Act 1, Scene 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES

FIRST WITCH
When shall we three meet again? 
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
SECOND WITCH
When the hurly-burly's done, 
When the battle's lost and won.
THIRD WITCH
That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH
Where the place?
SECOND WITCH
Upon the heath.
THIRD WITCH
There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH
I come, Graymalkin!
SECOND WITCH
Paddock calls.
THIRD WITCH
Anon.
ALL
Fair is foul, and foul is fair 
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding CAPTAIN

DUNCAN
What bloody man is that? He can report, 
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt 
The newest state.
MALCOLM
This is the sergeant 
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 
Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! 
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil 
As thou didst leave it.
CAPTAIN
Doubtful it stood, 
As two spent swimmers that do cling together

DUNCAN
Who is this bloody man? Judging from his appearance, I bet he can tell us the latest news about the revolt.
MALCOLM
This is the brave sergeant who fought to keep me from being captured. Hail, brave friend! Tell the king what was happening in the battle when you left it.
CAPTAIN
For a while you couldn’t tell who would win. The armies were like two exhausted swimmers
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

clinging to each other and struggling in the water,
unable to move. The villainous rebel Macdonwald
was supported by foot soldiers and horsemen
from Ireland and the Hebrides, and Lady Luck
was with him, smiling cruelly at his enemies as if
she were his whore. But Luck and Macdonwald
together weren't strong enough. Brave Macbeth,
laughing at Luck, chopped his way through to
Macdonwald, who didn't even have time to say
good-bye or shake hands before Macbeth split
him open from his navel to his jawbone and stuck
his head on our castle walls.

DUNCAN
O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

CAPTAIN
As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Beg
an a fresh assault.

The new challenge scared them about as much
as sparrows frighten eagles, or rabbits frighten a
lion. To tell you the truth, they fought the new
enemy with twice as much force as before; they
were like cannons loaded with double
ammuniti
on. Maybe they wanted to take a bath in
their enemies' blood, or make that battlefield as
infamous as Golgotha, where Christ was
 crucified, I don’t know. But I feel weak. My
wounds must be tended to.

DUNCAN
Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?

CAPTAIN
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.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

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

Enter CAPTAIN with attendants

The CAPTAIN exits, helped by attendants.

Exit CAPTAIN with attendants

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

Who is this?

MALCOLM
The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX

The worthy thane of Ross.
Original Text

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

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

ROSS
God save the king.

DUNCAN
Whence cam’st thou, worthy thane?

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

DUNCAN
Great happiness!

ROSS
That now
Sweno, the Norways’ king, craves composition.
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme’s Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

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

ROSS
I’ll see it done.

DUNCAN
What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

Act 1, Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES

FIRST WITCH
Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH
Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH
Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH
A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her lap,

Modern Text

His eyes seem frantic! He looks like someone with a strange tale to tell.

ROSS
God save the king!

DUNCAN
Where have you come from, worthy thane?

ROSS
Great king, I’ve come from Fife, where the Norwegian flag flies, mocking our country and frightening our people. Leading an enormous army and assisted by that disloyal traitor, the thane of Cawdor, the king of Norway began a bloody battle. But outfitted in his battle-weathered armor, Macbeth met the Norwegian attacks shot for shot, as if he were the goddess of war’s husband. Finally he broke the enemy’s spirit, and we were victorious.

DUNCAN
Great happiness!

ROSS
So now Sweno, the Norwegian king, wants a treaty. We told him we wouldn’t even let him bury his men until he retreated to Saint Colme’s Inch and paid us ten thousand dollars.

DUNCAN
The thane of Cawdor will never again betray me. Go announce that he will be executed, and tell Macbeth that Cawdor’s titles will be given to him.

ROSS
I’ll get it done right away.

DUNCAN
The thane of Cawdor has lost what the noble Macbeth has won.

Exeunt

They all exit.
And munched, and munched, and munched. “Give me,”

quoth I.

“Arroint thee, witch!” the rump-fed runnion cries.
Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ th’ 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 another.
FIRST WITCH
I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I’ th’ shipman’s card.
I’ll drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev’nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

SECOND WITCH
I’ll give you some wind to sail there.
FIRST WITCH
How nice of you!
THIRD WITCH
And I will give you some more.
FIRST WITCH
I already have control of all the other winds, along
with the ports from which they blow and every
direction on the sailor’s compass in which they
can go. I’ll drain the life out of him. He won’t catch
a wink of sleep, either at night or during the day.
He will live as a cursed man. For eighty-one
weeks he will waste away in agony.

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.
SECOND WITCH
Show me, show me.
FIRST WITCH
Here I have a pilot’s thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

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

ALL
(dancing together in a circle) The weird sisters, hand in
hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! The charm’s wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH
So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Although I can’t make his ship disappear, I can
still make his journey miserable. Look what I have
here.
SECOND WITCH
Show me, show me.
FIRST WITCH
Here I have the thumb of a pilot who was
drowned while trying to return home.

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

ALL
(dancing together in a circle) We weird sisters,
hand in hand, swift travelers over the sea and
land, dance around and around like so. Three
times to yours, and three times to mine, and three
times again, to add up to nine. Enough! The
charm is ready.

MACBETH
(to BANQUO) I have never seen a day that was
so good and bad at the same time.
Original Text

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

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 3

MACBETH
Speak, if you can: what are you?

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

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

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

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

FIRST WITCH
Hail!

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!

Modern Text

BANQUO
How far is it supposed to be to Forres? (he sees the WITCHES) What are these creatures?
They’re so withered-looking and crazily dressed. They don’t look like they belong on this planet, but I see them standing here on Earth. (to the WITCHES) Are you alive? Can you answer questions? You seem to understand me, because each of you has put a gruesome finger to her skinny lips. You look like women, but your beards keep me from believing that you really are.

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 4

MACBETH
Speak, if you can. What kind of creatures are you?

FIRST WITCH
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH
All hail, Macbeth, the future king!

BANQUO
My dear Macbeth, why do you look so startled and afraid of these nice things they’re saying? (to the WITCHES) Tell me honestly, are you illusions, or are you really what you seem to be? You’ve greeted my noble friend with honors and talk of a future so glorious that you’ve made him speechless. But you don’t say anything to me. If you can see the future and say how things will turn out, tell me. I don’t want your favors and I’m not afraid of your hatred.

FIRST WITCH
Hail!

SECOND WITCH
Hail!

THIRD WITCH
Hail!

FIRST WITCH
You are lesser than Macbeth but also greater.

SECOND WITCH
You are not as happy as Macbeth, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH
Your descendants will be kings, even though you will not be one. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 3, Page 5)

Original Text

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

75
Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence, or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

WITCHES vanish

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

MACBETH
Into the air, and what seemed corporal Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.

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

MACBETH
Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO
You shall be king.

MACBETH
And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO
To the selfsame tune and words. Who’s here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

Modern Text

FIRST WITCH
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH
Wait! You only told me part of what I want to know. Stay and tell me more. I already know I am the thane of Glamis because I inherited the position when my father, Sinel, died. But how can you call me the thane of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor is alive, and he’s a rich and powerful man. And for me to be the king is completely impossible, just as it’s impossible for me to be thane of Cawdor. Tell me where you learned these strange things, and why you stop us at this desolate place with this prophetic greeting? Speak, I command you.

The WITCHES vanish.

BANQUO
The earth has bubbles, just like the water, and these creatures must have come from a bubble in the earth. Where did they disappear to?

MACBETH
Into thin air. Their bodies melted like breath in the wind. I wish they had stayed!

BANQUO
Were these things we’re talking about really here? Or are we both on drugs?

MACBETH
Your children will be kings.

BANQUO
You will be the king.

MACBETH
And thane of Cawdor too. Isn’t that what they said?

BANQUO
That’s exactly what they said. Who’s this?

ROSS
The king was happy to hear of your success, Macbeth. Whenever he hears the story of your exploits in the fight against the rebels, he becomes so amazed it makes him speechless. He was also shocked to learn that on the same day you fought the rebels you also fought against the army of Norway, and that you weren’t the least bit afraid of death, even as you killed everyone around you. Messenger after messenger delivered news of your bravery to the king with praise for how you defended his
And poured them down before him.

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

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

**BANQUO**  
What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**  
The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me  
In borrowed robes?

**ANGUS**  
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, or did line the rebel  
115 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labored in his country’s wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

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**Act 1, Scene 3, Page 6**

**MACBETH**  
(aside)  
Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is  
behind. (to **ROSS** and **ANGUS**) Thanks for your  
pains.  
(aside 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,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.  
(to **ROSS** and **ANGUS**) Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS** move to one side

**MACBETH**  
(aside)  
Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. (to ROSS and ANGUS) I thank you, gentlemen.
(aside) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Even though it's just a fantasy so far, the mere thought of committing murder shakes me up so much that I hardly know who I am anymore. My ability to act is stifled by my thoughts and speculations, and the only things that matter to me are things that don't really exist.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not.

Even though it’s just a fantasy so far, the mere thought of committing murder shakes me up so much that I hardly know who I am anymore. My ability to act is stifled by my thoughts and speculations, and the only things that matter to me are things that don’t really exist.

BANQUO
Look how our partner’s rapt.

MACBETH
(aside) If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
Without my stir.

BANQUO
New honors come upon him,

Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH
(aside) Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH
Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
(aside to BANQUO) Think upon what hath chanced,
and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO
Very gladly.

MACBETH
Till then, enough. (to ROSS and ANGUS) Come, friends.
Act 1, Scene 4

Flourish. Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain, and attendants

DUNCAN
Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM
My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death

To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN
There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus

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

DUNCAN
Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. (to Banquo) Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known

MACBETH
The opportunity to serve you is its own reward.
Your only duty, your highness, is to accept what
we owe you. Our duty to you and your state is like
the duty of children to their father or servants to
their master. By doing everything we can to
protect you, we're only doing what we should.

DUNCAN
You are welcome here. By making you thane of
Cawdor, I have planted the seeds of a great
career for you, and I will make sure they
grow. (to Banquo) Noble Banquo, you deserve
no less than Macbeth, and everyone should know
**Original Text**

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**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**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.

**DUNCAN**

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

**Exit**

**MACBETH** *(to himself)* Malcolm is now the prince of
Cumberland! To become king myself, I'm either
going to have to step over him or give up,
because he's in my way. Stars, hide your light so
no one can see the terrible desires within me. I
won't let my eye look at what my hand is doing,
but in the end I'm still going to do that thing I'd be
horrified to see.

**Act 1, Scene 5**

**LADY MACBETH** *(reading)* “They met me in the day of success, and I
have learned by the perfectest report they have more

**LADY MACBETH** enters, reading a letter.

The witches met me on the day of my victory in
battle, and I have since learned that they have
in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor,' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great, Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holly; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ld'st have, great Glamis, That which cries, "Thou must do," if thou have it, And that which rather thou dost fear to do, Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear And chastise with the valor of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SERVANT

Act 1, Scene 5, Page 2

What is your tidings?

