

ACT I.

RA'DARC I.—Riars uaigneac. Tóinneac asur Teimneac,
Triúr 'Draoi-Cailleac' irceac.

An ceud 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Catáin teagmhócmuro-ne arís
meas tóinneac, rplannc, no garb-fion ?

An dara 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Nuair a beid' deire leis an
S-cac,

Ar an suile-buile tairc.

An treas 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Sara mberd an Srian as
meac'.

An ceud 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Cad é an áit ?

An dara 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Ar fárad' fiadam.

An treas 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Anraon a duairpró Macbeir
Linn.

An ceud 'Draoi-Cailleac' : Cúgar, a Snamalcin.

Iad go léir : Tá pasdúac as glaoúac :—Ar ball !
Is cuma linn calaoir no ceairc,
Ar ruidal tré ceo na rSamall palac.

Act 1, Scene 1

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

SECOND WITCH When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH That will be ere the set of sun. 5

FIRST WITCH Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND WITCH Paddock calls. 10

THIRD WITCH Anon.

ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Com cneacta ran? Feuc a s-cluadac easpachail.
 An fon go riudlaid an an tcalam, ce ceapad
 Sur den dothan ro iad? An bfuil rib beo?
 An baogal do duine faogalta rib? Ir leir
 Go dtuigeann rib mo camnt, acé cim gur b'amlaid
 A cuineann ceactar agaid a meap ondmac
 Len a pur mi-ghéideac in ionad freasairt.
 Ir corachail rib le mnaid, acé ní an mnaid
 A bionn an fionnadh rin tá an búir n-aigte.

Macbeit: Már mná rib, labair! Cé rib?

An céud Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!
 Sláinte, a Tigearna Glámar!

An dara Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!
 Sláinte, a Tigearna Cawdor!

An treap Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!
 A béar 'na n-ig 'na diaid reo.

Banquo: Dé cuir an geit, a uairil? Ir iongantac liom
 Go s-cuineann rgeula foanta uairil oir.

In ainm Dé, an rrioparoi rib fé cló
 Sean-dan, nó an mná rib cor an bit? Tá agaid dá luad
 Lem' cara uairil terdeal mór fé lácar
 'S réim niochail le teact, ir tá an faodar
 Dá darr. Liomra ní labriann rib. Má'r féroir lid
 An fé le teact do mhiniúgadh léirigro dam
 Sur cuma leir búir nduairé nó búir ngráin.

An céud Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An dara Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An treap Dhaoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An céud Dhaoi-Cailleac: Niof irle 'na Macbeit, agus
 niof doirde,

An dara Dhaoi-Cailleac: Niof luga fé foig, agus fóir
 niof mó.

An treap Dhaoi-Cailleac: Deid nigte ro' fluict, cé
 ná beir-re féin ro' n-ig.

'S búir pláinte fion, Macbeit ir a Banquo!

Macbeit: Stao, tá juo fé ceilt, innir dam niof mó;
 An dáir Símel do fuairéar tigeapnact Glámar.

Act 1, Scene 3

BANQUO How far is 't called to Forres? —What are these, 40
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth
 And yet are on 't?—Live you? Or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me 45
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you? 50

FIRST WITCH All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear 55
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,
 Are you fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly you show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. 60
 If you can look into the seeds of time
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH Hail! 65

SECOND WITCH Hail!

THIRD WITCH Hail!

FIRST WITCH Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

SECOND WITCH Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. 70
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.
 By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis.

12

macbeit

[Act I.

Δεε ι δεαοιθ Cawdor? Μαιρεανη Cawdor φορ,
 Να θεατα φλαιντε ; ι θραητε θεε ι μο ηι
 ιρ λυγα μο ουλ αφ ριν 'να αφ τ'ιγεαρναρ Cawdor.
 Ιηηιρ ζο θεαετ caw αφ θηρ ρζευλ μι-θεαλιθαε,
 Νο ce αν ευιρ ζο δεαζανη ριθ τηεαρνα οηαιηη
 Λε ταρc φαρθεαηαι ου φαζαρ αφ ηιαρζ αν φαραιζ ?
 Οηουζιμ οιθ λαθαηε.

[Λειγιθ αφ ηαθαρε να ηηηα ρροε.]

Banquo : Τα βοτζαιη αφ ταλαη ρε μαρ τα αφ υιρce
 Δζυρ ιρ οιοθ ιαθ ρο. Cαη τειτεαοαη ?

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives
 A prosperous gentleman, and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

75

80

BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Act 1, Scene 7

MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly.

1

...

