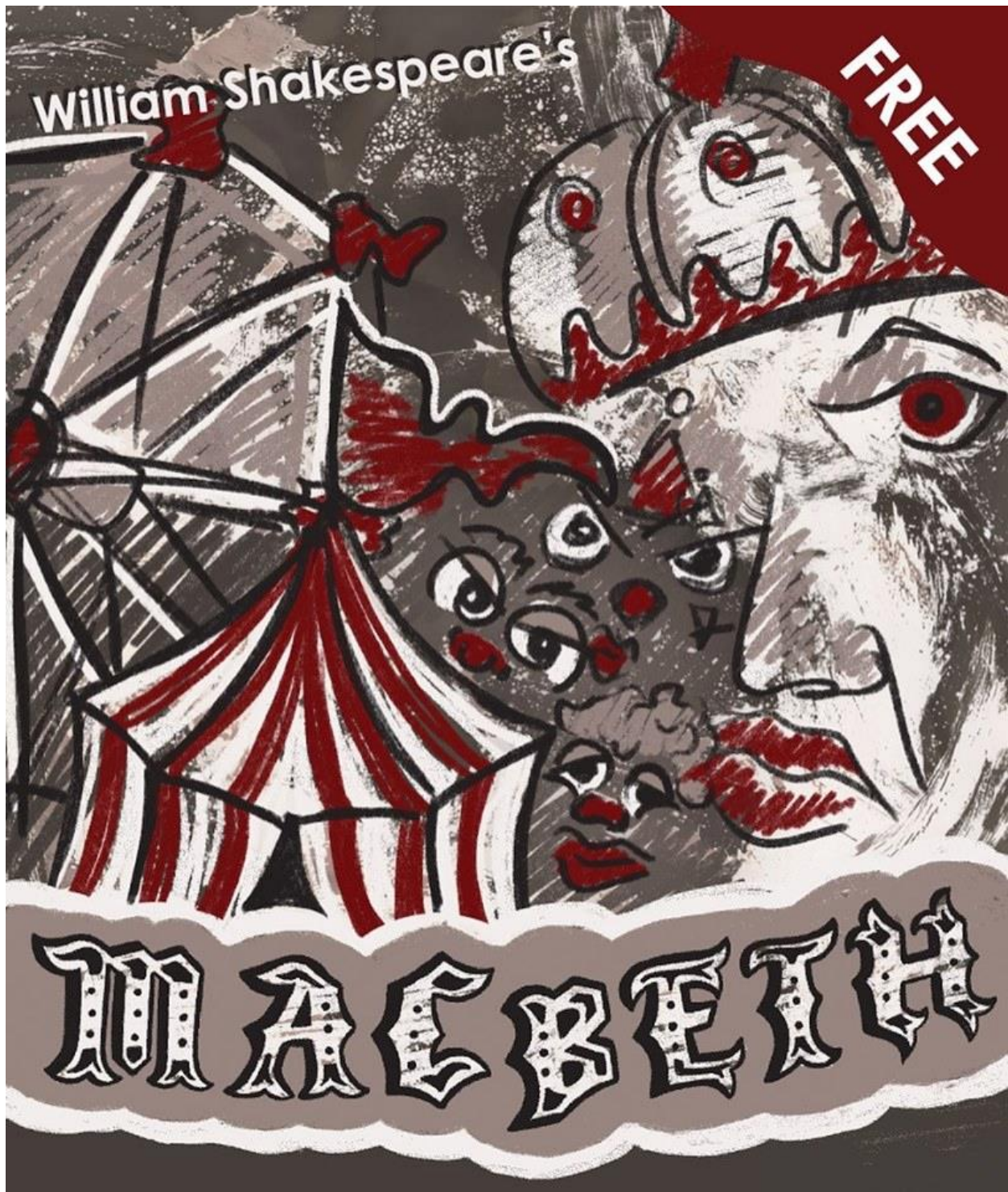


# **The Shakespeare Project, 2019**

## **A Study Guide for Students and Teachers**



# **The Plot in a Nutshell**

by Laura Cartee

Following a military victory, a brave Scottish general encounters a group of three witches who prophesy that his rank will soon be elevated. He is skeptical at first, but soon this prophesy spurs Macbeth and his wife into action. Their greed and ambition drive them to commit atrocities that they might already have entertained but never had the courage to carry out before the encounter with the witches. Macbeth murders the king, Duncan, while he sleeps in Macbeth's castle as a guest. And Macbeth, afterwards, is consumed by ambition and perhaps more so by guilt. He orders more murders, however, and as the body count begins to grow, he loses most of his supporters. Duncan's son, Malcolm, along with Macduff (the Thane of Fife) and Siward (a general of the English forces), mount an attack against Macbeth, who is caught in a downward spiraling series of events that he can no longer control. Wracked, eventually, with guilt and true paranoia, Macbeth fights to keep the Scottish throne that he was so desperate to attain. Lady Macbeth suffers even more from her tortured conscience and, in the end, so the text suggests, commits suicide offstage. Her husband dies at the hands of Macduff, whose wife and children have been slaughtered by Macbeth's hired murders. And Malcolm assumes the throne at the play's conclusion, where he promotes his supporters to earls, an eerie and grim echo of the play's beginning.

## **The Plot: Act by Act**

by Carmine Di Biase

**Act I:** The play opens with the first appearance of the witches, who announce, in their chanting way, that they plan to meet Macbeth, the Thane of Glamis (a territory), after his return from battle. Then, in another location, a wounded sergeant arrives onstage and recounts to King

Duncan and his men how bravely Macbeth has fought for him. The pleased king promotes Macbeth, adding Thane of Cawdor to Macbeth's title and stripping it from the previous Thane of Cawdor, who confesses his treason and is executed for it. The witches appear to Macbeth and Banquo, hailing Macbeth not only as Thane of Glamis and Thane of Cawdor but as the future king, and telling Banquo that although he will never be a king, his descendants will be a line of kings. Macbeth sends a letter to his wife, telling her the good news, and that the two of them will be hosting the king at their castle for a celebratory gathering. Once Macbeth arrives at his home, Lady Macbeth persuades him that they should exploit the opportunity and kill the vulnerable king in his sleep, so that Macbeth may assume the crown and in that way fulfill the witches' prophecy.

**Act II:** After the royal guest arrives and the celebration is over, it is nighttime, and Macbeth struggles with his decision to murder the sleeping king. Deeply distraught and unable to sleep, Macbeth believes he sees a dagger appear before his eyes. He takes this as a sign that he must proceed to Duncan's sleeping chamber and go through with the murder. Macbeth murders Duncan, and Lady Macbeth takes the daggers he has used and plants them near the king's sleeping guards in order to incriminate them. In the morning, Macduff and Lennox, a Scottish nobleman, knock at Macbeth's door and, soon after they enter, the murder is exposed. Macbeth, feigning outrage, explains that he has killed Duncan's guards in a fit of outrage, having suspected them of the murder. The king's innocent sons, Donalbain and Malcolm, are also implicated and they flee. Donalbain goes off to Ireland and is never seen again, and Malcolm takes refuge in England, as both of them fear that their lives too are now in danger. Macbeth, meanwhile, is crowned king.

**Act III:** Macbeth knows that Banquo has begun to suspect him of the murder and orders him and his son, Fleance, assassinated. Fleance escapes—this in part fulfills the witches' prophecy that Banquo will father a line of kings—but Banquo is brutally slain by Macbeth's hired murderers. Then, at a feast at Macbeth's home, the ghost of Banquo appears. He is seen only by Macbeth, whose conscience torments him in

an ever increasing way. Lady Macbeth urges her husband not to think too much about their crime: “consider it not so deeply,” she says, otherwise “it will make us mad.” The banquet, however, must be aborted and the guests are dismissed. Macbeth decides to seek out the witches again in order to learn once and for all what his destiny will be. Meanwhile, Macduff travels to England and joins Malcolm there, where they plan to restore order in Scotland. Then, together with Siward, general of the English forces, they mount a military assault on Macbeth’s illegitimate and tyrannical regime.

