

## Original Text

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter MACBETH, with bloody daggers*

My husband!

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

When?

## Modern Text

*noise.) Listen to that! I put the servants' daggers where Macbeth would find them. He couldn't have missed them. If Duncan hadn't reminded me of my father when I saw him sleeping, I would have killed him myself.*

**MACBETH** enters carrying bloody daggers.

My husband!

**MACBETH**

I have done the deed. Did you hear a noise?

**LADY MACBETH**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Didn't you say something?

**MACBETH**

When?

## Act 2, Scene 2, Page 2

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

Hark! Who lies i' th' second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

20 (*looking at his hands*) This is a sorry sight.

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**MACBETH**

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

"Murder!"

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard  
25 them.

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**

There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

30 Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

**LADY MACBETH**

Just now.

**MACBETH**

As I came down?

**LADY MACBETH**

Yes.

**MACBETH**

Listen! Who's sleeping in the second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

(*looking at his bloody hands*) This is a sorry sight.

**LADY MACBETH**

That's a stupid thing to say.

**MACBETH**

One of the servants laughed in his sleep, and one  
cried, "Murder!" and they woke each other up. I  
stood and listened to them, but then they said  
their prayers and went back to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**

Malcolm and Donalbain are asleep in the same  
room.

**MACBETH**

One servant cried, "God bless us!" and the other  
replied, "Amen," as if they had seen my bloody  
hands. Listening to their frightened voices, I  
couldn't reply "Amen" when they said "God bless  
us!"

**LADY MACBETH**

Don't think about it so much.

**MACBETH**

But why couldn't I say "Amen"? I desperately

### Original Text

I had most need of blessing, and “Amen”  
Stuck in my throat.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

### Modern Text

needed God’s blessing, but the word “Amen” stuck in my throat.

**LADY MACBETH**

We can’t think that way about what we did. If we do, it’ll drive us crazy.

## Act 2, Scene 2, Page 3

**MACBETH**

35 Methought I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep”—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,  
40 Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

**LADY MACBETH**

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 MACBETH**

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
45 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  
50 The sleepy grooms with blood.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures. ‘Tis the eye of childhood  
55 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**

I thought I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more!  
Macbeth is murdering sleep.” Innocent sleep.  
Sleep that soothes away all our worries. Sleep  
that puts each day to rest. Sleep that relieves the  
weary laborer and heals hurt minds. Sleep, the  
main course in life’s feast, and the most  
nourishing.

**LADY MACBETH**

What are you talking about?

**MACBETH**

The voice kept crying, “Sleep no more!” to  
everyone in the house. “Macbeth has murdered  
sleep, and therefore Macbeth will sleep no more.”

**LADY MACBETH**

Who said that? Why, my worthy lord, you let  
yourself become weak when you think about  
things in this cowardly way. Go get some water  
and wash this bloody evidence from your hands.  
Why did you carry these daggers out of the  
room? They have to stay there. Go take them  
back and smear the sleeping guards with the  
blood.

**MACBETH**

I can’t go back. I’m afraid even to think about  
what I’ve done. I can’t stand to look at it again.

**LADY MACBETH**

Coward! Give me the daggers. Dead and  
sleeping people can’t hurt you any more than  
pictures can. Only children are afraid of scary  
pictures. If Duncan bleeds I’ll paint the servants’  
faces with his blood. We must make it seem like  
they’re guilty.

**LADY MACBETH** exits.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

## Act 2, Scene 2, Page 4

**MACBETH**

Whence is that knocking?  
How is ‘t with me when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes.  
60 Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

**MACBETH**

Where is that knocking coming from? What’s  
happening to me, that I’m frightened of every  
noise? (*looking at his hands*) Whose hands are  
these? Ha! They’re plucking out my eyes. Will all  
the water in the ocean wash this blood from my

## Original Text

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

### LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your color, but I shame  
65 To wear a heart so white.

*Knock within*

I hear a knocking  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.

*Knock within*

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

### MACBETH

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

*Knock within*

75 Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou  
couldst.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

hands? No, instead my hands will stain the seas  
scarlet, turning the green waters red.

**LADY MACBETH** enters.

### LADY MACBETH

My hands are as red as yours, but I would be  
ashamed if my heart were as pale and weak.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

I hear someone knocking at the south entry. Let's  
go back to our bedroom. A little water will wash  
away the evidence of our guilt. It's so simple!  
You've lost your resolve.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

Listen! There's more knocking. Put on your  
nightgown, in case someone comes and sees  
that we're awake. Snap out of your daze.

### MACBETH

Rather than have to think about my crime, I'd  
prefer to be completely unconscious.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

Wake Duncan with your knocking. I wish you  
could!