SERVANT
The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH
Thou 'rt mad to say it.

SERVANT
So please you, it is true: our thane is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH
Give him tending. He brings great news.

Exit SERVANT

Despite the warning from the Weird Sisters, Macbeth receives a letter from the king, which contains news of his promotion to Thane of Cawdor. The letter is accompanied by messengers who arrive to deliver the news. Macbeth is concerned that the honor may be deceptive, as it is not accompanied by the expected increase in fortune. He resolves to act quickly to investigate the situation and ensure his safety.

What news do you bring?

SERVANT
The king is coming here tonight.

LADY MACBETH
You must be crazy to say that! Isn’t Macbeth with the king, and wouldn’t Macbeth have told me in advance so I could prepare, if the king were really coming?

SERVANT
I’m sorry, but it’s the truth. Macbeth is coming. He sent a messenger ahead of him who arrived here so out of breath that he could barely speak his message.

LADY MACBETH
Take good care of him. He brings great news.

Exit SERVANT

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan.
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

my fortress, where he will die. Come, you spirits
that assist murderous thoughts, make me less like
a woman and more like a man, and fill me from
head to toe with deadly cruelty! Thicken my blood
and clog up my veins so I won't feel remorse, so
that no human compassion can stop my evil plan
or prevent me from accomplishing it! Come to my
female breast and turn my mother's milk into
poisonous acid, you murdering demons,
wherever you hide, invisible and waiting to do
evil! Come, thick night, and cover the world in the
darkest smoke of hell, so that my sharp knife
can't see the wound it cuts open, and so heaven
can't p eep through the darkness and cry, "No!
Stop!"

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH enters.

Great thane of Glamis! Worthy thane of Cawdor!
You'll soon be greater than both those titles, once
you become king! Your letter has transported me
from the present moment, when who knows what
will happen, and has made me feel like the future
is already here.

MACBETH
My dearest love, Duncan is coming here tonight.

LADY MACBETH
And when goes hence?

MACBETH
He plans to leave tomorrow.

LADY MACBETH
O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' 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,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH
We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH
Only look up clear.
To alter favor ever is to fear.

Exeunt

They exit.
Act 1, Scene 6

Act 1, Scene 6, Page 2

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

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

DUNCAN
Where is Macbeth, the thane of Cawdor? We followed closely after him. I hoped to arrive here before him, but he rides swiftly. And his great love, which is as sharp as his spur, helped him beat us here. Fair and noble hostess, we are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH
We are your servants, your highness, and as always our house and everything in it is at your disposal, for after all, we keep it in your trust and we're glad to give you back what’s yours.

DUNCAN
DUNCAN
Original Text

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

Modern Text

Give me your hand. Bring me to my host,
Macbeth. I love him dearly, and I shall continue to
favor him. Whenever you’re ready, hostess.

They all exit.

Act 1, Scene 7

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a sewer and divers
servants with dishes and service over the stage.
Then enter MACBETH

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

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 2

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! What news?

LADY MACBETH
He has almost supped. Why have you left the
chamber?

MACBETH
30 Hath he asked for me?
LADY MACBETH
Know you not he has?

MACBETH
We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

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

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. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
Now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 3

MACBETH
If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH
We fail?

MACBETH
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warden of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

LADY MACBETH
Don't you know he has?

MACBETH
We can't go on with this plan. The king has just
honored me, and I have earned the good opinion
of all sorts of people. I want to enjoy these honors
while the feeling is fresh and not throw them
away so soon.

LADY MACBETH
Were you drunk when you seemed so hopeful
before? Have you gone to sleep and woken up
green and pale in fear of this idea? From now on
this is what I'll think of your love. Are you afraid to
act the way you desire? Will you take the crown
you want so badly, or will you live as a coward,
always saying "I can't" after you say "I want to"?
You're like the poor cat in the old story.
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

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

do, we can lay all the blame on the drunken
servants.

MACBETH
May you only give birth to male children, because
your fearless spirit should create nothing that isn’t
masculine. Once we have covered the two
servants with blood, and used their daggers to
kill, won’t people believe that they were the
culprits?

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 4

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

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

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 1

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him

BANQUO
How goes the night, boy?

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

BANQUO
And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE
I take ’t ’tis later, sir.

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

Enter MACBETH and a SERVANT with a torch

MACBETH
Give me my sword. Who’s there?

BANQUO enters with FLEANCE, who lights the way with a torch.

BANQUO
How’s the night going, boy?

FLEANCE
The moon has set. The clock hasn’t struck yet.

BANQUO
The moon sets at twelve, right?

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

BANQUO
Here, take my sword. The heavens are being stingy with their light. Take this, too. I’m tired and feeling heavy, but I can’t sleep. Merciful powers, keep away the nightmares that plague me when I rest!

MACBETH enters with a SERVANT, who carries a torch.

MACBETH
Give me my sword. Who’s there?

MACBETH
A friend.
Original Text  

BANQUO
What, sir, not yet at rest? The king’s a-bed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.
MACBETH
Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Modern Text  

BANQUO
You’re not asleep yet, sir? The king’s in bed. He’s been in an unusually good mood and has granted many gifts to your household and servants. This diamond is a present from him to your wife for her boundless hospitality. (he hands MACBETH a diamond)
MACBETH
Because we were unprepared for the king’s visit, we weren’t able to entertain him as well as we would have wanted to.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 2  

BANQUO
All’s well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed 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 honor for you.
BANQUO
So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
MACBETH
Good repose the while!
BANQUO
Thanks, sir: the like to you!
Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

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

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

BANQUO
Everything’s OK. I had a dream last night about the three witches. At least part of what they said about you was true.
MACBETH
I don’t think about them now. But when we have an hour to spare we can talk more about it, if you’re willing.
BANQUO
Whenever you like.
MACBETH
If you stick with me, when the time comes, there will be something in it for you.
BANQUO
I’ll do whatever you say, as long as I can do it with a clear conscience.
MACBETH
Rest easy in the meantime.
BANQUO
Thank you, sir. You do the same.
Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH
(to the SERVANT) Go and tell your mistress to strike the bell when my drink is ready. Get yourself to bed.
The SERVANT exits.

Is this a dagger I see in front of me, with its handle pointing toward my hand? (to the dagger)Come, let me hold you. (he grabs at the air in front of him without touching anything) I don’t have you but I can still see you. Fateful apparition, isn’t it possible to touch you as well as see you? Or are you nothing more than a dagger created by the mind, a hallucination from my fevered brain? I can still see you, and you look as
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-
set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

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.

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

Who's there? What, ho!

Who's there? What is it?

Who is it that I am afraid they have awakened,
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
real as this other dagger that I'm pulling out now. (he draws a dagger) You're leading me toward the place I was going already, and I was planning to use a weapon just like you. My eyesight must either be the one sense that's not working, or else it's the only one that's working right. I can still see you, and I see blood splotches on your blade and handle that weren't there before. (to himself) There's no dagger here. It's the murder I'm about to do that's making me think I see one. Now half the world is asleep and being deceived by evil nightmares. Witches are offering sacrifices to their goddess Hecate. Old man murder, having been roused by the howls of his wolf, walks silently to his destination, moving like Tarquin, as quiet as a ghost. (speaking to the ground) Hard ground, don't listen to the direction of my steps. I don't want you to echo back where I am and break the terrible stillness of this moment, a silence that is so appropriate for what I'm about to do. While I stay here talking, Duncan lives. The more I talk, the more my courage cools.

The alcohol that got the servants drunk has made me bold. The same liquor that quenched their thirst has fired me up. Listen! Quiet! That was the owl that shrieked, with a scary "good night" like the bells they ring before they execute people. Macbeth must be killing the king right now. The doors to Duncan's chamber are open, and the drunk servants make a mockery of their jobs by snoring instead of protecting the king. I put so many drugs in their drinks that you can't tell if they're alive or dead.

MACBETH
Who's there? What, ho!

Who's there? What is it?

Oh no, I'm afraid the servants woke up, and the murder didn't happen. For us to attempt murder and not succeed would ruin us. (She hears a
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH, with bloody daggers

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

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

MACBETH
When?

MACBETH
I have done the deed. Did you hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH
I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Didn't you say something?

MACBETH
When?

MACBETH enters carrying bloody daggers.

MACBETH
My husband!

LADY MACBETH
Donalbain.

MACBETH
That's a stupid thing to say.

LADY MACBETH
Malcolm and Donalbain are asleep in the same room.

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

LADY MACBETH
Don't think about it so much.

MACBETH
But why couldn't I say "Amen"? I desperately
Act 2, Scene 2, Page 3

MACBETH
35 Methought I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep”—the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care, The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course, Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

LADY MACBETH
What do you mean?

MACBETH
Still it cried, “Sleep no more!” to all the house. “Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

LADY MACBETH
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength to think So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them and smear
The sleepy groom s with blood.

MACBETH
I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on ‘t again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH
Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures. ’Tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I’ll gild the faces of the groom s withal, For it must seem their guilt.

Exit
LADY MACBETH exits.

Knock within
A sound of knocking from offstage.

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 4

MACBETH
Whence is that knocking? How is ’t with me when every noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes. Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

MACBETH
Where is that knocking coming from? What’s happening to me, that I’m frightened of every noise? (looking at his hands) Whose hands are these? Ha! They’re plucking out my eyes. Will all the water in the ocean wash this blood from my
Original Text

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Knock within

LADY MACBETH
My hands are as red as yours, but I would be ashamed if my heart were as pale and weak.

A sound of knocking from offstage.

I hear someone knocking at the south entry. Let’s go back to our bedroom. A little water will wash away the evidence of our guilt. It’s so simple! You’ve lost your resolve.

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.

Knock within

Listen! There’s more knocking. Put on your nightgown, in case someone comes and sees that we’re awake. Snap out of your daze.

MACBETH
Rather than have to think about my crime, I’d prefer to be completely unconscious.

A sound of knocking from offstage.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst.

Exeunt

Enter a PORTER. Knocking within

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

Knock within

Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there, i’ th’ name of Beelzebub? Here’s a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you’ll sweat for ’t.

Knock within

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

Knock within

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.

Knock within

Knock, knock! Who’s there? Maybe it’s some slick, two-faced con man who lied under oath. But he found out that you can’t lie to God, and now he’s going to hell for perjury. Come on in, con man.

Knock within

Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there? Maybe it’s an English tailor who liked to skimp on the fabric for people’s clothes. But now that tight pants are in
Act 2, Scene 3, Page 2

Knock, knock! Never at quiet. What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knock within

Act 2, Scene 3, Page 3

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.
Original Text

LENNOX
Good morrow, noble sir.
MACBETH
Good morrow, both.
MACDUFF
Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH
Not yet.
MACDUFF
He did command me to call timely on him.

