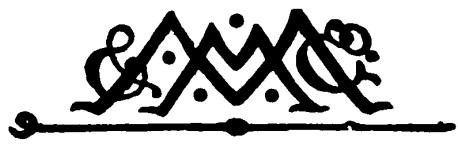


The Eversley Shakespeare

MACBETH



MACBETH

THE
EDITION
FOR
STUDENTS

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

C. H. HERFORD

LITT.D., HON. LITT.D. (VICT.)

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH

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MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the
English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.

SCENE : *Scotland; England.*

Dramatis Personæ. *Hecate*, known by the three names Luna, Diana, and Hecate in heaven, earth, and hell respectively, was the goddess of magic and all forms of enchantment.

As a comment on the part played by the witches, Sir Thomas Browne's remark is

interesting : — ' For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches : they that doubt of these, do not only deny *them* but Spirits ; and are obliquely and upon consequence a sort not of Infidels, but of Atheists.'

INTRODUCTION

MACBETH was first published in the Folio of 1623. It is there already divided into scenes as well as acts. In other respects it is carelessly edited, and the text is among the worst printed in the entire series. In addition, the ‘perfect’ and ‘absolute’ copy of Shakespeare’s work, which the editors of the Folio professed to print, is open to grave suspicion of having been severely revised, cut down, and interpolated after it left his hands. Much, finally, of what is unmistakably Shakespearean has rather the qualities of bold blocking out than of finished workmanship. Verses otherwise stamped with genius jostle rudely with every canon of metre, and the magnificent and inexhaustible poetry forces its way through daring anomalies of speech; while the supreme dramatic energy is focussed upon the two or three principal characters, with an exclusive intensity more characteristic of Æschylus than of the myriad-minded author of world-dramas like *Lear* and *Hamlet*. Under conditions so complex as these, the textual criticism of *Macbeth* is inevitably beset with problems which our knowledge does not suffice to solve.

The theory of a post-Shakespearean revision of *Macbeth* starts from a slender but definite basis of fact. Middleton’s *The Witch* contains two songs referred to in the stage directions of *Macbeth* (viz.

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'Come away, come away,' iii. 5., and 'Black spirits and white, iv. 1.), and afterwards introduced in Davenant's recast of his godfather's work. *The Witch* was most likely written some years after *Macbeth*; it was certainly old when *Macbeth* was printed. The coincidence can be accounted for on several hypotheses, as Mr. Bullen has shown; but the presumption decidedly is that the songs, simply referred to by their first lines in *Macbeth*, as familiar, were drawn from the play where they are quoted in full. This presumption gives a certain *locus standi* to theories of more extensive interpolation, which have been freely advanced with very various degrees of critical competency. The more revolutionary proposals of Messrs. Clark and Wright¹ have found support only from Mr. Fleay, who has since withdrawn it.² Besides a large part of the witch scenes, which might be plausibly assigned to the author of *The Witch*, and the porter scene, which had been rejected by Coleridge, they condemned the 'serjeant scene' (i. 2.), the king's-evil scene (iv. 3. 140-159), the relation of young Siward's death and crowning of Malcolm (v. 8. 35-75), and a variety of rhyming tags. The only serious allegation against the serjeant scene is that it relates the treason of Cawdor, which in the following scene is still unknown to Macbeth (i. 3. 72), and doubtful to Angus (i. 3. 111). But this 'discrepancy' is of the kind that arises when explanatory links drop out; it points rather to compression than to interpolation, and cannot for a moment avail against the profusion of Shakespearean touches scattered through both. That the porter scene, too, is in conception and execution altogether

¹ Edition of *Macbeth*, Introduction (Clar. Press Series). ² In the *Life and Work of* *Shakespeare*, p. 238, Mr. Fleay rejects only iii. 5. and iv. 1.

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Shakespearean few recent critics doubt ; for us, as for De Quincey,¹ the stage resolves the hesitation of the study ; and the lofty morning-hymn which Schiller provided for the German people in place of these less edifying reflexions has disappeared even from the German stage.² The question thus reduces itself to the witch scenes. It must be allowed that there are here striking discrepancies of tone. In part, however, this means merely that in the witches, being a Shakespearean fusion of beings very unlike in legendary character, now the more poetic and now the grosser traits are dominant. But this does not hold of the strangely incongruous figure of Hecate. The leader and controller of the witches in Middleton's play had naturally no place in the legend of Macbeth. She is introduced for the first time in iii. 5. to ask the reason of her exclusion ; but to the end she is a palpable intruder in the witches' cavern. With her entrance the northern scenery is suddenly brought into relation with classic myth ; they are to meet her, no more on the blasted heath, but at the pit of Acheron ; while the language, released from the weird horror or grossness of the other witch scenes, trips along in courtly rococo elegance, with graceful artifices of fancy suggestive of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Her conceptions of enchantment belong to the world of Oberon ; she proposes to beguile Macbeth with the distillations of a vaporous drop that hangs upon a corner of the

¹ *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.* Cf. Prof. Hales' full discussion of the whole question : *The Porter in Macbeth* (N. Shaksp. Soc. Transactions, 1874).

² Schiller's adaptation of *Macbeth* appeared at Weimar

in 1800. It is open to, and has received, severe criticism ; but many of its defects spring from excessive regard for the immature taste of his public rather than from his own, and his version contributed enormously to domesticate Shakespeare in Germany.

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moon ; and the wild, withered hags about the cauldron remind her of elves and fairies in a ring. Of her enchantments nothing more is heard. The apparitions that fatally palter with Macbeth are raised by no lunar dewdrop, but by the less ethereal ingredients of the cauldron ; and Hecate's naïve applause (iv. i. 39-43) does not disguise her complete insignificance and superfluity. To these two passages of extremely doubtful authenticity may probably be added the farewell speech of the First Witch in the same scene (iv. i. 125-132), whose good-natured desire to 'cheer up his sprites' is so oddly out of keeping with their character as demoniac contrivers of harm, and with the 'horrible sight' they have just disclosed to 'grieve his heart.' It may be noted, too, that all three passages (*i.e.* iii. 5., iv. i. 39-43, and 125-132), are composed in iambic verse, the rest of the witch scenes being all trochaic.¹

Date of
Composi-
tion.

Putting aside these passages (about forty lines) *Macbeth* can be assigned with some assurance to 1606. The unmistakable allusions to James (the 'two-fold balls and treble sceptres,' iv. i. 119-122, and the touching for the king's evil, a treasured prerogative of his, iv. 3. 140-159) were of course written after his accession, and would lose point had his accession not been comparatively recent. The choice of subject implied, in effect, a double compliment to the king. Academic ingenuity had already brought the prophecies of the weird sisters into relation with the demonological descendant of Banquo ; his entry into Oxford in 1605 having been celebrated in prophetic verses addressed to him by

¹ Cf. the excellent discussion of the supposed interpolations by Mr. E. K. Chambers in his edition of the play for the

Warwick Series (Appendices E, F, G), to which I owe some suggestions.

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three students in the character of Witches.¹ The Porter, again, in his quality of Clown, founds allusive jests on topics of 1606: the phenomenally abundant harvest (ii. 3. 5), and the Jesuit Garnet's defence of equivocation at his trial in the spring (iv. 3. 10). On the other hand, the play was already familiar in 1607, for Middleton's *The Puritan* contains an evident reference to Banquo's ghost: 'Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.' It is also significant that Warner in 1606 inserted a *Historie of Macbeth* in a new edition of his popular repertory of English history, *Albion's England*. An unquestionable later limit is furnished by Dr. Simon Forman's account of the performance of *Macbeth* which he witnessed at the Globe in 1610. The curious naïveté of his report of the plot persuaded the older editors that the play must have been new. It was doubtless new to him.

