**MACBETH**

**CHARACTER LIST**

**Witch 1: Joshua Rognoni**

**Witch 2: Emma Davis**

**Witch 3: Olivia Brewer**

**Duncan: Will Johnson**

**Lennox: Joshua Rognoni**

**Malcolm: Jaycob Bevan-Delaney**

**Mentieth/Segeant: Olivia Brewer**

**Macduff: Eli Bunyoung**

**Ross: Wren Condren**

**Angus: Will Johnson**

**Macbeth: Ethan Mesken**

**Banquo: Hannah Miegel**

**Lady Macbeth: Ashlynn Parigi**

**Lady M’s Attendant: Jaycob Bevan-Delaney**

**Fleance: Wren Condren**

**Old Man: Will Johnson**

**Seyton: Emma Davis**

**Porter(s): Olivia Brewer/ Emma Davis**

**First Murderer: Joshua Rognoni**

**Second Murderer Olivia Brewer**

**Third Murderer Emma Davis**

**Hecate Wren Condren**

**Lady Macduff Hannah Miegel**

**Macduff’s son Ashlynn Parigi**

**Doctor Joshua Rognoni**

**Gentlewoman Wren Condren**

**Whey-faced Servant Hannah Miegel**

**Old Siward Ashlynn Parigi**

**Birnam Messenger Olivia Brewer**

**ACT I**

**SCENE I. A desert place.**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

**First Witch**

When shall we three meet again  
**Second Witch**

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**Third Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,

**All:**  
When the battle's lost and won.

**First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with –

**All:**

Macbeth.

*Exeunt*

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

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant*

**DUNCAN**

What bloody man is that?

**MALCOLM**

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

**Sergeant**

Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--  
from the western isles is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling:

but all's too weak: For brave Macbeth-- Disdaining fortune,

with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant gentleman!

**Sergeant**

Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

**DUNCAN**

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

**Sergeant**

If I say sooth, I must report they were:

They redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Who comes here?

*Enter ROSS*

**MALCOLM**

The worthy thane of Ross.

**ROSS**

God save the king!

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest 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 the brave Macbeth

Confronted him with Point against point, arm 'gainst arm.  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!

**ROSS**

That now  
the Norways' king, craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed

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.

*Exeunt*

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

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches*

*Drum within*

**Third Witch**

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day.

**BANQUO**

What are these  
so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth?

Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question?

**MACBETH**

Speak: what are you?

**First Witch**

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

**Second Witch**

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

**Third Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction:

to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me.

**First Witch**

Hail!

**Second Witch**

Hail!

**Third Witch**

Hail!

**First Witch**

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**Second Witch**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**Third Witch**

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**First Witch**

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**MACBETH**

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

*Witches vanish*

**BANQUO**

Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

Were such things here as we do speak about?  
**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

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

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS*

**ROSS**

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence.

**ANGUS**

We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks.

**ROSS**

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor!  
**BANQUO**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**

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

**ANGUS**

Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose.

Treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

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

*To ROSS and ANGUS*

Thanks for your pains.

*To BANQUO*

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

**BANQUO**

'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**MACBETH**

*Aside*

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?

**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 horrors come upon him.

**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 favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Let us toward the king.

*Exeunt*

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

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

**DUNCAN**

Is execution done on Cawdor?

**MALCOLM**

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

**DUNCAN**

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

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS*

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

**MACBETH**

The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honour.

**DUNCAN**

Welcome hither:  
Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

**BANQUO**

There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

**DUNCAN**

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

**MACBETH**

The rest is labour, which is not used for you:  
I'll 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.

*Exit*

**DUNCAN**

True, worthy Banquo; Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire  
to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in  
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?

**Messenger**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him?

**Messenger**

So please you: our thane is coming:  
**LADY MACBETH**

Thou brings great news.

*Exit Messenger*

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 murdering ministers!

Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH*

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

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my 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 favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

*Exeunt*

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

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

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat;

**BANQUO**

The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**DUNCAN**

Our honour'd hostess!  
**LADY MACBETH**

All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to   
We rest your hermits.

**DUNCAN**

Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, 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 to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs,   
Still to return your own.

**DUNCAN**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass 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'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast,   
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! what news?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--  
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  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? 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 mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

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

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing 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**

There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out.   
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*

Who's there?

**MACBETH**

A friend.

**BANQUO**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

**MACBETH**

Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

At your kind'st leisure.

**MACBETH**

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

**BANQUO**

So I lose none  
I shall be counsell'd.

**MACBETH**

Good repose the while!

**BANQUO**

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*

**MACBETH**

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

*A bell rings*

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

*Exit*

**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em.

*Enter MACBETH*

My husband!