MACDUFF
I have almost slipped the hour.
MACBETH
I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF
I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.
MACBETH
The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
MACDUFF
25 I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

LENNOX
Goes the king hence today?

MACBETH
He does. He did appoint so.
LENNOX
The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
Lamentings heard 'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth
Was feverous and did shake.
MACBETH
'Twas a rough night.
LENNOX
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

MACDUFF
O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!
MACBETH & LENNOX
What's the matter?

Modern Text

LENNOX
Good morning, noble sir.
MACBETH
Good morning to both of you.
MACDUFF
Is the king awake, worthy thane?
MACBETH
Not yet.
MACDUFF
He commanded me to wake him up early. I've
almost missed the time he requested.
MACBETH
I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF
I know the burden of hosting him is both an honor
and a trouble, but that doesn't mean it's not a
trouble just the same.
MACBETH
The work we enjoy is not really work. This is the
door.
MACDUFF
I'll wake him, because that's my job.

LENNOX
Is the king leaving here today?

MACBETH
He is. He told us to arrange it.
LENNOX
The night has been chaotic. The wind blew down
through the chimneys where we were sleeping.
People are saying they heard cries of grief in the
air, strange screams of death, and terrible voices
predicting catastrophes that will usher in a woeful
new age. The owl made noise all night. Some
people say that the earth shook as if it had a
fever.
MACBETH
It was a rough night.
LENNOX
I'm too young to remember anything like it.

MACDUFF
Oh, horror, horror, horror! This is beyond words
and beyond belief!
MACBETH & LENNOX
What's the matter?
### Original Text

**MACDUFF**

40. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o’ th’ building!

**MACBETH**

What is ’t you say? “The life”?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

### Modern Text

**MACDUFF**

The worst thing imaginable has happened. A murderer has broken into God’s temple and stolen the life out of it.

**MACBETH**

What are you talking about? “The life?”

**LENNOX**

Do you mean the king?

---

### Act 2, Scene 3, Page 5

**MACDUFF**

45. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.  
See, and then speak yourselves.

---

**MACBETH**

50. What is 't you say? “The life”?

---

**MACBETH**

55. To countenance this horror! Ring the bell

---

**LADY MACBETH**

56. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

---

**MACDUFF**

58. O gentle lady,  
’Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman’s ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

---

**MACBETH**

61. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

---

### Act 2, Scene 3, Page 6

**BANQUO**

65. Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

---

**BANQUO**

It would be a terrible event no matter where it happened. Dear Macduff, I beg you, tell us you were lying and say it isn’t so.

---

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
Original Text

I had lived a blessed time, for from this instant
70 There’s nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead.
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN
What is amiss?
MACBETH
75 You are, and do not know ‘t.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
MACDUFF
Your royal father’s murdered.
MALCOLM
Oh, by whom?
LENNOX
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done ‘t.
80 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood.
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared, and were distracted.
No man’s life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH
Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
85 That I did kill them.

Act 2, Scene 3, Page 7

MACDUFF
Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH
Who can be wise, amazed, temp’rate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
Th’ expedition of my violent love
90 Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin’s wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
95 Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make ’s love known?

LADY MACBETH
Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF
Look to the lady.
MALCOLM
(aside to DONALBAIN ) Why do we hold our
100 tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Modern Text

say I had lived a blessed life. Because from this
moment on, there is nothing worth living for.
Everything is a sick joke. The graceful and
renowned king is dead. The wine of life has been
poured out, and only the dregs remain.

DONALBAIN
What’s wrong?
MACBETH
You are, but you don’t know it yet. The source
from which your royal blood comes has been
stopped.
MACDUFF
Your royal father is murdered.
MALCOLM
Who did it?
LENNOX
It seems that the guards who were supposed to
be protecting his chamber did it. Their hands and
faces were all covered with blood. So were their
daggers, which we found on their pillows,
unwiped. They stared at us in confusion. No
one’s life should have been entrusted to them.

MACBETH
And yet I still regret the anger that drove me to kill
them.

MACDUFF
What did you do that for?
MACBETH
Is it possible to be wise, bewildered, calm,
furious, loyal, and neutral all at once? Nobody
can do that. The violent rage inspired by my love
for Duncan caused me to act before I could think
rationally and tell myself to pause. There was
Duncan, his white skin all splattered with his
precious blood. The gashes where the knives
had cut him looked like wounds to nature itself.
Then right next to him I saw the murderers,
dripping with blood, their daggers rudely covered
in gore. Who could have restrained himself, who
loved Duncan and had the courage to act on it?

LADY MACBETH
Help me out of here, quickly!
MACDUFF
Take care of the lady.
MALCOLM
(speaking so that only DONALBAIN can
hear)Why are we keeping quiet? The two of us
have the most to say in this matter.
DONALBAIN
(aside to MALCOLM) What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us? Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM
(aside to DONALBAIN) Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO
Look to the lady.

Exit LADY MACBETH, attended

LADY MACBETH is carried out.

Act 2, Scene 3, Page 8

And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet And question this most bloody piece of work, To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us. In the great hand of God I stand, and thence Against the undivulged pretense I fight Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF
And so do I.

ALL
So all.

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

ALL
Well contented.

Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

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

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

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

When we're properly dressed for the cold, let's meet and discuss this bloody crime to see if we can figure anything out. Right now we're shaken up by fears and doubts. I'm putting myself in God's hands, and with his help I plan to fight against the secret plot that caused this treasonous murder.

MACDUFF
So will I.

ALL
So will we all.

MACBETH
Let's get dressed quickly and then meet in the hall.

ALL
Agreed.

Everyone exits except MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

MALCOLM
What are you going to do? Let's not stay here with them. It's easy for a liar to pretend to feel sorrow when he actually feels none. I'm going to England.

DONALBAIN
I'll go to Ireland. We'll both be safer if we go separate ways. Wherever we go, men will smile at us while hiding daggers. Our closest relatives are the ones most likely to murder us.

MALCOLM
We haven't yet encountered that danger, and the best thing to do is avoid it entirely. With that in mind, let's get on our horses. We'd better not worry about saying polite good-byes; we should just get away quickly. There's good reason to escape when there's no mercy to be found anymore.
Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 4

Enter ROSS with an OLD MAN

OLD MAN
Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS
Ha, good father,

Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man’s act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th’ clock ’tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is ’t night’s predominance or the day’s shame
That darkness does the face of Earth entomb

When living light should kiss it?

ROSS
And Duncan’s horses—a thing most strange and
certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending ’gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

OLD MAN
’Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS
They did so, to th’ amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon ’t. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

ROSS and an OLD MAN enter.

OLD MAN
I can remember the past seventy years pretty
well, and in all that time I have seen dreadful
hours and strange things. But last night’s horrors
make everything that came before seem like a
joke.

ROSS
Ah yes, old man. You can see the skies. They
look like they’re upset about what mankind has
been doing, and they’re threatening the Earth
with storms. The clock says it’s daytime, but dark
night is strangling the sun. Is it because night is
so strong, or because day is so weak, that
darkness covers the earth when it’s supposed to
be light?

OLD MAN
It’s unnatural, just like the murder that has been
committed. Last Tuesday a falcon was circling
high in the sky, and it was caught and killed by an
ordinary owl that usually goes after mice.

ROSS
And something else strange happened. Duncan’s
horses, which are beautiful and swift and the best
of their breed, suddenly turned wild and broke out
of their stalls. Refusing to be obedient as usual,
they acted like they were at war with mankind.

OLD MAN
They say the horses ate each other.

ROSS
I saw it with my own eyes. It was an amazing
sight. Here comes the good Macduff.

MACDUFF enters.

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 2

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF
Why, see you not?

ROSS
Is ’t known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF
Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS
Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
MACDUFF
They were suborned.

25 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king’s two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS
‘Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own lives’ means! Then ‘tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

ROSS
Where is Duncan’s body?

MACDUFF
Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS
Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF
No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.

ROSS
Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF
I hope things go well there. Good-bye! And let’s
hope things don’t get worse.

ROSS
Farewell, father.

OLD MAN
God’s benison go with you and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 3

MACDUFF
40 Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS
Farewell, father.

OLD MAN
May God’s blessing go with you and with all who
turn bad into good, and enemies into friends!

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 1

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO
Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou playedst most fouly for ‘t. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
5 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,
10 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

BANQUO
Now you have it all: you’re the king, the thane of
Cawdor, and the thane of Glamis, just like the
weird women promised you. And I suspect you
cheated to win these titles. But it was also
prophesied that the crown would not go to your
descendants, and that my sons and grandsons
would be kings instead. If the witches tell the
truth—which they did about you—maybe what
they said about me will come true too. But shhh!
I’ll shut up now.
Original Text

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, LADIES, and attendants

MACBETH
Here’s our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH
Tonight 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
Forever knit.

MACBETH
Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO
Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH
We should have else desired your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day’s council, but we’ll take tomorrow.

BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
‘Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH
Fail not our feast.

BANQUO
My lord, I will not.

MACBETH
We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,
Till your return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO
Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon ’s.

Modern Text

A trumpet plays. MACBETH enters dressed as king, and LADY MACBETH enters dressed as queen, together with LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, LADIES, and their attendants

MACBETH
(indicating BANQUO) Here’s our most important guest.

LADY MACBETH
If we forgot him, our big celebration wouldn’t be complete, and that wouldn’t be any good.

MACBETH
(to BANQUO) Tonight we’re having a ceremonial banquet, and I want you to be there.

BANQUO
Whatever your highness commands me to do, it is always my duty to do it.

MACBETH
Are you going riding this afternoon?

BANQUO
Yes, my good lord.

MACBETH
We would have liked to have heard your good advice, which has always been serious and helpful, at the council today, but we’ll wait until tomorrow. Are you riding far?

BANQUO
I’m going far enough that I’ll be riding from now until dinner. Unless my horse goes faster than expected, I will be back an hour or two after sunset.

MACBETH
Don’t miss our feast.

BANQUO
My lord, I won’t miss it.

MACBETH
We hear that the princes, those murderers, have hidden in England and Ireland. They haven’t confessed to cruelly murdering their own father, and they’ve been making up strange lies to tell their hosts. But we can talk more about that tomorrow, when we’ll discuss matters of state that concern us both. Hurry up and get to your horse. Good-bye, until you return tonight. Is Fleance going with you?

BANQUO
Yes, my good lord. It’s time we hit the road.
MACBETH
I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

Exit BANQUO

MACBETH
I hope your horses are fast and surefooted. And with that, I send you to them. Farewell.

BANQUO exits.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone. While then, God be with you!

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 3

Exeunt all except MACBETH and a SERVANT

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

SERVANT
They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH
Bring them before us.