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

*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 within*

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on  
the expectation of plenty. Come in time, have napkins  
enough about you, here you'll sweat for 't.

*Knock within*

Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' 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 heaven. O, come in, equivocator.

*Knock within*

5 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.

*A sound of knocking from offstage. A PORTER ,  
who is obviously drunk, enters.*

### PORTER

This is a lot of knocking! Come to think of it, if a  
man were in charge of opening the gates of hell to  
let people in, he would have to turn the key a lot.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

Knock, knock, knock! (*pretending he's the  
gatekeeper in hell*) Who's there, in the devil's  
name? Maybe it's a farmer who killed himself  
because grain was cheap. (*talking to the  
imaginary farmer*) You're here just in time! I hope  
you brought some handkerchiefs; you're going to  
sweat a lot here.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name? Maybe it's some slick, two-faced con man  
who lied under oath. But he found out that you  
can't lie to God, and now he's going to hell for  
perjury. Come on in, con man.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Maybe it's an  
English tailor who liked to skimp on the fabric for  
people's clothes. But now that tight pants are in

**Original Text****Modern Text***Knock within*

fashion he can't get away with it. Come on in, tailor. You can heat your iron up in here.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

**Act 2, Scene 3, Page 2**

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.

*Knock within*

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

*Opens the gate*  
*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

**MACDUFF**

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

**PORTRER**

10 '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?

**PORTRER**

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.

**Act 2, Scene 3, Page 3****PORTRER**

That it did, sir, i' th' 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.

**MACDUFF**

15 Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

Knock, knock! Never a moment of peace! Who are you? Ah, this place is too cold to be hell. I won't pretend to be the devil's porter anymore. I was going to let someone from every profession into hell.

*A sound of knocking from offstage.*

I'm coming, I'm coming! Please, don't forget to leave me a tip.

*The PORTER opens the gate.*  
*MACDUFF and LENNOX enter.*

**MACDUFF**

Did you go to bed so late, my friend, that you're having a hard time getting up now?

**PORTRER**

That's right sir, we were drinking until 3 A.M., and drink, sir, makes a man do three things.

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink make a man do?

**PORTRER**

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

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink did all of this to you last night.

**PORTRER**

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

**MACDUFF**

Is your master awake?

*MACBETH enters.*

Our knocking woke him up. Here he comes.

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>LENNOX</b> Good morrow, noble sir.	<b>LENNOX</b> Good morning, noble sir.
<b>MACBETH</b> Good morrow, both.	<b>MACBETH</b> Good morning to both of you.
<b>MACDUFF</b> Is the king stirring, worthy thane?	<b>MACDUFF</b> Is the King awake, worthy thane?
<b>MACBETH</b> Not yet.	<b>MACBETH</b> Not yet.
<b>MACDUFF</b> He did command me to call timely on him. I have almost slipped the hour.	<b>MACDUFF</b> He commanded me to wake him up early. I've almost missed the time he requested.
<b>MACBETH</b> I'll bring you to him.	<b>MACBETH</b> I'll bring you to him.
<b>MACDUFF</b> I know this is a joyful trouble to you, But yet 'tis one.	<b>MACDUFF</b> I know the burden of hosting him is both an honor and a trouble, but that doesn't mean it's not a trouble just the same.
<b>MACBETH</b> The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.	<b>MACBETH</b> The work we enjoy is not really work. This is the door.
<b>MACDUFF</b> I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service.	<b>MACDUFF</b> I'll wake him, because that's my job.
<i>Exit MACDUFF</i>	
<b>LENNOX</b> Goes the king hence today?	<b>LENNOX</b> Is the king leaving here today?
<b>Act 2, Scene 3, Page 4</b>	
<b>MACBETH</b> He does. He did appoint so.	<b>MACBETH</b> He is. He told us to arrange it.
<b>LENNOX</b> The night has been unruly. Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion and confused events New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth Was feverous and did shake.	<b>LENNOX</b> The night has been chaotic. The wind blew down through the chimneys where we were sleeping. People are saying they heard cries of grief in the air, strange screams of death, and terrible voices predicting catastrophes that will usher in a woeful new age. The owl made noise all night. Some people say that the earth shook as if it had a fever.
<b>MACBETH</b> 'Twas a rough night.	<b>MACBETH</b> It was a rough night.
<b>LENNOX</b> My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.	<b>LENNOX</b> I'm too young to remember anything like it.
<i>Enter MACDUFF</i>	
<b>MACDUFF</b> O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!	<b>MACDUFF</b> Oh, horror, horror, horror! This is beyond words and beyond belief!
<b>MACBETH &amp; LENNOX</b> What's the matter?	<b>MACBETH &amp; LENNOX</b> What's the matter?
<i>MACDUFF enters, upset.</i>	

## Original Text

**MACDUFF**

40 Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' th' building!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? "The life"?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

## Modern Text

**MACDUFF**

The worst thing imaginable has happened. A murderer has broken into **God's temple** and stolen the life out of it.

