

MACBETH By William Shakespeare

Persons Represented

DUNCAN, King of Scotland:
MALCOLM, his Son:
MACBETH, General in the King's Army:
BANQUO, General in the King's Army:
MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland:
LENNOX, Nobleman of Scotland:
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo:
BOY, Son to Macduff:
DOCTOR:
LADY MACBETH:
LADY MACDUFF:
GENTLEWOMAN:
WITCH 1:
WITCH 2:
WITCH 3
FIRST MURDERER:
SECOND MURDERER:
Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENES:

IN THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT, IN ENGLAND;
THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY, IN SCOTLAND; AND CHIEFLY AT MACBETH'S CASTLE.

ACT I

ACT I SCENE I An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. [Enter three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH.

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

SECOND WITCH.

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

THIRD WITCH.

With the setting of the sun.

FIRST WITCH.

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH.

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH.

There to meet with Macbeth.

ALL.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

ACT I SCENE III A heath.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH.

Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH.

Killing swine.

FIRST WITCH.

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH.

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH.

Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wrecked as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

THIRD WITCH.

A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

ALL.

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

[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.]

MACBETH.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

Speak, if you can - what are you?

FIRST WITCH.

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

SECOND WITCH.

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

THIRD WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

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 - to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow, and which will not, speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH.

Hail!

SECOND WITCH.

Hail!

THIRD WITCH.

Hail!

FIRST WITCH.

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH.

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

FIRST WITCH.

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman. Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence. Or why upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting? - Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish.]

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO.

You shall be king.

MACBETH.

And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO.

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here? [Enter Lennox.]

LENNOX

The king hath happily received, Macbeth, the news of thy success. I am sent to give thee, from our royal master, thanks; He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, for it is thine.

BANQUO.

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH.

[Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind. - Thanks for your pains. [TO BANQUO] Do you not hope your children shall be kings, when those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me promised no less to them?

BANQUO.

Oftentimes to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, then betray us in deepest consequence. - Cousin, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH.

[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill; cannot be good: - if ill, why hath it given me earnest of success, commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, and make my seated heart knock at my ribs against the use of nature?

BANQUO.

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH.

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

BANQUO.

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH.

Give me your favor - my dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, let us toward the king. - [Aside to Banquo] Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time, the interim having weighed it, let us speak our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO.

Most gladly.

MACBETH.

Till then, enough. - Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

ACT 1 SCENE V Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle

[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.]

LADY MACBETH.

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; art not without ambition; but without the illness that should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win. Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear! [Enter an Attendant.] What is your tidings?

ATTENDANT.

The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.

You bring great news. [Exit Attendant.]

The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here; and fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood, stop up the access and passage to remorse. Come to my woman's breasts, and take my milk for gall. Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell that my keen knife see not the wound it makes!" [Enter Macbeth.] Great

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

MACBETH.

My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.

And when goes hence?

MACBETH.

To-morrow, - as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH.

O, never shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters - to beguile the time, look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under't. He that's coming must be provided for: and you shall put this night's great business into my despatch.

MACBETH.

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH.

Only look up clear; to alter favor ever is to fear: Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

ACT 1 SCENE VI/VII The same. Before the Castle.

[Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants]

DUNCAN.

This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses. [Enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH

Come; let me show you to your room, after we will feast and speak intimately together.

DUNCAN

Fair and noble hostess, give me your hand; [Exeunt.] [Enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, then, as his host, who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been so clear and virtuous in his great office, that pity shall blow the horrid deed in every eye.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.] How now! What news?

MACBETH.

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH.

Know you not he has?

MACBETH.

We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honored me of late; and I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people, which would be worn now in their newest gloss, not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH.

Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale at what it did so freely? Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou live a coward in thine own esteem?

MACBETH.

Prithee, peace! I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH.

What beast was it, then, that made you break this enterprise to me? When you dared do it, then you were a man; and, to be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man.

MACBETH.

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH.

We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail convince: and when they lie in swinish sleep, what cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan? And his spongy officers shall bear the guilt of our great deed!

MACBETH.

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 MACBETH.

Who will dare receive it other?

MACBETH.

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

ACT II

ACT II. SCENE I. Inverness. Court within the Castle.

[Enter Banquo]

BANQUO.