Exit SERVANT

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 feared. ’Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said

Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophetlike,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If ’t be so,
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list.
And champion me to th’ utterance. Who’s there?

Enter SERVANT and two MURDERERS

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 4

Now go to the door and stay there till we call.

Now go to the door and stay there until I call for
Exit SERVANT

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER
It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH
Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER
You made it known to us.

MACBETH
I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER
We are men, my liege.

MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not 't' worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

MACBETH
You're part of the species called men. Just
as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
muts, shaggy lapdogs, swimming dogs, and
wolf-dog crossbreeds are all dogs. But if you list
the different kinds of dogs according to their
qualities, you can distinguish which breeds are
fast or slow, which ones are clever, which ones
are watchdogs, and which ones hunters. You can
classify each dog according to the natural gifts
that separate it from all other dogs. It's the same
with men. Now, if you occupy some place in the
list of men that isn't down at the very bottom, tell
me. Because if that's the case, I will tell you a
plan that will get rid of your enemy and bring you
closer to me. As long as Banquo lives, I am sick.
I'll be healthy when he is dead.
SECOND MURDERER
I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER
And I another

SECOND MURDERER
My lord, I’ve been so kicked around by the world, and I’m so angry, that I don’t even care what I do.

FIRST MURDERER
I’m the same. I’m so sick of bad luck and trouble that I’d risk my life on any bet, as long as it would either fix my life or end it once and for all.

MACBETH
You both know Banquo was your enemy.

BOOTH MURDERERS
It’s true, my lord.

MACBETH
Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.

REPLACE
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, For certain friends that are both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Who I myself struck down. And thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

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

FIRST MURDERER
Though our lives—

MACBETH
Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ th’ time, The moment on ’t; for ’t must be done tonight, And something from the palace; always thought That I require a clearness. And with him— To leave no rubs nor botches in the work— Fleance, his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart. I’ll come to you anon.

BOOTH MURDERERS
We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH
I’ll call upon you straight. Abide within.

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

FIRST MURDERER
Though our lives—

MACBETH
Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ th’ time, The moment on ’t; for ’t must be done tonight, And something from the palace; always thought That I require a clearness. And with him— To leave no rubs nor botches in the work— Fleance, his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart. I’ll come to you anon.

BOOTH MURDERERS
We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH
I’ll call upon you straight. Abide within.
Act 3, Scene 2

Enter LADY MACBETH and a SERVANT

LADY MACBETH
Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT
Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH
Say to the king I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT
Madam, I will.

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

10

How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,
Of so solitaries your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

MACBETH
We have scorched the snake, not killed it.
She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

15

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

20

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

25
Original Text

Come on, gentle my lord,
30 Sleek o’er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial
   Among your guests tonight.
MACBETH
   So shall I, love,
   And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
   Apply to Banquo; present him eminence,
   Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
35 Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
   And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
   Disguising what they are.
LADY MACBETH
   You must leave this.
MACBETH
   Oh, 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.
   Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
   His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate’s summons
   The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
45 Hath rung night’s yawning peal, there shall be done
   A deed of dreadful note.
LADY MACBETH
   What’s to be done?

Modern Text

Come on, relax, dear. Put on a happy face and
   look cheerful and agreeable for your guests tonight.
MACBETH
   That’s exactly what I’ll do, my love, and I hope
   you’ll do the same. Give Banquo your special
   attention. Talk to him and look at him in a way
   that will make him feel important. We’re in a
dangerous situation, where we have to flatter him
   and hide our true feelings.
LADY MACBETH
   You have to stop talking like this.
MACBETH
   Argh! I feel like my mind is full of scorpions, my
dear wife. You know that Banquo and his son
   Fleance are still alive.
LADY MACBETH
   But they can’t live forever.
MACBETH
   That’s comforting. They can be killed, it’s true. So
   be cheerful. Before the bat flies through the
castle, and before the dung beetle makes his little
humming noise to tell us it’s nighttime, a dreadful
deed will be done.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 3

MACBETH
   Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
   Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
   Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
50   And with thy bloody and invisible hand
   Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
   Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
   Makes wing to th’ rooky wood.
   Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
55   Whilest night’s black agents to their preys do rouse.
   Thou marvel’st at my words: but hold thee still.
   Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
   So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 3

Enter three MURDERERS

FIRST MURDERER
   But who did bid thee join with us?

The two MURDERERS enter with a
third MURDERER.

FIRST MURDERER
   But who told you to come here and join us?
THIRD MURDERER
Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER
He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER
Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER
Hark, I hear horses.

BANQUO
(within) Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER
Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER
His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER
Almost a mile; but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch

SECOND MURDERER
A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER
'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER
Stand to 't.

BANQUO
It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER
Let it come down.

The MURDERERS attack BANQUO

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

BANQUO dies. Exit FLEANCE

THIRD MURDERER
Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER
Was 't not the way?
Original Text

THIRD MURDERER
There’s but one down. The son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER
We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER
Well, let’s away and say how much is done.

Exeunt

Modern Text

THIRD MURDERER
There’s only one body here. The son ran away.

SECOND MURDERER
We failed in half of our mission.

FIRST MURDERER
Well, let’s get out of here and tell Macbeth what we did accomplish.

Act 3, Scene 4

Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, LORDS, and attendants.

MACBETH
You know your own degrees; sit down. At first And last, the hearty welcome.

LORDS
Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH
Ourself will mingle with society And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH
Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends, For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter FIRST MURDERER at the door

MACBETH
See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ thanks. Both sides are even. Here I’ll sit i’ th’ midst. Be large in mirth. Anon we’ll drink a measure The table round.

(aside to FIRST MURDERER) There’s blood upon thy face.

FIRST MURDERER
’Tis Banquo’s then.

MACBETH
’Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatched?

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 2

FIRST MURDERER
My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.

MACBETH
Thou art the best o’ th’ cutthroats: Yet he’s good that did the like for Fleance.

FIRST MURDERER
My lord, his throat is cut. I did that to him.

MACBETH
You are the best of the cutthroats. But whoever did the same to Fleance must also be good. If
Original Text

20 If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

FIRST MURDERER
Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH
Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

FIRST MURDERER
Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

MACBETH
Thanks for that.

FIRST MURDERER
Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH
If thou didst it, thou art the absolute best.

FIRST MURDERER
Most royal sir, Fleance has escaped.

MACBETH
Now I'm scared again. Otherwise I would have
been perfect, as solid as a piece of marble, as
firm as a rock, as free as the air itself. But now
I'm all tangled up with doubts and fears. But
Banquo's been taken care of?

FIRST MURDERER
Yes, my good lord. He's lying dead in a ditch, with
twenty deep gashes in his head, any one of which
would have been enough to kill him.

MACBETH
Thanks for that. The adult snake lies in the ditch.
The young snake that escaped will in time
become poisonous and threatening, but for now
he has no fangs. Get out of here. I'll talk to you
again tomorrow.

FIRST MURDERER
Exit FIRST MURDERER.

LADY MACBETH
My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH
Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX
May 't please your highness sit.

LENNOX
Why don't you have
a seat, your highness?

Enter the GHOST OF BANQUO, and sits inMACBETH's place

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

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

MACBETH
It's nice of you to remind me. (raising a glass to
toast his guests) Since good digestion requires a
good appetite, and good health requires both of
those, here's to good appetites, good digestion,
and good health!

LENNOX
Why don't you have a seat, your highness?

MACBETH
We would have all the nobility of Scotland
gathered under one roof, if only Banquo were
here. I hope it turns out that he's late out of
rudeness, and not because something bad has
happened to him.

ROSS
His absence means he's broken his promise, sir.
If it pleases you, your highness, why don't you sit
with us and 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?

LORDS
What, my good lord?

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

ROSS
55 Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH
Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, Feed and regard him not. (aside to MACBETH) Are you a man?

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

LADY MACBETH
O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear.

MACBETH
60 This is the air-drawn dagger which you said Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

LADY MACBETH
65 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? Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. If charnel houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites.

ROSS
55 Gentlemen, stand up. His highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH
Sit down, worthy friends. My husband is often like this, and he has been since he was a child. Please stay seated. This is just a brief fit. In a moment he'll be well again. If you pay too much attention to him you'll make him angry, and that will make his convulsions go on longer. Eat your dinner and pay no attention to him. (speaking so that only MACBETH can hear) Are you a man?

MACBETH
Yes, and a brave one, who dares to look at something that would frighten the devil.

LADY MACBETH
60 Oh, that's nonsense! This is just another one of the hallucinations you always get when you're afraid. This is like that floating dagger you said was leading you toward Duncan. These outbursts of yours don't even look like real fear. They're more like how you would act if you were a woman telling a scary story by the fireside in front of her grandmother. Shame on you! Why are you making these faces? When the vision passes, you'll see that you're just looking at a stool.

MACBETH
Please, just look over there. Look! Look! See! (to the GHOST) What do you have to say? What do I care? If you can nod, then speak too. If the dead are going to return from their graves, then there's nothing to stop the birds from eating the bodies. So there's no point in our burying people.

Exit GHOST

The GHOST vanishes.
Original Text

LADY MACBETH
What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth
If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth
Fie, for shame!

Blood hath been shed ere now, i’ th’ olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end. But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns

And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth
My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

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

Enter the Ghost of Banquo

I drink to the general joy o’ th’ whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords
Our duties, and the pledge.

They drink

MACBETH
(to the Ghost) Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let
the earth hide thee.
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady Macbeth
Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. ’Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Lady Macbeth
Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. ’Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Modern Text

LADY MACBETH
What, has your foolishness paralyzed you completely?

MACBETH
As sure as I’m standing here, I saw him.

MACBETH
Nonsense!

MACBETH
In ancient times, before there were laws to make the land safe and peaceful, a lot of blood was spilled. Yes, and since then murders have been committed that are too awful to talk about. It used to be that when you knocked a man’s brains out he would just die, and that would be it. But now they rise from the dead with twenty fatal head wounds and push us off our stools. This haunting business is even stranger than murder.

MACBETH
My worthy lord, your noble friends miss your company.

MACBETH
I forgot about them. (to the guests) Don’t be alarmed on my account, my most worthy friends. I have a strange disorder, which no longer shocks those who know me well. (raising his glass to toast the company) Come, let’s drink a toast: love and health to you all. Now I’ll sit down. Give me some wine. Fill up my cup.

The Ghost of Banquo reappears in Macbeth’s seat.

I drink to the happiness of everyone at the table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. I wish he were here! Let’s drink to everyone here, and to Banquo. Now, everybody, drink

LORDS
Hear, hear.

They drink

MACBETH
(to the Ghost) Go! And get out of my sight!
Stay in your grave. There’s no marrow in your bones, and your blood is cold. You’re staring at me with eyes that have no power to see.