No earlier handling of the story of Macbeth can be clearly made out. A ballad on 'Macdobeth' was entered in 1596 in the Stationers' Register, and Kempe, four years later, contemptuously referred to 'the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth, or Macsomewhat' (*Nine Days' Wonder*, 1600). Whatever may lurk under these ambiguous allusions, it is clear that Shakespeare drew his materials substantially from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, the long-familiar source of his English Histories and of *King Lear*. Even as told by Holinshed, the story is very great, and Shakespeare, in the very maturity of his art, found little to change or to add. In this, as in most other points of technique, *Macbeth* stands at the opposite pole to *King Lear*. No

¹ James's *Demonologie*, an elaborate refutation of free-thinking in matters of witchcraft, and es-

pecially of the sceptic Reginald Scot, appeared in 1599.

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parallel from modern romance (like the Gloucester story from the *Arcadia*) crosses and complicates the ancient legendary theme: Macbeth and his wife fill the entire field without reflexion or counterpart. It is clear, nevertheless, that Shakespeare, though he may have thought the story as historical as that of the Richards or Henries, no longer approached it as history. Macbeth's career, and to some extent his character, are modelled on those of another Scottish assassin, Donwald, whose treacherous murder of King Duff Holinshed had described in vivid detail some twenty pages before, while of Duncan's murder he recorded merely the bare fact. Donwald, an officer of the king, enjoying his absolute trust, entertained him in the castle of Fores, of which he had charge. His wife incited him to use his opportunity, 'and shewed him the means whereby he might soonest accomplish it.'¹ Donwald himself 'abhorred the act greatly in heart,' but yields to his wife's urgency. Duff on retiring sends a present to his host; the grooms in the king's chamber, plied with meat and drink by his wife's care, sleep heavily, and fall victims, next morning, to Donwald's 'pious rage.' Fearful portents ensue: the sun is darkened; birds and beasts run counter to their common instincts. All these details Shakespeare has transferred to the story of Duncan, and they add greatly to its tragic force. Holinshed's Macbeth is only his victim's 'kinsman and his subject'; Shakespeare's violates a yet stronger instinct as 'his host,'

¹ Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 26 f. It is interesting to note that Milton included both 'Macbeth' and 'Duff and Donwald' in his list of subjects for a tragedy. It is clear that he would have kept the two stories wholly

distinct. In a valuable and suggestive paper Prof. Hales has indicated the lines on which the poet of *Paradise Lost* would probably have treated the Temptation and Fall of Macbeth (*Folia Litteraria*, 198 f.).

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'who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife himself.' Holinshed's Macbeth plans and executes the murder with matter-of-fact promptitude, without a trace of hesitation or compunction; Shakespeare's Macbeth, like Donwald, has accesses of deep reluctance, in which his wife's resolute energy turns the scale. Holinshed's Lady Macbeth urges her husband 'to attempt the thing,' but has no part in its execution. Thus the elements of the relation between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and of the hesitations and 'infirmity' which chiefly make him a tragic figure at all, are suggested by Holinshed's Donwald, not by his Macbeth. Much even of the political background of the murder belongs rather to the story of Duff. Holinshed's Macbeth acts with the complicity of 'his trusty friends,'—Banquo among the rest,—and 'upon confidence of their promised aid.' Shakespeare's Macbeth, like Donwald, has no political confederates, can count upon no sympathy if his part in the 'deep damnation' of the king's 'taking off' is discovered, and precipitates discovery by overacting his feigned grief.¹ Even Donwald has the aid of trusty servants: Shakespeare sends husband and wife unaided to their work amid the cry of owls and the prayers of startled sleepers. Finally, Shakespeare has deprived Macbeth of the shadow of political justification which his prototype in Holinshed might plead for his crime. Holinshed's Duncan is a gentle weakling, whom the rebel Macdonwald openly taunts as a 'faint-hearted milksop, more meet to govern a sect of idle monks in some cloister than to have the

¹ Donwald, as already stated, slays the chamberlains. And such, Holinshed proceeds, 'was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders herein, that some

of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell for the shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether clear himself.' Cf. Lennox's ironical account of Macbeth's 'grief' (iii. 6.).

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rule of such valiant and hardy men of war as the Scots were.' He is helplessly dependent upon his great captains, Macbeth and Banquo, and holds his kingdom only by their aid; while Macbeth, having got rid of him, gives Scotland for ten years the blessing of a strong, just rule. Shakespeare's Duncan has all the graces of this type without its defects, bearing his faculties 'meekly,' but 'clear in his great office'; and Macbeth, valiant and loyal soldier as he appears at the outset, is hurried from his first act of 'foul play,' without an instant's pause, and with ever-increasing velocity, down the abyss of crime.

Thus Shakespeare prepares the ground for his tragedy of crime by clearing away all its normal pretexts and palliations. No film of finer motive softens its essential baseness. Alone among the heroes of Shakespeare's mature tragedy, Macbeth murders with the vulgar cupidity of the common cut-throat. Vulgar cupidity is not, taken by itself, a tragic motive; and the stupendous effect of this drama has nothing in common with the pathos which springs from the interworking of a man's noble frailties with his fate, as in *Othello* or *Hamlet*. In a very marvellous way Shakespeare has contrived, without using other than mean motives as the impelling forces of the action, yet to connect it with permanent realities, to give it that 'semblance of eternity' without which great art cannot exist. The two criminal figures are lifted into tragic significance by a strange intensity of mental vision, which, while it does not preclude them from vulgar crime, makes them capable of a nowise vulgar Nemesis. Macbeth has much of the mental habitude of Hamlet. He has the feverish activity of intellect, which turns the common dust of daily incident and impulse into fiery trains of imagery and reflexion, and calls up his own past and purposed

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acts in spectral visions—a bloody dagger, a sheeted ghost—before his eyes. In Macbeth, as in Hamlet, the mental tumult tends to retard action ; his ‘ flighty purpose never is o’ertook unless the deed go with it.’ But the tragic effect lies no longer in the visions which retard his action, but in those which revenge it. Hamlet is wrought into accesses of passion when confronted with the practical energy which he lacks, and Macbeth, ruthless as he is, has a preternaturally acute sense of the power of pity. He foresees it ‘ striding the blast ’ and blowing ‘ the horrid deed in every eye, that tears shall drown the wind.’ Day itself is ‘ pitiful,’ and night shall scarf up her ‘ tender eye ’ before the murder of Banquo. The most appalling glimpses do not deter Macbeth from action any more than they prompt Hamlet to it ; but they prey upon him when it is over. Here his wife’s sensibility is as keen as his ; and if it is less fiercely tossed into images, it is crueler and more corroding. Both loathe their power as soon as they have it ; and we hear the groan involuntarily wrung from each without the other’s knowledge (iii. 2.). Hers is the groan of the parched throat craving water and tasting dust :—

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

His expresses the delirium of mental torture, ‘ the affliction of these terrible dreams that shake us nightly ’ :—

better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Neither feels remorse, but the sense of unatoned

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guilt haunts them in eerie visions of indelible blood-stains. With her the thought breaks forth only in the mental dissolution of her dreams, and in a quite simple form: ‘All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.’ With him its horror is never absent, and it utters itself in a burst of Titanic imagery:—

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.

