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LADY MACDUFF Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime, The pitfall nor the gin. Son Was my father a traitor, mother? Enter a Porter Porter Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. First Murderer 'Tis Banquo's then. LENNOX No, indeed, my lord. 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. 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. Think upon what
hath chanced, and, at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other. Herein I teach you How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains, And thank us for your pains are thank us for your p
mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know. MACDUFF What three things does drink especially provoke? 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. MACDUFF Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership. Second Murderer We have lost Best half of our affair. Aside Cannot be good: if ill, Why hath it given
me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth? Exit LENNOX Goes the king hence to-day? Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper Lo you, here she comes! This is her very quise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'
the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line. LADY MACBETH To-night we hold a solemn supper sir, And I'll request your presence. Who is she? 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? Whither are they vanish'd? MACBETH O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them. Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to-night. BANQUO Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's. What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell
swoop? Exit. Outside Macbeth's castle. LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? MACDUFF This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root flan 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. LADY MACBETH Now. Yes, she says:
'There was one moment when I was in LA and he was teaching me a move. MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil. Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which
advance the war. Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude, The victory fell on us. Ante-room in the castle. Third Witch We'll answer. MACDUFF 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! MACBETH What is 't you say? MACDUFF Such
 welcome and unwelcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile. 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. 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. MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it. I think, but
dare not speak. or are you aught That man may question? First Witch Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw. You seem to understand me, By each at once her chappy finger laying Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so. Country near Birnam wood. MACDUFF He is
already named, and gone to Scone To be invested. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honour named. ANGUS Who was the thane lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. CAITHNESS Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother? MACBETH The labour we delight in
physics pain. Enter MACDUFF How goes the world, sir, now? LENNOX Good night; and better health Attend his majesty! LADY MACBETH A kind good night to all! Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH and understood
relations have By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth The secret'st man of blood. Haven't I seen her somewhere before? Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time We will require her welcome. MACBETH I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question enrages him. Macbeth's castle. ALL A
deed without a name. Hark! I laid their daggers ready; He could not miss 'em. A camp near Forres. MACBETH Fled to England! LENNOX Ay, my good lord. MALCOLM I thank you, doctor. MACBETH Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? Exeunt Murderers It is concluded. MACBETH Liar and slave!
Messenger Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so: Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Goes Fleance with you? But this is ass-kicking in a corset. Son And be all traitors that do so? MACBETH 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? Servant The English force, so please you. Descends MACBETH Then live, MacDUFF MACDUFF That way the noise is. ANGUS Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. Your highness' part Is
to receive our duties; and 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. Enter BANQUO BANQUO Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weird women promised, and, I fear, Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said It should not
stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. 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 Caesar. Second Murderer He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers Our offices and what we have to do To the direction just. LADY MACDUFF
Every one. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't. 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. 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. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, 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. MACBETH Ride you this afternoon? Sennet sounded. Make we our march towards Birnam. Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent? MACBETH We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous, In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. MALCOLM 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: 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. BANQUO Look, how our partner's rapt. MACBETH So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honours in these
flattering streams, And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are. First Witch A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And munch'd, and mu
MALCOLM I know him now. 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, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confineless harms. MACBETH [Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir. LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was. Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head MACDUFF Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands The usurper's cursed head: the time is free: I see thee compass'd with mine: Hail, King of Scotland!
ALL Hail, King of Scotland! Flourish MALCOLM We shall not spend a large expense of time Before we reckon with your several loves, And make us even with your several loves, and the properties of the proper
Exit Servant Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? LENNOX No, my lord. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts. Let 's away; Our tears are not yet brew'd. Whether he was combined 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. MACDUFF But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't? MACBETH Come, we'll to sleep. A third is like the former. Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner? Alarums Retreat. LADY MACBETH O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the
air-drawn dagger which, you said, Led you to Duncan. Doctor, the thanes fly from me. LADY MACBETH My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you. SIWARD 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. LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One:
two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? Gentlewoman Good doctor. 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 the deed; then, as his host, Who should against the door, Not bear the knife myself. LADY MACBETH What's to be
done? 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. Hear'st thou of them? Exeunt SCENE IV. Doctor You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should. 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. A banquet prepared. MACBETH This is a sorry sight. ROSS No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em. Flourish. 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. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching MALCOLM Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe. Exit SCENE II. LADY MACDUFF Every one that does so is a
traitor, and must be hanged. A 21-year-old from Oxford who's being talked up as 'the next Kate Winslet'. LADY MACBETH Almost at odds with morning, which is which. Take thee that too. Old Man God's benison go with you; and with those That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! Exeunt ACT III SCENE I. First Murderer appears at the door
MACBETH See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. Doctor Do you mark that? If thou canst nod, speak too. What saleep-- 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? Exit Alarums. LENNOX 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word Macduff is fled to England.