MACBETH
Good friends, think of this as nothing more than a strange habit. It’s nothing else. Too bad it’s spoiling our pleasure tonight.
Original Text

MACBETH
What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Exit GHOST

LADY MACBETH
You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH
Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

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.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret’st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY MACBETH
Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Modern Text

MACBETH
I am as brave as any other man. Come at me in
the form of a rugged Russian bear, an armor-
plated rhinoceros, or a tiger from Iran. Take any
shape other than the one you have now and I will
never tremble in fear. Or come back to life again
and challenge me to a duel in some deserted
place. If I tremble then, you can call me a little
girl. Get out of here, you horrible ghost, you
hallucination. Get out!

The GHOST vanishes.

LADY MACBETH
I am a man again. Pray you sit still.
Look, now that it’s gone, I’m a man again.
Please, remain seated.

LADY MACBETH
You have ruined our good cheer and disrupted
the gathering by making a spectacle of yourself.

MACBETH
(to the guests) Can things like this happen so
suddenly without making us all astonished? You
make me feel like I don’t know myself, when I
see you looking at these terrible things and
keeping a straight face, while my face has gone
white with fear.

ROSS
What things, my lord?

LADY MACBETH
Please, don’t speak to him. He’s getting worse
and worse. Talk makes him crazy. Everybody,
please leave right now. Don’t bother exiting in the
order of your rank, but just leave right away.

LENNOX
Good night. I hope the king recovers soon!

LADY MACBETH
A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.

MACBETH
There’s an old saying: the dead will have their
revenge. Gravestones have been known to
move, and trees to speak, to bring guilty men to
justice. The craziest murderers have been
exposed by the mystical signs made by crows
and magpies. How late at night is it?

LADY MACBETH
It’s almost morning. You can’t tell whether it’s
day or night.
**Act 3, Scene 4, Page 8**

**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 in deed.

*Exeunt*

**Act 3, Scene 5**

_Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES meeting HECATE_

**FIRST WITCH**
Why, how now, Hecate! You look angrily.

**HECATE**
Have I not reason, beldams as you are?
Saucy and overbold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i’ th’ morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,

*Thunder. The three WITCHES enter, meeting HECATE.*

**FIRST WITCH**
What’s wrong, Hecate? You look angry.

**HECATE**
Don’t I have a reason to be angry, you disobedient hags? How dare you give Macbeth riddles and prophecies about his future without telling me? I am your boss and the source of your powers. I am the one who secretly decides what evil things happen, but you never called me to join in and show off my own powers. And what’s worse, you’ve done all this for a man who behaves like a spoiled brat, angry and hateful. Like all spoiled sons, he chases after what he wants and doesn’t care about you. But you can make it up to me. Go away now and in the morning meet me in the pit by the river in hell. Macbeth will go there to learn his destiny. You bring your cauldrons, your spells, your charms, and everything else. I’m about to fly away. I’ll spend tonight working to make something horrible
Your charms and everything beside.

20 I am for the air. This night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound.

25 I'll catch it ere it come to ground.
And that distilled by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

Act 3, Scene 5, Page 2

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

FIRST WITCH
Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

Exit

FIRST WITCH
Come on, let's hurry. She'll be back again soon.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 6

Enter LENNOX and another LORD

LENNOX
My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

5 Was pitied of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous

10 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

15 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well. And I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—

20 As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
But, peace! For from broad words, and 'cause he

LENNOX and another LORD enter.

LENNOX
What I've already said shows you we think alike,
so you can draw your own conclusions. All I'm saying is that strange things have been going on. Macbeth pitied Duncan—after Duncan was dead. And Banquo went out walking too late at night. If you like, we can say that Fleance must have killed him, because Fleance fled the scene of the crime. Clearly, men should not go out walking too late! And who can help thinking how monstrous it was for Malcolm and Donalbain to kill their gracious father? Such a heinous crime—how it saddened Macbeth! Wasn't it loyal of him to kill those two servants right away, while they were still drunk and asleep? That was the right thing to do, wasn't it? Yes, and it was the wise thing, too, because we all would have been outraged to hear those two deny their crime. Considering all this, I think Macbeth has handled things well. If he had Duncan's sons in prison—which I hope won't happen—they would find out how awful the punishment is for those who kill their fathers, and so would Fleance. But enough of that. I hear that Macduff is out of favor with the king because he
Original Text

failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

LORD

The son of Duncan—
25 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth—
Lives in the English court and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors.
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Modern Text

speaks his mind too plainly, and because he
failed to show up at Macbeth's feast. Can you tell
me where he’s hiding himself?

LORD

Duncan’s son Malcolm, whose birthright and
throne Macbeth has stolen, lives in the English
court. There, the saintly King Edward treats
Malcolm so well that despite Malcolm’s
misfortunes, he’s not deprived of respect.
Macduff went there to ask King Edward for help.
He wants Edward to help him form an alliance
with the people of Northumberland and their lord,
Siward. Macduff hopes that with their help—and
with the help of God above—he may once again
put food on our tables, bring peace back to our
nights, free our feasts and banquets from violent
murders, allow us to pay proper homage to our
king, and receive honors freely. Those are the
things we pine for now. Macbeth has heard this
news and he is so angry that he’s preparing for
war.

Act 3, Scene 6, Page 2

LENNOX

40 Sent he to Macduff?

LORD

He did, and with an absolute “Sir, not I,”
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say “You’ll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.”

LENNOX

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed!

LORD

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder.

Enter the three WITCHES.

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.

FIRST WITCH

The tawny cat has meowed three times.

SECOND WITCH

Three times. And the hedgehog has whined once.

THIRD WITCH
Harpier cries, “‘Tis time, ‘tis time.”

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

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

**SECOND WITCH**
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder’s fork and blind-worm’s sting,
Lizard’s leg and owlet’s wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

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

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

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

Enter **HECATE and the other three WITCHES**

**HECATE**
Oh well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i’ th’ gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,

**FIRST WITCH**
Dance around the cauldron and throw in the poisoned entrails. *(holding up a toad)* You’ll go in first—a toad that sat under a cold rock for a month, oozing poison from its pores.

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

**SECOND WITCH** *(holding something up)* We’ll boil you in the cauldron next—a slice of swamp snake. All the rest of you in too: a newt’s eye, a frog’s tongue, fur from a bat, a dog’s tongue, the forked tongue of an adder, the stinger of a burrowing worm, a lizard’s leg, an owl’s wing. *(speaking to the ingredients)* Make a charm to cause powerful trouble, and boil and bubble like a broth of hell.

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

**THIRD WITCH**
Here come some more ingredients: the scale of a dragon, a wolf’s tooth, a witch’s mummified flesh, the gullet and stomach of a ravenous shark, a root of hemlock that was dug up in the dark, a Jew’s liver, a goat’s bile, some twigs of yew that were broken off during a lunar eclipse, a Turk’s nose, a Tartar’s lips, the finger of a baby that was strangled as a prostitute gave birth to it in a ditch. *(to the ingredients)* Make this potion thick and gluey. *(to the other WITCHES)* Now let’s add a tiger’s entrails to the mix.

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

**SECOND WITCH**
We’ll cool the mixture with baboon blood. After that the charm is finished.

**HECATE enters with three other WITCHES.**

**HECATE**
Well done! I admire your efforts, and all of you will share the rewards. Now come sing around the cauldron like a ring of elves and fairies, enchanting everything you put in.
Act 4, Scene 1, Page 3

Enter **MACBETH**

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

**ALL**
A deed without a name.

**MACBETH**
I conjure you by that which you profess—
Howe'er you come to know it—answer me.
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up,
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down,
Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

**FIRST WITCH**
Speak.

**SECOND WITCH**
Demand.

**THIRD WITCH**
We'll answer.

**FIRST WITCH**
Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'.

**MACBETH**
Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

**FIRST WITCH**
Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 4

**ALL**
Come, high or low;

**ALL**
Come, high or low spirits. Show yourself and
70 Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. **FIRST APPARITION**: an armed head

MACBETH
Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH
He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech but say thou nought.

FIRST APPARITION
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff.
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

MACBETH
Whatever you are, thanks for your advice. You have guessed exactly what I feared. But one word more—

FIRST WITCH
He will not be commanded by you. Here’s another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. **SECOND APPARITION**: a bloody child

SECOND APPARITION
Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH
If I had three ears I'd listen with all three.

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

Descends

MACBETH
Then I don’t need to kill Macduff. I have no reason to fear him. But even so, I'll make doubly sure. I'll guarantee my own fate by having you killed, Macduff. That way I can conquer my own fear and sleep easy at night.

Thunder. **THIRD APPARITION**: a child crowned, with a tree in his hand

THIRD APPARITION
Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.

ALL
Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION
Be brave like the lion and proud. Don’t even worry about who hates you, who resents you,
Original Text

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.

MACBETH

That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
100 Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements! Good!
Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
105 Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo’s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 6

ALL
Seek to know no more.

MACBETH
I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

MACBETH
You look too much like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

120 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to th’ crack of doom?
Another yet? I’ll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
125 Which shows me many more, and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see ’tis true;
For the blood-bolter Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.

Modern Text

and who conspires against you. Macbeth will
never be defeated until Birnam Wood marches to
fight you at Dunsinane Hill.

The THIRD APPARITION descends.

MACBETH
That will never happen. Who can command the
forest and make the trees pull their roots out of
the earth? These were sweet omens! Good! My
murders will never come back to threaten me
until the forest of Birnam gets up and moves, and
I will be king for my entire natural life. But my
heart is still throbbing to know one thing. Tell me,
if your dark powers can see this far: will
Banquo’s sons ever reign in this kingdom?

ALL
Don’t try to find out more.

MACBETH
I demand to be satisfied. If you refuse, let an
eternal curse fall on you. Let me know. Why is
that cauldron sinking? And what is that music?

Hautboys play music for a ceremonial
procession.

FIRST WITCH
Show.

SECOND WITCH
Show.

THIRD WITCH
Show.

ALL
Show him and make him grieve. Come like
shadows and depart in the same way!

Eight kings march across the stage, the last one
with a mirror in his hand, followed by the GHOST
OF BANQUO.