The Weird
Sisters.

Of this inner Nemesis Holinshed has but the faintest suggestion. On the other hand, the supernatural interventions which precipitate Macbeth’s outer doom had been for two centuries an inseparable part of his story.¹ Holinshed’s version employs a formidable apparatus of enchantment. Macbeth receives three warnings, on three occasions, from three distinct classes of prophetically gifted beings. Three ‘fairies or weird sisters’ hail him at the outset. After the death of Banquo he is warned by ‘certain wizards in whose words he put great confidence (for that the prophecy had happened so right, which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff.’ He thereupon plans Macduff’s death, but desists when ‘a certain witch, whom he had in great trust,’ assures him that he ‘should never be slain by man born of woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane.’ Obvious dramatic

¹ The earliest known form of the witches’ prophecy is given by Wyntoun, *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, vi. 18. 17 f. (c. 1424):—

He thowcht, quhile he wes swa
sythand,
He sawe thre Wemen by gangend;

And þai Wemen þan thowcht he
Thre Werd Systrys mast lyk to be.
þe fyrst he hard say gangand by,
Lo yhondyr þe Thayne of Crom-
bawchty.

þe toþir Woman sayd agayne,
Of Moraye yhondyre I se þe Thayne.
þe þryd þan sayd, ‘I se þe kyng.’
Al þis he herd in hys dremyng.

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economy forbade this lavish distribution of the rôle of ‘metaphysical aid’; and Shakespeare has blended the characteristics of all three in his weird-sister witches, who should be women ‘but that their beards forbid me to interpret that they are so’; who tread the earth but seem not like its inhabitants; vanish like bubbles of the air, and speak a language which admits the extremes of sublimity and grossness,¹ of mystic suggestion and realistic detail, the wild elemental poetry of wind and storm, and the recondite lore of the foul and noisome potencies of matter. The hideous imaginings of popular and academic demonology, so busily promoted by the king, are drawn upon without reserve; but we see them through an enchanted atmosphere. It is clear that these beings, who so vitally moulded the fate of the traditional Macbeth, were not, for Shakespeare, like the dagger and the ghost, mere creations of his feverish brain, embodied symbols of his ambitious dreams. It is equally clear that for Shakespeare here, as elsewhere, the problem of fate and metaphysical influence lies in the mind of man. The witches’ ‘All hail!’ on the blasted heath is as real for Banquo as for Macbeth, but they effect nothing with this honest and clear-headed Scot, who ‘neither begs nor fears their favours nor their hate,’ and is content to await the good fortune which, ‘if the devil spoke true,’ will come of itself without his stir. Banquo has been compared with Horatio, as the ‘unimaginative, limited, but upright man of affairs,’ to whom the witches and ghosts are significantly ‘dumb’ which ‘speak’ with such momentous effect to a Hamlet

¹ All attempts to suggest that Shakespeare distinguished, like Holinshed, between the ‘weird sisters’ and the ‘witches’ break down before the unquestionable fact that the ‘witches’ are repeatedly called the weird sisters (iii. 4. 133, v. 1. 136).

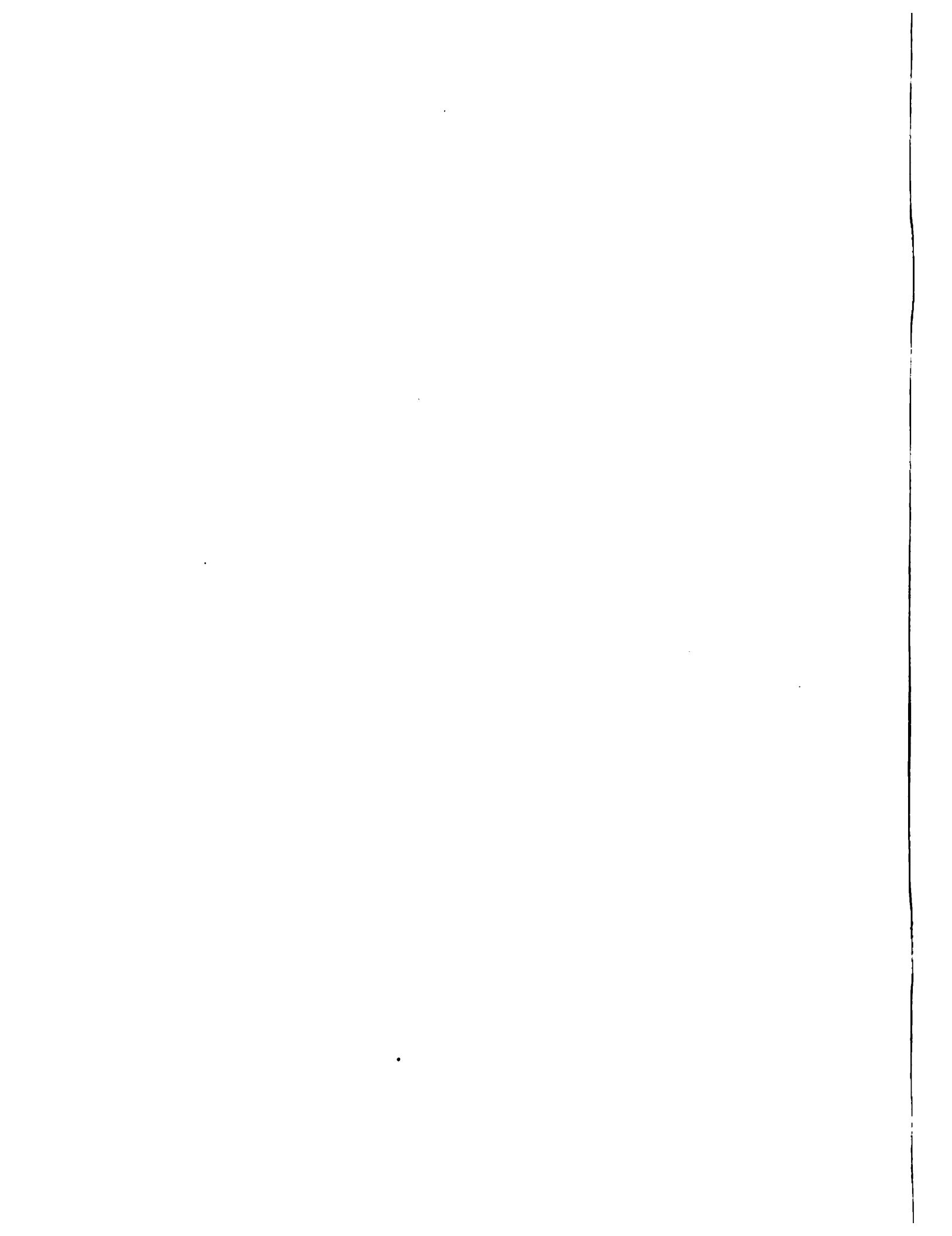
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and a Macbeth. The contrast between the man whose dangerously acute sensibilities invoke his tragic fate, and the sagacious man of action who is his truest ally or his deadliest foe, recurs continually in the tragedies: in Lear and Kent, Coriolanus and Menenius; in Othello and Iago, Antony and Cæsar. In all of these the ‘limitations’ of the man of action are more salient than in Banquo, for whose ideal portraiture Shakespeare had, as we have seen, no warrant in Holinshed. Macbeth, the king by foul play, is no match in ‘royalty of nature’ for the ancestor of kings; his genius is rebuked under him, ‘as it is said Mark Antony’s was by Cæsar’; and the stimuli of evil suggestion which win Macbeth so lightly to his own harm, are foiled less by Banquo’s want of imaginative sensibility than by his clear insight, wisdom, and valour. Macbeth’s ready yielding is partly confusion of mind and partly want of nerve; Banquo’s ‘wisdom’ would have fortified him in the thought which he grasps for one lucid moment: ‘If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without my stir.’ Banquo’s ‘dauntless temper’ would have held him firm when Duncan’s nomination of an heir appeared to cut off all ways but ‘the shortest’ to the crown. Banquo reads at the outset the riddle of the unearthly intervention which Macbeth himself only divines in the last paroxysm of desperation at the close. ‘To win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths,’ strikes the note of equivocation which sounds throughout the play and reaches its tragic climax in Macbeth’s shrieking curse upon ‘these juggling fiends . . . that palter with us in a double sense,—its grotesque anticlimax in the porter’s grim jest at the equivocators who knock at hell-gate since they ‘could not equivocate to heaven.’ The witches’ cry as they sweep away into the stormlit gloom, ‘Fair