**Act IV:** Macbeth, who has grown increasingly afraid, is determined to discover what his fate will be, and to this end he seeks out the witches again. When he finds them, they are mixing a brew and enchanting it, reciting the names of its bizarre and grotesque ingredients, which include parts of dismembered people and animals. The witches are ambiguous with Macbeth, telling him to “beware the Thane of Fife” (Macduff) but giving him the false reassurance that he cannot be killed unless two conditions are met: 1) the forest, Birnam Wood, must move to Dunsinane, his home—a seeming impossibility, and 2) an assailant arrives who is not “of woman born,” another seeming impossibility. The witches also conjure up for Macbeth a series of grisly apparitions which remind him of his crimes. With this false reassurance, Macbeth orders Macduff and his entire family slaughtered. Macduff, however, makes off to England, and the scene, for a short time, moves there. In England, Macduff joins Malcolm, with whom he discusses whether and how to wage war against Macbeth and retake the crown. Malcolm here engages in a strange kind of self-accusation, claiming that he would be even more wicked than Macbeth, but then takes it all back when Macduff begins to despair. And here, too, Macduff learns that his wife and children have all be killed by Macbeth’s men. The two, Malcolm and Macduff, now fueled by the thirst for justice and revenge, resolve to go back to Scotland and, and with the help of Siward, the English general, destroy Macbeth.

**Act V:** In Macbeth’s home, a doctor witnesses Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, seemingly frustrated that she cannot wash the blood from her hands. We also learn that, while sleep-walking, Lady Macbeth

takes up paper and pen and writes. She seems to want, like Cawdor, to confess. Macbeth meanwhile learns that Macduff and Malcolm, along with Siward and his son (Young Siward), are leading an army to Dunsinane, ready to wage war and retake the kingdom. Macbeth has his man Seyton (often pronounced “satan”) dress him in his armor: he resolves to fight. Macduff and his soldiers arrive in stealth, having camouflaged themselves with boughs they have cut from the trees of Birnam Wood. Macbeth hears an inarticulate cry offstage and learns that his wife has just died, perhaps by suicide, and soon afterward he is confronted by Macduff, who reveals that when he was born he had to be cut from his mother’s womb: he was born Caesarian section and, therefore, was not “of woman born.” The news horrifies Macbeth, because of course the witches’ prophecy begins now to take on another, unexpected, and fatal meaning. Macbeth fight Macduff, who slays him. The next time Macduff comes back onstage, he is carrying the villain’s head. Malcolm then gathers his leading men and, just as Duncan had done at the play’s beginning, rewards them with promotions, making them all earls. This ending eerily evokes the play’s beginning, suggesting a tragic, inevitable repetition of the cycle of human error.

## The Characters

(in order of appearance)

by Laura Cartee

- **Three witches:** Three servants of Hecate who have the power of foresight and can control the weather. They plot mischief against Macbeth and are influential in steering the direction of the play.
- **King Duncan:** The benevolent and well-loved king of Scotland.

- **Malcolm:** One of King Duncan's seemingly weak sons who presents a challenge to Macbeth's rule over the kingdom.
- **Lennox:** A Scottish nobleman.
- **Ross:** A Scottish nobleman.
- **Macbeth:** A brave, although morally weak, Scottish general and Thane of Glamis whose actions are manipulated by the three witches' prophecies.
- **Banquo:** A brave and moral general whose character serves as a foil to Macbeth's character.
- **Angus:** A Thane who accompanies Ross when he travels to deliver the news of the victory over Norway. One of four Thanes who are not loyal to Macbeth.
- **Lady Macbeth:** Macbeth's deeply ambitious wife who, at first, seems even more blood thirsty than Macbeth. However, her conscience affects her greatly after witnessing what atrocities her ambitions have caused.
- **Fleance:** Banquo's son, whose whereabouts are unknown by the end of the play.
- **Porter:** The drunken doorman of Macbeth's castle.
- **Macduff:** A Scottish nobleman who is hostile to Macbeth's kingship and seeks vengeance against him.
- **Donalbain:** King Duncan's youngest son.
- **Old Man:** His role is representative of age, experience, and memory.
- **The Three Murderers:** Blundering thugs hired by Macbeth, but who are not entirely successful in their mission.
- **Lords:** Noblemen who attend Macbeth's feast.
- **Hecate:** The goddess of witchcraft, whom the three witches serve.
- **Lady Macduff:** Macduff's wife, whose role in the play is to serve as a foil to Lady Macbeth.
- **Macduff's Son:** A precocious and charming character whose name and age are not established in the play, though he can be assumed to be very young.



- **Doctor:** A minor character who is loyal to Lady Macbeth and cares deeply about her health and well-being.
- **Menteith:** Scottish nobleman.
- **Caithness:** Scottish nobleman.
- **Seyton:** Macbeth's chief servant.
- **Siward:** General of the English forces in the battle against Macbeth.
- **Young Siward:** General Siward's son.

## Difficult Words

by Helen Companion

All of the following occur in the condensed performance script. Next to each word, however, in parentheses, is a note to the first occurrence of the word in the standard text; occurrences which do not need to be glossed have not been listed. The definitions below have been taken with slight alterations from *The Riverside Shakespeare* (2<sup>nd</sup> ed.) and *The Bantam Classics* publication of *Macbeth*.

**Aroint** (1.3.6): be gone.

**Augers** (3.4.123): omens.

**Beldams** (3.5.2): hags; likely misspelling of bedlams, which meant residents of an insane asylum.

**Benison** (2.3.40): blessing.

**Bodements** (4.1.96): prophecies.

**Brinded** (4.1.1): streaked, marked by fire.

**Bruited** (5.7.23): announced.

**Chawdron** (4.1.33): entrails.

**Coign of vantage** (1.6.7): convenient corner; niche.

**Degrees** (3.4.1): ranks.

**Dunnest** (1.5.51): darkest.  
**Eternal jewel** (3.1.29): soul.  
**Fenny** (4.1.12): swamp-dwelling.  
**Forbid** (1.3.21): cursed.  
**Fry** (4.2.85): spawn.  
**Grooms** (2.2.5): servants.  
**Hell-kite** (4.3.218): a kite is a bird of prey. This is a term of disdain and dislike.  
**Hie** (1.5.25): hasten.  
**Housekeeper** (3.1.98): watchdog.  
**Incarnadine** (2.2.66): stain red.  
**Jutty** (1.6.6): projection of wall or building.  
**Kerns and gallowglasses** (1.2.13): light and heavy-armored foot-soldiers.  
**Largess** (2.1.14): gifts.  
**Limbeck** (1.7.68): alembic; upper part of a still (a device used in alchemy for distilling liquids) where the fumes rose. It was believed that fumes of wine rose from the stomach to the brain and intoxicated it.  
**Mated** (5.1.79): bewildered or stupefied.  
**Mettle** (1.7.74): metal.  
**Missives** (1.5.6): messengers.  
**Multitudinous** (2.2.66): numerous and teeming.  
**Pall** (1.5.51): envelop.  
**Peak** (1.3.22): starve and become thin.  
**Pendant** (1.6.8): hanging.  
**Penthouse lid** (1.3.20): eyelids.  
**Purveyor** (1.6.22): an officer sent ahead to provide entertainment; a forerunner.  
**Rancors** (3.1.68): malignant enemies.  
**Raveled sleeve** (2.2.41): tangled skeins (as in yarn).  
**Ronyon** (1.3.6): woman.  
**Rubs** (3.1.135): defects; rough spots.