MALCOLM 'Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king; Which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do. 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. A bell rings I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. MALCOLM My liege,
They are not yet come back. MACBETH [Aside] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen. Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' & c HECATE retires Second Witch By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. 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. Approaching the door There's blood on thy face. MACBETH We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd In England and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruel particide, filling their hearers With strange invention: but of that to-morrow, When therewithal we shall have
cause of state Craving us jointly. MACDUFF O, I could play the woman with mine eyes 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! MALCOLM This tune goes manly. Second Witch When
the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won. DUNCAN So well thy words become thee as thy wounds; They smack of honour both. ROSS Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound That ever yet they heard. MACBETH Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mettle should
compose Nothing but males. Lords Thanks to your majesty. Give me mine armour. MACDUFF I have lost my hopes. Second Witch Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake; Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg and owlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a
hell-broth boil and bubble. Court of Macbeth's castle. 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. MACDUFF He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour. Second Witch Show me, show me, MACDUFF 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. First Witch Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wreck'd as homeward he did come. 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 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight. SEYTON All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported. MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes. 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. Murder and treason! 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. Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut. MALCOLM [Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion. Doctor [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. He loves us not; He wants the natural touch: for
the poor wren, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. MALCOLM What I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 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, But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move. I have done no harm. Second Witch Upon the heath. Doctor Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick coming fancies, That keep her from her rest. ANGUS We are sent To give thee from our royal master thanks; Only to herald thee into his
sight, Not pay thee. Heaven rest them now! MACOUFF Look to the lady. MACDUFF What should he be? and what noise is this? MACBETH But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'? Let me find him,
fortune! And more I beg not. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes. LENNOX Here, my good lord. Who's here? Second Murderer A light, a light! Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch Third Murderer Tis he. YOUNG SIWARD Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell? Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wither'd murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace. God, God forgive
us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. 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. ROSS Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. 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 seed of Banquo kings! Rather than so, come fate into the list. MACDUFF Fit to govern! No, not to live. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature That you can
let this go? Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it takes 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. Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what's done is done. 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. Enter BANQUO O Banquo, Banquo, Our royal master 's
murder'd! LADY MACBETH Woe, alas! What, in our house? MACBETH She should have been a time for such a word. Opens the gate Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX MACDUFF was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late? I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam forest come to
Dunsinane. First Witch Thou'rt kind. LADY MACDUFF Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father? How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 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. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones. MACDUFF I shall do so; But I
must also feel it as a man: I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me. MALCOLM This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity. He hath not touch'd you yet. Enter HECATE to the other three Witches HECATE O well done! I commend your pains; And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing, Live elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in. MACBETH Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. First Murderer My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him. 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, 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 Murderer You made it known to us. Go get some water, And wash this filthy
witness from your hand. DUNCAN Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing. Enter LADY MACBETH DUNCAN See, see, our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Enter ROSS MACDUFF See, who comes here? Pray you, sit still. MACDUFF The
tyrant has not batter'd at their peace? SIWARD Fare you well. 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. MACBETH 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 keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope. MACBETH Well then, now Have you consider'd of my speeches? I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own
safeties. ALL So all. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers MALCOLM I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where 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 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken. First Murderer Let it come down. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. Lay on, Macduff, And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' Exeunt,
fighting. MACBETH No, nor more fearful. All my pretty ones? Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF MALCOLM Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty. 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. O my breast, Thy hope ends here! MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts To thy good truth and honour. I just looked at him, thinking: "Oh my God, I'm being taught to wrestle by Dwayne Johnson. First Murderer Wast not the
way? Descends MACBETH 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. MACDUFF He has no children. Doctor What is it she does now? Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
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. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants DUNCAN Is execution done on Cawdor? Enter ROSS and ANGUS ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of
Attendants MACBETH Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. SIWARD He's worth no more They say he parted well, and paid his score: And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort. LADY MACDUFF I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.