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is foul, and foul is fair,' is a fit opening formula for such a play. Even where no supernatural cunning is concerned, the style shows an unusual inclination to the Sophoclean irony of innocent phrases covering sinister depths of meaning ;—as in Ross's 'And, for an earnest of a greater honour, he bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor,' and Lady Macbeth's famous 'He that's coming must be provided for.' The entire atmosphere of *Macbeth*, as of no other tragedy, is oppressive with the sense of something subtly malignant as well as inexorably revengeful in the forces that rule the world ; of a tragic irony in the ultimate scheme of things. But if we are permitted to read Shakespeare's mind in the ethical atmosphere of his work, we must allow that the oppression it suggests is not despair. Macbeth is allured, not compelled, to his crime ; the 'supernatural soliciting' is not a 'divine thrusting on' ; he is not fate-ridden, nor irresponsible, nor the helpless sport of irresistible powers.¹ He is no symbol of the destiny of man ; and his desperate dismissal of life as 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' expresses only the inevitable intellectual anarchy of one who has listened to a tale full of pitfalls for the intelligence and subtle underlying meanings, and interpreted it with the naïve simplicity of a child.

¹ Cf. the strikingly-put, but Prof. Barrett Wendell, *W.*
I think overstated, remarks of *Shakspeare*, p. 305.



MACBETH

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

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

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.]

10

8, 9. *Graymalkin . . . Paddock;* lit. 'gray-cat,' 'toad'; the attendant familiars of the witches. *Paddock* still survives in provincial English from Cumberland to Sussex.

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meet-
ing a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can re-
port,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

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

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
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,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;

10

20

13. *kerns*, light-armed Erse soldiers. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 156.

13. *gallowglasses*, heavy-armed Erse soldiers. Cf.

2 *Henry VI.* iv. 9. 26. The rebel Macdonwald is fighting with mercenaries.

19. *minion*, favourite (here with no suggestion of contempt).

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Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

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

Ser. Yes ;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so
they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell—

But I am faint ; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds ;

21. *Which ne'er shook hands,*
etc. 'The slave' is probably
the antecedent to *which*. There
is an allusion to the formal
handshaking which preceded a
duel.

22. *nave*, navel, middle.

25, 26. 'As storms often come
from the east, the region of the
dawn, so victory may be the

starting-point for a fresh attack.'

37. *cracks*; the word de-
scribing the explosion is applied
to the charge.

37. *so they*. If give these
words at the beginning of v. 38.
The two lines cannot be made
into normal verse ; but the
present arrangement is less
harsh to the ear.

They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
 [Exit Sergeant, attended.

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
 should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

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

Dun. 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 Colme's inch
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
 deceive

54. *Bellona*, the Roman goddess of war. With whip, torch, and flying hair, she was seen on battlefields, urging the combatants on.

55. *Confronted him with self-comparisons*, met him as his complete match. 'Self-com-

parisons' is literally 'comparisons (on equal terms) between their two selves.'

61. *Saint Colme's inch*; the island of Inchcolm off the coast of Fife, once occupied by St. Columba, the first teacher of Christianity to the Picts.

Our bosom interest : go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in
her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd :—

‘Give me,’ quoth I :

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

Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the Tiger :

But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

20

Sec. Witch. I’ll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou’rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

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

6. *Aroint thee*, ‘begone !’ Still in provincial use in the form ‘rynt ye,’ with the same sense.

6. *rump-fed*, probably equivalent to ‘ pampered ’ rather than to ‘ offal-fed.’

6. *ronyon*, a term of abuse.

9. A witch might assume any animal form, minus the tail.

10. *I’ll do*; i.e. like a rat, gnaw a hole in the ship’s bottom.

17. *shipman’s card*, the circular card, marked with the points of the compass, for the steersman’s use.

I will drain him dry as hay :
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 He shall live a man forbid :
 Weary se'nnights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

20

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

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

[*Drum within.*

30

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.

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

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres ? What are
 these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't ? Live you ? or are you aught

40

21. *forbid*, excommunicated.

surroundings harmonise with the

33. *Posters*, messengers.

moral strife ; and he is signifi-

38. 'On one of those days
 when sunshine and storm
 struggle for the mastery,'
 Macbeth stands at the critical
 moment of his fortunes. His

cantly made to echo un-

consciously the parting cry of

the witches in the first scene

(v. 10) :—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

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
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

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

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

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

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

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of
truth,

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

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. 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!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

70

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
 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.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd ? 80

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal
 melted

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

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
 about ?

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

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

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

Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success ; and when he reads 90
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,

84. *insane*, producing insanity. Either hemlock or henbane is referred to.

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post ; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.*We are sent 100

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

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you
 dress me
 In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet ;
 But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
 bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
 But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !
 The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
 Thanks for your pains.

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

*Ban.*That trusted home 120

120. *that trusted home*, such trust, pushed to its logical con-
 sequence.

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

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
 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? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings :
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
 mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

130. *soliciting*, temptation.

140. *my single state of man*, the kingdom of myself.

Macb. Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains ¹⁵⁰
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban.

Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

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

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

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

10

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

13. *He was a gentleman, etc.* these words are spoken gives The entrance of Macbeth as them the effect of tragic irony.

Macbeth

ACT I

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

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,
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.

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

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. 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 infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
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
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine

34. *Wanton*, capricious from their very excess. L.

On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for
you :

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

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland ! that
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ; 50
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.]

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

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. '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

45. *habinger*, strictly a royal official who preceded the king, to make arrangements for his reception. Cf. *purveyor*, i. 6. 22.

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!" ¹⁰
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 ²⁰
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'ldst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
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 crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

21. *illness*, evil.

30. *metaphysical*, supernatural.

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

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctionous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest 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!'

40

50

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.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

42. *mortal*, probably 'murderous.' L.

50. *sightless*, invisible.

53. At the outset Lady Macbeth is ready to commit the murder with her own hands.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

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

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

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:

64. *To beguile the time, to deceive the world.* L.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess ! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. 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 : for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

13. 'ild, i.e. yield, repay. men, as bound to pray for you.
20. your hermits, your bedes- 26. compt, account.

