

THE TRAGEDY OF **MACBETH**

By
William Shakespeare
&
Michael Carens-Nedelsky

ACT I, SCENE 2

King Duncan's Camp on the edge of the battlefield

DUNCAN

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

SERGEANT

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. 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;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT

Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT

Ay, 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.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

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

Exit SERGEANT, attended

Who comes here?

*Enter ROSS, followed by SOLDIERS leading
CAWDOR in chains*

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross.

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

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

DUNCAN

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

ROSS

I'll see it done.

*Exit ROSS, DONALBAIN AND MALCOM
followed by soldiers leading CAWDOR in
chains.*

DUNCAN

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

ACT I, SCENE 3

A Heath near the Battlefield

DRUMS. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

ALL WITCHES

A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH

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

SECOND WITCH

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

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH

Hail!

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

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

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

The WITCHES circle MACBETH.

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By my father's death I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane 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.

The WITCHES vanish.

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

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

Enter ROSS

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success;
And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

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

ROSS

Who was the thane lives yet but under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose.

Treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind.

ACT I, SCENE 4*Duncan's Camp*

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and
ANGUS*

DUNCAN

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me:
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.

DUNCAN

Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. 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;

DUNCAN dubs MALCOLM with his sword

From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach.

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

Exeunt

MACBETH

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

MACBETH exits.

ACT I, SCENE 5*THE MAIN HALL IN MACBETH'S CASTLE AT INVERNESS*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH

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
Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

MACBETH

My dearest love
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:

ACT I, Scene 7**A Corridor at Inverness***Enter MACBETH***MACBETH**

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.

*Enter LADY MACBETH***MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late...

LADY MACBETH

Wouldst thou live a coward?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then, that made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man!

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

MACBETH

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

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE 1***THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE AT INVERNESS*****MACBETH**

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

A BELL tolls

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

Exit

ACT II, SCENE 2**A Corridor at Inverness****MACBETH**

I have done the deed. This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH'

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep

LADY MACBETH

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH, her hands
covered in blood*

LADY MACBETH

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

KNOCKING

I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;

A little water clears us of this deed

MACBETH

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

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE III**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

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

Exit

LENNOX

The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; strange screams of death,
some say, the earth Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope'

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence the life o' the building!

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF

See, and then speak yourselves.

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself.

*ALARM BELL RINGS. Enter LADY MACBETH and
BANQUO*

LADY MACBETH

What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF

Our royal master 's murder'd!

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas! What, in our house?

BANQUO

Too cruel anywhere. I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, and LENNOX

MACBETH

Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had lived a blessed time

Enter MALCOLM

MALCOLM

What is amiss?

MACBETH

You are, and do not know't: he spring, the head,

The fountain of your blood is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACDUFF

Your royal father 's murder'd.

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

LENNOX

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

Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man!

Let's briefly put on manly readiness and meet in the hall together.

Exeunt all but MALCOLM

MALCOLM

I shall not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

ACT II, SCENE 4

THE CHAPEL AT INVERNESS

MACDUFF

Malcolm, the king's son,

Is stol'n away and fled; which puts upon him suspicion of the deed.

LENNOX

Then 'tis most like the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF

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

LENNOX

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS

Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF

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

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ACT III, SCENE 1***THE MAIN HALL AT INVERNESS*****BANQUO**

[Aside.] 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
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.

Enter Macbeth, crowned

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.
If he had been forgotten, it had been as a gap in our great feast,

BANQUO

Let your highness command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie forever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody cousin is bestow'd
In England, not confessing
His cruel patricide, filling his hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow.
Hie you to horse: adieu, Till you return at night.
Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

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

Exit BANQUO

To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus--
Our fears in Banquo stick deep;
He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
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
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!

Enter two MURDERERS

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

FIRST MURDERER

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
Yet I must not, and so to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye

SECOND MURDERER

We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
For't must be done to-night -- and something from the palace;
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. It is concluded.

Exeunt MURDERERS

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

Exit MACBETH

ACT III, SCENE 2. The palace.**LADY MACBETH**

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

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?
Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH

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..

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

ACT III, SCENE 4

A Field Near Inverness

*THUNDER and LIGHTNING. MURDERERS
attack BANQUO and FLEANCE*

BANQUO

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

FIRST MURDERER

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

SECOND MURDERER

We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER

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

Exeunt

ACT III, SCENE 4 - Part 1***A Hallway In The Palace*****MACBETH***[To SECOND MURDERER]* There's blood on thy face.**SECOND MURDERER**

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

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

FIRST MURDERER

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

MACBETHThou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.**FIRST MURDERER**

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETHThen comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
But Banquo's safe?**SECOND MURDERER**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch

MACBETHThanks 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.*Exeunt*

ACT I, SCENE 12***THE BANQUET HALL AT INVERNESS*****MACBETH**

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure the table round.
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.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where? *MACBETH sees a vision of BANQUO in the empty seat*

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?
Thou canst not say: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion
[To MACBETH] My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget. Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me.