LENNOX What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look That seems to speak things strange. LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. LENNOX Or so much as
it needs, To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. Has he been showing her the wrestling ropes? ATTENDANT They are, my lord, without the palace gate. ALL Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. MACBETH Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? Son Why should I,
mother? First Murderer Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. whiles I see lives, the gashes Do better upon them. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou opposed, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. MACBETH 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. MENTEITH What does the tyrant? MACBETH Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect, Whole as the marble, founded as the marble as the marble, founded as the marble, founded as the marble, founded as the marble as t
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, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'ld jump the life to come. MACBETH As I descended? Enter MACBETH Our knocking has
thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me In borrow'd robes? 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. 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?
Would they had stay'd! BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about? In period drama 'Lady Macbeth', the soon-to-be-megastar plays a teenager who fights back after being married off. Exit Servant Seyton!--I am sick at heart, When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. ALL The weird sisters, hand in
hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about: Thrice to thine and thrice again, to make up nine. ROSS My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season. YOUNG SIWARD No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell
Servant Madam, I will. Gentlewoman Directly. Exit LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead; And what will you do now? A fourth! Start, eyes! What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. What's he That was not born of
woman? But Banquo's safe? This is the door. ROSS From Fife, great king; Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold. Lords Our duties, and the pledge. MACDUFF If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. MACDUFF How does my wife? 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? LADY MACBETH Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; For my heart speaks they are welcome. MENTEITH Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there? Exeunt SCENE III.
MACDUFF Stands Scotland where it did? Sergeant Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together And choke their art. 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. Dismiss me. DUNCAN Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo? MACBETH [Aside] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. Doctor This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds. The attempt and not the deed Confounds us. LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come
come, come, come, give me your hand. Son Nay, how will you do for a husband? Open, locks, Whoever knocks! Enter MACBETH MACBETH MACBETH How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is't you do? Soldiers It shall be done. LADY MACDUFF Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 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? BANQUO What, can the devil speak true? 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; 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, That tears shall drown the wind. If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. Third
Witch And I another. 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; And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour To act in safety. Third Murderer Macbeth. LADY MACBETH Thou'r
mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? LADY MACBETH I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep', the
innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast,-- LADY MACBETH One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other; As they had seen me
with these hangman's hands. Both Murderers We are resolved, my lord. MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain. LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death? First Murderer We are men, my liege. LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not
sweeten this little hand. But she's a fan: 'I love all of Kate Winslet's characters. Third Murderer There's but one down; the son is fled. Dunsinane. Servant Ay, madam, but returns again to-night. Exeunt ACT IV SCENE I. Are not Those in commission yet return'd? LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men. Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: Be
large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure The table round. Gentlewoman Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command. The general cause? Spoiler alert: a killing spree is involved. MACBETH My name's Macbeth. Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven or to hell. Enter three Witches First Witch
When shall we three meet again In thunder, lightning, or in rain? My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you! LADY MACDUFF Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless. The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place MACBETH 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. MACBETH When? I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think withal 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. Before Macbeth's castle. MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night. I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat. If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say.-- What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name
of most kind hostess; and shut up In measureless content. 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. MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me. MACBETH O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still; Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. Exeunt, marching SCENE V. Son Then you'll buy 'em to
sell again. 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. MACDUFF Is thy master stirring? Such a one Am I to fear, or none. Third Witch Anon. MACBETH I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. MACDUFF Make all our
trumpets speak; give them all breath, Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state. ROSS Well, I will thither. Let us toward the king. Knocking within Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? SIWARD What wood is this before us? Right now, she's in Norfolk
making a biopic about the British wrestler Paige. Old Man 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. Witches vanish BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Did you say all? Exeunt. hath it slept since? 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. Enter MACBETH MACBETH Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you. LADY MACBETH Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you. Enter MACBETH Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.