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

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

Macb. 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,
 We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice 10
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He 's here in double trust ;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 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 ; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

Sc. 7. a Sewer; an official who arranged the dishes and tasted the food. 1. *clude.*
 2. *jump,* hazard.
 3. *trammel up,* enmesh, in- 8. *that,* so that.

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

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

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
 business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that40
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then
 That made you break this enterprise to me?

45. *the poor cat i' the adage.* 'The cate would eat fyshe and
 The adage, as given in *Heywood's Proverbs*, declared that
 would not wet her feete.'

When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness
 now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M. We fail !

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
 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
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon 70
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell ?

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

50. *to be*, by being.

52. *adhere*, accord (with our
design).

64. *convince*, overcome.

67. *limbeck*, alembic, still.
72. *quell*, murder.

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch
before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry
in heaven;

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!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

4. *husbandry*, thrift. the action would explain, and
5. *that*; some other part of all Shakespeare's plays were
his accoutrement, probably the written for the stage' (Cham-
shield or targe. 'On the stage bers).

Macb. A friend.

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

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth. 20

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

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

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

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

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

[*Exit Servant.*

23. *We.* Perhaps an involuntary anticipation of the kingly 'we.' Macbeth's acting is, at this stage, far inferior to his wife's.

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 40
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 50
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
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.

36. *sensible*, perceptible.

46. *dudgeon*, haft.

46. *gouts*, thick drops.

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter LADY MACBETH.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

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

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, 10
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

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

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

3. *the fatal bellman.* The owl, as a bird of ill omen, is compared to the 'bellman' sent to condemned persons the night before they suffer.

3. Webster imitated this in the *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2:—

Hark now everything is still
The screech-owl and the whistler
shril
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.

6. *possets*, hot milk curdled with ale, sugar, and eggs.

Macbeth

Macb.

When?

Lady M.

Now.

Macb.

As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.

Donalbain.

20

Macb. This is a sorry sight.[*Looking on his hands.*]*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cried 'Murder!'That they did wake each other: I stood and heard
them:But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.*Macb.* 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 M.* Consider it not so deeply. 30*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen'?I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no
more!'Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave 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 M. What do you mean? 40

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

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. 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.

Macb. I'll go no more: 50

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. 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.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking? How is 't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

60. *Will all great Neptune's ocean, etc.* This is one of the most remarkable reminiscences of Seneca in Shakespeare:—

Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
Maeotis undis pontico incumbens
mari?
non ipse toto magnus oceano pater
tantum expiarit sceleris.

Hippolytus, 723.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I
hear a knocking
At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.]
Hark ! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [Knocking within.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou
couldst ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

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

Sc. 3. Knocking within. Some sentences from De Quincey's suggestive note on this interruption and the following scene may be quoted :— ' When the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds : the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has

commenced : the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish ; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again ; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.'

2. *old*, a colloquial epithet of emphasis ; ' fine,' ' rare.'

the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty : come in time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you 'll sweat for 't. [Knocking within.] 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 heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] 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. [Knocking within.] 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 within.] Anon, anon ! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

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

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

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Port. 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

17. *goose*, the tailor's iron, so called from its shape.

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.

40

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

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

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him ; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :

I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

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

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say, 60

57. *limited*, appointed.

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

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macb. } What's the matter? *yo*
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building !

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. 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 alarum-bell. Murder and treason !

73. *The Lord's anointed temple.* A blending of two scriptural phrases: 'the Lord's anointed' (as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 150) and 'ye are the temple of the living God.'

77. There were three Gorgons, but the reference is to Medusa, whose head, fixed on Minerva's shield, turned all beholders to stone.

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,
 To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell.

[Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

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

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

90

Enter BANQUO.

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

Lady M. Woe, alas !
 What, in our house ?

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

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with Ross.

Macb. 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 ;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

100

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't :

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 110
Was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers, 120
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to *Don.*] Why do we hold our
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours ?

107. *badged*, marked.

122. *breech'd*, covered.

Don. [Aside to *Mal.*] 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 brew'd.

130

Mal. [Aside to *Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban.

Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

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

Macd.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

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

All.

Well contented.

140

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. 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.
Don. 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.

Mal. 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,

150

139. *manly readiness*, i.e. the equipment and mood of battle.

But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. 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. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage : by the 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,
When living light should kiss it ?

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

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most
strange and certain—

4. *trifled*, reduced to insignificance.

night in any parte of the realme,
but stil was the skie couered
with continual clowdes.'

6 f. Some of these details
are borrowed from Holinshed's
account of the murder of King
Duff. He relates :—'For the
space of vi moneths together
after the haynous murder was
committed, there appeared no
Sunne by day, nor Moone by

12. *towering*. In falconry,
to 'rise spirally to a height'
(Harting).

12. *place*, 'pitch,' i.e. the
height reached by the falcon
before swooping.

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine
 eyes

That look'd upon 't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

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

Ross. 'Gainst nature still !
 Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means ! Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

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

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

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

Ross. Will you to Scone ?

15. *minions*, choicest specimens, 'pearl,' or 'flower.' Perth, at which the Scottish kings were crowned.

31. *Scone*. The town, near

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes!

[*Exeunt.*

40

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

10

Sennet sounded. *Enter* MACBETH, as king, LADY
MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS,
LADIES, and ATTENDANTS.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

10. *Sennet*, a set of notes cing the approach or departure
played on the trumpet, announ- of a procession.

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

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

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

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. 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 to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?

Ban. 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.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

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

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

Farewell. [Exit Banquo. 40

Let every man be master of his time

Macbeth

ACT III

Till seven at night : to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with
you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an Attendant.*

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

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

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 fear'd : 'tis much he
dares ;

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
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

57. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, soul. Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 1. 180: ii. 3. 18-22. A jewel in a ten-times-harr'd...

65 filed

65. *filed*, defiled.

68. *eternal jewel, immortal* Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings ! 70
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance ! Who 's there ?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

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

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
 you,

80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
 instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
 might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed
 Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

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

90

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

72. *to the utterance, to the uttermost (O.Fr. 'à outrance').*

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 housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill

100

That writes them all alike : and so of men.

Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't ;
 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.

Sec. Mur. 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.

110

First Mur. And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord
Macb. 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

94. *Shoughs*, a rough-coated dog.

(of hounds) graded according to their relative value.

94. *water-rugs*, a rough kind of poodle.

100. *addition*, attribute.

94. *demi-wolves*, a cross between wolf and dog.

101. *writes them all alike*, includes all their varieties under the same generic name of 'dog.'

95. *the valued file*, catalogue

With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, 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.

120

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

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
 this hour at most

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

130

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.* 140]

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

121. *For*, on account of.

determined by the closest

130. *perfect spy o' the time*;

scrutiny.

probably the result of 'perfect
 spying,' the fit moment as

132. *always thought*, it being
 always remembered.

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

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

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on ? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard : what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth.

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,

13. *scotch'd*, made narrow incisions, as with a 'scutcher' or riding-whip.

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

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

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ; 30
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
 wife !

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

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown 40
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
 done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
 chuck,

21. *on the torture of the mind to lie* ; an allusion to the rack.

hold,' a form of land tenure which differed from freehold in being terminable.

22. *ecstasy*, violent disturbance of mind.

23. *shard-borne* ; with allusion

38. *copy* ; probably for 'copy-

to the beetle's hard wing-case.

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 ; and the
 crow

50

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.
 So, prithee, go with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?*Third Mur.* Macbeth.*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers

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

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.*Ban. [Within]* Give us a light there, ho !*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he : the rest

46. *seeling . . . day.* An allusion to the practice, in falconry, of sewing up the falcon's eyelids.

