For even now
 I put myself to thy direction and
 Unspeak my own detraction -- here abjure 140
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray 145
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly
 Is thine and my poor country's to command --
 Whither indeed, before thy here approach, 150
 Old Seyward 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 155
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls 160
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art -- but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. Exit. 165

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor.

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis called the Evil --

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

Enter Ross.

Macduff. See who comes here!

Malcolm. My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. I know him now. -- Good God betimes remove 185
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 190
Be called our mother, but our grave -- where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile --
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not marked -- where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead-man's knell 195
Is there scarce asked for who -- and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macduff. Oh, relation too nice and yet too true.

Malcolm. What's the newest grief? 200

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children? 205

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings 210
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out --
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland 215
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be it their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath 220
Lent us good Seyward and ten thousand men --
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words 225
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest 230
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, 235
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. Hmm -- I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner 240
Were, on the quarry of these murdered 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 245
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 killed too?
 Ross. I have said. 250
 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? Oh, hell-kite! All? 255
 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. 260
 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 265
 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. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes
 And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens, 270
 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. 275
 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. 280

Act V. Scene i.

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 up-
 on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
 write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again re-
 turn to bed -- yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
 Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
 once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching!

In this slumberry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

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

Doctor. You may, to me -- and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady, with a taper.

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

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually -- 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their **senses** are 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. 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. Out, damned spot -- out, I say. One -- two -- why, then 'tis time to do it. 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 accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife -- where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more of that, my lord, no more of 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. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

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

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

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

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

Lady. Wash your hands -- put on your night-gown --

look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried --
 he cannot come out on his grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady. 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 Lady.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed? 70

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. 75
 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 has mated and amazed my sight.
 I think, but dare not speak. 80

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor. Exeunt.

Scene ii.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness,
 Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
 His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff. 5
 Revenges burn in them -- for their dear causes
 Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
 Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming. 10

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lenox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
 Of all the gentry. There is Seyward's son,
 And many unrough youths that even now
 Protest their first of manhood. 15

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
 Some say he's mad. Others that lesser hate him
 Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distempered cause 20
 Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel
 His secret murders sticking on his hands.
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
 Those he commands move only in command, 25
 Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.
 Menteith. Who then shall blame
 His pestered senses to recoil and start, 30
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself for being there?
 Caithness. Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, 35
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.
 Lenox. Or so much as it needs
 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
 Make we our march towards Birnam. Exeunt, marching. 40

Scene iii.

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? 5
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus --
 Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures. 10
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
 Where gott'st thou that goose look? 15
 Servant. There is ten thousand ----
 Macbeth. Geese, villain?
 Servant. Soldiers, sir.
 Macbeth. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch? 20
 Death of thy soul, 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. -- Seyton! -- I am sick at
 heart
 When I behold ---- Seyton, I say! -- This push 25
 Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough. My way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf --

And that which should accompany old age --
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends -- 30
 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. 35

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?
 Macbeth. What news more?
 Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
 Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
 Give me my armour. 40
 Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.
 Macbeth. I'll put it on.
 Send out more horses, skir the country round,
 Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me mine armour. --
 How does your patient, doctor? 45
 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, 50
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart? 55
 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 my my staff. --
 Seyton, send out! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. -- 60
 Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease
 And purge it to a sound and [pristine](#) health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo
 That should applaud again. -- Pull it off, I say. -- 65
 What rhubarb, [cynne](#), or what purgative drug
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
 Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.
 Macbeth. Bring it after me. 70
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
 Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. Exeunt.

Scene iv.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
Seyward's Son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
and Soldiers, marching.

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand 5
That chambers will be safe.
Menteith. We doubt it nothing.
Seyward. What wood is this before us?
Menteith. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough 10
And bear it before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Seyward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant 15
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before it.
Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope --
For where there is advantage to be given
Both more and less have given him the revolt, 20
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. 25
Seyward. 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. 30
Towards which, advance the war. Exeunt, marching.

Scene v.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with
drum and colours.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls. 5
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.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. -- What is that noise? 10
A cry within of women.

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
 The time has been, my senses would have cooled
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair 15
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
 As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors.
 Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
 Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead. 20

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter.
 There would have been a time for such a word. --
 Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time -- 25
 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 30
 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, 35
 But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
 The wood began to move. 40

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

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

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false, 45
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
 Till famine cling thee. -- If thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in resolution and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend 50
 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. 55
 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun
 And wish the estate of 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.

Drum and colours.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their army,
with boughs.

Malcolm. Now near enough. 5
Your leavy 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 us what else remains to do, 10
According to our order.
Seyward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak -- give them all
breath, 15
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. Exeunt.
Alarums continued.

Scene vii.

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 5
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Young Seyward. What is thy name?
Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Seyward. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name 10
Than any is in hell.
Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.
Young Seyward. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macbeth. No, nor more fearful. 15
Young Seyward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
Fight, and Young Seyward slain.
Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman --
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, 20

Brandished 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. 25

I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. -- There thou should'st be.
By this great clatter one of greatest note 30

Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Seyward. This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight, 35
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us. 40

Seyward. Enter, sir, the castle. Exeunt. Alarums.

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. 45

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. 50

Macduff. I have no words.
My voice is is my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. Fight. Alarums.

Macbeth. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air 55
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm -- 60
And let the angel whom thou still hast served

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cowed my better part of man. 65
 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, 70
 And live to be the show and gaze of the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
 Here may you see the tyrant.

Macbeth. I will not yield, 75
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body 80
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.
 Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours 85
 Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanos, and Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Seyward. Some must go off -- and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son. 90

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 He only lived but till he was a man --
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed,
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died. 95

Seyward. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Seyward. Had he his hurts before? 100

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Seyward. 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 knolled. 105

Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Seyward. He's worth no more.

They say he parted well and paid his score --
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort. 110

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 compassed with thy kingdom's pearl, 115
That speak my salutation in their minds --
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! Flourish.

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time 120
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time -- 125
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen --
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 130
Took off her life -- this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. 135

Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

THE END.