**MACBETH**

What are you talking about? "The life"?

**LENNOX**

Do you mean the king?

## Act 2, Scene 3, Page 5

**MACDUFF**

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

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarm bell. Murder and treason!

50 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!  
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,  
55 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell

*Bell rings. Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

*Enter BANQUO*

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murdered!

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

**MACDUFF**

Go into the bedroom and see for yourself. What's in there will make you freeze with horror. Don't ask me to talk about it. Go look and then do the talking yourselves.

*MACBETH and LENNOX exit.*

Wake up, wake up! Ring the alarm bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm!  
Wake up! Shake off sleep, which looks like death, and look at death itself! Get up, get up, and look at this image of doomsday! Malcolm! Banquo!  
Get up from your beds as if you were rising out of your own graves, and walk like ghosts to come witness this horror. Ring the bell.

*A bell rings. LADY MACBETH enters.*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's going on? Why is that terrifying trumpet calling together everyone who's sleeping in the house? Speak up and tell me!

**MACDUFF**

Oh gentle lady, my news isn't fit for your ears. If I repeated it to you, it would kill you as soon as you heard it.

*BANQUO enters.*

Oh Banquo, Banquo, the king has been murdered!

**LADY MACBETH**

How horrible! What, in our own house?

## Act 2, Scene 3, Page 6

**BANQUO**

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

*Enter MACBETH, LENNOX, and ROSS*

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,

**BANQUO**

It would be a terrible event no matter where it happened. Dear Macduff, I beg you, tell us you were lying and say it isn't so.

*MACBETH and LENNOX reenter, with ROSS.*

**MACBETH**

If I had only died an hour before this event I could

## Original Text

I had lived a blessed time, for from this instant  
 70 There's nothing serious in mortality.  
 All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead.  
 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**

75 You are, and do not know 't.  
 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?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.  
 80 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,  
 85 That I did kill them.

## Modern Text

say I had lived a blessed life. Because from this moment on, there is nothing worth living for. Everything is a sick joke. The graceful and renowned king is dead. The wine of life has been poured out, and only the dregs remain.

*MALCOLM and DONALBAIN enter.*

**DONALBAIN**

What's wrong?

**MACBETH**

You are, but you don't know it yet. The source from which your royal blood comes has been stopped.

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father is murdered.

**MALCOLM**

Who did it?

**LENNOX**

It seems that the guards who were supposed to be protecting his chamber did it. Their hands and faces were all covered with blood. So were their daggers, which we found on their pillows, unwiped. They stared at us in confusion. No one's life should have been entrusted to them.

**MACBETH**

And yet I still regret the anger that drove me to kill them.

## Act 2, Scene 3, Page 7

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate, and furious,  
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.  
 Th' expedition of my violent love  
 90 Outrun 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 colors of their trade, their daggers  
 95 Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage to make 's love known?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**MALCOLM**

(aside to DONALBAIN) Why do we hold our  
 100 tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

**MACDUFF**

What did you do that for?

**MACBETH**

Is it possible to be wise, bewildered, calm, furious, loyal, and neutral all at once? Nobody can do that. The violent rage inspired by my love for Duncan caused me to act before I could think rationally and tell myself to pause. There was Duncan, his white skin all splattered with his precious blood. The gashes where the knives had cut him looked like wounds to nature itself. Then right next to him I saw the murderers, dripping with blood, their daggers rudely covered in gore. Who could have restrained himself, who loved Duncan and had the courage to act on it?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me out of here, quickly!

**MACDUFF**

Take care of the lady.

**MALCOLM**

(speaking so that only DONALBAIN can hear) Why are we keeping quiet? The two of us have the most to say in this matter.

## Original Text

**DONALBAIN**

(aside to MALCOLM) What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us? Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

**MALCOLM**

(aside to DONALBAIN) Nor our strong sorrow  
105 Upon the foot of motion.

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady.

*Exit LADY MACBETH, attended*

## Modern Text

**DONALBAIN**

(speaking so that only MALCOLM can hear) What are we going to say here, where danger may be waiting to strike at us from anywhere? Let's get out of here. We haven't even begun to weep yet—but there will be time for that later.

**MALCOLM**

(speaking so that only DONALBAIN can hear) And the time hasn't come yet for us to turn our deep grief into action.