49. *Cancel,* etc. A continuation of the image in line 37.

6. *lated,* belated.

That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

10

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light !

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. *'Tis he.*

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

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

Thou mayst revenge. O slave !

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light ?

First Mur. Was 't not the way ?

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

Sec. Mur. We have lost *20*

Best half of our affair.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

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

Macb. You know your own degrees ; sit down :
at first

And last a hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends ;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer to the door.

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

Both sides are even : here I 'll sit i' the midst : 20
Be large in mirth ; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.] There 's
blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

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

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

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet
he 's good
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped. 20

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

5. *keeps her state*, remains seated in her chair of state. daringly ungrammatical way of saying that the blood is better

on the murderer's face than in

14. 'Tis better, etc. ; a Banquo's veins.

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

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

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

Len. May 't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

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

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

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

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord?

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

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
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.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

60. *proper*, excellent (with irony).

Ere húmane statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
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,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;

Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

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

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

76. purged the gentle weal,
purged the state of violence and
hence made it 'gentle.'

85. *muse*, wonder.
 95. *speculation*, power of
 sight.

The arm'd 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
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
 Unreal mockery, hence ! [Ghost vanishes.]

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

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

Macb. Can such things be, 110
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder ? You make me
 strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. 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.

Len. Good night ; and better health 120
 Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[Exeunt all but *Macbeth* and *Lady M.*

101. *Hyrcan tiger.* Hyrcania, on the borders of Parthia and Media, was a noted haunt of wild beasts. Tigers are said still to abound there.

(invest myself in it as an outward habit).

106. *baby*, doll.

110. *admired*, wonderful, marvellous.

105. *If trembling I inhabit* ; probably 'If I display trembling'

113. *the disposition that I owe*, my fixed bent of character.

Macb. 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 magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. 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 to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head that will to hand ;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. 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.]

125. *magot-pies*, magpies.

142. *self-abuse*, self-delusion.

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches,
meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look
angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny :
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air ; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
Great business must be wrought ere noon :
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;

10

20

Sc. 5. The scene is probably
an interpolation.

15. *Acheron* was the stream
over which the souls of the dead
were conveyed to the under-
world.

24. *There hangs*, etc. Classi-
cal magic ascribed to the moon
certain exudations (*virus lunare*)
which, under the spells of the
enchanter, were shed upon
earthly objects.

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

30

[*Music and a song within* : 'Come away,
 come away,' etc.

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste ; she 'll
 soon be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
 thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
 Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead :
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !

10

32. *security, carelessness.* suggestion.

8. *Who cannot want, who can*

Sc. 6. Forres is Capell's fail to have.

Macbeth

ACT III

How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance. 20
But, peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,

21. *from*, on account of.

41. *cloudy, sullen.*

And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
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 !

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

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

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

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

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

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;

3. *Harpier,* perhaps a reminiscence of ' harpy.'

Macbeth

ACT IV

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 howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble. 20

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

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

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains :
And now about the cauldron sing,

23. *gulf*, a synonym for
'maw.'

24. *ravin'd.* ravenous.

25. *the dark*, as the season of misdeeds.

28. *in the moon's eclipse*, a season proverbially ill-omened; cf. Lear i. 2. 112, Sonnets lx. and xvi.

33. *chaudron*, entrails.

Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song*: ‘Black Spirits,’ etc.
[*Hecate retires*.]

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

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
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 ;
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 60
To what I ask you.

First. Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

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

Macb. Call 'em ; let me see 'em.

55. *lodged*, beaten down. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 162.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

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

Thunder. *First Apparition : an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

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

[*Descends.*]

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

First Witch. He will not be commanded : here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition : a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

68. *The Apparitions.* The 'armed head' represents symbolically Macbeth's own, struck off by Macduff (see *stage direction* v. 8. 53) ; the 'bloody child' represents Macduff (see v. 8. 15) ; the 'child crowned with a tree in his hand' represents Malcolm, who gives the order to the soldiers to cut down the boughs of Birnam Wood (v. 4. 4).

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

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

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

What is this

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

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, 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
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

100

All. Seek to know no more.

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

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

110

Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

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

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*]
What, is this so?

111. *A show of Eight Kings.* Banquo is reputed to have been an ancestor of the Stuarts. Walter Stuart married the grand-daughter of Robert Bruce, and their son was Robert II. His descendants, who sat upon the throne, were Robert III. and the six kings called James. Mary, daughter of James V., is omitted in the vision, as the witches' prophecy

related only to kings.

121. *balls*, the globe, part of the king's insignia. In 1542 Henry VIII. took the title of King of Ireland. When James VI. of Scotland came to the English throne the three sceptres were united. Thus he alone of the eight could carry 'two-fold balls and treble sceptres.'

123. *blood-bolter'd*, clotted with blood.

First 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 :
 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.

150

[*Music.* *The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

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

Enter LENNOX.

Len.

What 's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len.

No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len.

No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
 And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear
 The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?

140

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

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb.

Fled to England !

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest 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
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

145. *flighty, fleeting.*

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ; 150
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool ;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

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

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :
His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 20
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love :
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

7. *titles, possessions.* 9. *the natural touch, inborn affection.*

I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further ;
 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, 20
 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,
 Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd 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 :
 I take my leave at once. [Exit.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead : 30
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou 'ldst never fear the
 net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
 are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for
 a father ?

17. *fits o' the season*, critical emergencies of the time.

19. *know ourselves*, i.e. to be such.

19. *when we hold rumour from what we fear*, our vague foreboding gives a sinister

colour to every rumour, but never becomes a clear anticipation of a definite ill.

22. *and move*. If right, these obscure words probably make explicit the idea of movement to and fro implied in 'floating' on 'a wild and violent sea.'

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

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

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

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

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey !

But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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,

66. *Though in your state, etc., I am aware of your rank.*

Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ; 70
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you !

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

80

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

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !

First Mur. What, you egg!

[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.]

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying ‘Murder!’*

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

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

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
 Bestride our down-fall'n 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 yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

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.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have loved him
 well :

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

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
 To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
 To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.*Mal.*

But Macbeth is.

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

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of
 grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd.

I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find
 my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

10. *to friend*, opportune.

withholds it from distrust,

24. *my hopes*; i.e. hopes of aroused by Macduff's abandonment
 welcome from Malcolm, who ment of wife and children.

Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave-taking ? I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
 Great tyranny ! lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou thy
 wrongs ;
 The title is affeir'd ! Fare thee well, lord :
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. 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 40
 Is added to her wounds : I think withal
 There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before,
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?
Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know 50
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd

34. *affeir'd*, confirmed.

In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : but there 's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
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 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
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.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house : 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
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 weigh'd.

90

Mal. 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
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.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland !

100

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

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
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,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !

110

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. 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

88. *foisons*, plenty.

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste : but God above 120
 Deal between thee and me ! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
 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
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life : my first false speaking 130
 Was this upon myself : what I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command :
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we 'll together ; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

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

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
 I pray you ? 140

Doct. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
 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.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What 's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

135. *at a point*, completely equipped, ready for all risks.

142. *convinces*, defeats.

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people, 150
 All swoln 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,
 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.

Enter Ross.

Macd.

See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
 remove

The means that makes us strangers !

Ross.

Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross.

Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the
 air

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives

153. *Hanging a golden stamp,*
 etc. Each person touched re-
 ceived a gold coin. Sir Thomas
 Browne wrote sixty years later :

'The King's Purse knows that
 the King's Evil grows more
 common.'

170. *modern*, commonplace.

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
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
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?

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

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break. 210

Macd. My children too?

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

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

Ross. I have said.

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

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

196. *a fee-grief*, a grief held whose talk of comfort at such a
'in fee' by a single owner. moment is thus rebutted and

216. *He has no children.* explained. Macbeth lies wholly
'He' is probably Malcolm, beyond the pale of such reproach.

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so;

220

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

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let
grief

Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes

230

And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission ; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may :

The night is long that never finds the day.

240

[*Exeunt.*

220. *Dispute it, strive with it.*

239. *Put on, incite.*

ACT V.

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

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

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

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

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

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

Doct. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

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

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

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

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how ³⁰ she rubs her hands.

Gent. 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 M. Yet here's a spot.

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

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—
One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is ⁴⁰ 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.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. 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. ⁵⁰

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

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

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

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. ⁶⁰

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

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. 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 M.: Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out ⁷⁰ on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. 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.]*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

*Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural
deeds*

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all ! 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.

Gent Good night, good doctor.

[*Excunt.*]

86. *mated*, confounded, astonished.

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff :
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood. 20

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Caith. 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 distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. 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,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe 20

3. dear causes, personal the devout ascetic, dead to all
causes, touching them closely. natural sympathies.

5. the mortified man, (even) 18. minutely, momentarily.

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them
fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :
'Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 30

Enter a Servant.

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

3. *taint*, become tainted.

Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton !

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ? 30

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

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

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on.

Send out moe horses ; skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

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

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
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?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. 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, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
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 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
of them?

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

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away
and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

43. *oblivious*, inducing forgetfulness. state Macbeth puts on and takes off his armour.

50, 54, 58. In his disturbed 55. *senna*. So F₄ for F₁
'cyme.'

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old Siward and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

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

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

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

Soldiers. It shall be done.

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

Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

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

Siw. 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: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

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

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

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

[*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direnness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. 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 20
To the last syllable of recorded time,

5. *forced*, reinforced.

6. *dareful*, defiantly.

11. *fell*, skin; here 'scalp.'

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth, 40
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane : ' and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50

23. *dusty death*, death brings back 'dust to dust.'

40. *cling*, shrivel.
 42. *pull in*, rein in, curb.

Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

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

Mal. Now near enough : 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 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

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

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 30

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

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

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

10

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight and young Siward is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

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

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. 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.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

22. bruited, announced.

24. gently render'd, surrendered without resistance.

Macbeth

The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
 [Exeunt. Alarums.

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter MACBETH.

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

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn !
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
 But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words :
 My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out ! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou losest labour :
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed : 10
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

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

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

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

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
 We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

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

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

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

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

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

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

He only lived but till he was a man ;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

20. *palter*, equivocate.

Siw.

Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause
of sorrowMust not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.*Siw.*

Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.*Siw.*

Why then, God's soldier be he !

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knoll'd.*Mal.*

He's worth more sorrow, 50

And that I'll spend for him.

Siw.

He's worth no more :

They say he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer
comfort.*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.**Macd.* Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold,
where standsThe usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :
Hail, King of Scotland !*All.* Hail, King of Scotland ! [Flourish.]*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
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,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad56. *thy kingdom's pearl*, the flower of thy nobles.

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
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 crown'd at Scone.

70

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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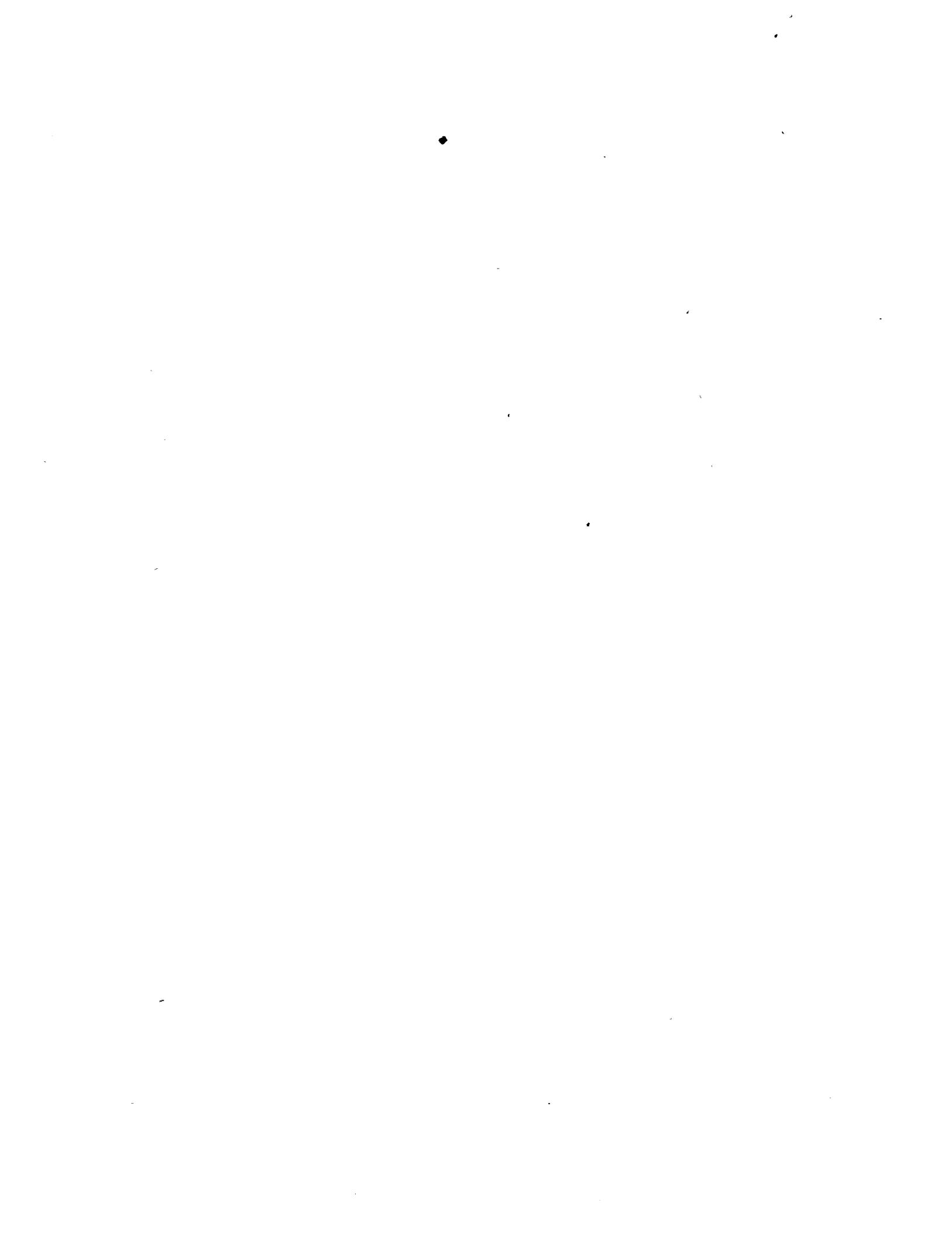
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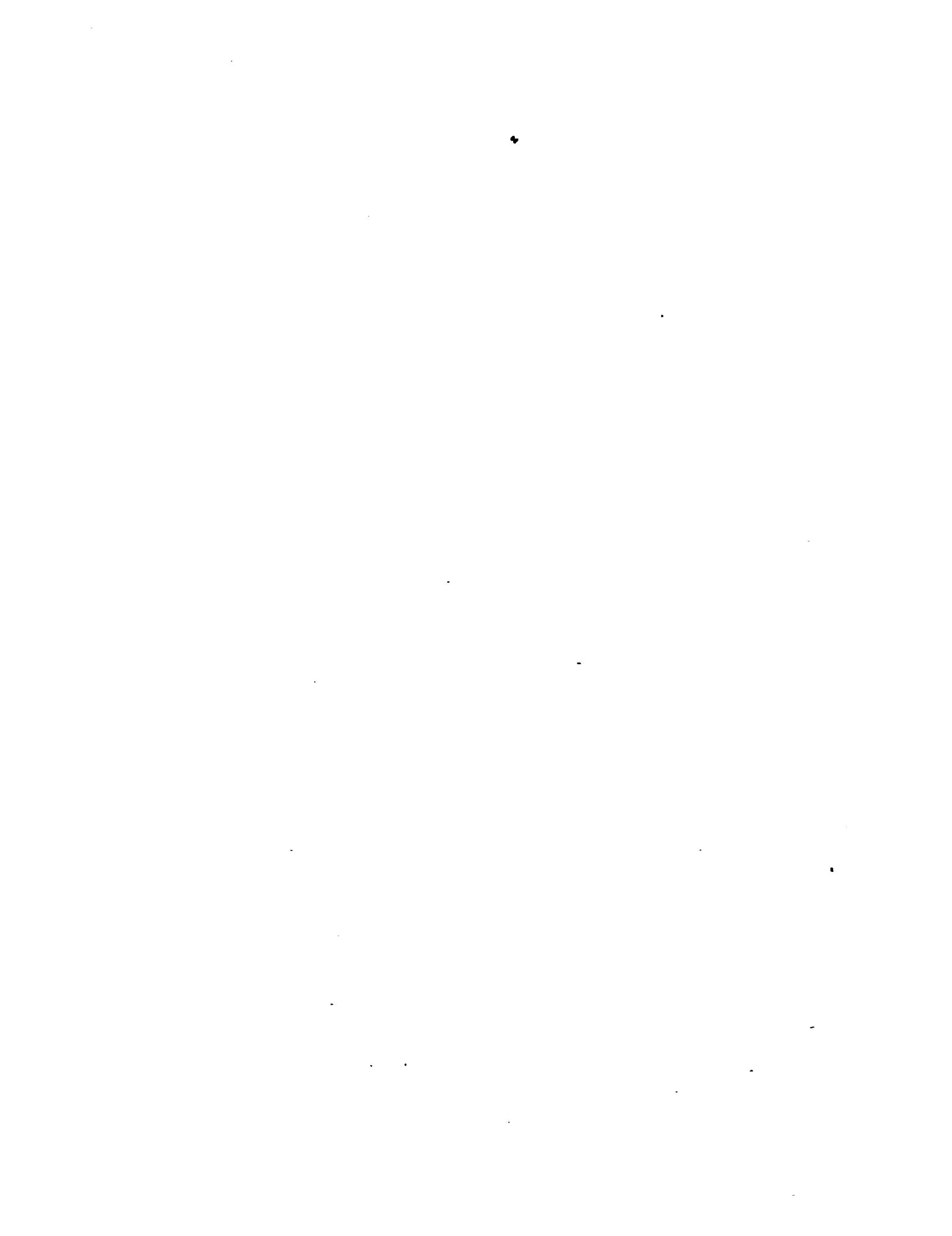
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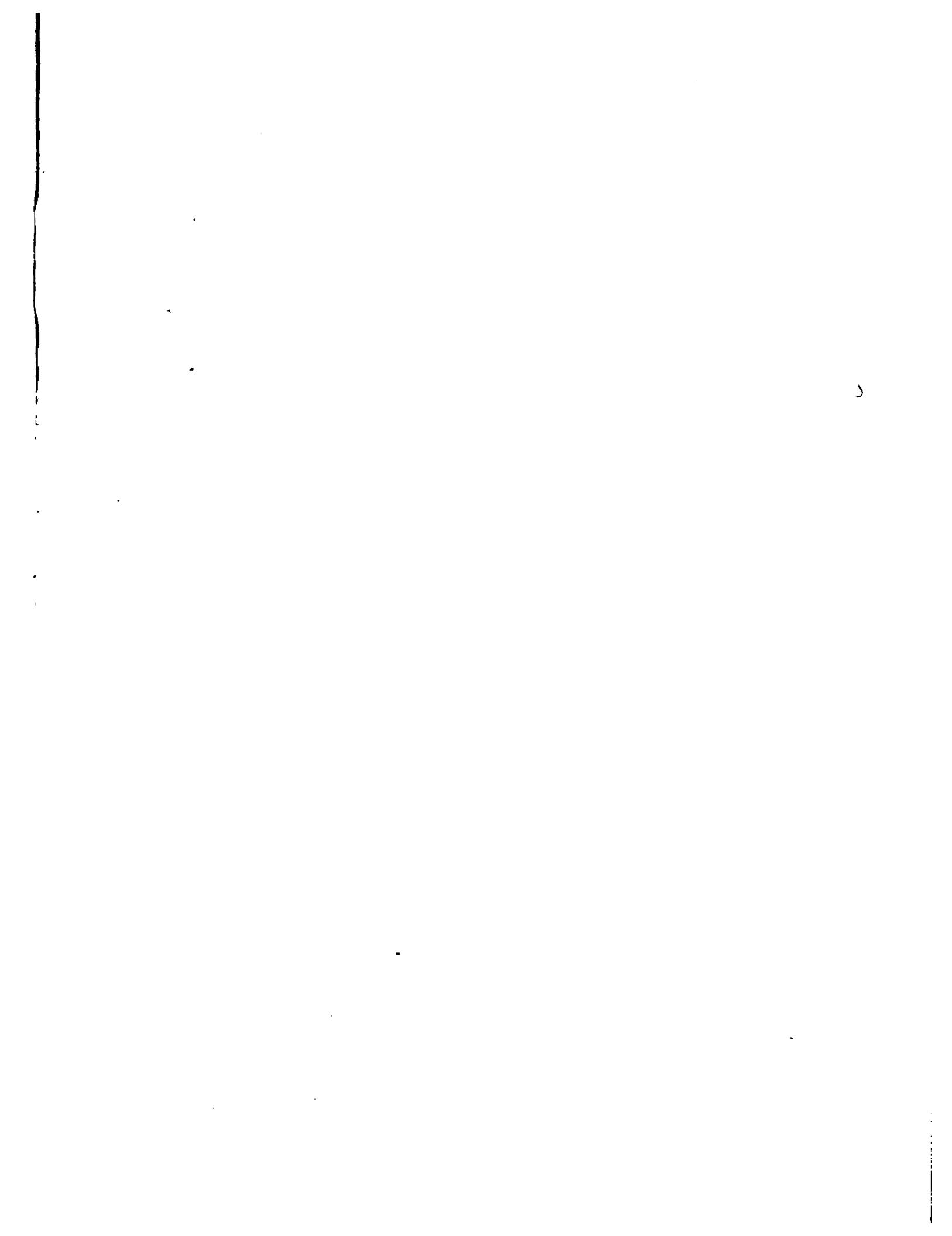
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