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

When?

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

Hark!  
Who lies i' the second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*Looking on his hands*

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**

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

Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
**LADY MACBETH**

These deeds must not be thought  
so, it will make us mad.

**MACBETH**

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds,--

**LADY MACBETH**

What do you mean?

**MACBETH**

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Exit. Knocking within*

**MACBETH**

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

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Knocking within*

I hear a knocking  
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then!

*Knocking within*

Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

*Knocking within*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. The same.**

*Knocking within. Enter SQUANCH AND G-LITTER as Porters.*

SQANCH: Knock knock knock

G-LITTER: Never at rest

SQUANCH: This castle is more busy than the very pit of Hell.

G-LITTER: And I the Porter that must open the gate.

*Knocking*

SQUANCH: Knock Knock Knock

G-LITTER: Who’s there, in the name of sin and lechery

SQUANCH: Barnaby!

G-LITTER: Oh Joyce! A soldier of integrity.

SQUANCH: Too right mate. And honest reliability.

G-LITTER: A sage defender of family.

SQUANCH: Two families, cobber! Two for the price of me!

G-LITTTER: Thou hast fought the scourge of same sex matrimony.

SQUANCH: Don’t belong buddy. According to the bible, marriage is a lifelong commitment between a man and a woman.

G-LITTER: Or women.

SQUANCH: As long as you do it consecutively!

G-LITTER: Come in, Barnaby, the five heads of Pistol and Boo await thee!

*Knocking*

G-LITTER: Knock knock knock!

SQUANCH: Who’s there, in the name of pederasty?

G-LITTER: A man of the cloth.

SQUANCH: By Christos and Saint Arsifus, Why knockest thou on my vestibule

G-LITTER: My friends in high places pushed me.

SQUANCH: Come in Cardinal, thou hast friends in Hell pell mell.

And each one waits to teach thee how to tickle dry beneath thy testicules.

*Knocking*

SQUANCH: Knock knock knock!

G-LITTER: Who is it, in the name of cosmetic surgery?

SQUANCH: (Sings to the tune of Thriller) mmmammmma mmmaaa mmmaaa maaaooh maoh maoh maoh maoh

G-LITTER: Oh sing thy song no more, little sad white man.

SQUANCH: They changed my history after they buried me.

G-LITTER: No, they found just another way to make money out of thee.

Welcome to a NeverLand from whence there be no return!

BOTH: Aoooh!

G-LITTER: Gary Glitter and Rolfy await thee!

*Knocking*

G-LITTER: Knock knock knock

SQUANCH: By my bald pate and my belly gas, will this knocking never cease?

Who ist it ?

G-LITTER: I seem to have lost my chair

SQUANCH: You seem to have lost your chair

G-LITTER: Yes I don’t know where my chair is

SQUANCH: Forgive me, but there doesn’t seem to be a joke in there

G-LITTER: There’s not, but can I sit on your face?

*Knocking*

SQUANCH: Anon! Anon!

SQUANCH: This place is too cold for Hell.

G-LITTER: Sooth, I’ll Devil Porter it no more..

SQUANCH: I shall venture me up to Australia.

G-LITTER: Where they know what real heat is.

SQUANCH: Where if they ever grow tired of climate change and drought –

G-LITTER: They can build a new coal mine –

SQUANCH: And there –

BOTH: - let the future burn!

SQUANCH: Knock knock knock

G-LITTER: When thou knockest upon the doorway of your destiny –

SQUANCH: Always remember –

BOTH: The Porter!

*Knocking*

*Opens the gate*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

**MACDUFF**

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

**Porter**

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

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink especially provoke?

**Porter**

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

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter**

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on  
me.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

*Exit*

**LENNOX**

Goes the king hence to-day?

**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 i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

**MACBETH**

'Twas a rough night.

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH** **LENNOX**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath stole thence  
The life o' the building!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight:

do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

Awake, awake!  
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, And look on death itself!

Malcolm! Banquo!  
Ring the bell.

*Bell rings*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet? speak, speak!

**MACDUFF**

O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:.

*Enter BANQUO*

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel any where.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS*

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
renown and grace is dead.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

**MALCOM**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love kno wn?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

*LADY MACBETH is carried out*

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

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

Well contented.

*Exeunt all but Malcolm*

**MALCOLM**

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and my safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
I’ll to England.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter ROSS and an old Man*

**Old Man**

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

**ROSS**

Ah, good father,  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp?

**Old Man**

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

**ROSS**

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

**Old Man**

'Tis said they eat each other.

**ROSS**

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes.

Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF*

How goes the world, sir, now?

**MACDUFF**

Why, see you not?