**Scarf up** (3.2.50): to blindfold.

**Seeling** (3.1.46): blinded. The eyes of falcons were sewn shut (seeled) to tame them.

**Sere** (5.3.23): dry and withered.

**Slab** (4.1.32): vicious.

**Solemn** (3.1.14): ceremonious.

**Speculation** (3.4.96): power of sight.

**Surcease** (1.7.4): cessation; success—what follows.

**Surveying vantage** (1.2.21): seeing an opportunity.

**Sway** (5.3.9): to rule the self.

**Thane** (1.2.45): a Scottish Feudal Lord, who was normally granted the title by a king, and whose rank was between an ordinary freeman and a hereditary noble.

**The sticking place** (1.7.61): the notch into which the string of a crossbow fit when the bow was held taut for shooting.

**Thralls** (3.6.13): slaves.

**Trains** (4.3.119): plots, artifices.

**Trammel** (1.7.3): bind up, trap in a net.

**Vizards** (3.2.37): masks.

**Wassail** (1.7.65): drink.

**Worm** (3.4.29): small serpent.

## Ambition: a Renaissance Theme

by Carmine Di Biase

Shakespeare wrote during the period which is called the Renaissance, or more recently the Early Modern Period, which in England stretches from about 1485 (with the death of Richard III, the last English despot) to about 1642 (with the outbreak of civil war and the closing of the public theatres). It is difficult to characterize this period in any simple way, but in art there is one theme which recurs with great frequency: ambition, the desire to distinguish oneself, to prove to oneself and to the world that one is better,

greater, more talented than anybody else. This desire manifests itself with authors, for example, who during this period begin to lay claim to some form of greatness. Ben Jonson, for example, one of Shakespeare's friends, published his plays in folio format (folding the sheet of handmade paper only one time to form only two leaves)—this was the same format which had been used for the Bible—and called it *The Works of Ben Jonson*. Ambition manifested itself also in the way in which fictional characters were depicted on the stage. Christopher Marlowe, for example, another friend of Shakespeare, would write a play called *Doctor Faustus*, about a scholar whose ambition was to learn everything there was to learn in the world, even if it meant having to sell his soul to the devil. And Shakespeare himself, in plays such as *Richard III*, *King Lear* and in *Henry IV Part One* and *Part Two*, and in *Henry V*, would explore this theme in a variety of ways, turning it as if it were a prism, so as to examine every possible coloration of it. But nowhere would Shakespeare go so deeply into this theme than in the ocean of poetry that is *Macbeth*.

In this play, Lady Macbeth, meditating on her husband's capacity to take the crown, says to herself:

Thou would'st be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. (I.v.18-19).

And Macbeth says about himself:

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on th' other. (I.vii.25-28)

Clearly, Shakespeare sees ambition as both an intellectual imperative—without it there could be no individual greatness, no Walter Raleigh, for example, who was daring enough to circumnavigate the globe, and no William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood—but also as

an “illness” and a temptation to overreach and therefore fall. Indeed, no character in Shakespeare’s plays enjoys being king less than Macbeth does, who begins to dread wearing the crown the moment it is on his head. The question, then, is what is Macbeth’s motive? Is it lust for political power, as is more clearly the case with Richard III? That does not seem to be as true of Macbeth.

This matter has been one of my own enduring interests, and some years ago it led me to carry out a study of it which I published in *Renaissance and Reformation*: “ ‘I am as I Have Spoken’: The Act of Naming in *Macbeth*” (this study is now available online: [https://www.google.com/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=1&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=2ahUKEwj4Mabu\\_PjAhVKGs0KHf74D78QFjAAegQIARAC&url=https%3A%2F%2Fjps.library.utoronto.ca%2Findex.php%2Frenref%2Farticle%2Fdownload%2F8670%2F5637%2F&usg=AOvVaw3KFRP38fvCMba4DLcVGhbI](https://www.google.com/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=1&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=2ahUKEwj4Mabu_PjAhVKGs0KHf74D78QFjAAegQIARAC&url=https%3A%2F%2Fjps.library.utoronto.ca%2Findex.php%2Frenref%2Farticle%2Fdownload%2F8670%2F5637%2F&usg=AOvVaw3KFRP38fvCMba4DLcVGhbI) ). It occurred to me, as I read and reread this play, that Macbeth is less interested in being king than he is in something much, much deeper. Notice how he first bristles when he hears Duncan promoting his son Malcolm to Prince of Cumberland. One would think that Macbeth should be pleased at this point because he has himself just been promoted to Thane of Cawdor for his bravery on the field. And yet he bristles. And notice too how the end of the play echoes this moment when Malcolm, who is now king, echoes his father’s gesture in promoting all of his best men to earls. What Macbeth wants, it seems to me, is to have the power to determine his own destiny, the power, that is, to name himself, to speak his identity into being on his own. To know the names of things and of people, after all, is to have power over them; it is an ancient human phenomenon, which stretches all the way back to our earliest history: God gives Adam the task of naming the animals so as to make it clear to him that they are in his control. And in *Macbeth*, when the witches charm their brew, part of their ritual is to recite the names of all the ingredients they put into it. Might this be the real nature of Macbeth’s ambition? In any case, because such a fundamental thirst for power—power over one’s own identity—is not bound to the matter of

political power, it might explain why *Macbeth* remains such an enduring classic, speaking to audiences of all ages and around the world.

## Shakespeare's Holinshed: the Main Historical Source of *Macbeth*

by Helen Companion

First published in 1577, Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* was the most comprehensive series of books on English history available during Shakespeare's time. Accordingly, it was a favorite of Shakespeare's, and he made liberal use of the work in many of his plays that dealt with British history, including the history plays of course, but also *Cymbeline*, which is a romance, and one of his most famous tragedies: *Macbeth*.

Holinshed's writing style reads much like journalism, in which the names of places, events and people are recorded but with very little attention to motive and characterization. Holinshed, as the following example, gives much more attention than Shakespeare does to the battle between Macbeth and Macdonald (or Macdonwald):

The Scots héerevpon tooke the iuice of mekilwoort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and bread, sending it thus spiced & confectioned, in great abundance vnto their enimies. They reioising that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and drinking after such greedie wise, that it séemed they stroue who might deuoure and swallow vp most, till the operation of the berries spread in such sort through all the parts of their bodies, that they were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in manner it was vnpossible to awake them. Then foorthwith

Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, commanding him with all diligence to come and set vpon the enimies, being in easie point to be ouercome. Makbeth making no delaie, came with his people to the place, where his enimies were lodged, and first killing the watch, afterwards entered the campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance, that it was a woonderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heauie of sléepe, that the most part of them were slaine and neuer stirred: other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies foorth, were so amazed and dizzie headed vpon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense: so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie. (267)

This style of writing was a perfect backdrop for Shakespeare; Holinshed provided the basic characters, location, and plot structure, and Shakespeare developed motive and character to suit his artistic vision and integrated the material into in a unified whole. Notice how in the bloody captain's report of this battle, which is the very second scene of *Macbeth*, Shakespeare does not include the detail from Holinshed about the Danes unwittingly accepting a gift of drug-laced food, which then makes them incapable of fighting off the Scots:

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;  
Which nev'r shook hand, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements. (I.ii.7-23)

Here the battle is a fair one, and Macbeth proves himself worthy of the promotion that Duncan will give him because of this report. In this way, Shakespeare accentuates the downfall of a once honorable and fearless soldier, who, motivated by ambition, resorts to drugging his own king instead (as Lady Macbeth tells us, "I have drugg'd their possets" (II.ii.6)) and killing him in his sleep, while a guest in Macbeth's own home. Absent from Holinshed's account, the invented details of this cowardly murder make Macbeth's downfall all the more stark and disturbing.