this starting. MALCOLM He's worth more sorrow, And that I'll spend for him. MENTEITH The wood of Birnam. SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet. Didst thou have that 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? This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well. Send out more horses; skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. ALL Come, high or low; Thyself and office
deftly show! Thunder. LADY MACBETH Ay. MACBETH Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber? 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? 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. MACDUFF My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither. Lord The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward: That, by the help of these--with Him above To ratify the work--we may again Give to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage and receive free honours: All which we pine for now: and this report Hath so exasperate the king that he Prepares
for some attempt of war. ROSS Well too. ROSS What sights, my lord? Second Witch I'll give thee a wind. ROSS Why, well. 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,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence? Re-enter LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH My hands are of your colour; but I shame To wear a heart so white. The king's a-bed: He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices. DONALBAIN To Ireland, I; our separated fortunes.
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody. First Murderer Well, let's away, and say how much is done. Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS MACBETH Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant, There 's nothing serious in
mortality: All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of. 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. Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS LADY MACDUFF What had he done, to make him fly the land? DUNCAN My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow. MALCOLM But I have none: the king-
becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them, but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting it many ways. Messenger As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to
move. Drum and colours. MACBETH A friend. Enter three Murderers First Murderer But who did bid thee join with us? What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time, As calling home our exiled friends abroad That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 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. Enter Murderers What are these faces? Doctor Ay, my good lord; your royal
preparation Makes us hear something. MACDUFF And so do I. BANQUO To the selfsame tune and words. Lord He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time That clogs me with this answer.' LENNOX And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what
distance His wisdom can provide. Gone? With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Third Witch A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come. BANQUO My lord, I will not. MACDUFF 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 on a pole, and underwrit, 'Here may you see the tyrant.' MACBETH I will not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse. ROSS Wife, children, servants, all That could be found. Hautboys First
Witch Show! Second Witch Show! Third Witch Show! ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart! A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following MACBETH Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down! Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. 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. Oh, oh, oh! Doctor What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. MALCOLM But Macbeth is. SIWARD Then he is dead? Slightly embarrassed. Come, let me clutch thee. The same. Old Man 'Tis said they eat each other. Alarum within.
SIWARD Some must go off: and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought. First Murderer Then stand with us. MACBETH Not yet. MacBETH Not yet
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. 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; 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 He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace
and fear: And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy. MACBETH 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 wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did wake each other.
content: 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. Quite. MACBETH [Within] Who's there? 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? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from thee? 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? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the mind, a false creation with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done't? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the mind, a false creation with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done't?
heat-oppressed brain? MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there: adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! ROSS Farewell, father. ALL Seek to know no more. Doctor Well, well done there: adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! ROSS Farewell, father. ALL Seek to know no more. Doctor Well, wel
in the palace. BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? To BANQUO Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me Promised no less to them? 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. England. BANQUO New horrors come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use. Enter a Servant The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look? Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him BANQUO How goes the
night, boy? 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, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy. 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? MACBETH Thanks for that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accursed, And does blaspheme his breed? MACBETH Thanks for that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accursed.
LADY MACDUFF He had none: His flight was madness: when our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors. Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny't. 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. MACDUFF I am not treacherous. 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 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. MACBETH I'll call upon you straight: abide within. Another part of the field. Descends MACBETH That will never be Who can impress the forest, bid the tree Unfix his earth-bound root? A cavern. Pugh says the script made a
change from all the 'girlfriend roles' that land in her inbox. Come, love and health to all; Then I'll sit down. LADY MACBETH O, never Shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. MACBETH Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. Enter MACBETH MACBETH They have tied
me to a stake; I cannot fly, But, bear-like, I must fight the course. But this place is too cold for hell. Son What is a traitor? 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. 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. MACBETH Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike
upon the bell. LADY MACBETH You lack the season of all natures, sleep. MACBETH Ourself will mingle with society, And play the humble host. MACBETH If I stand here, I saw him. Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings: My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man that function Is smother'd in surmise,
and nothing is But what is not. LADY MACBETH If he had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing unbecoming. Doctor Therein the patient Must minister to himself. Why, what care I? Let this pernicious hour Stand aye accursed in the calendar! Come in, without there! Enter LENNOX What's your grace's will?
MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope: 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. Give me my armour. MACBETH Sweet remembrancer! Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both! LENNOX May't please your highness
sit. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are register'd where every day I turn The leaf to read them. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes Why, so: being gone, I am a man again. What's her take on the Kate Winslet comparisons? I'll to England. Enter ROSS and an old Man Old Man Threescore and ten I can
remember well: Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Was not that nobly done? Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill
their gracious father? MACDUFF Why, see you not? MALCOLM Be't their comfort We are coming thither: gracious England hath Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; An older and a better soldier none That Christendom gives out. And Natalie Portman. MALCOLM I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious
smacking of every sin That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters, Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up The cistern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear That did oppose my will: better Macbeth Than such an one to reign. MACBETH There's comfort yet; they
are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 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. YOUNG SIWARD The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear. Poor birds they are not set
for. LADY MACBETH You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admired disorder. LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame! MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere human statute purged the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the times have 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. They must lie there: go carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood. 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 means, the worst. MACBETH I conjure you, by that which you profess, Howe'er you come to know it, answer me: Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
 I'hough 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 To what I ask you. 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. O slave! Dies. Enter the three Witches First Witch Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. When was it she last walked? MACBETH I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Seyton! Enter SEYTON What is your
gracious pleasure? First Murderer Though our lives-- MACBETH Your spirits shine through you. Re-enter MACDUFF O horror, horror
'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. Third Apparition Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care 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. LADY MACBETH He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber? What is't that
moves your highness? ROSS You must have patience, madam. Arm, arm, and out! If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. ROSS And Duncan's horses--a thing most strange and certain-- 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. 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 compunctious 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 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! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the middle, a boiling cauldron. First Witch I come, Graymalkin! Second Witch
Paddock calls. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants DUNCAN This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses. BANQUO [Within] Give us a light there, ho! Second Murderer Then 'tis he: the rest That are within the note of
expectation Already are i' the court. 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. I
doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. Enter YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name? ALL Well contented. Forres. BANQUO Hold, take my sword. LADY MACBETH And when goes hence? MACBETH Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
BANQUO That trusted home Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the thane of Cawdor. MENTEITH We doubt it nothing. 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 Silver'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. 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. Knocking within Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! Exeunt SCENE III. First Witch Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths, Or from our masters? Enter MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers MENTEITH The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man. MACBETH If we should fail? MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. I dreamt last night of
the three weird sisters: To you they have show'd some truth. My father is not dead, for all your saying. 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. MACDUFF Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd In evils to top Macbeth. Third Murderer
Hark! I hear horses. Knocking within. What's the boy Malcolm? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. Exeunt SCENE V. 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.
MACBETH Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i' the hall together. Receive what cheer you may: The night is long that never finds the day. Enter 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: Were they not forced with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. All is the fear and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason. MACBETH Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you? At once, good night: Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once. 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. LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! Enter a Messenger Messenger Bless you, fair dame! I
am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. How will you live? Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman Doctor I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. MACBETH Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none. On Tuesday last, A falcon,
towering in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. MACBETH And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so? Second Witch Not so happy, yet much happier. MACBETH Hath he ask'd for me? But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. Third Witch There to meet with Macbeth. 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? First Apparition Macbeth! Macbe
leave it. SIWARD Had he his hurts before? 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? Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserved, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me enfold thee And hold thee to
my heart. Second Murderer I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world. First Murderer Stand to't. MACBETH 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 MACBETH Who was it that thus cried? Lords What, my good lord? But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. MACBETH The service and
the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. LADY MACBETH Come on; Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and thence Against the undivulged pretence I fight Of treasonous malice. Enter MACBETH and BANQUO MACBETH So foul
and fair a day I have not seen. LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies. LENNOX Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't: Their hands and faces were an badged with blood; So were their daggers, which unwiped we found Upon their pillows: They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them. ROSS I'll see it
done. MACBETH Which of you have done this? To ROSS and ANGUS Thanks for your pains. Exeunt ACT II SCENE I. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Where are they? Seyton, send out. LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir? LADY MACBETH Did you send to him.