**ROSS**

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

**MACDUFF**

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**ROSS**

Alas, the day!  
What good could they pretend?

**MACDUFF**

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

**ROSS**

'Gainst nature still!  
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**

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!  
**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 III**

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

*Enter BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. But hush! no more.

*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**

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

**BANQUO**

Let your highness  
Command upon me.

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good advice;

but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

We hear, our bloody cousin is bestow'd  
In England, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow.

Hie you to horse: adieu. Goes Fleance with you?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot. Farewell.

*Exit BANQUO*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: God be with you!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant*

Sirrah, attend those men?

**ATTENDANT**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit Attendant*

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in her royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: She chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to her: then prophet-like  
They hail'd her mother to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; the seed of Banquo kings!  
Who's there!

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers*

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

*Exit Attendant*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Murderer**

It was, so please your highness.

**MACBETH**

Well then, -

Are you men?

**Second Murderer**

We are, my liege.

**MACBETH**

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs:

**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  
So weary with disasters,

That I would set my lie on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

**MACBETH**

Both of you  
Know Banquo is your enemy.

**Both Murderers**

True, my lord.

**MACBETH**

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

**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' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night:

and with him--  
Fleance his son, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

**Both Murderers**

We are resolved, my lord.

**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

*Exeunt Murderers*

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

*Exit*

**SCENE II. The palace.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant*

**LADY MACBETH**

Is Banquo gone from court?

**Servant**

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Servant**

Madam, I will.

*Exit*

**LADY MACBETH**

Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.

*Enter MACBETH*

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

**MACBETH**

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
Treason has done his worst: nothing,  
Can touch him further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

**MACBETH**

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo.

**LADY MACBETH**

You must leave this.

**MACBETH**

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and her 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 cloister'd flight, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

**LADY MACBETH**

What's to be done?

**MACBETH**

Be innocent of the knowledge,

Till thou applaud the deed.

Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter three Murderers*

**First Murderer**

But who did bid thee join with us?

**Third Murderer**

Macbeth.

**Second Murderer**

He needs not our mistrust.

**First Murderer**

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

**Third Murderer**

Hark! I hear horses.

**BANQUO**

[Within] Give us a light there, ho!

**Second Murderer**

'tis she:

**First Murderer**

His horses go about.

**Third Murderer**

A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch*

**First Murderer**

Stand to it.

**BANQUO**

It will be rain to-night.

**First Murderer**

Let it come down.

*They set upon BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

*Dies. FLEANCE escapes*

**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*

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

*A 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.

*First Murderer appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.

*Approaching the door*

There's blood on thy face.

**First Murderer**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

**First Murderer**

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

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance:.

**First 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:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined   
By saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

**First Murderer**

Safe in a ditch   
With twenty trenched gashes on his head.

**MACBETH**

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone.

*Exit Murderer*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer.

**MACBETH**

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

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

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

**MACBETH**

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

**ROSS**

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

**MACBETH**

The table's full.

**LENNOX**

Here is a place reserved, sir.

**MACBETH**

Where?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Which of you have done this?

**Lords**

What, my good lord?

**MACBETH**

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

**LADY MACBETH**

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him. Are you a man?

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces?   
**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

Blood hath been shed ere now: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again.

**LADY MACBETH**

My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

**MACBETH**

I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Give me some wine;   
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him,   
And all to all.

**Lords**

Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold!

**LADY MACBETH**

Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom.

**MACBETH**

What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros,   
Take any shape, 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!

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

Why, so: being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

**LADY MACBETH**

You have displaced the mirth,   
With most admired disorder.

**MACBETH**

Can such things be,  
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.

What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep.   
We are yet but young in deed.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. A Heath.**

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE*

**First Witch**

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

**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, 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' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord*

**LENNOX**

Things have been strangely borne.

for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

**ANGUS**

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth  
Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these-- we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

**LENNOX**

Sent he to Macduff?

**ANGUS**

He did.

**LENNOX**

Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed!

**ANGUS**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV**

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

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches*

**First Witch**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**Second Witch**

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

**Third Witch**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

**First Witch**

Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

**ALL**

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**

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 ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

**ALL**

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 to the other three Witches*

**HECATE**

O well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains.

*HECATE retires*

**Second Witch**

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

*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 yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
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 thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**ALL**

Come high or low,

Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head*

**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.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art: but one  
word more,--

**First Witch**

He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child*

**Second Apparition**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

Had I three ears, I'ld hear thee.

**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 live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.

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

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

**ALL**

Listen, but speak not to't.

**Third Apparition**

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

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

That will never be  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!.

Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

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

**First Witch**

Show!

**Second Witch**

Show!

**Third Witch**

Show!

**ALL**

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

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

**MACBETH**

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
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 the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.