Macbeit : Οά ηβεαθ δεηρε λειρ αν ζκοηρ ι η-αη
 Δ δεαητα, θ'φεαρη ι δεαηαη ταπαθ. Οά θρεαοφαι

Macbeit : Muna n-eirigeað Linn ?

Dean Macbeit : Seað ! Linne ! Cuir do dalmacc ir do neart

So cruinn daingean fearthac ar an rún
 Agus ní baogal. Nuair a beir an Rí
 'Na coislaó rám tar éir cruadó-aircír an lae,
 A beirt feomhadóir le fionta fial
 Meirgeamla, agus le deocanna ruaim,

Cuirfead-ra ar meartaal a sciall
 'S a meabair, ar cumas go scoilócaio comh tnom
 Le muic, ir nuair a beir fan rdaio rin pinte
 Cao é an bac orainn pé ioe ir mian linn
 O'imirc ar an Rí is ir é san oion ?
 Cao fá ná cuirfimid in a luige ar cad
 Le comarcaí cruinn' sur b'iaó a oifigi féin,
 I uoiróim meirge doib, do vein an gnóim.

Macbeit : Ná raogaluitgear arac acó clann-thac
 aitháin

Da cupaí coranta don tír na píir
 'Do tiorcaó uait. Nuair a rmeartaimid le fuil
 An beirt leirgeamail reo tá i feomra an Ríog
 Ir nuair a d'éanram úráio dá miosóga féin
 Ná creiofir cad sur b'iaó a vein an t-ár ?

Dean Macbeit : Seað ! Seað ! Mar rógócaimid-ne
 ór áro

Ar mbuaioiric ar bár an Ríog.

Macbeit : Im' taoid-re féin

Níl féic dem corp nac bfuil i bpeidm i scóir
 An gním uacóaraig reo. Cum ruubail anoir,
 Ir bí mar óeado go ruairic ráim geal-ghairiac
 foluis id' aghaio thoc-rmaoince an énoide tá fealliac.

Act 1, Scene 7

MACBETH If we should fail—

LADY MACBETH We fail?
 But screw your courage to the sticking place 70
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince 75
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
 Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon 80
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

MACBETH Bring forth men-children only,
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose 85
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
 That they have done 't?

LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar 90
 Upon his death?

MACBETH I am settled and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know. 95

An tuisc i seo a ceapaim nomam, an tuiscinn
 Im tseo? Tar cuigam! Leis dam gheim breic ort.
 Ni féidir liom, aéc éim cá go roileir.
 A éiríbre báir nac féidir cá láimpeail
 Sió sur ro-feicte cá? Nó an samhail tuisce
 Tá san rubricaint ór comhair mo intinn' buairdearta?
 Cím fóir cá com roileir ro' fuirim ir cá
 An t-pleas seo im' láim agam.
 Cuirir in ordugad dam an dealad nomam;
 'S ir do leicéir mar gléar bí agam do'n coir.
 Tá mo padair dá theallad ag mo ceapad eile
 Nó fé an ceann ir géire. Cím cá fóir
 Agus ar do tuiscinn ir do bar
 Alpacá folá ná raib ann ar ucúir
 A leicéir nil ann, aéc na ppeadraoioi
 Tá timceall oim coir an gheim éagraimla
 Aca ar m'intinn. Fé lácair cá ruan tnom
 Ar leac na cruinne, agus ir malluigte iad
 Na h-airlingí corruigeann an coirleac páim.
 Tá Deah-deamhan na b'píreos ag rollamnuigeac
 A h-íobairta breige, agus an mupadair,
 Ir glám an thaccine á glaoad fé déim á fogla,
 Ag pleamnuigad amac go cairdeamail mar a fáid
 An t-eignigteoir rim Tarquin. A blut-clac ro
 Ná cloir mo glór agus ná tabair fé ndeara
 Áro mo ruain para rseirfead na cloca
 Fac mo siubail agus an t-uacbár ro
 D'airtuirigad ón ám cá lácair. An fáid acáim
 Ag bagairt maireann fé. Sniom tseun
 Ni baotairac réirteodáid dam an rseul.

Act 2, Scene 1

MACBETH Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. 45
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation 50
 Proceeding from the heat-oppresed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use. 55
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
 And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs 60
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf, 65
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear 70
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

Macbeic : Ní raib doinne de mhór-uairle ar d'áirde ar
 'Dá mbeadh Duncan uafal in ár mearg; ;
 Is nó milleán is fíor cá tuille aige
 De dháir a mí-cineálacta ná cruas
 Fá 'scaob 'o' á mí-dó.