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. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. ROSS Will you to Scone? LADY MACBETH 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. LENNOX Mean you his majesty? Son As birds do, mother. A Heath. Servant There is ten thousand-- MACBETH Geese, villain! Servant Soldiers, sir. ANGUS Now does he feel His
secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief. MACDUFF Is the king stirring, worthy thane? MACBETH Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy. Messenger
The king comes here to-night. MALCOLM Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. What the hell?" 'Lady Macbeth' is in UK cinemas Apr 28. Thunder and lightning. DUNCAN O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman! Sergeant 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. By your leave, hostess. Music and a song within: 'Come away,' & c Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. Good God, betimes remove The means that makes us strangers! ROSS Sir, amen. MALCOLM What will you do? Look, how she rubs her hands. Farewell
Exit BANQUO Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night: to make society The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant Sirrah, a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH all but MACBETH, and a word with you! Exeunt all but MACBETH all but MACBETH all but MACBET
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? Come, friends. 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. Gentlewoman Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. 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. Re-enter SEYTON Wherefore was that cry? 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 Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? First Witch Hail! Third Witch Hail! First Witch Hail! First Witch Hail! First Witch Hail! Third Witch Hail! Third Witch Hail! Third Witch Hail! Second Witch Hail! Third Witch Hail! Thi
MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. That doesn't sound very genteel for a corset drama? Mark, king of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had with valour arm'd Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and
new supplies of men Began a fresh assault. Hie you to horse: adieu, Till you return at night. Exeunt SCENE II. MACBETH I do forget. SEYTON It is the cry of women, my good lord. So, prithee, go with me. Doctor 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? MACBETH What news more? MACBETH What news more? MACBETH What news more? MACBETH Take thy face hence. Doctor Go to, go to; you have known what you should not. 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 On all deservers. Enter a Messenger What is your tidings? The country near Dunsinane. 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. Enter LADY MACBETH LADY 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. 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. who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation. BANQUO All's well. First Murderer Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature. No, this
my hand will rather The multitudinous seas in incarnadine, Making the green one red. MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one. Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE First Witch Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly. 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. LENNOX Sent he to MacGETH You must leave this. Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st good-night. DONALBAIN [Aside to MALCOLM] What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us? Doctor
Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. ROSS Alas, the day! What good could they pretend? She made her film debut in the cult British indie drama 'The Falling' - cast after picking up a leaflet while studying for her A-levels. MACDUFF Your royal father 's murder'd. ROSS No mind that's
honest But in it shares some woe; though the main part Pertains to you alone. HECATE Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? 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. A good and virtuous nature may recoil In an
imperial charge. ROSS Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow Must not be measured by his worth, for then It hath no end. They set upon BANQUO BANQUO BANQUO, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou mayst revenge. How does your patient, doctor? Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs MALCOLM
Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down. ROSS Where is Duncan's body? LADY MACBETH We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. from the bill That writes them all alike: and so of men. MALCOLM 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. Knocking within Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. Son Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them. damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight In pious rage the two delinquents tear, That
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were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? MACBETH He does: he did appoint so. ha! throw my warlike shield. Messenger Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it. LADY MACBETH Wash

your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, it be 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. 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. ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. BANQUO There if I grow, The harvest is your own. Resolve yourselves apart: I'll come to you anon. Bell rings Enter LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? Enter the three Witches First Witch Where hast thou been, sister? DUNCAN There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust. LADY MACBETH Fail not our feast. LADY MACBETH Fail not our feast. LADY MACBETH Fail not our feast. buy me twenty at any market. Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends, I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Alarums Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd: The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; The noble thanes do bravely in the war; The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do. SIWARD The time approaches That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have and what we owe. Both Murderers True, my lord. Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,' When they did say 'God bless us!' LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply. LENNOX 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. BANQUO Ay, my good lord. FLEANCE I take't, 'tis later, sir. LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together. Exit Sergeant, attended Who comes here? 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. MACBETH I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not. Alarums. No boasting like a fool; This deed I'll do before this purpose cool. 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 blanched with fear. MALCOLM Macduff is missing, and your noble son. Second Apparition: A bloody Child Second Apparition Macbeth! Macbe that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking? Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain. MACDUFF What, with worms and flies? Gentlewoman I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. Porter Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Enter a Doctor MALCOLM Well; more anon.