**BANQUO**

Take care of the lady.

*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*

## Act 2, Scene 3, Page 8

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

110 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

Well contented.

*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

**MALCOLM**

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

**DONALBAIN**

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

**MALCOLM**

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
125 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  
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

When we're properly dressed for the cold, let's meet and discuss this bloody crime to see if we can figure anything out. Right now we're shaken up by fears and doubts. I'm putting myself in God's hands, and with his help I plan to fight against the secret plot that caused this treasonous murder.

**MACDUFF**

So will I.

**ALL**

So will we all.

**MACBETH**

Let's get dressed quickly and then meet in the hall.

**ALL**

Agreed.

*Everyone exits except MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

**MALCOLM**

What are you going to do? Let's not stay here with them. It's easy for a liar to pretend to feel sorrow when he actually feels none. I'm going to England.

**DONALBAIN**

I'll go to Ireland. We'll both be safer if we go separate ways. Wherever we go, men will smile at us while hiding daggers. Our closest relatives are the ones most likely to murder us.

**MALCOLM**

We haven't yet encountered that danger, and the best thing to do is avoid it entirely. With that in mind, let's get on our horses. We'd better not worry about saying polite good-byes; we should just get away quickly. There's good reason to escape when there's no mercy to be found anymore.

**Original Text****Modern Text***Exeunt**They exit.***Act 2, Scene 4***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  
 Hath trifled former knowings.

**ROSS**

Ha, good father,  
 5 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
 Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,  
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
 Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame  
 That darkness does the face of Earth entomb  
 10 When living light should kiss it?

**OLD MAN**

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

**ROSS**

And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and  
 15 certain—  
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
 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, to th' amazement of mine eyes  
 20 That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF**ROSS and an OLD MAN enter.***OLD MAN**

I can remember the past seventy years pretty  
 well, and in all that time I have seen dreadful  
 hours and strange things. But last night's horrors  
 make everything that came before seem like a  
 joke.

**ROSS**

Ah yes, old man. You can see the skies. They  
 look like they're upset about what mankind has  
 been doing, and they're threatening the Earth  
 with storms. The clock says it's daytime, but dark  
 night is strangling the sun. Is it because night is  
 so strong, or because day is so weak, that  
 darkness covers the earth when it's supposed to  
 be light?

**OLD MAN**

It's unnatural, just like the murder that has been  
 committed. Last Tuesday a falcon was circling  
 high in the sky, and it was caught and killed by an  
 ordinary owl that usually goes after mice.

**ROSS**

And something else strange happened. Duncan's  
 horses, which are beautiful and swift and the best  
 of their breed, suddenly turned wild and broke out  
 of their stalls. Refusing to be obedient as usual,  
 they acted like they were at war with mankind.

**OLD MAN**

They say the horses ate each other.

**ROSS**

I saw it with my own eyes. It was an amazing  
 sight. Here comes the good Macduff.

*MACDUFF enters.***Act 2, Scene 4, Page 2**

How goes the world, sir, now?

**MACDUFF**

Why, see you not?

**ROSS**

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

**MACDUFF**

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**ROSS**

Alas, the day!  
 What good could they pretend?

How are things going now?

**MACDUFF**

Can't you see for yourself?

**ROSS**

Does anyone know who committed this horrible  
 crime?

**MACDUFF**

The servants Macbeth killed.

**ROSS**

It's too bad he killed them. What good would it  
 have done those men to kill Duncan?

## Original Text

**MACDUFF**

They were suborned.

25 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

**ROSS**

'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that will raven up

30 Thine own lives' 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?

**MACDUFF**

35 Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

**ROSS**

Will you to Scone?

**MACDUFF**

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

**ROSS**

Well, I will thither.

## Modern Text

**MACDUFF**

They were paid to betray their master. Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, have run away and fled, which makes them the prime suspects.

**ROSS**

Everything about this is unnatural! What a stupid ambition, causing a son to kill the father who supports him. Then it looks like Macbeth will become king.

**MACDUFF**

He has already been named king and has left for Scone to be crowned.

**ROSS**

Where is Duncan's body?

**MACDUFF**

It was carried to Colmekill to be placed in the tomb of his ancestors, where their bones are kept safe.

**ROSS**

Are you going to Scone?

**MACDUFF**

No, cousin, I'm going to Fife.

**ROSS**

Well, I'll go to Scone.

## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 3

**MACDUFF**

40 Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

**ROSS**

Farewell, father.

**OLD MAN**

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

*Exeunt*

**MACDUFF**

I hope things go well there. Good-bye! And let's hope things don't get worse.

