

W I L I E T T I N

ROMAN POLANSKI'S MODERN

# MACBETH



FORM FOUR PACK MODERN VERSION

MS TERESE MCELHATTON

## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 1

An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

[Enter three Witches.]

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

SECOND WITCH.  
When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

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

FIRST WITCH.  
Where the place?

SECOND WITCH.  
Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH.  
There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH.  
I come, Graymalkin!

ALL.  
Paddock calls:--anon:--  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

1.1 An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

[Enter three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH.  
When should the three of us meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH.  
When all the uproar is over,  
When the battle has been lost and won.

THIRD WITCH.  
That will be before sunset.

FIRST WITCH.  
Where should we meet?

SECOND WITCH.  
Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH.  
That's where we'll meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH.  
I'm coming, you old she-cat!

ALL.  
The old toad is calling me. In a minute!  
Beautiful is disgustingly filthy, and disgustingly filthy is beautiful.  
Let's float through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

### **You may want to know ...**

*King of Scots from 1040, the legend of whose life was the basis of Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

*About 1031 Macbeth succeeded his father, Findlaech (Sincl in Shakespeare), as mormaer, or chief, in the province of Moray, in northern Scotland. Macbeth established himself on the throne after killing his cousin King Duncan I in battle near Elgin--not, as in Shakespeare, by murdering Duncan in bed--on Aug. 14, 1040. Both Duncan and Macbeth derived their rights to the crown through their mothers. Macbeth's victory in 1045 over a rebel army, near Dunkeld may account for the later references (in Shakespeare and others) to Birnam Wood, for the village of Birnam is near Dunkeld. In 1046 Siward, Earl of Northumbria, unsuccessfully attempted to dethrone Macbeth in favour of Malcolm (afterward King Malcolm III Canmore - our 31st great-grandfather). By 1050 Macbeth felt secure enough to leave Scotland for a pilgrimage to Rome. But in 1054 he was apparently forced by Siward to yield part of southern Scotland to Malcolm. Three years later Macbeth was killed in battle by Malcolm.*

## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 2

A Camp near Forres.

[Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.]

DUNCAN.

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

MALCOLM.

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

SOLDIER.

Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,--  
Worthy to be a rebel,--for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him,--from the Western isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth,--well he deserves that name,--  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valor's minion,  
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN.

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SOLDIER.

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN.

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

SOLDIER.

Yes;

1.2 A Camp near Forres.

[Alarms within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.]

DUNCAN.

What man is that with blood all over him?  
From the looks of him, he can tell us the latest news  
Of the revolt.

MALCOLM.

This is the sergeant  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
Against my being taken prisoner. Hail, brave friend!  
Tell the king what you know about the battle  
When you left it.

SOLDIER.

The outcome was doubtful;  
Men fought like tired swimmers who cling together  
And wind up choking. The merciless Macdonwald,  
A worthy rebel, because  
The multiple evils of nature  
Are in him, has a supply of Irish foot soldiers and  
Soldiers from the Irish chiefs in the Western islands,  
And fortune, smiling on his damned quarrel,  
Looked like a rebel's whore. Only they all lacked courage,  
Because brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name,  
Outshining fortune, with his brandish'd sword,  
Which was steaming with blood in the hot use of it,  
Like power's hero,  
Carved out his way through them until he faced Macdon-  
wald;  
And he never shook hands, said goodbye to him,  
Until he cut him in half, from his navel to his chin,  
And put Macdonwald's head on top of our fort's wall.

DUNCAN.

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SOLDIER.

Just as when the sun rises and  
Shipwrecking storms and terrible thunder stop,  
So from that man, who seemed to bring comfort,  
Discomfort got worse. Listen, King of Scotland, listen.  
No sooner had fairness, armed with courage,  
Made these skipping foot soldiers start running,  
Only the Norwegian lord, seeing his opportunity,  
Began a fresh assault,  
With loaded weapons and new supplies of men.

DUNCAN.

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo,  
Were not upset by this?

SOLDIER.

Yes;



As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell:--  
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN.  
So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honor both.--Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Who comes here?

MALCOLM.  
The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX.  
What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange.

[Enter Ross.]

ROSS.  
God save the King!

DUNCAN.  
Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

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

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.

As sparrows are by eagles, or the hare is by the lion.  
If I say truth, I must report they were as upset  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks.  
So they doubly re-doubled strokes upon the enemy.  
Whether they meant to bathe in fresh, bleeding wounds,  
Or create another Crucifixion scene,  
I cannot tell.  
Only I am faint; my deep cuts need some help.

DUNCAN.  
Your words suit you as your wounds do;  
They both tell of honor. Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Who's this coming here?

MALCOLM.  
The worthy Baron of Ross.

LENNOX.  
He looks as though he's in a great hurry!  
He look should look that way with so many strange things  
To say.

[Enter Ross.]

ROSS.  
God save the King!

DUNCAN.  
Where have you come from, worthy baron?

ROSS.  
From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norwegian banners insult the sky  
And, like a fan, make our people cold.  
The King of Norway himself, with terrible numbers of men,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
The Baron of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Until the goddess of war's bridegroom, disguised as truth,  
Confronted him with comparisons to himself, such as  
How they were both rebellious and both armed alike,  
Curbing his wild spirit. And, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN.  
Great happiness!

ROSS.  
Then  
Sweno, Norwegian king, wanted a treaty;  
We would not agree to the burial of his men  
Until he paid us, at Saint Colme's island,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN.  
No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest:--go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS.  
I'll see it done.