--Comes the king forth, I pray you? Fife. BANQUO 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. MACBETH 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. Second Witch Killing swine. Messenger So please you, it is true: our thane is coming: One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message. Exit LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly? Enter ROSS MALCOLM The worthy thane of Ross. A room in the castle. Porter 'Faith sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things. MACDUFF No, cousin, I'll to Fife. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. Doctor Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets: More needs she the divine than the physician. Gentlewoman She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known. I'll not fight with thee. DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor! 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. 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? 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. 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. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; And such an instrument I was to use. ROSS God save the king! DUNCAN Whence camest thou, worthy thane? Pugh stars in the film alongside Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson. MACBETH What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 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. Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? MACBETH I did so, and went further, which is now Our point of second meeting. MACBETH [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind. Toad, that under cold stone Days and nights has thirtyone Swelter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i' the charmed pot. MACBETH Cure her of that. MACBETH How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person At our great bidding? Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; For it must seem their guilt. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? Is't far you ride? LADY MACBETH What beast was't, then, That made you break this enterprise to me? Give me some wine; fill full. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's not be dainty of leave-taking. But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's not be dainty of leave-taking. mercy left. And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? LADY MACBETH Know you not he has? Enter LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court? DUNCAN No more that than e of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth. Exit Doctor MACDUFF What's the disease he means? Who's there? BANQUO Very gladly. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword with an unbatter's edge I sheathe again undeeded. Macduff's castle. DUNCAN Where's the thane of Cawdor? Enter MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Lendout MacBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, Ladies MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants MACBETH You know your own degrees; sit down: at first And last the hearty welcome. 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. Second Apparition Be bloody, bold, and resolute. laugh to scorn The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm MacDUFF What concern they? BANQUO At your kind'st leisure. ROSS Is't known who did this more than bloody deed? I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other. MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. MACDUFF I have no words: My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! They fight MACBETH Thou losest labour: As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield, To one of woman born. Come, sir, dispatch. LENNOX Good morrow, noble sir. MACDUFF My children too? Third Witch That will be ere the set of sun. First Murderer It was, so please your highness. Knocking within Hark! more knocking. When all's done, You look but on a stool. Exeunt SCENE VI. Music. 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. Please't your highness To grace us with your royal company. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock with your highness To grace us with your royal company. contradict thyself, And say it is not so. First Murderer And I another So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my lie on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on't. I gin to be aweary of the sun, And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. Of your mere own: all these are portable, With other graces weigh'd. First Murderer 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. Enter LENNOX and another Lord LENNOX My former speeches have been strangely borne. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometimes Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm? My strange and self-abuse Is the initiate fear that wants hard use: We are yet but young in deed. LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot. 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. Exeunt, marching SCENE III. Son Who must hang them? Enter a Messenger Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly. LENNOX The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say 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. BANQUO Too cruel any where. ALL Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble. Enough. 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 fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance fied: men must not walk too late; Whom, you may say, if 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. MACBETH We will speak further. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers. Doctor How came she by that light? First Apparition: an armed Head MACBETH Tell me thou unknown power, -- First Witch He knows thy thought: Hear his speech, but say thou nought. MACBETH Donalbain, LADY MACBETH But in them nature's copy's not eterne. BANQUO 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: Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed, The air is delicate. 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, 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 kno wn? But no more sights!--Where are these gentlemen? Son And must they all be hanged that swear and lie? They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain 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. How is't with me, when every noise appals me? Devilish Macbeth By many of these trains hath sought to win me Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me From over-credulous haste; but God above Deal between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. Exeunt SCENE VII. Doctor Even so? Looking on his hands LADY MACBETH A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. LADY MACBETH Give him tending; He brings great news. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? BANOUO So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd. First Murderer Where is your husband? DUNCAN 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. Filthy hags! Why do you show me this? 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? Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back. Second Witch Demand. Peace! the charm's wound up. A cry of women within What is that noise? Observe her; stand close. Get thee gone: to-morrow We'll hear, ourselves, again. 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. 