**ROSS**

Farewell, old man.

**OLD MAN**

May God's blessing go with you and with all who turn bad into good, and enemies into friends!

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

*Enter BANQUO*

**BANQUO enters.**

**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't. Yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,

5 But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
10 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

**BANQUO**

Now you have it all: you're the king, the thane of Cawdor, and the thane of Glamis, just like the weird women promised you. And I suspect you cheated to win these titles. But it was also prophesied that the crown would not go to your descendants, and that my sons and grandsons would be kings instead. If the witches tell the truth—which they did about you—maybe what they said about me will come true too. But shhh! I'll shut up now.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><i>Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, LADIES, and attendants</i></p>	<p>A trumpet plays. <b>MACBETH</b> enters dressed as king, and <b>LADY MACBETH</b> enters dressed as queen, together with <b>LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, LADIES</b>, and their attendants</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Here's our chief guest.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(indicating BANQUO)</i> Here's our most important guest.</p>
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing unbecoming.</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> If we forgot him, our big celebration wouldn't be complete, and that wouldn't be any good.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> 15 Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I'll request your presence.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to BANQUO)</i> Tonight we're having a ceremonial banquet, and I want you to be there.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> Let your highness Command upon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie Forever knit.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> Whatever your highness commands me to do, it is always my duty to do it.</p>
<h2 style="text-align: center;">Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2</h2>	
<p><b>MACBETH</b> 20 Ride you this afternoon?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Are you going riding this afternoon?</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> Ay, my good lord.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> Yes, my good lord.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> 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. 25 Is 't far you ride?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> We would have liked to have heard your good advice, which has always been serious and helpful, at the council today, but we'll wait until tomorrow. Are you riding far?</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> 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.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> I'm going far enough that I'll be riding from now until dinner. Unless my horse goes faster than expected, I will be back an hour or two after sunset.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Fail not our feast.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Don't miss our feast.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> 30 My lord, I will not.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> My lord, I won't miss it.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> 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, 35 When therewithal we shall have cause of state Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu, Till your return at night. Goes Fleance with you?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> We hear that the princes, those murderers, have hidden in England and Ireland. They haven't confessed to cruelly murdering their own father, and they've been making up strange lies to tell their hosts. But we can talk more about that tomorrow, when we'll discuss matters of state that concern us both. Hurry up and get to your horse. Good-bye, until you return tonight. Is Fleance going with you?</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> Yes, my good lord. It's time we hit the road.</p>

## Original Text

**MACBETH**

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

*Exit BANQUO*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night. To make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
45 Till suppetime alone. While then, God be with you!

## Modern Text

**MACBETH**

I hope your horses are fast and surefooted. And  
with that, I send you to them. Farewell.

**BANQUO** exits.

Everybody may do as they please until seven  
o'clock tonight. In order to make your company  
even more enjoyable, I'm going to keep to myself  
until suppetime. Until then, God be with you!

## Act 3, Scene 1, Page 3

*Exeunt all except MACBETH and a SERVANT*

*Everyone exits except MACBETH and a SERVANT*

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

**SERVANT**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit SERVANT*

50 To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he  
dares,  
55 And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear, and under him  
My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
60 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, prophetlike,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
65 And put a barren scepter in my grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;  
70 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance. Who's there?

*Enter SERVANT and two MURDERERS*

(to the SERVANT) You there, let me have a word  
with you. Are those men waiting for me?

**SERVANT**

They're waiting outside the palace gate, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Bring them to me.

*The SERVANT exits.*

To be the king is nothing if I'm not safe as the  
king. I'm very afraid of Banquo. There's  
something noble about him that makes me fear  
him. He's willing to take risks, and his mind never  
stops working. He has the wisdom to act bravely  
but also safely. I'm not afraid of anyone but him.  
Around him, my guardian angel is frightened, just  
as Mark Antony's angel supposedly feared  
Octavius Caesar. Banquo chided the witches  
when they first called me king, asking them to tell  
him his own future. Then, like prophets, they  
named him the father to a line of kings. They  
gave me a crown and a scepter that I can't pass  
on. Someone outside my family will take these  
things away from me, since no son of mine will  
take my place as king. If this is true, then I've  
tortured my conscience and murdered the  
gracious Duncan for Banquo's sons. I've ruined  
my own peace for their benefit. I've handed over  
my everlasting soul to the devil so that they could  
be kings. Banquo's sons, kings! Instead of  
watching that happen, I will challenge fate to  
battle and fight to the death. Who's there!

*The SERVANT comes back in with  
two MURDERERS*

## Act 3, Scene 1, Page 4

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

Now go to the door and stay there until I call for