DUNCAN.  
What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

DUNCAN.  
That Baron of Cawdor shall no longer betray  
Matters close to our heart. Order his death immediately,  
And, with the traitor's former title, greet Macbeth.

ROSS.  
I'll see it is done.

DUNCAN.  
What the traitor has lost, noble Macbeth has won.

[Exeunt.]

## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 3

A heath.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH.  
Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH.  
Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH.  
Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH.  
A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:--"Give me,"  
quoth I:  
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH.  
I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH.  
Thou art kind.

THIRD WITCH.  
And I another.

FIRST WITCH.  
I myself have all the other:  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
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 seven-nights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.--  
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH.  
Show me, show me.

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

[Drum within.]

THIRD WITCH.  
A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

1.3 A heath.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH.  
Where have you been, sister?

SECOND WITCH.  
Killing pigs.

THIRD WITCH.  
Sister, where were you?

FIRST WITCH.  
A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me," said  
I.  
"Begone, witch!" the fat, sloppy woman cries.  
Her husband has gone to see Aleppo, master of the Tiger.  
Only I'll sail there in a sieve,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do harm, I'll do harm, and I'll do harm.

SECOND WITCH.  
I'll give you a wind for your sail.

FIRST WITCH.  
You are kind.

THIRD WITCH.  
And I will give you another one.

FIRST WITCH.  
I myself have all the other winds.  
And they blow at all the ports.  
They know all the quarters  
On a sailor's compass.  
I will drain him as dry as hay.  
Sleep will not hang night or day  
On the roof of his house;  
He shall live like a man under a curse.  
Worn out with fatigue for a week, and very cross,  
He will waste away, droop in health and spirit.  
Though his ship will not be lost,  
It will be tossed about on the rough ocean.  
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH.  
Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH.  
I have a sea captain's thumb here,  
Whose ship was wrecked as he was coming home.

[Drum within.]

THIRD WITCH.  
A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth does come.



ALL.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine:--  
Peace!--the charm's wound up.

[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.]

MACBETH.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO.

How far is't call'd to Forres?--What are these  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't?--Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? 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.

MACBETH.

Speak, if you can;--what are you?

FIRST WITCH.

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

SECOND WITCH.

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

THIRD WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO.

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

FIRST WITCH.

Hail!

SECOND WITCH.

Hail!

THIRD WITCH.

Hail!

ALL.

The three witches, hand in hand,  
Messengers of the events on the sea and land,  
In this way are scheming, scheming.  
Three times to you, and three times to me,  
And three times again, to make up nine.  
Quiet! The charm's going to bring things to a head.

[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.]

MACBETH.

I have never seen a day that is so disgustingly filthy and beautiful.

BANQUO.

How far is it to the town of Forres? What are these things  
With shrunken skin and wild clothes,  
That don't look not like they live on earth,  
Only are still on it? Are you alive? Or are you any thing  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
Since you each are laying a scrawny finger  
Upon your skinny lips. You should be women,  
Only since you have beards, I can't say  
That you are women.

MACBETH.

Speak, if you can; what are you?

FIRST WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, Baron of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, Baron of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! That shall be king hereafter!

BANQUO.

Good sir, why are you startled, and seem afraid of  
Things that sound so beautiful? In the name of truth,  
Are you fantastic beings or indeed what  
You look like? You greet my noble partner  
With current grace and great predictions  
Of having nobility and of the hope to be king,  
that he seems carried away as well. Only you don't speak  
me.  
If you can look into the future,  
And say what will happen, and what will not,  
Then speak to me, who doesn't beg or is afraid of  
Your favors or your hateful spells.

FIRST WITCH.

Hail!

SECOND WITCH.

Hail!

THIRD WITCH.

Hail!

FIRST WITCH.

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH.

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH.

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?--Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

BANQUO.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them:--whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH.

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

BANQUO.

Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH.

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO.

You shall be king.

MACBETH.

And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO.

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

[Enter Ross and Angus.]

ROSS.

The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success: and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend

FIRST WITCH.

You will be less than Macbeth, and much greater.

SECOND WITCH.

Not as happy as Macbeth, only still much happier.

THIRD WITCH.

Your sons will be kings, even though you will not be king.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH.

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH.

Wait, you incomplete speakers, tell me more.  
By inheritance, I know I am Baron of Glamis;  
Only how am I Baron of Cawdor? The Baron of Cawdor  
lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and for me to be king  
Is beyond belief,  
No more than to be Baron of Cawdor. Tell me  
How you know these strange things? or why  
You interrupt our journey on this blasted heath  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I command you.

[Witches vanish.]

BANQUO.

The earth has bubbles, as boiling water has,  
And these spirits are like that. Where did they vanished to?

MACBETH.

Into the air; and what seemed solid melted  
Like breath into the wind. I wish they had stayed!

BANQUO.

Are you sure we're talking about what we've seen here?  
Or have we eaten some plant root  
That makes us hallucinate?

MACBETH.

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO.

You shall be king.

MACBETH.

And Baron of Cawdor too; isn't that what they said?

BANQUO.

Yes, in just those words. Who's here?

[Enter Ross and Angus.]

ROSS.

Macbeth, the king has happily received  
The news of your success. And when he heard about  
Your personal venture into the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises don't fight over



Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norway ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,  
And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS.

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

ROSS.

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

BANQUO.

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH.

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

ANGUS.

Who was the Thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd  
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.

MACBETH.

[Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind.--Thanks for your pains.--  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me  
Promis'd no less to them?