Rorr : Is cúir milleán dá g'eall
 Gan é beic láitread. Suró in ár mearg, a Rí
 Mar onóir d'áinn.

Macbeic : Tá gac ruideacán lán.

Lennox : Seo duitre áit fé leic, a uafail.

Macbeic : Cá h-áit ?

Lennox : Anro, a Rí. Cad é uige an gnáir rím oré
 A tigeanna ?

Macbeic : Ciaca aghaid do d'áin é seo ?

Tigeanna : Cad é féin, a tigeanna cóir ?

Macbeic : Ní féidir leat é cur im' leic. Ná croic
 Do d'áirde fuitreada féin d'áin.

Rorr : Éirig, a uairle. Níl an Rí ar fochnamh.

Dean Macbeic : Suróid, a cáirde córa. Is minic mo
 tigeanna

Ón a áige ar an gcuma ro.

Ní fada leanfaid an taom. Ar nóimeac ball

Deid fé raon uaid. Ná feuchaid air,

Nó beid fé t'á n-a céile is níor feargáige.

Caitid d'áir mbiaid, is ná cuir ruim ann. An fear tú ?

Macbeic : 'Sead, is fear d'ána feuchaid cruinn ar rú
 Scannrocaid an t-áirdeireoir féin.

Dean Macbeic : Baotaraic !

Níl in a bfeiceann tú áit r'eadraoisi

Ar nóir na r'áit-uairce a t'eoruis cá,

Dubrair, go Duncan. Ní cuirfead doinne ruim

I gcomharcaid baoir baotanta mar iad ro

Áit bean lag-intinn le h-áir teime is oirde

Do cuaid an eadra ón a fear-mácair.

Act 3, Scene 4

MACBETH Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance.

ROSS His absence, sir, 50
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness
 To grace us with your company?

MACBETH The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir. 55

MACBETH Where?

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

MACBETH Which of you have done this?

LORDS What, my good lord? 60

MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus 65
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought
 He will again be well. If much you note him
 You shall offend him and extend his passion.
 Feed and regard him not.

Are you a man? 70

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

LADY MACBETH O, proper stuff! 75
 This is the very painting of your fear.
 This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done, 80
 You look but on a stool.

Mo náire é ! Cao fá an camartaosil
to agair ? Tar éir an traoisail níl ann aóc ról.
Macbeit—Aócuingim oir feuc ! O feuc anran ! Cao
veir tú ?

Níl beann 'sam oir. Má'r péioir leat rmeioeas, labair.
Má éirigto maib ar na hularoeaca
Ir ar na nuaisiana in a scuirtair iao
'Siao ar scáinain fearta meabail na bpreacán.
[Imcigeann an tramaíl.

Dean Macbeit : An breallán tú in ionas veit go crodas?

Macbeit : Veimigead do connac é.

Dean Macbeit : Fáire go veo !

Macbeit : Ir minic in allas do vortas fuil
Sara cuiread olige ríocána i bpeim,
Agur ó foim go veim in do vemeas corca
Do cuiread ríannrao ar an té do cloirfead
Tráoc oira. San am raos do bioo veire
Leir an té go n-orcalócaí a ceann
Aóc anoir dá méio na cheada tá gearra ari
Aireirigeann pé arir, rúngcaillean rinn
Anonn 'r anall : nac sreanmaire é reo
na a leicero.

Dean Macbeit : Mo eigearna ríuntac féin,
Ir veit le v'uarle t' earnam.

Macbeit : Sé mo vearmas :
A cáirde onórac', ná bioo iongnas oraid
Má tá macaill oim nac ríú bioán
Leo reo gur eol vóid mé. Sláinte sac naon
Tá láicreac. Suróreas anran. T'iom fion san tomair.
Ólaim rláinte na mbuidéan ar raos ar bóro
Ir rláinte Banquo leir gur cruas a earnam.
Mo car san é anro. Siuo oraid go leir !
Dia leir ir lib.

Tigeamaí : Ar n'ualgairi ir an seall.

MACBETH Prithee, see there. Behold, look! Lo, how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

85

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame!

90

MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end. But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

95

LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

100

MACBETH I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all.
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine. Fill full.
I drink to th' general joy o' th' 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.

105

110

LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.

Act 4, Scene 1

An t-áras Dhráoi-Caillead : Uair ir t-áras gearán an
gháinneos.

An t-áras Dhráoi-Caillead : Sreabann an reabac : " In
ám, in ám "

An ceo Dhráoi-Caillead : Imtighid timceall an corcáin
Cairid ircead potóga gháin'
In áras na bpiobóg beirid ar uair
An fros galac misnána gháir
Cobail fé lic t-áras lá ir a haon
Sur dein nim úr dá allur brian.

Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veirir,
Loirg a teime ir a corcáin beirid.

An t-áras Dhráoi-Caillead : Sciall de ghilmedis na móinc'
In an corcáin beirid rórc
Meur an fros ir rúil na h-áras',
Teansa gabair ir olann baic.
Ladar-gabal naírac, ceals péir',
Caolcor air ir rsiatán caoic
'Scóir urca diabaila san ceora
Nór andruite irinn beirid rórc.
Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veirir
Loirg, a teime, ir a corcáin beirid.

An t-áras Dhráoi-Caillead : Sainní dráim ir fiacal
con,

Corpán cailige, corc ir brian
An éir ir clocraige ra muir,
Pneamaca ropán damte i nouid,
Deoanna lúdas na mionn-mór,
Domblar gabair ir rlipti iudar,
Gearra mion fé rgamall rae ;
Cuingcín Tuirc 'sur pur san ghe
Potóga Tiser meargair leo
Ir beid annran an urca i uireo.

Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veirir
Loirg, a teime, ir a corcáin beirid.

An t-áras Dhráoi-Caillead : Le fuil an áras fuarcar é,
Annran beid an urca láirín méit.

FIRST WITCH Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

5

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

10

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

15

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

20

THIRD WITCH Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

25

30

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

35

SECOND WITCH Cool it with a baboon's blood.
Then the charm is firm and good.

An dara Dhuai-Cuilleac : Mocuigim ar todar mo
 oinios
 Go bfuil samhail peacaithil teacht im t'reo.

An dara Samhail : A Macbeith ! Macbeith ! Macbeith !
 Macbeith : Da mbeadh tri cluasa oim cloifinn tu.

An dara Samhail : Bi fuiltead, vana, cruadac. Ni
 baogal tuic mac
 De'n cine daonna. Nior rugad domne for
 A deanfar do blogdail do Macbeith.

[Imticeann rior.]

Macbeith : Biot leat, a Macduib : parcaim dam eagla
 nomac

Acc mar rin fein le bairi riuradca veimh
 Dainfead tu veo' t'reoir, cum cur 'na luige
 Ar lagar-chorde an t-eitead, agus dam fein
 Sam-cuileac do faotrugad.

[Coirnead. An triomhad Samhail : leand coronuighe agus
 crann 'na laim.]

'De seo dim

Sad comarca niothamail ruidce ar a ceann ?

Iad go leir : Eir, acc na labair leir.

An triomhad Samhail : Bi dro-cruadac uaidnead ir na
 cuir ruim

I luca na feirge na i noineam an feill
 Nil dul ort buad go dtiocfar Coill Dunsinam
 Da ledinte fein go cullac Dunranain.

[Imticeann rior.]

Macbeith : Coirde na go veo ni carlocar rin :
 Cia feorad orugad tabairt do crainn iad fein

Do cairnac ar a bpreamaca ? Go maic !
 Coimedofar ceann an mhairlis fe le rmac
 Go n-eirdear Coill Dunsinam, agus ni baogal
 do Macbeith dro go vci go mbeid a re
 ar veine le nduir. Acc aicir dam
 Mar feoir leat ve bair do diahalardac
 Rior ir no-mian liom 'fasail : a mbeid rlioc Bancuo
 As niaslugad or cionn na niothaca ro in am ?

Iad go leir : Na hiar a cuilead feara.

Act 4, Scene 1

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

45

Act 4, Scene 1

SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

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

SECOND APPARITION Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn
 The power of man, for none of woman born
 Shall harm Macbeth. 90

MACBETH Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure
 And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder. 95

What is this
 That rises like the issue of a king
 And wears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty? 100

ALL Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
 Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
 Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
 Shall come against him. 105

MACBETH That will never be.
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!
 Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood 110

Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom? 115

ALL Seek to know no more.

ACT V.

RAÚDARC I.—Dunranáin. Cúl-feompa ra Cairleán.
Tasann irthead Doctúir leisir agus Bean-fhiotáilte.

An Doctúir : Táim ag fáine ro' ceannca le dá oróce
agus níor deim sí mar a toubháir. Cacaím do fíudal sí fe
d'éanaíde ?

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Ó cuairt an Rí an páine an bualaó
do connac i ag eiríge ar a leabair, ag caiteam a súna
oróce uirte, ag baint an glair dá feompa cúl, ag tógamc
páipéir, dá fíllead, ag rcpíobad air, dá léigead, ag cur
réala air, agus ag dul 'na leabair ear n-air. Ar fead
na haimríne reo do bí sí in a tuda-cóolaó.

Doctúir : Is móir an buairíneam aighe i náóir d'onna
beic ag cóolaó agus ag fáine in an am scéurta. Imearc
cóolaíca agus fíudalóiré do cao eile túsair fé ndeara nó
cualair aice dá náó ?

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Ruo ná cpaobrsáoilfead uirte.

Doctúir : Is fétóir leat a cpaobrsáoilfead dam agus is
no-éairt go ndéanfá ran.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Duitre 'ná o'ainne eile ní
inneorad é nuair ná fuil fíadnairé agus. Feuc prói
cúgáin i.

[Tasann irthead Bean Macbeit, buaicear in a láim aice.]
Siné a pioct go cruinn ; agus ar m'anam 'na tuda-cóolaó.
Ná feicfead sí tú.

Doctúir : Connur a folácair sí an folur rin ?

Bean-fhiotáilte : Bí fé in aice léi. Dionn coitcianta.
Sin é a h-óiró.

Doctúir : Feuc ! Tá a fáile ar dian-leatad.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Táio, déc níl eiréacé ionnta.

Doctúir : Cao tá aice á d'éanam anoir ? Feuc mar a
cúmileann sí a láma dá céile.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Sin eolar acá aice, fé mar bead sí
ag níge a láma. Is minic a caiteann sí ceatramad uairé
ar an scumad ran.

Act 5, Scene 1

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my
speech. o you, here she comes. This is her very guise and, upon my life,
fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her
command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.

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

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

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

Bean Macbeic : Tá pian anro fóir.

Doctúir : Éiric ! Tá sí ag caint leí féin. Scriobfaid
fíor an t-aighear cum cuimne éruinn do choimeád air.

Bean Macbeic : Ar mo fadóir. A píain damanta !
Imtí ! A naon, a dó. Tá in am é 'deanamh.—Tá Ippionn
uorá. Mo náire é, a Tígearna, mo náire fadóir. Cúit-eagla
ar raigíúir ? Cáo ar a fion an t-eagla eia
aige go bfuil fíor air, nuair nac féidir le neac rínn
do cabairt cum cunnair ? Cé ceapfaid go mbead an
oiriad fola ra bfeair dorca ?

Doctúir : gClairtí !

Bean Macbeic : Do bí bean céile ag Tríac na fíre :
cá bfuil sí anoir ? Ó an bfuil don dul ar mo lámair
do glanad ?—Cu rí uair, a Tígearna. Cu rí uair fearca.
Taoi ag loc ar noibre leó' curó priedbannaíse.

An Doctúir : Imtí ! Imtí oric. Tá breif feara
asac ar neite náir ceart do beic.

An Bean-friotáilte : Tá aighear náirte aice náir
ceart do nóctad. Ir ag Dia amáin acá fíor a haighe.

Bean Macbeic : Seo balait na fola fóir. Ní mír-
leócaid uirce cumra na náiribe mo lámáin gleóirte.
Ó ! Ó ! Ó !

Doctúir : Nac trom an orna i rín. Tá ualac ar a
croide.

An Bean-friotáilte : Ar ceoil, onóir, asur ór na
cuimne ní ion' ar' dainn croide mar acá aice.

Doctúir : Sead ! Sead ! Sead !

An Bean-friotáilte : Go bfuilid Dia oráinn !

Doctúir : Teideann díom a gearán do leigear. Ir
fíorac 'dam améac 'dome do fíubaluigead ma scoilad
ag fadóir báir naomca in a leabair.

Bean Macbeic : Nig do lámá. Cuir oric do culait-
óirde. Croit díot croit an báir. Deirim leat arí go
bfuil dancuo fén ghré. Ní féidir leir eiríse ar an uair.

Doctúir : Mar feo é ?

Bean Macbeic : A córlad linn, a córlad. Tá bualad
éigin ag an ngeata. Sluair, Sluair, Sluair, Sluair ;
cabair 'dam do lám. Deair gan leigear foigne ir feara
air. Go leabair, go leabair, go leabair.

[Imtígeann sí.

Doctúir : An fadóir sí a córlad anoir ?

An Bean-friotáilte : Cuimn díneac.

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

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

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

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

DOCTOR Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heav-
en knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia
will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

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

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

DOCTOR Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which
have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY 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.

DOCTOR Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come,
come, come. Give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed,
to bed, to bed.

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.