MACBETH
You look too much like the ghost of Banquo. Go
away! (to the first) Your crown hurts
my eyes. (to the second) Your blond hair, which
looks like another crown underneath the one
you’re wearing, looks just like the first king’s hair.
Now I see a third king who looks just like the
second. Filthy hags! Why are you showing me
this? A fourth! My eyes are bulging out of their
sockets! Will this line stretch on forever? Another
one! And a seventh! I don’t want to see any
more. And yet an eighth appears, holding a
mirror in which I see many more men. And some
are carrying double balls and triple scepters,
meaning they’re kings of more than one country!
Act 4, Scene 1, Page 7

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Horrible sight! Now I see it is true, they are Banquo's descendants. Banquo, with his blood-clotted hair, is smiling at me and pointing to them as his.
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What, is this so?
FIRST WITCH
Ay, sir, all this is so. But why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights. I'll charm th' air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round. That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The WITCHES dance and then vanish
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What? Is this true?
FIRST WITCH
Yes, this is true, but why do you stand there so dumbfounded? Come, sisters, let's cheer him up and show him our talents. I will charm the air to produce music while you all dance around like crazy, so this king will say we did our duty and entertained him.
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MACBETH
Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there.
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MACBETH
Where are they? Gone? Let this evil hour be marked forever in the calendar as cursed. (calls to someone offstage) You outside, come in!
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LENNOX
What's your grace's will?
MACBETH
Saw you the weird sisters?
LENNOX
No, my lord.
MACBETH
Came they not by you?
LENNOX
No, indeed, my lord.
MACBETH
Infected be the air whereon they ride, And damned all those that trust them! I did hear The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?
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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 anticipat'st my dread exploits.
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LENNOX
Two or three men, my lord, who brought the message that Macduff has fled to England.
MACBETH
Fled to England?
LENNOX
Yes, my good lord.
MACBETH
Time, you thwart my dreadful plans. Unless a
The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to th’ edge o’ th’ sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool.
This deed I’ll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

Act 4, Scene 2

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSS

LADY MACDUFF
What had he done to make him fly the land?
ROSS
You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF
He had none.
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS
You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF
Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS
My dearest coz,
I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o’ th’ season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and none. I take my leave of you.
Shall not be long but I’ll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.

ROSS
My dearest relative, I’m begging you, pull yourself
together. As for your husband, he is noble, wise,
and judicious, and he understands what the times
require. It’s not safe for me to say much more
than this, but times are bad when people get
denounced as traitors and don’t even know why.
In times like these, we believe frightening rumors
but we don’t even know what we’re afraid of. It’s
like being tossed around on the ocean in every
direction, and finally getting nowhere. I’ll say
good-bye now. It won’t be long before I’m back.
When things are at their worst they have to stop,
or else improve to the way things were before. My
young cousin, I put my blessing upon you.

**LADY MACDUFF**
Fathered he is, and yet he’s fatherless.

**ROSS**
I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once.

LADY MACDUFF
Sirrah, your father’s dead.
And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON
As birds do, Mother.

LADY MACDUFF
What, with worms and flies?

SON
With what I get, I mean, and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF
Poor bird! Thou ’dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

SON
Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF
Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

SON
Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF
Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON
Then you’ll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF
Thou speak’st with all thy wit; and yet, i’ faith,
With wit enough for thee.

SON
Was my father a traitor, Mother?

LADY MACDUFF
Ay, that he was.

SON
What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF
Young man, your father’s dead. What are you going to do now? How are you going to live?

SON
I will live the way birds do, Mother.

LADY MACDUFF
What? Are you going to start eating worms and flies?

SON
I mean I will live on whatever I get, like birds do.

LADY MACDUFF
You’d be a pitiful bird. You wouldn’t know enough to be afraid of traps.

SON
Why should I be afraid of them, Mother? If I’m a pitiful bird, like you say, hunters won’t want me.
No matter what you say, my father is not dead.

LADY MACDUFF
Yes, he is dead. What are you going to do for a father?

SON
Maybe you should ask, what will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF
Oh, I can buy twenty husbands at any market.

SON
If so, you’d be buying them to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF
You talk like a child, but you’re very smart anyway.

SON
Was my father a traitor, Mother?

LADY MACDUFF
Yes, he was.

SON
What is a traitor?
Original Text

Why, one that swears and lies.
SON
And be all traitors that do so?
LADY MACDUFF
50 Every one that does so is a traitor and must be hanged.
SON
And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
LADY MACDUFF
Every one.
SON
Who must hang them?
LADY MACDUFF
Why, the honest men.
SON
55 Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men and hang up them.
LADY MACDUFF
Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
SON
If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
LADY MACDUFF
Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Modern Text

Someone who makes a promise and breaks it.
SON
And is everyone who swears and lies a traitor?
LADY MACDUFF
Everyone who does so is a traitor and should be hanged.
SON
And should everyone who makes promises and breaks them be hanged?
LADY MACDUFF
Everyone.
SON
Who should hang them?
LADY MACDUFF
The honest men.
SON
Then the liars are fools, for there are enough liars in the world to beat up the honest men and hang them.
LADY MACDUFF
(laughing) Heaven help you for saying that, boy! (sad again) But what will you do without a father?
SON
If he were dead, you'd be weeping for him. If you aren't weeping, it's a good sign that I'll soon have a new father.
LADY MACDUFF
Silly babbler, how you talk!

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 4

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER
Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, though in your state of honor I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. If you will take a homely man's advice, be not found here. Hence with your little ones. To fright you thus methinks I am too savage; to do worse to you were fell cruelty; which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

LADY MACDUFF
Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas, do I put up that womanly defense, to say I have done no harm?

MESSENGER
Bless you, fair lady! You don't know me, but I know you're an important person. I'm afraid something dangerous is coming toward you. If you'll take a simple man's advice, don't be here when it arrives. Go away and take your children. I feel bad for scaring you like this, but it would be much worse for me to let you come to harm. And harm is getting close! Heaven keep you safe!

Exit

MESSENGER
The MESSENGER exits.

LADY MACDUFF
Where should I go? I haven't done anything wrong. But I have to remember that I'm here on Earth, where doing evil is often praised, and doing good is sometimes a stupid and dangerous mistake. So then why should I offer this womanish defense that I'm innocent?
Original Text

 `.Enter MURDERERS
 MURDERERS enter."

 What are these faces?

 FIRST MURDERER
 Where is your husband?

 LADY MACDUFF
 I hope, in no place so unsanctified
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

 FIRST MURDERER
 He’s a traitor.

 SON
 Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

 Modern Text

 Who are these men?

 FIRST MURDERER
 Where is your husband?

 LADY MACDUFF
 I hope he’s not anywhere so disreputable that
 thugs like you can find him.

 FIRST MURDERER
 He’s a traitor.

 SON
 You’re lying, you shaggy-haired villain!

 Act 4, Scene 2, Page 5

 FIRST MURDERER
 (Stabbing him) What, you egg?
 Young fry of treachery!

 SON
 He has killed me, mother.
 Run away, I pray you!

 He dies. Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying “Murder!”
 followed by MURDERERS

 The son dies. LADY MACDUFF exits, crying
 “Murder!” The MURDERERS exit, following her.

 Act 4, Scene 3

 MALCOLM
 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 and, like good men,
 Bestride our downfall’n birthdom. Each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
 Like syllable of dolor.

 MALCOLM
 What I believe I’ll wail;
 What know believe, and what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.
 He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but
 something
 You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
 T’ appease an angry god.

 MACDUFF
 I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM
But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon.
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 2

MACDUFF
I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM
Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF
Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered.—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,
And the rich East to boot.

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. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF
What should he be?

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 3

MALCOLM
It is myself I mean, in whom I know

MALCOLM
I have lost my hope of convincing you to fight against Macbeth.

MALCOLM
Maybe you lost your hopes about me where I found my doubts about you. Why did you leave your wife and child vulnerable—the most precious things in your life, those strong bonds of love? How could you leave them behind? But I beg you, don't interpret my suspicions as slander against you. You must understand that I want to protect myself. You may really be honest, no matter what I think.

MACDUFF
Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyrant, go ahead and build yourself up, because good people are afraid to stand up to you. Enjoy everything you stole, because your title is safe! Farewell, lord. I wouldn't be the villain you think I am even if I were offered all of Macbeth's kingdom and the riches of the East too.

MALCOLM
Don't be offended. I don't completely distrust you. I do think Scotland is sinking under Macbeth's oppression. Our country weeps, it bleeds, and each day a fresh cut is added to her wounds. I also think there would be many people willing to fight for me. The English have promised me thousands of troops. But even so, when I have Macbeth's head under my foot, or stuck on the end of my sword, then my poor country will be plagued by worse evil than it was before. It will suffer worse and in more ways than ever under the reign of the king who follows Macbeth.

MACDUFF
Who are you talking about?
Original Text

All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, 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 damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny. It hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold; the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 4

MALCOLM

With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house.
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

MALCOLM

Modern Text

vices that when people see all of them exposed, evil Macbeth will seem as pure as snow in comparison, and poor Scotland will call him a sweet lamb when they compare him to me and my infinite evils.

MACDUFF

Even in hell you couldn't find a devil worse than Macbeth.

MALCOLM

I admit that he’s murderous, lecherous, greedy, lying, deceitful, violent, malicious, and guilty of every sin that has a name. But there is no end, absolutely none, to my sexual desires. Your wives, your daughters, your old women, and your young maids together could not satisfy my lust. My desire would overpower all restraints and anyone who stood in my way. It would be better for Macbeth to rule than someone like me.

MACDUFF

Endless greed and lust in a man’s nature is a kind of tyranny. It has caused the downfall of many kings. But don’t be afraid to take the crown that belongs to you. You can find a way to satisfy your desires in secret, while still appearing virtuous. You can deceive everyone. There are more than enough willing women around. Your lust can’t possibly be so strong that you’d use up all the women willing to give themselves to the king once they find out he wants them.

MALCOLM

Along with being full of lust, I’m also incredibly greedy. If I became king, I would steal the nobles’ lands, taking jewels from one guy and houses from another. The more I had, the greedier I would grow, until I’d invent false quarrels with my good and loyal subjects, destroying them so I could get my hands on their wealth.

MACDUFF

The greed you’re talking about is worse than lust because you won’t outgrow it. Greed has been the downfall of many kings. But don’t be afraid. Scotland has enough treasures to satisfy you out of your own royal coffers. These bad qualities are bearable when balanced against your good sides.

MALCOLM
Original Text

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF  
O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Modern Text

But I don’t have any good sides. I don’t have a trace of the qualities a king needs, such as justice, truth, moderation, stability, generosity, perseverance, mercy, humility, devotion, patience, courage, and bravery. Instead, I overflow with every variation of all the different vices. No, if I had power I would take world peace and throw it down to hell.

MACDUFF  
Oh Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM  
If someone like me is fit to be king, let me know. I really am exactly as I have described myself to you.

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 5

MACDUFF  
Fit to govern?

MACDUFF  
(to MALCOLM) Fit to be king? You’re not fit to live!—Oh miserable nation, ruled by a usurping, murderous tyrant, when will you see peaceful days again? The man who has a legal right to the throne is, by his own admission, a cursed man and a disgrace to the royal family.—Your royal father Duncan was a virtuous king. Your mother spent more time on her knees in prayer than she did standing up, and she lived a life of absolute piety. Good-bye. The evils you have described inside yourself have driven me out of Scotland forever. Oh my heart, your hope is dead!