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. MACBETH I'll put it on. LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir. 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. or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting? And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. FLEANCE escapes Third Murderer Who did strike out the light? MACBETH I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would grant the time. Gentlewoman 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 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. A park near the palace. MALCOLM Dispute it like a man. MALCOLM We have met with foes That strike beside us. LADY MACDUFF Wisdom! to leave his babes, His mansion and his titles in a place From whence himself does fly? 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. ROSS I have said. MACBETH Bring them before us. Exeunt ACT V SCENE I. Doctor 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. 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. To-morrow, and to-morrow, a together? Hautboys and torches. Knocking within Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? MACDUFF And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too? Third Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? BANQUO It will be rain to-night. ROSS Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. First Murderer He's a traitor. MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot; And so I do commend you to their backs. What is the night? 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 Makes wing to the rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; While night's black agents to their preys do rouse. FLEANCE The moon is down; I have not heard the clock. Go get him surgeons. Third Murderer Almost a mile: but he does usually, So all men do, from hence to the palace gate Make it their walk. Before the King's palace. MACDUFF Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves. Within the castle. Cousins, a word, I pray you. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. CAITHNESS 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. what, ho! LADY MACBETH Alack, I pray you. am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done. MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear thou think'st For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp, And the rich East to boot. SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle. MALCOLM My countryman; but yet I know him not. Thunder. ROSS Ay, on the front. Why sinks that cauldron? If I say sooth, I must report they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Or memorise another Golgotha, I cannot tell. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant DUNCAN What bloody man is that? 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. Apparitions vanish What, is this so? speak, speak! MACDUFF 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. MACBETH Where? 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. MACBETH Bring it after me. MACBETH Till then, enough. Exit Murderer LADY MACBETH 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. MACDUFF O relation Too nice, and yet too true! MALCOLM What's the newest grief? Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 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? Look what I have. 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. You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think. BANQUO Let your highness Command upon me; to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit. Was he not born of woman? Is he dispatch'd? BANQUO As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night For a dark hour or twain. 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. SIWARD We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before 't. Enter MACBETH Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted As breath into the wind. MACBETH Came they not by you? MALCOLM Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee. Gentlewoman That, sir, which I will not report after her. Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland. MACBETH 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. What soldiers, patch? or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast? MACBETH My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night MACDUFF 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. MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. LADY MACBETH Say to the king, I would attend his leisure For a few words. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed! Exit Doctor Will she go now to bed? 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. Knocking within MACBETH Whence is that knocking? 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. Here comes the good Macduff. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman. MACBETH Being unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought. MACBETH Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept All by the name of dogs: the valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive Particular addition. 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. Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO MACBETH Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. Exit Messenger The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. With this strange virtue, He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy, And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace. 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. First Witch Ay, sir, all this is so: but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? O hell-kite! All? Second Witch Cool it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good. MACBETH I'll bring you to him. ROSS They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes That look'd upon't. I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw. Knocking within Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? From this time Such I account thy love. Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter LADY MACBETH they met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. Speak, I charge you. Get thee to bed. Come, bring me where they are. Before the castle. 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. Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. MACBETH Speak, if you can: what are you? MACBETH Call 'em; let me see 'em. GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes LADY MACBETH What, quite unmann'd in folly? Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN DONALBAIN What is amiss? 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 That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry: Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.' Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' the milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win: 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 To have thee crown'd withal. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? ROSS You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. MACBETH 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. MACBETH 'Twas a rough night. 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. DUNCAN Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue our graces towards him. Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue our graces towards him. been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings.

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