One crucial detail Shakespeare omits from Holinshed's account of the murder of Duncan is that Banquo was complicit. In Holinshed, both he and Macbeth have complaints about Duncan's ability to lead: "At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slackness in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished & quite put down" (264) It is also Banquo who encourages Macbeth to take matters into his own hands, by saying, "The same night after, at supper, Banquho iested with him and said; "Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." Macbeth is also not alone in

the murder plot in Holinshed, and in fact, Banquo is one of those who promises him financial and military support: “At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquho was the chiefest, vpon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerns, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne.” And although it is Macbeth who proclaims himself king, Holinshed places emphasis on the fact that it was Macbeth, and not Malcolm, who was the commonly agreed upon and proper king: “Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priuie to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed king, and foorthwith went vnto Scone, where (by common consent) he receiued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner.” Where in Shakespeare’s play Banquo is a more passive character who does not support or participate in Macbeth’s bid for kingship, in Holinshed, he is an active player in the process. Shakespeare, of course, had to paint Banquo in a more positive light. Accordingly, when writing *Macbeth*, Shakespeare made important changes to the account given by Holinshed.

In Holinshed, Macbeth is mostly a good king, up until Banquo’s death. Banquo is more intimately involved with action. It is he who brings the complaint of the rebels to Duncan, and both he and Macbeth have complaints about Duncan’s ability to lead: “At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slackness in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished & quite put down” (264) It is also Banquo who encourages Macbeth to take matters into his own hands, by saying, “The same night after, at supper, Banquho iested with him and said; "Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe.” Macbeth is also not alone in the murder plot in Holinshed, and in fact, Banquo is one of those who promises him financial and military support: “At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquho was the chiefest, vpon



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At other times, however, when it suits his artistic vision, Shakespeare stays close to his source. As he did with Plutarch, his main source of ancient Greek and Roman history, Shakespeare often took entire passages from Holinshed and altered them little, except to convert them to blank verse. For example, in both accounts, the first time Macbeth and Banquo meet the witches, they are alone, traveling towards Forres, when suddenly they meet three women in the woods. Hollinshed’s account then continues thus:

“All haile Makbeth, thane of Glammiss” (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said; “Haile Makbeth thane of Cawder.” But the third said; “All haile Makbeth that héerafter shalt be king of Scotland.” Then Banquho; “What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little fauourable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?” “Yes (saith the first of them) we

The account in *Macbeth* is very similar:

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*  
(I.iii.47-78)

In both cases, the witches greet Macbeth and Banquo, and they specifically greet Macbeth using “Hail” and titles. Banquo questions why they are not promising him anything, and they respond with his fate as well. There are of course differences as well. Shakespeare lengthens the exchange to make it more dramatic, and the witches disappear after Macbeth, rather than Banquo, questions them. But on the level of facts, the accounts are essentially the same. This would not have been considered plagiarism, as such a concept had not yet developed. Instead, it would have been more akin to the modern idea of fan-fiction, which

involves taking characters and events from a canon and using them to create new stories or variations of originals. Such a concept is not new: Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* can both be considered a sort of Bible fan-fiction. Shakespeare, in turn, is writing a sort of historical fan-fiction using the materials available to him at the time.

As mentioned above, in Holinshed, Macbeth is a good and honorable king up until the time that he plots to kill Banquo and Fleance:

To be briefe, such were the woorthie dooings and princelie acts of this Mackbeth in the administration of the realme, that if he had attained therevnto by rightfull means, and continued in vprightnesse of iustice as he began, till the end of his reigne, he might well haue béene numbred amongst the most noble princes that anie where had reigned. He made manie holesome laws and statutes for the publike weale of his subiects. (270-1)

It is certainly possible that Macbeth was a good king in the early years of his reign; in the play, however, we have no way to confirm this because Shakespeare compresses time and excludes nearly everything between Duncan's murder and when he begins his plot to murder Banquo. In doing so, Shakespeare places more focus on Macbeth's faults and creates a far more complex character. Part of what makes Macbeth seem so sinister in Shakespeare's account is Duncan's assassination, for which the motivation is not altogether explained. In Holinshed, unlike in *Macbeth*, Duncan's murder is far more logical, as Duncan was known for his softness and inability to properly punish those who rebelled against the king. It is interesting, then, that in Holinshed, it is Macbeth, and not a group of murderers, who kills all of those in Macduff's castle. It appears that part of Macbeth's characterization for Shakespeare was a progressive decline into isolation and fear that was not as pervasive in the original account.

Shakespeare also expands the role of the witches in *Macbeth*, again to please King James, who was fascinated enough to write his own book

on the subject of witchcraft )see the title page in the illustration below). In Holinshed's account, references to the supernatural are more infrequent: "certaine wizzards" warn him of Macduff, and a "certeine witch" tells him that he cannot be slain by any of woman born, but the famous and dramatic scenes of dancing over a cauldron and the apparitions are absent. The scene where the witches "hail" Macbeth and Banquo, however, is intact and as shown above, nearly identical in both versions. In contrast to Holinshed, Shakespeare opens his account with words from the witches, indicating that they will be a far more important part of his play than they were in the original.

Shakespeare's purpose, in the end, seems always to be to delve into the motivations of the characters and to create an internal drama from what once was a less artful recitation of facts. He seems less interested in historical fact than in what makes people do the things they do.

Source for Holinshed:

<https://shakespeare-navigators.com/macbeth/Holinshed/index.html>



DÆMONOLOGIE,  
IN FORME  
OF A DIA-  
LOGVE,

*Diuided into three books:*

WRITTEN BY THE HIGH  
and mightie Prince, IAMES by the  
*grace of God King of England,  
Scotland, France and Ireland,  
Defender of the Faith, &c.*



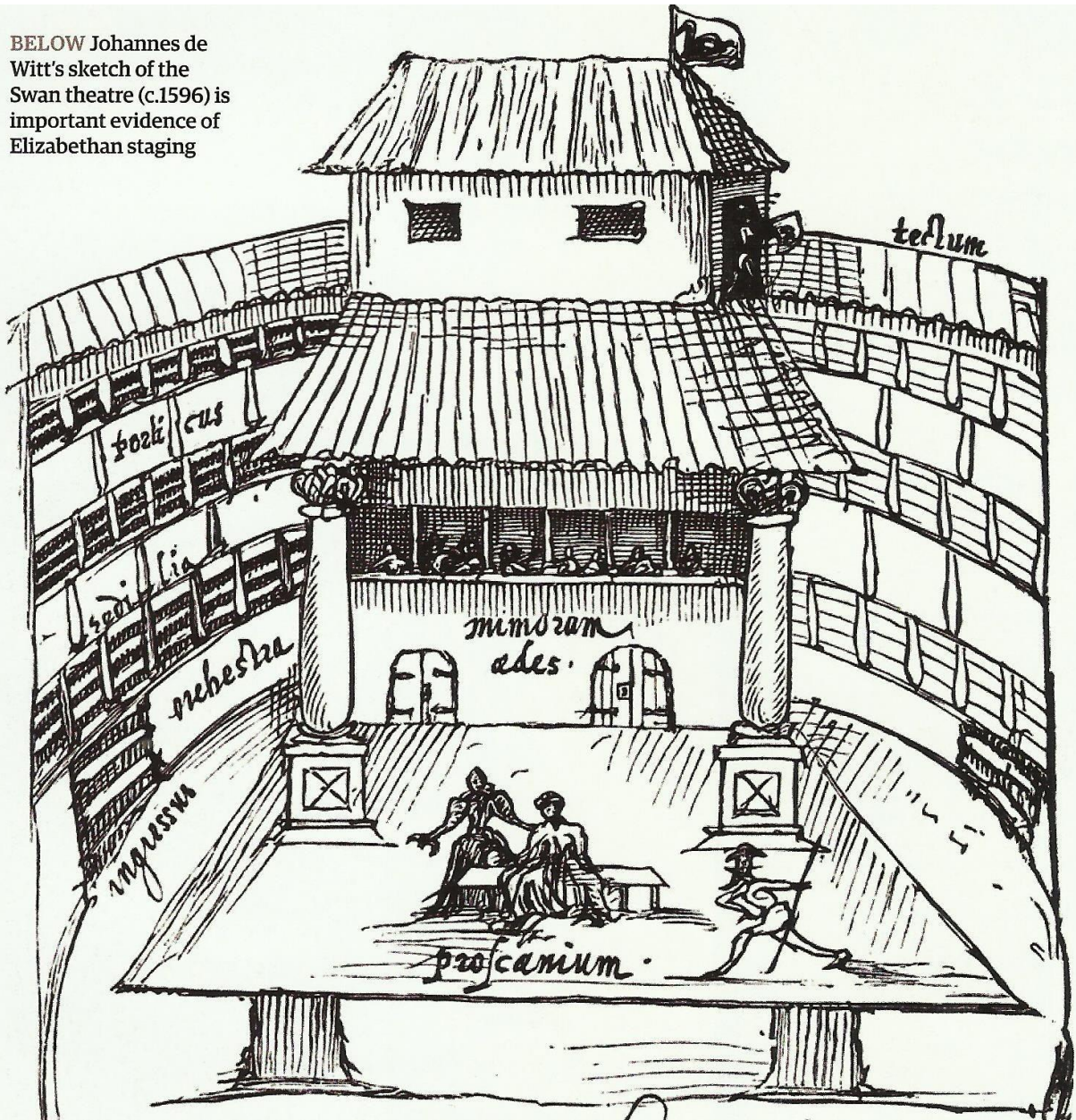
LONDON,  
Printed by *Arnold Hatfield* for  
*Robert Wald-graue.*