*Apparitions vanish*

What, is this so?

*The witches vanish*

**MACBETH**

Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX*

**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 damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
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 the edge o' the 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.

*Exeunt*

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

*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.

**ROSS**

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

*Exit*

**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.

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**

Was my father a traitor, mother?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Ay, that he was.

**Son**

What is a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, one that swears and lies.

**Son**

And be all traitors that do so?

**LADY MACDUFF**

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**

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

**LADY MACDUFF**

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter Murderers*

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 is a traitor.

**Son**

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

**First Murderer**

What!

*Stabbing him*

Young fry of treachery!

**Son**

Run Mother!!

*Dies*

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

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

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword: 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

**MALCOLM**

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 touch'd you yet.

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

**MALCOLM**

But Macbeth is.  
**MACDUFF**

I have lost my hopes.

**MALCOLM**

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Without leave-taking?

**MACDUFF**

Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear thou  
thy wrongs;  
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st.

**MALCOLM**

Macduff, this noble passion,  
hath reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. 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:

I put myself to thy direction:

what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command:  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel!

*Enter ROSS*

**MACDUFF**

See, who comes here?

**MALCOLM**

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

**MACDUFF**

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps.

**MACDUFF**

Too nice, and yet too 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 batter'd at their peace?

**ROSS**

No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

**MACDUFF**

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

**ROSS**

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
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.

**ROSS**

Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air

**MACDUFF**

What concern they?  
The general cause?

**ROSS**

The main part  
Pertains to you.

**MACDUFF**

If it be mine, let me have it.

**ROSS**

Let not your ears despise my tongue for

the heaviest sound that ever yet they heard.

**MACDUFF**

Hum! I guess at it.

**ROSS**

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd.

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

**MACDUFF**

My children too?

**ROSS**

Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

**MACDUFF**

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

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! Heaven rest them now!

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

**MALCOLM**

This tune goes manly.  
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*

**ACT V**

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

*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 night-gown upon  
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,  
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again  
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

**Doctor**

A great perturbation in nature! Besides her  
walking, 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.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

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

**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**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

Hark!

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'  
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with  
this starting.

**Doctor**

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

**Gentlewoman**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of  
that: 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**

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known  
those which have walked in their sleep who have died  
holily in their beds.

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so  
pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he  
cannot come out on's grave.

**Doctor**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's  
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**Doctor**

Will she go now to bed?

**Gentlewoman**

Directly.

**Doctor**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
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:  
I think, but dare not speak.

**Gentlewoman**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*

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

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers*

**MENTEITH**

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:  
Revenges burn in them.

**ANGUS**

Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

**MENTEITH**

Great Dunsinane the tyrant strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

**ANGUS**

Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

**MENTEITH**

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.

**ANGUS**

Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

*Exeunt, marching*

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

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,  
false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant*

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**

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! What soldiers, whey-face?

**Servant**

The English force, so please you.

**MACBETH**

Take thy face hence.

*Exit Servant*

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 sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON*

**SEYTON**

What is your gracious pleasure?

**MACBETH**

What news more?

**SEYTON**

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

**MACBETH**

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

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say.--  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

**Doctor**

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

**MACBETH**

Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Exeunt*

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

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

**MALCOLM**

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

**MENTEITH**

We doubt it nothing.

**SIWARD**

What wood is this before us?

**MENTEITH**

The wood of Birnam.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIWARD**

We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

**MALCOLM**

'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

**SIWARD**

The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
**MACDUFF**

Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Exeunt, marching*

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

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

**MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
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.

*A cry of women within*

What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit*

**MACBETH**

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

*Re-enter SEYTON*

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.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger*

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 it.

**MACBETH**

Well, say, sir.

**Messenger**

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

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave!

**Messenger**

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

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. 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 the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt*

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

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

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIWARD**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, 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 speak'st.

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain*

**MACBETH**

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

*Exit*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

*Exit. Alarums*

*Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD*

**SIWARD**

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

**MALCOLM**

We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

**SIWARD**

Enter, sir, the castle.

*Exeunt. Alarums*

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

*Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

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

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

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

*They fight*

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers*

**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 daughter.

**ROSS**

Your daughter, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
**SIWARD**

Then she is dead?

**ROSS**

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by her worth, for then  
It hath no end.

**SIWARD**

Had she his hurts before?

**ROSS**

Ay, on the front.

**SIWARD**

Why then, God's soldier be she!  
Had I as many bairns as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

*Re-enter MACDUFF and Macbeth in battle*

**MACBETH**

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 damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

*MACDUFF triumphs over MACBETH and beheads him.*

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

*Flourish*

**MALCOLM**

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 honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

**THE END**