MALCOLM  
Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth

MALCOLM  
Macduff, this passionate outburst, which proves your integrity, has removed my doubts about you and made me realize that you really are trustworthy and honorable. That devil Macbeth has tried many times to trick me and lure me into his power, and prudence prevents me from believing people too quickly. But with God as my witness, I will let myself be guided by you, and I take back my confession. I take back all the bad things I said about myself, because none of those flaws are really part of my character. I’m still a virgin. I have never told a lie. I barely care about what I already own, let alone feel jealous of another’s possessions. I have never broken a promise. I wouldn’t betray the devil himself. I love truth as much as I love life. The lies I told about my character are actually the first false words I have ever spoken. The person who I really am is ready to serve you and our poor country.
Act 4, Scene 3, Page 6

135 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old 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.

Enter a DOCTOR

MALCOLM
Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR
Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art, but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.

MALCOLM
I thank you, doctor.

Exit DOCTOR

MACDUFF
What’s the disease he means?

MALCOLM
’Tis called the evil.
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here-remain in England
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows, but strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. And, ’tis spoken,

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 7

To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

MACDUFF
See, who comes here?

MALCOLM
My countryman, but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF
My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
MALCOLM
I know him now.—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 called 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 marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man’s knell
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men’s lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF
Oh, relation
Too nice and yet too true!

ROSS
Alas, poor country! It’s too frightened to look
at itself. Scotland is no longer the land where we
were born; it’s the land where we’ll die. Where no
one ever smiles except for the fool who knows
nothing. Where sighs, groans, and shrieks rip
through the air but no one notices. Where violent
sorrow is a common emotion. When the funeral
bells ring, people no longer ask who died. Good
men die before the flowers in their caps wilt.
They die before they even fall sick.

MACDUFF
Oh, your report is too poetic, but it sounds so
true!

MALCOLM
What’s the newest grief?

ROSS
That of an hour’s age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF
How does my wife?

ROSS
Why, well.

MACDUFF
And all my children?

ROSS
Well too.

MACDUFF
The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

ROSS
No, they were well at peace when I did leave ’em.

MACDUFF
Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes ’t?

ROSS
When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather
For that I saw the tyrant’s power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Original Text

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
190 To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM
Be ‘t their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 9

ROSS
Would I could answer
195 This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howled 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
No mind that’s honest
200 But in it shares some woe, though 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 forever,
205 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF
Hum! I guess at it.
ROSS
Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer
To add the death of you.

MALCOLM
Merciful heaven!
What, man! Ne’er pull your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o’erfraught heart and bids it break.
MACDUFF
My children too?
ROSS
215 Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Modern Text

would inspire people to fight. Even the women
would fight to rid themselves of Macbeth’s
oppression.

MALCOLM
Let them be comforted—I’m returning to
Scotland. Gracious King Edward has sent us
noble Siward and ten thousand soldiers. There is
no soldier more experienced or successful than
Siward in the entire Christian world.

ROSS
I wish I could repay this happy news with good
news of my own. But I have some news that
should be howled in a barren desert where
nobody can hear it.

MACDUFF
What is this news about? Does it affect all of us?
Or just one of us?

ROSS
No decent man can keep from sharing in the
sorrow, but my news affects you alone.

MACDUFF
If it’s for me, don’t keep it from me. Let me have
it now.
ROSS
I hope you won’t hate me forever after I say
these things, because I will soon fill your ears
with the most dreadful news you have ever
heard.

MACDUFF
I think I can guess what you’re about to say.
ROSS
Your castle was attacked. Your wife and children
were savagely slaughtered. If I told you how they
were killed, it would cause you so much pain that
it would kill you too, and add your body to the pile
of murdered corpses.

MALCOLM
Merciful heaven! (to MACDUFF) Come on, man,
don’t keep your grief hidden. Put your sorrow into
words. The grief you keep inside you will whisper
in your heart until it breaks.

MACDUFF
They killed my children too?
ROSS
They killed your wife, your children, your
servants, anyone they could find.
**Act 4, Scene 3, Page 10**

**MACDUFF**
And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?

**ROSS**
I have said.

**MALCOLM**
Be comforted.

- Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

**MACDUFF**
He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam?
At one fell swoop?

**MALCOLM**
Dispute it like a man.

**MACDUFF**
I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

**MALCOLM**
Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**
Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.

**Act 4, Scene 3, Page 11**

**MALCOLM**
This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may.
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

**MALCOLM**
Now you sound like a man. Come on, let's go see King Edward. The army is ready. All we have to do now is say goodbye to the king. Macbeth is ripe for the picking. We'll be acting as God's agents. Cheer up as much as you can. A new day will come at last.

They exit.

**Act 5, Scene 1**
Enter a DOCTOR of physic and a waiting-
GENTLEWOMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter LADY MACBETH with a taper

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

DOCTOR
How came she by that light?

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

DOCTOR
You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN
Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

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

LADY MACBETH

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2

GENTLEWOMAN
It stands by her bedside. She always has to have a light next to her. Those are her orders.

DOCTOR
You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN
Yes, but they don’t see anything.

DOCTOR
What’s she doing now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN
She often does that. She looks like she’s washing her hands. I’ve seen her do that before for as long as fifteen minutes.

LADY MACBETH
Yet here’s a spot.

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

**LADY MACBETH**
25 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 afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

**DOCTOR**
Do you mark that?

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

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

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. 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!

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

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

**DOCTOR**
Well, well, well.

**GENTLEWOMAN**
Pray God it be, sir.

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

**LADY MACBETH**
Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on ’s grave.

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
She said something she shouldn’t have said, I’m sure of that. Heaven knows what secrets she’s keeping.

**LADY MACBETH**
I still have the smell of blood on my hand. All the perfumes of Arabia couldn’t make my little hand smell better. Oh, oh, oh!

**DOCTOR**
What a heavy sigh! Her heart is carrying a heavy weight.

**GENTLEWOMAN**
I wouldn’t want a heart like hers even if you made me queen.

**DOCTOR**
Well, well, well.

**GENTLEWOMAN**
I hope what she’s saying is well, sir

**DOCTOR**
This disease is beyond my medical skills. But I have known people who sleepwalked and weren’t guilty of anything.

**LADY MACBETH**
Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Don’t look so frightened. I tell you again, Banquo is buried. He cannot come out of his grave.
### Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4

#### Original Text

**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!

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
Directly.

**DOCTOR**
Foul whispers are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician. God, God forgive us all! Look after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night. My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
Good night, good doctor.

---

**Exeunt**

#### Modern Text

**DOCTOR**
Is this true?

**LADY MACBETH**
To bed, to bed! There’s a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

---

**DOCTOR**
Will she go to bed now?

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
Yes, right away.

---

**DOCTOR**
Evil rumors are going around. Unnatural acts will cause supernatural things to happen. People with guilty and deranged minds will confess their secrets to their pillows as they sleep. This woman needs a priest more than a doctor. God forgive us all! (to the waiting-GENTLEWOMAN) Look after her. Remove anything she might hurt herself with. Watch her constantly. And now, good-night. She has bewildered my mind and amazed my eyes. I have an opinion, but I don't dare to say it out loud.

---

**GENTLEWOMAN**
Good night, good doctor.

---

**They exit.**

### Act 5, Scene 2

#### Original Text

**MENTEITH**
The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them, for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

**ANGUS**
Near Birnam Wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

**CAITHNESS**
Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

**LENNOX**
For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry. There is Siward’s son, And many unrough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood.

---

**MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and soldiers enter with a drummer and flag.**

#### Modern Text

**MENTEITH**
The English army is near, led by Malcolm, his uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. They burn for revenge. The wrongs they have suffered would make dead men rise up and fight.

**ANGUS**
We’ll meet them near Birnam Wood. They are coming that way.

**CAITHNESS**
Does anyone know if Donalbain is with his brother?

**LENNOX**
He is definitely not there, sir. I have a list of all the important men. Siward’s son is there, as well as many boys too young to have beards who will become men by joining in this battle.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **MENTEITH**  
What does the tyrant? | **MENTEITH**  
What is the tyrant Macbeth doing? |
| **CAITHNESS**  
Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,  
15 He cannot buckle his distempered cause  
Within the belt of rule.  
**ANGUS**  
Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands.  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.  
Those he commands move only in command,  
20 Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.  
| **CAITHNESS**  
He is fortifying his castle at Dunsinane with heavy defenses. Some say he's insane. Those who hate him less call it brave anger. One thing is certain: he's out of control.  
**ANGUS**  
Now Macbeth feels the blood of his murdered enemies sticking to his hands. Now, rebel armies punish him every minute for his treachery. The soldiers he commands are only following orders. They don't fight because they love Macbeth. Now he seems too small to be a great king, like a midget trying to wear the robes of a giant. |
| **ACT 5, SCENE 2, PAGE 2**  
**MENTEITH**  
Who then shall blame  
His pestered senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
25 Itself for being there?  
**CAITHNESS**  
Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.  
**LENNOX**  
Or so much as it needs,  
30 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.  | **MENTEITH**  
Who can blame him for acting crazy, when inside he condemns himself for everything he's done?  
**CAITHNESS**  
Well, let's keep marching and give our loyalty to someone who truly deserves it. We're going to meet Malcolm, the doctor who will cure our sick country. We'll pour out our own blood to help him.  
**LENNOX**  
However much blood we need to give to water the royal flower and drown the weeds—to make Malcolm king and get rid of Macbeth. Let's proceed on our march to Birnam. |
| **ACT 5, SCENE 3**  
**MACBETH**  
Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and attendants  
**MACBETH**  
Enter a SERVANT  
**MACBETH**  
Don't bring me any more reports. I don't care if all the thanes desert me. Until Birnam Wood gets up and moves to Dunsinane, I won't be affected by fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Wasn't he born from a woman? The spirits that know the future have told me this: “Don't be afraid, Macbeth. No man born from a woman will ever defeat you.” So get out of here, disloyal thanes, and join the weak and decadent English! My mind and courage will never falter with doubt or shake with fear.  
**SERVANT** enters. | Enter MACBETH, a DOCTOR, and attendants  
**MACBETH**  
Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.  
Till Birnham Wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
5 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
“Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.” Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures.  
10 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.  
**SERVANT** enters. |
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT
There is ten thousand—

MACBETH
Geese, villain?

SERVANT
Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH
Geese, you idiot?

SERVANT
Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH
Go pinch your cheeks and bring some color back into your face, you cowardly boy. What soldiers, fool? Curse you! That pale face of yours will frighten the others as well. What soldiers, milk-face?

SERVANT
The English army, sir.

MACBETH
Get out of my sight.

Exit SERVANT

The SERVANT exits.

Act 5, Scene 3, Page 2

Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have lived long enough. My way of life Is fall’n into the sere, the yellow leaf, And that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have, but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

SEYTON
What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH
What news more?