1603



BELOW Johannes de Witt's sketch of the Swan theatre (c.1596) is important evidence of Elizabethan staging

The sketch depicts a circular theatre with a raised stage. The stage is supported by two pillars, and a roof structure covers the rear portion of the stage, labeled 'mimorum aedes'. The area in front of the stage is labeled 'proscenium'. The audience seating area is labeled 'orchestra'. The entrance to the theatre is labeled 'ingressus'. The rear wall of the stage is labeled 'scenium'. A flag flies from the roof. The sketch is signed 'J. de Witt' in the bottom right corner.





# A Brief Performance History

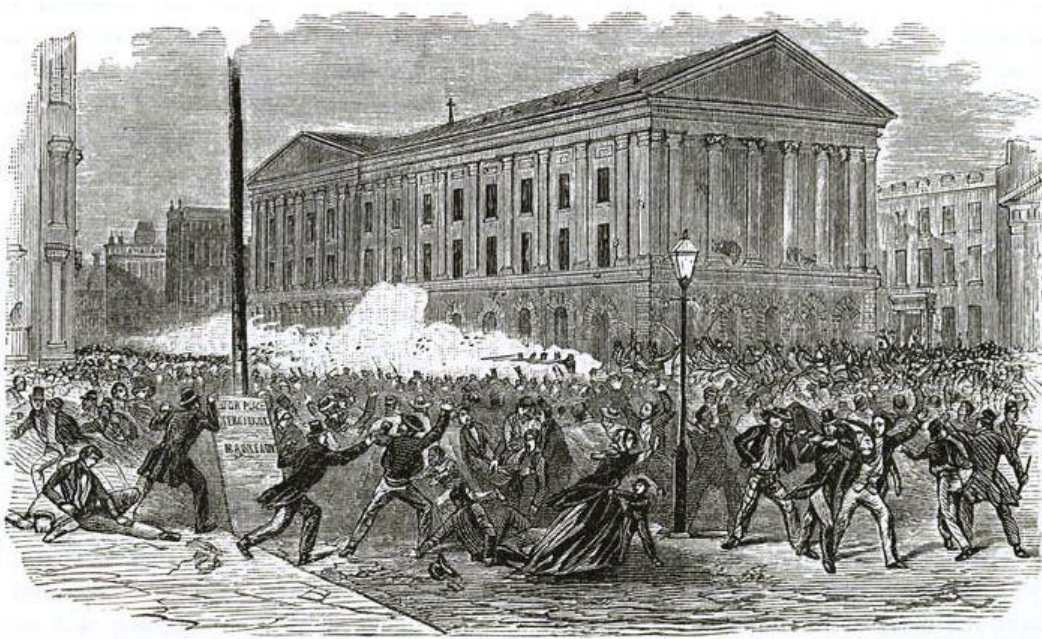
by Jessika Holmes

Most sources date the first performance of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* in 1606. *Macbeth* was first performed in the Great Hall at Hampton Court Palace for King James I. According to a tale attributed to John Aubrey, William Shakespeare supposedly played Lady Macbeth at the first staging for King James I due to an actor illness.



*Lady Macbeth sleepwalking, played by Sian Thomas for The Royal Shakespeare Company. Photo by Manuel Harlan. Courtesy of the Royal Shakespeare Company.*

According to an account by Dr. Simon Forman in *The Book of Plays and Notes thereof per Formans for Common Policy*, the first public performance is dated as April 1611 in the outdoor Globe Theatre. Throughout the years, *Macbeth* has been performed and reimagined by many different directors. Hannah Pritchard is credited as being the first female actress to play Lady Macbeth in the mid-18<sup>th</sup> century. The English actress, Sarah Siddons, is said to have argued with the playwright, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, about performing the sleepwalking scene with a candle in her hand in 1785.



*Riot at New York's Astor Place opera house, New York on Thursday evening, May 10th, 1849.*

In the United States, the Broadway Astor Place Riots were famously caused by rival productions of *Macbeth* in May 1849. Orson Welles directed a *Voodoo Macbeth* in the Negro Theatre Project of Harlem in 1936. Wells set his version of the play in 19<sup>th</sup> century Haiti and featured Africans and African Americans in his cast.

Back in England, in 1995, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh played Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

production of *Macbeth* that focused on the story as a domestic tragedy. More recently, in 2007, Patrick Stewart starred in the award-winning Chichester Festival Theatre production of the play, which later traveled to the West End and then to Broadway.

We cannot discuss the performance history of “the Scottish play” without addressing the superstitions that have come to surround it. Even today, one is not allowed to speak the word “Macbeth” in a theatre: anyone who does so, even by accident, must participate in a number of rituals sometimes involving a combination of spinning, spitting, throwing salt, knocking on one’s head, or knocking on the door to the theatre until one is allowed back in. So why is *Macbeth* cursed? Legend says that it started with the very first production. The actor that Shakespeare replaced to play Lady Macbeth fell ill and died a short while later of his illness (all the women’s roles in Shakespeare’s day were played by young men). Many years later, in the first production outside of England in the mid-17<sup>th</sup> century (when female actors were permitted), the actor playing Macbeth was having an affair with the actress playing Lady Macbeth, who was married to the actor playing Duncan. During the show, the actor playing Macbeth used a real dagger and murdered the actor playing Duncan onstage in front of an Amsterdam audience. In short, the play’s performances over the last 400 years are littered with deadly equipment malfunctions, fires, riots, stabbings, and actor illnesses and injuries. In the 1936 *Voodoo Macbeth*, Welles’s cast included some African drummers and a genuine witch doctor who were not happy that a critic, Percy Hammond, printed a bad review of the show. It is rumored that they placed a curse on Hammond, who died within a couple of weeks of reviewing the production.

# Responses to The Shakespeare Project's Production of *Macbeth*

(A Classroom Exercise)

by Jessika Holmes

ONE: Have the students write a brief summary of the play after reading it as a piece of literature. Be sure that they focus on who they feel are the most important characters to the plot.

TWO: After seeing the show, have the students write a summary of what they have seen, this time focusing only on the live performance.

THREE: Return the first summary to the students and have them compare it with their second summary.