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

[Aside.] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act

What should be yours or his. Silenced with that story,  
And reviewing all the events of the day,  
He found you in the stout Norwegian's ranks,  
Not afraid of what you did or the  
Strange images of death.  
The reports came in As thick as hail and every one of them  
sang  
Your praises in your great defense of the kingdom,  
And poured such praises down before the King.

ANGUS.

We are sent from our royal master,  
To give you thanks;  
Only to bring you, announced, into his sight,  
Not just pay you for your brave deeds.

ROSS.

And, for as the first installment of a greater honor,  
He ordered me, from him, to call you Baron of Cawdor.  
I was also ordered to add, hail, most worthy baron,  
For the title of Baron of Cawdor is yours.

BANQUO.

What, can the devil speak the truth?

MACBETH.

The Baron of Cawdor lives. Why do you address me  
By his name?

ANGUS.

The man who was the Baron still lives,  
Only lives that life which he deserves to lose  
Under the death penalty. I don't know whether he combined  
Forces with those of Norway, or aided the rebel  
With hidden help and supplies, or that with both  
He labored to overthrow his country's government,  
Only his treasons, punishable by death, confessed and  
proven,  
have caused his downfall.

MACBETH.

[Aside.] Glamis, and Baron of Cawdor.  
The greatest hurdle is behind me. Thanks for your pains.  
Don't you hope your children shall be kings,  
When those things that gave the Baron of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to your children?

BANQUO.

That, my best friend,  
Might still inflame you with passion for the crown,  
In addition to the title of the Baron of Cawdor.  
Only it 's strange. And often the instruments of darkness  
Tell us truths to win us over and so harm ourselves,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray his purposes  
Of most serious results.  
Cousins, a word, I beg you.

MACBETH.

[Aside.] Those creatures told two truths  
As happy prologues to my ascending

Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.--  
[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:--if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is  
But what is not.

BANQUO.  
Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

BANQUO.  
New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

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

BANQUO.  
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH.  
Give me your favor:--my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them.--Let us toward the king.--  
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO.  
Very gladly.

MACBETH.  
Till then, enough.--Come, friends.

[Exeunt.]

The throne. I thank you, gentlemen.  
[Aside.] This supernatural meeting  
Can't be bad, only it can't be good either. If it's bad,  
Why has it given me promise of success,  
That began with a truth? I am Baron of Cawdor.  
If it's good, why do I give in to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image makes my hair stand on end,  
And makes my heart pound so hard they knock at my ribs,  
Against my will to stay calm? My current fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder is still only a fantastic idea,  
So shakes my manhood, that functioning like a man  
Is smothered in unfounded allegations; and nothing is  
Only what is not.

BANQUO.  
Look, how our partner's in such deep thought.

MACBETH.  
[Aside.] If luck wants me to be king, luck may crown me  
Without my doing anything at all.

BANQUO.  
New honors are given to him,  
And are like new clothes that do not fit when new,  
Only after they are worn awhile.

MACBETH.  
[Aside.] Let whatever's going to happen, happen.  
Time and happiness can run through the roughest day.

BANQUO.  
Worthy Macbeth, we are waiting for you.

MACBETH.  
Give me a minute. My tired brain was going over  
Things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, every day I turn  
The page, your pains are registered where I can read them.  
Let's go see the King.  
Let's think about what has happened; and, later,  
When we've had a chance to think, let's about  
these things openly each to other.

BANQUO.  
Very gladly.

MACBETH.  
Until then, enough. Come, friends.

[Exeunt.]



## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 4

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.]

DUNCAN.

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

MALCOLM.

My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;  
Implor'd 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 ow'd  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

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.--

[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.]

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;  
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.

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

DUNCAN.

Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing.--Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO.

There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

1.4 Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.]

DUNCAN.

Is the execution of Cawdor carried out? Haven't  
Those in charge of it returned yet?

MALCOLM.

My King,  
They haven't come back yet. Only I have spoke  
With someone who saw him die, and he reported  
That he confessed his treasons very frankly;  
He begged your highness for pardon; and he seemed  
Very sorry. Nothing he did in his life  
Became him so much like the leaving it; he died  
As someone one who had studied his own death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he owned  
As it were a careless trifle.

DUNCAN.

There's no art  
In finding what the mind's thinking in someone's face.  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.]

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. You are so far ahead  
That swiftest way of repaying is slow  
To overtake you. I wish you had deserved less,  
Then the greater proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been my! I can only say that  
You are due more than all of us can ever pay.

MACBETH.

In doing the service and the loyalty I owe you,  
I am well paid. Your highness' role as King  
Is to receive our duties. and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Who only do what they should, by doing everything  
Loyal to your love and honor.

DUNCAN.

Welcome here.  
I have begun to nurture your career, and will labor  
To make the most of yourself. Noble Banquo,  
Who has deserved no less, and must not be known  
To have done less than Macbeth, let me infold you  
In my arms and stop you to my heart.

BANQUO.

If I grow here in your favor,  
The harvest is yours.



DUNCAN.

My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.--Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.--From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH.

The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

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. 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.

[Exit.]

DUNCAN.

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

DUNCAN.

My generous welcomes,  
Childishly cruel in being so perfect, seek to hide themselves  
In tears. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you who are in line for the throne know that  
We will declare that the throne belongs to  
Our eldest son, Malcolm; whom we name from this point  
forward  
The Prince of Cumberland, an honor that is  
Not enough to make him a king.  
Only he also needs signs of nobleness, like stars, that will  
shine  
On all those who deserve to be king. We will go from here to  
Inverness,  
And then we will bind us further to you.

MACBETH.

The rest is work which you're not used to.  
I'll be your host myself, and make my wife  
Joyful with the news that you're coming;  
So, humbly I leave you.

DUNCAN.

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH.

[Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland!  
I must fall down on that Step, or jump over it,  
For it's in my way. Stars, put out your light!  
Don't let anyone see my black and deep desires.  
It could happen in an instant Yet let that go,  
That thing that the eye is afraid to see when it is done.

[Exit.]

DUNCAN.

True, worthy Banquo! He is so full of courage,  
And his commendations are food for me,  
A banquet to me. Let's go after the man  
Whose has gone before us to bid us welcome.  
He is a relative without equal.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]



## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 5

Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

[Enter 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. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd; 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'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

[Enter an Attendant.]

What is your tidings?

ATTENDANT.

The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.

Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTENDANT.

So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:

1.5 Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.]

LADY MACBETH.

"They met me on the day we won the battle, and I have learned by the most perfect report that they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves vanish into thin air. While I stood captivated in the wonder of it all letters came from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Baron of Cawdor'; by which title, these weird sisters had just saluted me, and referred me to the future, with 'Hail, king that shall be!' I thought was good news to deliver you, my dearest partner in this greatness, that you might not lose a moment's happiness by being ignorant of what greatness is promised you. Lay it to your heart, and farewell."

You are Baron of Glamis and of Cawdor and you shall be  
What the weird sisters have promised you. Only I'm afraid  
your nature;  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness  
To a shortcut to power. You could be great;  
You are not without ambition, only without  
The drive should usually goes with it.  
While you want to be king, you also want to act like a pries  
You wouldn't play the game falsely, only you'd cheat to win  
Great Glamis,  
you'd have that which cries, "This is what you must do to be  
king.  
And if you are afraid to do what you must,  
Then wish it should be undone." Hurry and get here,  
So I can pour my spirits into your ear  
And with the courage of my tongue, scold you for  
All that keeps you from the crown, the same crown  
That luck and supernatural forces seem  
To want you to have.

[Enter an Attendant.]

What news do you have?

ATTENDANT.

The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.

You're crazy to say that!  
Isn't your master with him? If he is, he  
Would have let me know so we can be ready.

ATTENDANT.

Please, it's true. Our baron is coming.

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

LADY MACBETH.  
Give him tending;  
He brings great news.

[Exit Attendant.]

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no 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, your murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

[Enter Macbeth.]

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

MACBETH.  
My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.  
And when goes hence?

MACBETH.  
To-morrow,--as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH.  
O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters:--to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my despatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

One of my friends traveled with him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more breath  
To deliver his message.

LADY MACBETH.  
See to his needs;  
He brings great news.

[Exit Attendant.]

The raven himself is hoarse  
With croaking about the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my castle walls. Come, you spirits  
That hear mortal thoughts, take away my womanhood;  
And fill me, from my head to my toes, full  
Of most terrible cruelty! Make my blood thick,  
Stop up the ways remorse can get into and leave my body,  
That no feelings of guilt  
Keep me from what I intend to do, or put guilt between  
The consequences and the deed! Come to my woman's  
breasts,  
And make my milk poisonous, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your blind shadows  
You wait on human mischief! Come, thick night,  
And rot in the most gloomy smoke of hell so  
That my sharp knife doesn't see the wound it makes  
Or that heaven peeps through the blanket of the dark  
To cry, "Stop, stop!"

[Enter Macbeth.]

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Your letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I now feel  
The future in the instant.

MACBETH.  
My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH.  
And when does he leave?

MACBETH.  
Tomorrow, as he intends.

LADY MACBETH.  
O, the sun shall never  
See that tomorrow!  
Your face, my baron, is like a book where men  
May read strange matters. To divert attention from the time  
Look like the time; have welcome in your eyes,  
Your hands, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower,  
Only be the serpent underneath it. The king  
Must be provided for. And you shall put  
This night's great business into my care,  
Which shall give kingly power and mastery alone  
To all our nights and days to come.



MACBETH.  
We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH.  
Only look up clear;  
To alter favor ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

MACBETH.  
We'll have to speak more.

LADY MACBETH.  
Only look up clear;  
To disturb favor is to fear favor.  
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 6

The same. Before the Castle.

[Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.]

[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.

This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress,  
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made  
His pendant bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate.

[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. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

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.

DUNCAN.

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

LADY MACBETH.

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

1.6 The same. Before the Castle.

[Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.]

[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.]

DUNCAN.

This castle is a pleasant place to live. The air  
Smells light and sweet  
To our gentle senses.

BANQUO.

The temple-haunting martlet, this bird of summer,  
Approves this place by his loved dwelling places,  
That heaven's breath smells wooingly here.  
There isn't an embankment, painted decoration, support,  
Or quarters for rich guests where this bird hasn't made  
His loose hanging bed and cradle for its young.  
I have observed that the air is delicate  
In areas where they frequently breed and visit.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

DUNCAN.

See, see, our honored hostess!  
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,  
Which are still grateful for as love. Herein I will teach you  
How you shall bid God to reward us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH.

All our service,  
If done twice in every point, and then done double,  
Would be poor and single business to compete  
With those honors deep and broad that  
Your majesty heaps upon our house. For those of old,  
And the recent titles heaped on them,  
We remain your hermits.

DUNCAN.

Where's the Baron of Cawdor?  
We followed him close to his heels and wanted  
To be his provider of necessary things. Only he rides well,  
And his great love of us, as sharp as his spur, has helped him  
To get to his home before us. Beautiful and noble hostess,  
We are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH.

Your servants always  
Have their necessities, themselves, and what they own, in  
elegance,  
To make their reckoning of accounts at your highness' pleas-  
ure,  
Still to return your own goods.

DUNCAN.

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

[Exeunt.]

DUNCAN.

Give me your hand;  
Take me to my host. We love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
With your permission, hostess.

[Exeunt]



## Macbeth | Act I, Scene 7

The same. A Lobby in the Castle.

[Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all--here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,--  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgement here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off:  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.--I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH.

Know you not he has?

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.

1.7 The same. A Lobby in the Castle.

[Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

If this deed were done when it is done, then it would be better  
If it were done quickly. If the assassination of the King  
Could be entangled with the consequences, then I could,  
With his murder, be a success. If only this blow  
Could be the be-all and the end-all right here,  
Only here, upon this bank and shallows of time,  
We'd risk it for the life to come. Only in these things,  
We are always punished here because we teach others  
How to murder, and once they learn, they come back  
To murder us. This balanced justice  
Returns the ingredients of the gold cup we poisoned  
To our own lips. Duncan is here in double trust.  
First, he is here because I am his relative and his subject,  
Both Strong reasons against the deed. Secondly, as his host,  
I should shut the door against his murderer,  
Not carry the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Has very humble in the use of his power, has been  
So confident in his great duty, that his virtues  
Will pray like angels, as loud as trumpets, against  
The deep damnation of his murder.  
And sorrow, like a naked newborn baby,  
Moving in spite of the outburst, or heaven's archangels, supported  
By the invisible messengers of the air,  
Shall everyone about the horrid deed,  
And tears shall drown out the noisy wind. I don't have any  
Valid reasons for killing him, only  
Ambition that can leap over anything, even itself,  
And it falls on the other reasons.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

Hello! What news?

LADY MACBETH.

He has almost finished supper. Why did you leave the dining hall?

MACBETH.

Has he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH.

Don't you know he has?

MACBETH.

We will proceed no further in this business.  
He has recently honored me, and I now have the  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which I want to enjoy for a bit longer, and  
Not cast them aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH.

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valor  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst 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?

MACBETH.

Pr'ythee, peace!  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH.

What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

MACBETH.

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH.

We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Was the hope you dressed yourself in  
Drunk? Did it go to sleep it off?  
And does it wake up now, hung over  
From what it so freely committed to? I will calculate your  
love  
From this time forward. Are you afraid  
To be the same man in reality  
As the one you wish to be? Would you have the crown  
Which you believe to be the ornament of life,  
And yet live like a coward in your own self-esteem,  
Letting "I shouldn't" wait for "I would,"  
Like the poor cat in the proverb?

MACBETH.

Pray you, peace!  
I dare to do all that may become a man;  
Who dares to do more is not a man.

LADY MACBETH.

What beast was it, then,  
That made you tell me about this plan?  
When you "dared" to do it, then you were a man;  
And, in order to be more than what you are, you would  
Be so much more the man. Time and place  
Were not in agreement, and yet you want to control both.  
They have made themselves agree, and that agreement now  
Doesn't agree with you. I have nursed a baby, and know  
How tender it is to love the baby that drinks my milk.  
I would have, while it was smiling in my face,  
Plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed out his brains, if I had sworn to do this  
As you have.

MACBETH.

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH.

We fail!  
Only dig deep for your courage,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
Which should be soon since he is very tired  
From his day's hard journey, I will go to his two chamber-  
lains  
With wine and carousing so  
Their memory, the guardian of the brain,  
Will be a wisp of smoke, and the tired brain won't  
Be able to think clearly. When their drenched bodies  
Sleep like pigs, almost like death,  
Is there anything that we can't do to  
The unguarded Duncan? Anything we can't put off on  
His officers who are like sponges? Who will bear the guilt  
For our great slaughter?

MACBETH.

Only give birth to male children,  
For your unconquered spirit should be passed on  
Only to males. Won't it be understood,  
When we have marked those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber with blood, and used their very own



That they have don't?

LADY MACBETH.

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
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.

[Exeunt.]

daggers,  
That they have done it?

LADY MACBETH.

Who dares to understand any other way,  
Since we will cry and scream so loudly  
At the news of his death?

MACBETH.

I'm convinced, and I commit  
Every part of my body to this terrible event.  
Let's go and pass the time by pretending to be happy.  
False faces must hide what the false heart knows.

[Exeunt.]



## Macbeth | Act II, Scene 1

Inverness. Court within the Castle.

[Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance with a torch.]

BANQUO.  
How goes the night, boy?

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

BANQUO.  
And she goes down at twelve.

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

BANQUO.  
Hold, take my sword.--There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out!--take thee that too.--  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep!--merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!--Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

MACBETH.  
A friend.

BANQUO.  
What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure and  
Sent forth great largess to your officers:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

MACBETH.  
Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

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

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

BANQUO.  
At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH.  
If you shall cleave to my consent,--when 'tis,

2.1 Inverness. Court within the Castle.

[Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance with a torch.]

BANQUO.  
How's your night going, boy?

FLEANCE.  
The moon's down. I haven't heard the clock chime.

BANQUO.  
The moon goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE.  
I think it's later than that, sir.

BANQUO.  
Stop, take my sword. They are saving light in heaven.  
Their candles are all out. You take that, too.  
A serious calling lies on me like lead,  
And still I couldn't sleep. Merciful powers,  
Hold me back from the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to when we sleep! Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

MACBETH.  
A friend.

BANQUO.  
What, sir, not in bed yet? The king's in bed.  
He has been unusually pleased and  
Sent great generous gifts to your officers.  
He greets your wife with this diamond, calling her  
By the name of "most kind hostess," and he went to be  
Contented beyond measure.

MACBETH.  
Being unprepared,  
Our wishes became the servants to what we lacked,  
Which has worked out very well.

BANQUO.  
All's well.  
Last night, I dreamed about the three weird sisters.  
They have shown some truth to you.

MACBETH.  
I don't think about them.  
Yet, when we can find an hour we're both free,  
We should talk about that business,  
If you can spare the time.

BANQUO.  
Whenever you like.

MACBETH.  
If you agree with my opinion, when it is time,

It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO.

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

MACBETH.

Good repose the while!

BANQUO.

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

MACBETH.

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

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:--  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.--There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.--Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.--Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my 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.

[A bell rings.]

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

[Exit.]

It'll be more honor for you.

BANQUO.

So I don't lose any honor  
In seeking to make my honor grow, only if I can still keep  
My heart free and allegiance clear,  
I'll come to a decision.

MACBETH.

Good rest in the meantime!

BANQUO.

Thanks, sir. The same to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

MACBETH.

Go tell your mistress that, when my drink is ready,  
She should ring the bell. Get to bed.

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle pointed toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
you.  
I don't hold you, and yet I still see you!  
Are you, fatal vision, as insensitive  
To feeling as you are to sight? Or are you only  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the brain oppressed by heat?  
I still see you, in form as evident to my touch  
As the one I now draw.  
You guide me on the way that I was going,  
And show me the instrument I was to use.  
My eyes are made the fools of by the other senses,  
Or else my eyes are worth all the rest. I still see you,  
And I see great, large clots of blood on your blade,  
Which were not there before. There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business I've planned that makes  
Me see you. Now, over the one half-world  
Sleep makes people seem dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
Their sleep in beds with curtains. Now witchcraft celebrates  
Offerings to the pale goddess of magic. And decayed murder,  
Alarmed by his watchman, the wolf,  
Who howls as he watches, and in this sneaky way,  
With ravishing strides like Tarquin, the ancient king, moves  
like a ghost  
Towards his target. Sure and firm-set earth,  
Don't hear my steps, which ever way they walk, for fear  
Your very stones disclose my whereabouts,  
And take the current horror from the time,  
Which now suits it. While I threaten, he lives;  
Words give breath to the heat of deeds that are too cold.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it's done; the bell invites me.  
Don't hear it, Duncan, for it is a sorrowful omen of death  
That summons you to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.]



## Macbeth | Act II, Scene 2

The same (Court of Macbeth's Castle)

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us.--Hark!--I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em.--Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.--My husband!

[Re-enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

When?

LADY MACBETH.

Now.

MACBETH.

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH.

Ay.

MACBETH.

Hark!--

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH.

Donalbain.

MACBETH.

This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]

The same (Court of Macbeth's Castle)

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

The wine that has made them drunk has made me bold.  
What has quenched their thirst has given me fire. Listen!  
Peace!  
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
That gives even the worst dispositions a good night. He's  
doing it.  
The doors are open; and the grooms, filled to excess,  
Defy their duty with snores. I have drugged their hot milk  
and wine  
So that death and sleep argue about them, to decide  
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH.

[Within.] Who's there? What, hello!

LADY MACBETH.

For shame! I am afraid they have gotten up,  
And the deed's not done. The attempt, and not the deed,  
Confuses us. Listen! I laid their daggers ready.  
He couldn't have missed them. If the King hadn't resembled  
My father as he slept, I would've done it. My husband!

[Re-enter Macbeth.]

MACBETH.

I have done the deed. Didn't you hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

When?

LADY MACBETH.

Now.

MACBETH.

As I came down?

LADY MACBETH.

Yes.

MACBETH.

Listen!

Who's in the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH.

Donalbain.

MACBETH.

This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]



LADY MACBETH.

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH.

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"  
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH.

There are two lodg'd together.

MACBETH.

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

LADY MACBETH.

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH.

But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?  
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH.

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

MACBETH.

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.

What do you mean?

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? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things.--Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.--  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH.

I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;

LADY MACBETH.

A foolish thought, to say "a sorry sight."

MACBETH.

There's one who laughed in his sleep, and one cried,  
"Murder!"  
So they woke each other up. I stood and heard them.  
Only they said their prayers, and went back  
To sleep again.

LADY MACBETH.

There are two in the same room.

MACBETH.

One cried, "God bless us!" and the other, "Amen."  
As if they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening to their fear, I couldn't say "Amen,"  
When they said, "God bless us."

LADY MACBETH.

Don't think about it so deeply.

MACBETH.

Only why couldn't I say, "Amen"?  
I really needed blessing, and the "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH.

These deeds must not be thought  
About like this. If we think this way, it'll make us crazy.

MACBETH.

I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth murders sleep," the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, the bath of serious work,  
First aid for hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH.

What do you mean?

MACBETH.

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house.  
"Glamis has murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY MACBETH.

Who was it that cried in this way? Why, worthy baron,  
You weaken your noble strength to think  
About things in such a crazy way. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hands.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the room?  
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy guards with blood.

MACBETH.

I'm not going back.  
I am afraid to think about what I have done.

Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH.

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

MACBETH.

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

My hands are of your color, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear knocking  
At the south entry:--retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.--[Knocking within.] Hark, more  
knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers:--be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH.

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knocking  
within.]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exeunt.]

I don't dare look on it again.

LADY MACBETH.

Weak of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are only like pictures. It is the eye of childhood  
That's afraid of a painted devil. If he bleeds,  
I'll smear the faces of the grooms with it,  
Because it must seem that they are guilty.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

MACBETH.

Who is that knocking?  
What's wrong with me, that every noise makes me jump?  
What kind of hands are these? Ha, they pluck out my eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, my hand will rather  
Redden the many seas,  
Making the green one red.

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

My hands are the same color as yours, only I would be  
ashamed  
To have such a white heart. [Knocking within.] I hear knock-  
ing  
At the south entrance. Let's go to our bedroom.  
A little water cleans us of this deed.  
How easy it is then! Your fortitude  
Has left you alone. [Knocking within.] Listen, more  
knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, in case we are called by chance  
And it shows us to be watchers. Don't be lost  
So badly in your thoughts.

MACBETH.

To know my deed, it's best not know myself. [Knocking  
within.]  
Wake Duncan with your knocking! I wish you could!

[Exeunt.]

## Macbeth | Act II, Scene 3

The same (Court of Macbeth's Castle)

[Enter a Porter. Knocking within.]

PORTER.

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? 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.--[Knocking.] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.-- [Knocking.] Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you?--But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.]

[Enter Macduff and Lennox.]

MACDUFF.

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

PORTER.

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

MACDUFF.

What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER.

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the

2.3 The same (Court of Macbeth's Castle)

[Enter a Porter. Knocking within.]

PORTER.

Here's loud knocking indeed! If a man were answering the doors of hell, he would grow old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, in the name of the Devil? It must be a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of a large crop. I'm coming, and I have napkins enough about you, but here you'll sweat for it. [Knocking.] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Truly, it must be a liar who could swear on both sides of the scale against either side, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet couldn't lie to heaven. O, come in, liar. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Truly, it must be an English tailor sent here for skimping on the fabric for a pair of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll be a devil-porter no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] In a minute, in a minute! I beg you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.]

[Enter Macduff and Lennox.]

MACDUFF.

Was it so late, friend, before you went to bed,  
That you overslept?

PORTER.

Faith, sir, we were carousing until about three o'clock. And drink, sir, is a great instigator of three things.

MACDUFF.

What three things does drink especially instigate?

PORTER.

By Mary, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lust, sir, it instigates and un-instigates. It instigates the desire, only it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be a liar to lechery. It makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him put up with pain, and not put up with pain. In conclusion, lies him into a sleep, and giving him the lie,



lie,  
leaves him.

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

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

MACDUFF.  
Is thy master stirring?--  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

[Enter Macbeth.]

LENNOX.  
Good morrow, noble sir!

MACBETH.  
Good morrow, both!

MACDUFF.  
Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH.  
Not yet.

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

MACBETH.  
I'll bring you to him.

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

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

MACDUFF.  
I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.]

LENNOX.  
Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH.  
He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX.  
The night has been unruly: where we lay,

leaves him.

MACDUFF.  
I believe drink gave you the lie last night.

PORTER.  
That it did, sir, in the very throat of me; only I paid him back  
for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him,  
though he knocked me off my feet a few times, I still made a  
joke to throw  
him off.

MACDUFF.  
Is your master awake yet?  
Our knocking has awakened him. Here he comes.

[Enter Macbeth.]

LENNOX.  
Good morning, noble sir!

MACBETH.  
Good morning to you both!

MACDUFF.  
Is the king awake yet, worthy baron?

MACBETH.  
Not yet.

MACDUFF.  
He commanded me to call him early.  
I almost missed the hour.

MACBETH.  
I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF.  
I know this is a joyful trouble to you,  
It is still only one.

MACBETH.  
The labor we delight in cures pain.  
This is the door.

MACDUFF.  
I'll make so bold to call,  
Because it is my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.]

LENNOX.  
Does the king leave here today?

MACBETH.  
He does. He did decide so.

LENNOX.  
The night has been unruly. Where we were sleeping,

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 confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night; some say the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

MACBETH.

'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX.

My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

[Re-enter Macduff.]

MACDUFF.

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH, LENNOX.

What's the matter?

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? the life?

LENNOX.

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF.

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon:--do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]

Awake, awake!--

Ring the alarum bell!--murder and treason!  
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!

[Alarum-bell rings.]

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

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

Our chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,  
Cries were heard in the air, strange screams of death;  
And speaking in tongues, with terrible accents,  
Of dreadful confusion and confused events,  
Newly born into the terrible age. The hidden bird  
Screamed all night long; some say the earth  
Was feverish, and shook.

MACBETH.

It was a rough night.

LENNOX.

I can't remember there being another  
Like it.

[Re-enter Macduff.]

MACDUFF.

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot comprehend or name you!

MACBETH, LENNOX.

What's the matter?

MACDUFF.

Confusion has now made his masterpiece!  
Most unholy murder has broken open  
The Lord's anointed temple, and then stolen  
The life of the building.

MACBETH.

What are you saying? The life?

LENNOX.

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF.

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new monster to turn you to stone. Don't ask me to  
speak.  
See, and then speak for yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarms bell. Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!  
Shake off this soft sleep, death's disguise,  
And look on death itself! Go up, go up, and see  
The great destruction's image! Malcolm! Banquo!  
Rise up as you would from your graves, and walk like spirits  
To see this horror!

[Alarm-bells ring.]

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH.

What's happened,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to summon



The sleepers of the house? 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.

[Re-enter Banquo.]

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

LADY MACBETH.

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

BANQUO.

Too cruel any where.--  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

[Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.]

MACBETH.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd 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.

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.]

DONALBAIN.

What is amiss?

MACBETH.

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

MACDUFF.

Your royal father's murder'd.

MALCOLM.

O, by whom?

LENNOX.

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH.

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

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF.

O gentle lady,  
It is not for you to hear what I can speak.  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder you as you heard it.

[Re-enter Banquo.]

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

LADY MACBETH.

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

BANQUO.

Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I beg you, contradict yourself,  
And say it is not so.

[Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.]

MACBETH.

If I had only died an hour before this event,  
I would have lived a blessed life, because, from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality.  
Everything is only toys. Renown and grace are dead;  
The wine of life is spilled, and the mere dregs  
Are all that is left for this empty pit to brag of.

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.]

DONALBAIN.

What's wrong?

MACBETH.

You are, and don't know it.  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF.

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM.

O, by whom?

LENNOX.

Those of his chamber, as it seems, had done it.  
Their hands and faces were all covered with blood;  
So were their daggers, which we found, unwiped,  
Upon their pillows.  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH.

O, I'm sorry I was so angry  
That I did kill them.



MACDUFF.  
Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH.  
Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd 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 known?

LADY MACBETH.  
Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF.  
Look to the lady.

MALCOLM.  
Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN.  
What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in an auger hole, may rush, and seize us?  
Let's away;  
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

MALCOLM.  
Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

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. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF.  
And so do I.

ALL.  
So all.

MACBETH.  
Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

MACDUFF.  
Why did you it?

MACBETH.  
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.  
The speedy execution of my violent love  
Outran the thinking that should have stopped me. There was  
Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin to make a wasteful entrance. There, the murderers,  
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers  
Improperly covered with gore. Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make his love known?

LADY MACBETH.  
Help me here, hello!

MACDUFF.  
Look to the lady.

MALCOLM.  
Why do we stop talking,  
That most may claim we did this?

DONALBAIN.  
What should we say her, where our fate,  
Hidden in a very small carpenter's hole, may rush up and  
seize us?  
Let's get away.  
Our tears are not yet ready to be cried.

MALCOLM.  
Nor our strong sorrow  
Ready to be revealed.

BANQUO.  
Look to the lady.

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have changed out of our night clothes,  
That are not right in public, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work  
To know the details. Fears and scruples shake us.  
In the great hand of God I stand; and then,  
I fight against the unknown lie  
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF.  
And so do I.

ALL.  
So do we all.

MACBETH.  
Let's briefly put on our manly clothes,  
And meet in the hall together.

And meet i' the hall together.

ALL.  
Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

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

DONALBAIN.  
To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM.  
This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

ALL.  
That will be fine.

[Exeunt all only Malcolm and Donalbain.]

MALCOLM.  
What will you do? Let's not stay with them.  
To show an unfelt sorrow is something  
That the false man does easily. I'll go to England.

DONALBAIN.  
I'll go to Ireland. Our separate journeys  
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are now,  
There are daggers in men's smiles. The nearer in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM.  
This murderous arrow that's been shot  
Has not yet hit its target, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, get to your horse,  
And let us not be too dainty in saying goodbye,  
But only sneak away. There's protection in the theft  
That steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

## Macbeth | Act II, Scene 4

Outside Macbeth's Castle

[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.

ROSS.

Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN.

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

ROSS.

And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

OLD MAN.

'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS.

They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.  
Here comes the good Macduff.

[Enter Macduff.]

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF.

Why, see you not?

ROSS.

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

MACDUFF.

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS.

Alas, the day!  
What good could they pretend?

2.4 Outside Macbeth's Castle

[Enter Ross and an old Man.]

OLD MAN.

I can remember seventy years well.  
Within that time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange. Only this painful night  
Has made all those things trivial.

ROSS.

Ah, good father,  
You see the heavens, troubled with man's acting,  
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, it is day,  
And yet dark night puts the lamp we travel with out;  
Is it night's superior influence, or the day's shame,  
That darkness buries the face of earth,  
When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN.

It's unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's been done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was hawked at and killed by an owl that usually eats mice.

ROSS.

And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain,  
Beautiful and swift, the darlings of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flew out,  
Rebelling against obeying their masters, as if they would  
make  
War with mankind.

OLD MAN.

It is said they ate each other.

ROSS.

They did, to the amazement of my eyes,  
That saw it.  
Here comes the good Macduff.

[Enter Macduff.]

How is the world going now, sir?

MACDUFF.

Why, don't you see it?

ROSS.

Is it known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF.

Those guards that Macbeth has slain.

ROSS.

Alas, the day!  
What good could they claim?



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.

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.

MACDUFF.

He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

ROSS.

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF.

Carried to Colme-kill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS.

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF.

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS.

Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF.

Well, may you see things well done there,--adieu!--  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS.

Farewell, father.

OLD MAN.

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

[Exeunt.]

MACDUFF.

They were counterfeit.  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stolen away and fled; which puts them under  
Suspicion of murder.

ROSS.

Also against nature.  
Thriftless ambition, that will plunder  
Your own life's means! Then it is most likely that  
The crown will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF.

He is already named King; and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

ROSS.

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF.

Carried to Colme creek,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS.

Will you be going to Scone?

MACDUFF.

No, cousin, I'm going to Fife.

ROSS.

Well, I'll there.

MACDUFF.

Well, I hope you see things are done well there, adieu!  
In case our old uniforms fit better than our new ones!

ROSS.

Farewell, father.

OLD MAN.

God's blessings go with you; and with those  
That would make a good situation out of a bad one and  
friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]