SEYTON
All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked. Give me my armor.

SEYTON
'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH
I'll put it on. Send out more horses. Skirr the country round. Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor. How does your patient, doctor?

SEYTON
What do you want?

MACBETH
Is there more news?

SEYTON
All the rumors have been confirmed.

MACBETH
I'll fight until they hack the flesh off my bones. Give me my armor.

SEYTON
You don't need it yet.

MACBETH
I'll put it on anyway. Send out more cavalry. Scour the whole country and hang anyone spreading fear. Give me my armor. (to the DOCTOR) How is my wife, doctor?
DOCTOR
Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

DOCTOR
She is not sick, my lord, but she is troubled with endless visions that keep her from sleeping.

MACBETH
Cure her of that. Can’t you treat a diseased mind? Take away her memory of sorrow? Use some drug to erase the troubling thoughts from her brain and ease her heart?

DOCTOR
For that kind of relief, the patient must heal herself.

MACBETH
Can you figure out what’s wrong with my country? If you can diagnose its disease by examining its urine, and bring it back to health, I will praise you to the ends of the Earth, where the sound will echo back so you can hear the applause again.—(to SEYTON) Pull it off, I tell you. (to the DOCTOR) What drug would purge the English from this country? Have you heard of any?

DOCTOR
Yes, my good lord. Your preparation for war sounds like something.

MACBETH
(to SEYTON) Bring the armor and follow me. I will not be afraid of death and destruction until Birnam forest picks itself up and moves to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR
(to himself) I wish I were far away from Dunsinane. You couldn’t pay me to come back here.

MACBETH
(to SEYTON) Bring the armor and follow me. I will not be afraid of death and destruction until Birnam forest picks itself up and moves to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR
(to himself) I wish I were far away from Dunsinane. You couldn’t pay me to come back here.

Exeunt

They exit.

Act 5, Scene 4

Drum and colors.
Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, Siward’s SON, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS, marching

MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS enter marching, with a drummer and flag.
### Original Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MALCOLM</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe.</td>
<td>Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be safe in their own bedrooms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENTEITH</td>
<td>We doubt it nothing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We doubt it nothing.</td>
<td>We don’t doubt it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SIWARD</td>
<td>What wood is this before us?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What’s the name of this forest behind us?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENTEITH</td>
<td>The wood of Birnam.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birnam Wood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MALCOLM</td>
<td>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.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOLDIERS</td>
<td>It shall be done.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure Our setting down before ‘t.</td>
<td>We have no news except that the overconfident Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay siege to the castle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MACDUFF</td>
<td>Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Modern Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MALCOLM</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be safe in their own bedrooms.</td>
<td>We don’t doubt it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We don’t doubt it.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What’s the name of this forest behind us?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birnam Wood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell every soldier to break off a branch and hold it in front of him. That way we can conceal how many of us there are, and Macbeth’s spies will give him inaccurate reports.</td>
<td>We have no news except that the overconfident Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay siege to the castle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We won’t make any judgments until we achieve our goal. Let’s go fight like hardworking soldiers.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Act 5, Scene 4, Page 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SIWARD</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The time approaches That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate. Towards which, advance the war.</td>
<td>Soon we’ll find out what’s really ours and what isn’t. It’s easy for us to get our hopes up just sitting around thinking about it, but the only way this is really going to be settled is by violence. So let’s move our armies forward.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They exit, marching</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Act 5, Scene 5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MACBETH</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hang out our banners on the outward walls. The cry is still “They come!” Our castle’s strength Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not forced with those that should be ours,</td>
<td>Hang our flags on the outer walls. Everyone keeps yelling, “Here they come!” Our castle is strong enough to laugh off their siege. They can sit out there until they die of hunger and disease. If it weren’t for the fact that so many of our</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with drum and colors MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS enter with a drummer and flag.
We might have met them dreadful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

SEYTON
It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACBETH
I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse
As life were in ’t. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me.

MACBETH
I've almost forgotten what fear feels like. There
was a time when I would have been terrified by a
shriek in the night, and the hair on my skin would
have stood up when I heard a ghost story. But
now I've had my fill of real horrors. Horrible things
are so familiar that they can't startle me.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON
The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH
She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
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.

MACBETH
She would have died later anyway. That news
was bound to come someday. Tomorrow, and
tomorrow, and tomorrow. The days creep slowly
along until the end of time. And every day that's
already happened has taken fools that much
closer to their deaths. Out, out, brief candle. Life
is nothing more than an illusion. It's like a poor
actor who struts and worries for his hour on the
stage and then is never heard from again. Life is
a story told by an idiot, full of noise and emotional
disturbance but devoid of meaning.

Thou comest to use
Thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER
Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do ’t.

MACBETH
Well, say, sir.

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

MACBETH
Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

You've come to tell me something. Tell me
quickly.

MESSENGER
My gracious lord, I should tell you what I saw, but
I don't know how to say it.

MACBETH
Just say it.

As I was standing watch on the hill, I looked
toward Birnam, and I thought I saw the forest
begin to move.

MACBETH
Liar and slave!
Original Text

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

MACBETH
If thou speak’st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt th’ equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. “Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane”; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I ‘gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish th’ estate o’ th’ world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.

Modern Text

Punish me if it’s not true. Three miles from here you can see it coming, a moving forest.

MACBETH
If you’re lying, I’ll hang you alive from the nearest tree until you die of hunger. If what you say is true, you can do the same to me. (to himself) My confidence is failing. I’m starting to doubt the lies the devil told me, which sounded like truth. “Don’t worry until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane.” And now a wood is coming to Dunsinane. Prepare for battle, and go! If what this messenger says is true, it’s no use running away or staying here. I’m starting to grow tired of living, and I’d like to see the world plunged into chaos. Ring the alarms! Blow, wind! Come, ruin! At least we’ll die with our armor on.

Act 5, Scene 6

MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their army enter carrying branches, with a drummer and flag.

MALCOLM
We’re close enough now. Throw down these branches and show them who you really are. Uncle Siward, you and your son will lead the first battle. Brave Macduff and I will do the rest, according to our battle plan.

SIWARD
Good luck. If we meet Macbeth’s army tonight, let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF
Blow all the trumpets. They loudly announce the news of blood and death.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 7

MALCOLM enters. Trumpets and the noise of battle.

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

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 speakest.

They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain

MACBETH
Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandished by man that’s of a woman born.

YOUNG SIWARD
That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face! If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword with an unbattered edge I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of the greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune, And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums

MACDUFF
That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face! If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword with an unbattered edge I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of the greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune, And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums

MALCOLM
We have met with foes
Act 5, Scene 8

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, hellhound, 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 losest labor.
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 charmèd 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 ripped.

Act 5, Scene 8, Page 2

MACBETH
Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I’ll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF
Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o’ th’ time.
We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,

MACBETH
Curse you for telling me this. You’ve lightened
away my courage. I don’t believe those evil
creatures anymore. They tricked me with their
wordgames, raising my hopes and then
destroying them. I won’t fight you.

MACDUFF
Then surrender, coward, and we’ll put you in a
freakshow, just like they do with deformed
animals. We’ll put a picture of you on a sign, right
above the words "Come see the tyrant!"
**Act 5, Scene 8, Page 3**

**SIWARD**
Then he is dead?

**ROSS**
Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

**SIWARD**
Had he his hurts before?

**ROSS**
Ay, on the front.

**SIWARD**
Why then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so, his knell is knolled.

**MALCOLM**
He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

---

**Original Text**

“Here may you see the tyrant.”

**MACBETH**
I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.

Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, “Hold, enough!”


**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 till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

---

**Modern Text**

MACBETH
I’m not going to surrender and have to kiss the
ground in front of Malcolm, or be taunted by the
common people. Even though Birnam Wood
really did come to Dunsinane, and I’m fighting a
man not of woman born, I’ll fight to the end. I’ll put
up my shield and battle you. Come on, let’s go at
it, Macduff, and damn the first man who cries,
‘Stop! Enough!’

*They exit fighting. Trumpets and battle noises.*

The trumpet of one army sounds a call to retreat.
The other army’s trumpet sounds a call of victory.

*The victorious army enters, led by MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other THANES, and soldiers, with a drummer and flag.*

**MALCOLM**
I wish all of our friends could have survived this
battle.

**SIWARD**
In every battle, some people will always be killed,
but judging from the men I see around us, our
great victory didn’t cost us very much.

**MALCOLM**
Macduff is missing, and so is your noble son.

**ROSS**
My lord, your son has paid the soldier’s price:
death. He only lived long enough to become a
man, and as soon as he proved that he was a
man by fighting like one, he died.

**SIWARD**
So he’s dead?

**ROSS**
Yes, and he’s been carried off the field. Your grief
should not be equal to his worth, because then
your sorrow would never end.

**SIWARD**
Were his wounds on his front side?

**ROSS**
Yes, on his front.

**SIWARD**
Well then, he’s God’s soldier now! If I had as
many sons as I have hairs on my head, I couldn’t
hope that any of them would die more honorably
than he did. And that’s all there is to it.

**MALCOLM**
He is worth more mourning than that, and I will
mourn for him.
Original Text

SIWARD
He's worth no more. They say he parted well and paid his score. And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.  

Enter MACDUFF with MACBETH’s head

MACDUFF
Hail, king! For so thou art. Behold where stands The usurper’s cursed head. The time is free. I see thee compassed with thy kingdom’s pearl, That speak my salutation in their minds, Whose voices I desire aloud with mine. Hail, King of Scotland!

Modern Text

SIWARD
He is worth no more than that. They tell me he died well, and settled his scores. With that, I hope God is with him! Here comes better news.  

MACDUFF enters, carrying MACBETH’s head.

MACDUFF
Hail, king! Because that's what you are now. Look, here I have Macbeth’s cursed head. We are free from his tyranny. I see that you have the kingdom’s noblemen around you, and they’re thinking the same thing as me. I want them to join me in this loud cheer, Hail, King of Scotland!

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ALL
60 Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM
65 We shall not spend a large expense of time Before we reckon with your several loves And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honor 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 fiendlike queen, Who, as ’tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life; this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time, and place. 70 So, thanks to all at once and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt

MALCOLM
75 It won’t be long before I reward each of you as he deserves. My thanes and kinsmen, I name you all earls, the first earls that Scotland has ever had. We have a lot to do at the dawn of this new era. We must call home all of our exiled friends who fled from the grip of Macbeth’s tyranny, and we must bring to justice all the evil ministers of this dead butcher and his demon-like queen, who, rumor has it, committed suicide. This, and whatever else we are called to do by God, we will do at the right time and in the right place. So I thank you all, and I invite each and every one of you to come watch me be crowned king of Scotland at Scone.

Trumpets play. They all exit.