FOUR: Discuss the following questions as a class:

- How did seeing the show onstage change your ability to comprehend the story?
- What artistic choices did the director make to change the story's settings, characters, time period, and other elements?
- How did this interpretation influence your view of the story?
- Did these changes make it harder or easier to understand the text?
- Did you prefer the written, standard text of the play or the performance? Why?

# General Study Questions and Exercises

by Anita White

- What is significant about Macbeth and Lady Macbeth having blood on their hands, and what are their reactions to the blood?
- Why should Macbeth be upset about Duncan naming his son, Malcolm, as heir to the throne?
- Discuss what you feel is the meaning of the sound of bells in *Macbeth*.
- According to Aristotle's definition—a character of high stature who makes an error in judgment and whose subsequent downfall elicits the emotions of pity and fear—is Macbeth a tragic hero?
- Why does Shakespeare include witches in *Macbeth*?
- “Fair is foul and foul is fair”: what do the witches, and what might Shakespeare, mean by this?
- How do you feel about Macbeth and Lady Macbeth as individuals? What motivates them at the beginning of the play? How do they change? Do you feel sorry for them?
- How does the play make you feel about fate and destiny? Do we create our own, or has our story already been written?
- Give at least three examples from the play of Shakespeare's use of dramatic irony.
- Name at least two themes, ideas which recur from beginning to end, which you find in *Macbeth*. Give at least two examples of how each of these themes shows itself.

# Specific Study Questions, Act by Act

by Anita White

## **Act One:**

- 1) How does the weather at the beginning of the first scene set the tone for the rest of the play?
- 2) Why does Duncan reward Macbeth? What is Macbeth's reward?
- 3) With whom is Macbeth traveling when he encounters the witches?
- 4) What do the witches say about Macbeth and Banquo, his traveling companion?
- 5) Explain the differences between Macbeth's and Lady Macbeth's reactions to the witches' prophecy.

## **Act Two:**

- 1) Why does Macbeth lie to Banquo?
- 2) Who is responsible for Duncan's death? Explain your answer carefully.
- 3) Why do Lennox and Macduff have a hard time sleeping? What keeps Macbeth from sleeping? How is sleep a theme in this play?
- 4) Who discovers Duncan's death and why is this significant?
- 5) What is the significance of the phrase "Look to the lady"? Do you find a double meaning here?

## **Act Three:**

- 1) How does Macbeth feel about Banquo and Fleance? What causes this feeling? How does Macbeth cope with this feeling?
- 2) Is Lady Macbeth having a good time as queen? Explain your answer.
- 3) What causes Macbeth's strange behavior at the banquet? What is Lady Macbeth's reaction to his behavior?
- 4) Many scholars believe Shakespeare did not write the fifth scene of this act, with Hecate, the queen of the witches. How could its omission change the play?

- 5) What are Malcom and Macduff doing in England? Why are they there and not in Scotland, the main setting of the play?

#### **Act Four:**

- 1) Summarize Macbeth's dealings with the apparitions. Would you have any different questions?
- 2) Why does Macduff's wife stay after she has been warned to leave?
- 3) Do Malcolm and Macduff trust each other at the beginning of their conversation? How do you know?
- 4) Why would Malcolm be a good king? Why might he not be?
- 5) Who is going to help Scotland defeat Macbeth?

#### **Act Five:**

- 1) Summarize what happens with and to Lady Macbeth.
- 2) Does Macbeth enjoy murdering or being king? Explain your answer.
- 3) What is significant about the orders Malcom gives while in Birnam Wood?
- 4) Why does Macduff leave his wife and children? What does he bring back to the people of Scotland?
- 5) Who becomes king? Explain why this does or does not surprise you.

## **Further Exercises**

- 1) Create a "paper bag" report on your favorite character from the play. Choose ten items that represent the character, then write a few lines explaining why each item is significant. Decorate your bag to represent the most important theme or lesson learned from your character.
- 2) Create a group message between characters from your favorite act or scene. Use modern English.
- 3) Give *Macbeth* a soundtrack of at least ten songs. List an act or scene for each song. Explain your song choices.



- 4) You are a servant in Macbeth's household. Write at least two journal entries for each act of the play.
- 5) Compare a character from the play to a modern day celebrity.
- 6) You are the director! Cast the best modern day actors for your version of *Macbeth*. Explain your choices.
- 7) "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Write about a time when something did not end the way you expected. How does this moment in your life somehow similar to a moment in *Macbeth*?

## The Shakespeare Project's Production Concept

by Carrie Colton, Director

The story you will see is one you may have seen before: a good man overcome with ambition causes the downfall of his friends, his family, and for a time, his country. What you haven't seen before is how we will present this story. As a company whose mission centers around education and comprehension, I knew I wanted to dig into the horror that appeals and speaks to young adults, teenagers, and children. Taking from modern pop culture, Hollywood, and my own fears, we have decided to transform the three witches, the "weird sisters," into the three weird jesters and have placed the world of our Macbeth in a haunted circus or fun house. For, as Lady Macbeth says, "Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil." In our production the story will unfold from the perspective of these jesters: three individuals who take great pleasure from observing and causing significant pain to the people around them. The jesters prey on human insecurities, secret lusts, and universal qualities that boil in each of us exposing the dark complexities within the best of humanity.

We have modernized the world of Macbeth while also stylizing the magic to find a balance between what is entertaining and what is truly horrifying. We are more like Macbeth than we care to admit, and you will find yourself liking these jesters more than you know you should. The life-long struggle between good and evil within all of us and our inability to silence the whispering voices of doubt, fear, and greed is what truly makes this play the most horrifying of the Shakespearean cannon.

## The Working Script of *Macbeth*

Adapted by Carrie Colton (Director) and Carmine Di Biase (Dramaturg)  
for The Shakespeare Project's 2019 Production

### **ACT I**

#### **SCENE I. A desert place.**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

##### **First Witch**

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

##### **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.

##### **ALL**

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

*Exeunt*

#### **SCENE II. A camp near Forres.**

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, LENNOX, meeting MACDUFF*

**DUNCAN**

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

**MALCOLM**

Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the queen the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

**MACDUFF**

Doubtful it stood;  
The merciless Macdonwald-- from the western isles  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name,  
Carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave; which ne'er shook hands,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

**MACDUFF**

Mark, queen of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord began a fresh assault.

**DUNCAN**

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

**MACDUFF**

Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

**DUNCAN**

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

*Exit SEYTON, attended*

Who comes here?

*Enter ROSS*

**MALCOLM**

The worthythane of Ross.

**ROSS**

God save the Queen!

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

From Fife, great queen;  
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!  
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*

### **SCENE III. A heath near Forres.**

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches*

**First Witch**

Where hast thou been, jester?

**Second Witch**

Killing swine.

**Third Witch**

Jester, where thou?

**First Witch**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, fool!' 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'rt kind.

**Third Witch**

And I another.

**First Witch**

I myself have all the other,  
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:  
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.

**ALL**

The weird jesters, 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?

**MACBETH**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

**First Witch**

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

**Second Witch**

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

**Third Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

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  
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.

**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 amthane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? Thethane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? Speak, I charge you.

*Witches vanish*

**BANQUO**

Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

Into the air!

**BANQUO**

Were such things here as we do speak about?

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

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

*Enter ROSS*

**ROSS**

The queen hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success. We are sent  
To give thee from our royal mistress thanks;  
And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from her, 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?

**ROSS**

Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

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

*To ROSS*

Thanks for your pains.

*To BANQUO*

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

**BANQUO**

That trusted home  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown.  
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.  
Cousin, a word, I pray you.

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Two truths are told,  
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? My thought  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.  
If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.  
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 favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Let us toward the queen.  
Think upon what hath chanced, 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*

**SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.**

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

**DUNCAN**

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

**MALCOLM**

My liege, I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons.