Come, love and health to all; Give me some wine;
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! *[SEES GHOST AGAIN]* Avaunt! and quit my sight!
Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health attend his majesty!

Exeunt all but MACBETH

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
I will to-morrow, to the weird sisters: More shall they speak;
For now I am bent to know, by the worst means, the worst.
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.

ACT IV, SCENE I
A HEATH

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES
The WITCHES huddle around a cauldron.

ALL

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

SECOND WITCH

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

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it,
Answer me to what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH

Speak.

SECOND WITCH

Demand.

THIRD WITCH

We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH

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

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

ALL

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

Thunder. First Apparition appears

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

FIRST WITCH

He knows thy thought: hear his speech, but say thou nought.

THIRD WITCH

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

First Apparition disappears

MACBETH

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.
Second Apparition appears

SECOND WITCH

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND WITCH

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

MACBETH

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

Second Apparition disappears

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.
What is this that rises like the issue of a king?

Third Apparition appears

SECOND WITCH

Listen but speak not to it.

FIRST WITCH

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him.

Third Apparition disappears

MACBETH

That will never be.
Who can impress the forest?
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?

FIRST WITCH

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

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

ALL

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

The Apparition and WITCHES vanish

What, is this so?
Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Enter LENNOX

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride;
I did hear the galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word --
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits: From this moment,
the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand.
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge 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!

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE 4

Macduff's Castle at Fife

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON and ROSS

LADY MACDUFF

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

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none: his flight was madness:

When our actions do not, our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS

You know not whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

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;

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

ROSS

I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,

The lord MacDuff is noble, wise and judicious

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!

Exit ROSS

SON

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

SON

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

SON

And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

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

SON

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one.

SON

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

SON

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

LADY MACDUFF

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter TWO MURDERERS

FIRST MURDERER

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

I hope, in no place so unsanctified where such as thou may'st find him.

SECOND MURDERER

He's a traitor.

SON

Thou liest! Thou shag-eared villain!

SECOND MURDERER

What, you egg! Young fry of treachery!

MCDUFF'S SON is stabbed

LADY MCDUFF

Murder!

ACT II, SCENE 5***MALCOLM'S CAMP IN ENGLAND***

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

MALCOLM

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds:but, for all this,
my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before, by him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

What should he be?

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

Macduff, this noble passion hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, were setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel!

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile.
See who comes here?

Enter Ross.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
Violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy.
But I have words
That would be howl'd in the desert air, where hearing should not latch them.

MALCOLM

What's the newest grief?.

ROSS

[*To MACDUFF*] Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound, That ever yet they heard.
Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes savagely slaughter'd:

MACDUFF

All my pretty ones? Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so; But I must also feel it as a man:

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 1**LADY MACBETH'S CHAMBER***LADY MACBETH SLEEPWALKS***LADY MACBETH**

Out, damned spot! out, I say!-
Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him.
The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!
What's done cannot be undone

ACT V, SCENE 3**MACBETH'S THRONE ROOM***Enter MACBETH, and Soldiers***MACBETH**

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

Enter a COURIER

Where got'st thou that goose look?

SEYTON

There is ten thousand --

MACBETH

Geese, villain?!

SEYTON

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, thou lily-liver'd boy.
What soldiers?

SEYTON

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit SEYTON

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 2 + 4

BIRNAM WOOD

MACDUFF

What does the tyrant?

LENNOX

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
and will endure our setting down before 't.
Some say he's mad

MACDUFF

Now does he feel his secret murders sticking on his hands;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love:

Enter MALCOLM

MALCOLM

What wood is this before us?

MACDUFF

The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
err in report of us.
The time approaches that will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 5

MACBETH'S THRONE ROOM*Enter MACBETH and SEYTON***MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:

A scream within

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit***MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Exit SEYTON***MACBETH**

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

Enter a COURIER

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

COURIER

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

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

COURIER

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

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

COURIER

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

MACBETH

If thou speak'st false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin to doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth! "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsiane. Arm -- Arm -- and out!

Exit COURIER

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

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 6

*Enter MALCOLM, MACDUFF, soldiers with
boughs*

MALCOLM

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.
And show like those you are. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

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

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 7

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

Enter A SOLDIER

SOLDIER

Hold, sirrah, what is thy name?

MACBETH

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. My name's Macbeth.

SOLDIER

The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH

No, nor more fearful.

SOLDIER

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight. MACBETH kill SOLDIER

MACBETH

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

ACT V, SCENE 8

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee: but get thee back;
My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words: my voice is in my sword!

They fight

MACBETH

Thou losest labour: I bear a charmed life,
Which must not yield to one of woman born.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so!
I will not yield, to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting.

*Enter ROSS, LENNOX, and MALCOLM, with
Soldiers*

LENNOX

The day almost itself professes yours, and little is to do.

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!