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! Who's there?

MACBETH.

A friend.

BANQUO.

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed: He hath been in unusual pleasure and sent forth great gifts to your officers. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.

MACBETH.

I think not of them: Yet, when we have an hour, we might spend it in some words upon that business, if you would grant the time.

BANQUO.

With pleasure.

MACBETH.

Good repose the while!

BANQUO.

Thanks, sir: the like to you! [Exeunt Banquo]

MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: - I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight? Or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, which was not so before. - There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes. - Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep. Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk and take the present horror from this act- While I talk, he lives; Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.] I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell, that summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE II COURTYARD

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

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. He is about it: The doors are open; the King's grooms are dead to the world.

MACBETH.

[Within.] Who's there?

LADY MACBETH.

Alack! I am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed, confounds us. - Hark! - I laid their daggers ready; He could not miss 'em. - Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I myself would have done it - My husband! [Re-enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

When?

LADY MACBETH.

Now.

MACBETH.

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH.

Ay.

MACBETH.

Hark! - Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH.

Malcolm.

MACBETH.

This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.]

LADY MACBETH.

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH.

One did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"

One cried, "God bless us!" And I, hidden with my hangman's hands, could not answer "Amen".

LADY MACBETH.

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

These deeds must not be thought after or they will make us mad.

MACBETH.

I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,"

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

MACBETH.

Whence is that knocking? How is it with me, when every noise appalls me? What hands are here?

Ha, they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

My hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear knocking at the south entry: - let us retire to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy hath abandoned you. - [Knocking within.] Hark, more knocking: Get on your nightgown: - be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knocking within.] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt].

ACT III. SCENE I. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter Banquo.]

BANQUO.

Thou hast it now, - king, Cawdor, Glamis, all, as the weird women promis'd; and, I fear, thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was said it should not stand in thy posterity; But that I myself should be the root and father of many kings. If there come truth from them, may they not be my oracles as well? But hush; no more. [Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.]

MACBETH.

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

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

BANQUO.

Let your highness command upon me; my duties are to him forever knit.

MACBETH.

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO.

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH.

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO.

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH.

Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.] To be thus is nothing; But to be safely thus: - our fears in Banquo stick deep; There is none but he whose being I do fear: and under him, my genius is rebuk'd. The sisters, when first they put the name of king upon me, hail'd him father to a line of kings: Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown. If't be so, For Banquo's issue have I defiled my mind; For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd; To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Banquo, to-night your soul will fly to heaven. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE IV. A Room of state in the Palace. A banquet prepared

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

MACBETH.

You know your own degrees: sit down.

LORDS.

Thanks to your majesty.

LADY MACBETH.

My royal lord, You do not give the cheer.

MACBETH.

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

LENNOX.

May it please your highness, sit. [The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

MACBETH.

If only the grac'd person of our Banquo were present;

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.

LENNOX.

Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACBETH.

Where?

LENNOX.

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

MACBETH.

Which of you have done this?

LORDS.

What, my good lord?

MACBETH.

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

LENNOX

Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appall the devil.

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? - Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. -[Ghost disappears.]

LADY MACBETH.

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH.

The time has been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die!

LADY MACBETH.

My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH.

I do forget: - Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me. Come, love and health to all; Then I'll sit down. - Give me some wine, fill full. - I drink to the general joy 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.

LORDS.

Our duties, and the pledge. [Ghost rises again.]

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost disappears.] Why, so; - being gone, I am a man again. - Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without provoking wonder? How can you behold such sights, and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine are blanch'd with fear?

ROSS.

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH.

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

LENNOX.

Good-night; and better health attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH.

A kind good-night to all! [Exeunt all Lords and Attendants.]

MACBETH.

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood: Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak- What is the night?

LADY MACBETH.

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH.

I hear it by the way; but I will send: I will to-morrow, to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. I am in blood stepped in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er

LADY MACBETH.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH.

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

ACT IV

ACT IV SCENE I

MACBETH pays the witches a second visit. They tell him to beware of Macduff. They also tell him that 'none of woman born shall harm Macbeth' and that 'Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him.' Macbeth learns that Macduff has gone to Scotland to join Malcolm as they prepare an army to attack Macbeth. Macbeth decides to attack Macduff's unguarded castle and kill his wife and children.

ACT IV. SCENE III England. Before the King's Palace.

[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]

MACDUFF.

See, who comes here?[Enter Ross.]

MACDUFF.

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MACDUFF.

Stands Scotland where it did?

LENNOX

Alas, poor country, - almost afraid to know itself!

MALCOLM.

What's the newest grief?

LENNOX

Worse by the minute.

MALCOLM.

Be't comfort we are coming thither: gracious England hath lent us good Siward and ten thousand men.

LENNOX

Would I could answer this comfort with the like! But I have words that would be howl'd out in the desert air, where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF.

What concern they?

LENNOX

The main part pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF.

If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

LENNOX

Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes savagely slaughter'd.

MALCOLM.

Merciful heaven! - What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak the heart doth break.

MACDUFF.

My children too?

LENNOX

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

MACDUFF.

My wife kill'd too?

LENNOX

I have said.

MALCOLM.

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

MACDUFF.

He has no children. - All my pretty ones? Did you say all? - O God! All? What, all my pretty chickens and their mother at one fell swoop?

MALCOLM.

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF.

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

MALCOLM.

Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF.

O, gentle heavens, cut short all intermission; bring thou this fiend of Scotland within my sword's length; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM.

This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready: Macbeth is ripe for shaking. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

ACT V. SCENE I Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.]

DOCTOR.

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN.

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. Lo you, here she comes! [Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.] 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 sense is shut.

DOCTOR.

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

GENTLEWOMAN.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Out, damned spot! out, I say! - One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't ; - Hell is murky! - Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? - Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR.

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH.

The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR.

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

GENTLEWOMAN.

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

LADY MACBETH.

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

DOCTOR.

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

GENTLEWOMAN.

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

DOCTOR.

Well, well, well, - This disease is beyond my practice.

LADY MACBETH.

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: - I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.]

DOCTOR.

More needs she the divine than the physician. - God, God, forgive us all!

ACT V. SCENE III Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

[Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.]

MACBETH.

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? [Enter a Servant.] The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT.

There is ten thousand -

MACBETH.

Geese, villain?

SERVANT.

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH.

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

SERVANT.

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH.

Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.] I am sick at heart, When I behold I have liv'd long enough: my way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton! - [Enter Seyton.]

SEYTON.

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH.

What news more?

SEYTON.

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

MACBETH.

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

SEYTON.

'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH.

I'll put it on. Send out more horses, scour the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. - Give me mine armour. - How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR.

Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH.

Cure her of that: Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd; Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow; Raze out the written troubles of the brain; And with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR.

Therein the patient must minister to himself.

MACBETH.

Throw physic to the dogs, - I'll none of it. - Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: - Seyton, send out. - Doctor, the Thanes fly from me. - Come, sir, despatch. - If thou couldst, doctor, cast the water of my land, find her disease, and purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee. - Pull't off, I say. - What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, would rid us of these English? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR.

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation makes us hear something.

MACBETH.

Bring it after me. - I will not be afraid of death and bane, till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[Exeunt all except Doctor.]

DOCTOR.

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE V Dunsinane. Within the castle.

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

MACBETH.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls. Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie till famine and the ague eat them up: [A cry of women within.] What is that noise?

SEYTON.

It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.]

MACBETH.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears: The time has been, my senses would have cool'd to hear a night-shriek; I have supp'd full with horrors; [Re-enter Seyton.] Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON.

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH.

She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word. - To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more: it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. [Enter a Messenger.] Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER.

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

MACBETH.

Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER.

As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam and methought I saw the wood begin to move.

MACBETH.

Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

MESSENGER.

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

MACBETH.

If thou speak'st false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, "Fear not, they said, till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood comes toward Dunsinane. - Arm, arm, and out! - If this which he avouches does appear, there is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I begin to be a-weary 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.]

ACT V. SCENE VIII. The same. Another part of the Plain.

[Enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword? [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 charg'd with blood of thine already.

MACDUFF.

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

[They fight.]

MACBETH.

Thou lovest labour: 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; for Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH.

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF.

Then yield thee, coward.

MACBETH.

I will not yield, to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou being of no woman born, yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield! [Exeunt fighting.]

Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith, and Soldiers.

[Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.]

MACDUFF [to Malcolm]

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

ALL.

Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]