**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*

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: 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.

**DUNCAN**

Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

**BANQUO**

There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

**DUNCAN**

Sons, kinsmen, thanes, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

**MACBETH**

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

## **SCENE V. Inverness. 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 jesters 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. Lay it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter SEYTON*

What is your tidings?

**SEYTON**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it:

**SEYTON**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Give him tending; He brings great news.

*Exit SEYTON*

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.  
Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.'

*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 to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, she purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for: and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.**

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS,*

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

**BANQUO**

The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**DUNCAN**

See, see, our honour'd hostess!

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service

Were poor and single business to contend

Against those honours deep and broad wherewith

Your majesty loads our house

**DUNCAN**

Where's the thane of Cawdor? Fair and noble hostess,

We are your guest to-night. 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*

## **SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.**

*Enter MACBETH*

### **MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: If th'assasination  
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. She's here in double trust;  
First, as I am her kinsman and her subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as her host,  
Who should against her murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne her faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in her great office, that her virtues  
Will plead like angels, and  
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**

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

### **MACBETH**

Hath she ask'd for me?

### **LADY MACBETH**

Know you not she has?

### **MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:

### **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? Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour

As thou art in desire?

### **MACBETH**

Prithee, 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. 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--  
his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, shall be a fume. When in swinish sleep  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan?

**MACBETH**

Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon her 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*

**ACT II**

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

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

**BANQUO**

How goes the night, daughter?

**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**

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch*

Give me my sword. Who's there?

**MACBETH**

A friend.

**BANQUO**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The queen's a-bed:  
She hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird jesters:  
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,  
It shall make honour for you.

**BANQUO**

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised 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**

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.  
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. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps. 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*

## **SCENE II. The same.**

*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! He is about it: I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.  
Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had she not resembled  
My mother as she slept, I had done't.

*Enter MACBETH*

My husband!

### **MACBETH**

I have done the deed. 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!'



One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
I could not say 'Amen.'

**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**

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

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 she do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt.

**MACBETH**

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

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Knocking within*

I hear a knocking  
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;

A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then!  
*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*

**SCENE III. The same.**

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

**Witch 2 (Porter)**

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

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there? 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 within*

Knock,  
knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
swear in both the scales against either scale;  
who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an  
English tailor come hither, for stealing out of  
a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may  
roast your goose.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But  
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter  
it no further.

*Knocking within*

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?

**Witch 2 (Porter)**

'Faith lady, 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?

**Witch 2 (Porter)**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine.

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Witch 2 (Porter)**

That it did, sir.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the queen stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

She did command me to call timely on her:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to her. This is the door.

**MACDUFF**

I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

*Exit*

**LENNOX**

Goes the queen hence to-day?

**MACBETH**

She does: she did appoint so.

**LENNOX**

The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
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 her majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

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! Ring the bell.

*Bell rings. Enter LADY MACBETH, BANQUO,*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

**MACDUFF**

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal mistress 's murder'd!

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, 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 lived a blessed time.

*Enter MALCOLM*

**MALCOM**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

You are, and do not know't.

**MACDUFF**

Your royal mother's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of her chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
Here lay Duncan: 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?

**MALCOLM**

Why do I hold my tongue,  
What should be spoken here?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

*LADY MACBETH is carried out*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further.

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

Well contented.

*Exeunt all but Malcolm*

**MALCOLM**

What will I do? I shall not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.  
It shall keep me safer: where I am,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody. This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and my safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, away  
And let me 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*

**SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.**

*Enter ROSS and MACDUFF*

**ROSS**

How goes the world, 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?

**MACDUFF**

They were suborn'd: Malcolm, the king's son,  
Is stol'n away and fled; which puts upon him  
Suspicion of the deed.

**ROSS**

'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

**MACDUFF**

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

**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!

*Exeunt*

### **ACT III**

#### **SCENE I. Forres. The palace.**

*Enter BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

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

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, SEYTON*

**MACBETH**

Here's our chief guest.

**LADY MACBETH**

If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast.

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good advice.  
Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper.

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

God be with you!

*Exit BANQUO*

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

**SEYTON**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit Attendant*

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: He chid the jesters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

*Enter three Murderers*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Witch (murderer)**

It was, so please your highness..

**MACBETH**

You know Banquo was your enemy.

**Witches (Murderers)**

True, my lord.



**MACBETH**

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love.

**Second Witch (Murderer)**

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

**MACBETH**

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night.  
Fleance his daughter, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is her father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour.

**Witches (Murderers)**

We are resolved, my lord.

**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

*Exeunt Murderers*

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH and SEYTON*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

We have scorched the snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave  
Our honors in these flattering streams  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

**LADY MACBETH**

What's to be done?

**MACBETH**

Be innocent of the knowledge, till thou applaud the deed.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.  
*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. A park near the palace.**

*Enter three Murderers*

**First First Witch (murderer)**

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

**Third Witch (Murderer)**

Hark! I hear him.

**BANQUO**

[Within] Give us a light there, ho!

**Second Witch (Murderer)**

Then 'tis he.

**First Witch (murderer)**

He goes about.

**Second Witch (Murderer)**

A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch*

**Third Witch (Murderer)**

'Tis he.

**First Witch (murderer)**

Stand to't.

**BANQUO**

It will be rain to-night.

**First Witch (murderer)**

Let it come down.

*They set upon BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge.  
*Dies. FLEANCE escapes*

**Third Witch (Murderer)**

Who did strike out the light?

**Second Witch (Murderer)**

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

We have lost

Best half of our affair.

**Witches**

Come, let's make haste!

*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' & c. They raise Banquo's ghost.*

**First Witch (murderer)**

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

*Exeunt*

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

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

**MACBETH**

Sit down, a hearty welcome.

**Lords**

Thanks to your majesty..

*First Murderer appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

There's blood on thy face.

**First Murderer**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

Is he dispatch'd?

**First Witch (murderer)**

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

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance.

**First Witch (murderer)**

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

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

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

**First Witch (murderer)**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head.

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that: Get thee gone: to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again.

*Exit Murderer*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord, You do not give the cheer.

**MACBETH**

Sweet remembrancer!

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place*

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd.

**ROSS**

Please't your highness

To grace us with your royal company.

**MACBETH**

The table's full.

**LENNOX**

Here is a place reserved, sir.

**MACBETH**

Where?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Which of you have done this?

**SEYTON**

What, my good lord?

**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,

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

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

**MACBETH**

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

Which might appal the devil.

**LADY MACBETH**

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!

How say you? If thou canst nod, speak too.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

Blood hath been shed ere now, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
And push us from our stools.

**LADY MACBETH**

My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

**MACBETH**

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

**Lords**

Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Can such things be? You make me strange,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanched with fear.

**ROSS**

What sights, my lord?

**LADY MACBETH**

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;  
Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

**LENNOX**

Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

**LADY MACBETH**

A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird jesters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
We are yet but young indeed.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE VI. Forres. The palace.**

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord*

**LENNOX**

I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

**Witch 3 (Lord)**

The son of Duncan,  
Lives in the English court, thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these--we may again,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

**LENNOX**

Sent he to Macduff?

**Witch 3 (Lord)**

He did.

**LENNOX**

Some holy angel

Fly to the court of England and unfold

His message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed!

**Witch 3 (Lord)**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

## **ACT IV**

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

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches and HECATE*

**First Witch**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**Second Witch**

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

**Third Witch**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**First Witch**

By the pricking of my thumbs,

**WITCHES**

Something wicked, this way comes.

*Enter MACBETH, Exit HECATE*

**MACBETH**

How now, you secret, black, and midnight fools!

What is't you do?

**ALL**

A deed without a name.

**MACBETH**

I conjure you, answer me to what I ask you.

**First Witch**

Speak.

**Second Witch**

Demand.

**Third Witch**

We'll answer.

**First Witch**

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

Or from our masters?

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**ALL**

Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head*

**First Apparition (MACDUFF)**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.

**First Witch**

Here's another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child*

**Second Apparition (MACDUFF'S KID)**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

*Descends*

**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.

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

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king?

**ALL**

Listen, but speak not to't.

**Third Apparition (DUNCAN)**

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

That will never be

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

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

**First Witch**

Show!

**Second Witch**

Show!

**Third Witch**

Show!

**ALL**

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following*

**MACBETH**

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. Filthy fools!

Why do you show me this? I'll see no more:

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.

*Apparitions vanish*

What, is this so?

**First Witch**

Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, jesters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.  
*Music. The witches dance and then vanish.*

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Lennox?

*Enter LENNOX*

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird jesters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

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

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits.  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
Her husband, her babe, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
*Exeunt*

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

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS*

**LORD MACDUFF**

What had she done, to make her fly the land?

**ROSS**

You must have patience, my lord.

**LORD MACDUFF**

She had none:

Her flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

**ROSS**

You know not  
Whether it was her wisdom or her fear.

**LORD MACDUFF**

Wisdom! To leave her husband, to leave her child,  
Her mansion and her titles in a place  
From whence herself does fly? She loves us not;  
All is the fear and nothing is the love.

**ROSS**

My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but for your wife,  
She is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak  
much further; I take my leave of you:  
Blessing upon you!

*Exit*

**LORD MACDUFF**

Sirrah, your mother's dead;

**Son**

My mother is not dead, for all your saying.

**LORD MACDUFF**

Yes, she is dead; how wilt thou do for a mother?

**Son**

Nay, how will you do for a wife?

**LORD MACDUFF**

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

**Son**

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

**LORD MACDUFF**

Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith,  
With wit enough for thee.

**Son**

Was my mother a traitor, father?

**LORD MACDUFF**

Ay, that she was.

**Son**

What is a traitor?

**LORD MACDUFF**

Why, one that swears and lies.

**Son**

And be all traitors that do so?

**LORD MACDUFF**

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

**Son**

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

**LORD MACDUFF**

Every one.

**Son**

Who must hang them?

**LORD MACDUFF**

Why, the honest men.

**Son**

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

**LORD MACDUFF**

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter LADY MACBETH disguised*

**LADY MACBETH**

Bless you, my lord! I am not to you known.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
Be not found here; hence, with your little one.  
Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

*Exit*

**LORD MACDUFF**

Whither should I fly? I have done no harm.

*Enter Murderers*

What are these faces?

**First Witch (Murderer)**

Where is your wife?

**LADY MACDUFF**

I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find her.

**Second Witch (Murderer)**

She's a traitor.

**Son**

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

**Third Witch (Murderer)**

What, you egg!

*Stabbing him*

**Son**

He has kill'd me, father: Run away, I pray you!

*Dies*

*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt Murderers, following her*

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

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

**MALCOLM**

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword.

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

**MALCOLM**

But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge.  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

**MACDUFF**

I have lost my hopes.

**MALCOLM**

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you husband and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties.

**MACDUFF**

Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
for the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp

**MALCOLM**

Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

**MACDUFF**

What should he be?

**MALCOLM**

It is myself I mean: black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

**MACDUFF**

Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

**MALCOLM**

Better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

**MACDUFF**

But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours.

**MALCOLM**

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime.

**MACDUFF**

O Scotland, Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

Fit to govern!  
No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed? The queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet  
Died everyday she lived, Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my heart,  
Thy hope ends here!

**MALCOLM**

Macduff, this noble passion, hath reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself.  
What I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command.  
Good Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

**MACDUFF**

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

**MALCOLM**

Well; more anon.

*Enter ROSS*

**MACDUFF**

See, who comes here!  
My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

**MALCOLM**

Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

**ROSS**

Sir, amen.

**MACDUFF**

Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

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

**MALCOLM**

Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;  
An wiser and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

**ROSS**

Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

**MACDUFF**

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

**ROSS**

The main part pertains to you alone.

**MACDUFF**

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

**ROSS**

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Your castle is surprised; your husband and babe  
Savagely slaughter'd.

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven!

**MACDUFF**

My child too?

**ROSS**

Husband, child, servants, all  
That could be found.

**MACDUFF**

And I must be from thence!  
My husband kill'd too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

**MACDUFF**

Did you say all?  
All my pretty chickens one fell swoop?  
He has no children.

**MALCOLM**

Be comforted, dispute it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a woman:  
I cannot but remember such a thing,  
That was most precious to me. Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! Heaven rest them now!

**MALCOLM**

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**

O, bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

**MALCOLM**

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V**

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

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a LENNOX*

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

When was it she last walked?



**LENNOX**

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

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

A great perturbation in nature. In this slumbery agitation, what, at any  
time, have you heard her say?

**LENNOX**

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

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

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

**LENNOX**

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*

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

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

You see, her eyes are open.

**LENNOX**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

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

**LENNOX**

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.

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

Hark! she speaks..

**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.

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a husband: where is he 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.

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

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

**LENNOX**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven 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. Oh, oh, oh!

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

This disease is beyond my practice.

**LADY MACBETH**

I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

**Witch 1 (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!

*Exit*

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

Will she go now to bed?

**LENNOX**

Directly.

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.

**LENNOX**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.**

*Drum and colours. Enter LENNOX and a LORD.*

**Witch 3 (Lord)**

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:  
Revenge burn in them. Near Birnam wood  
Shall you well meet them; that way are they coming.

**LENNOX**

What does the tyrant?

**Witch 3 (Lord)**

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury.

**LENNOX**

Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.  
Well, I shall march towards Birnam,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
*Exeunt, marching*

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

*Enter MACBETH and SEYTON*

**MACBETH**

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman?  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.  
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

**SEYTON**

There is ten thousand--

**MACBETH**

Geese, villain!

**SEYTON**

Soldiers, sir.

**MACBETH**

What soldiers, patch?

**SEYTON**

The English force, led by Malcolm.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

I'll put it on.  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

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

**MACBETH**

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

**Witch 1 (Doctor)**

Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Exeunt*

#### **SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.**

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching*

**MALCOLM**

Cousin!

**LENNOX**

Lennox!

**SIWARD**

What wood is this before us?

**LENNOX**

The wood of Birnam.

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

It shall be done.

**SIWARD**

The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe:  
Towards which advance the war.

*Exeunt, marching*

**SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.**

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

**MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

And beat them backward home.

*A cry of women within*

Wherefore was that cry?

*SEYTON Exit*

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

**SEYTON**

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave!

**SEYTON**

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I say, a moving grove.

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive.

'Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!

I begin to be aweary of the sun,

And wish the estate of the world was now undone.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.**

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

**MALCOLM**

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.  
And show like those you are. You, worthy Siward,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

**SIWARD**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

**SCENE VII. Another part of the field.**

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

What's he that was not born of woman?

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD*

**YOUNG SIWARD**

What is thy name?

**MACBETH**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

**MACBETH**

My name's Macbeth.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

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

**MACBETH**

No, nor more fearful.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

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

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain*

**MACBETH**

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

*Exit*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My husband and child's ghosts will haunt me still.  
Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not.

*Exit. Alarums*

*Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD*

**SIWARD**

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do. Enter, sir, the castle.

*Exeunt. Alarums*

## **SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.**

*Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

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

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

**MACDUFF**

I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out!

*They fight*

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet..  
Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'  
*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*  
*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS.*

**MALCOLM**

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

**SIWARD**

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

**MALCOLM**

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

**ROSS**

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but til he was a man,  
but like a man he died.

**SIWARD**

Then he is dead?  
Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

**MALCOLM**

He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

**SIWARD**

He's worth no more. God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.  
*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head*

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;



Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

*Flourish*

**MALCOLM**

My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen.  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt*