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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

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# THE TRAGEDY of MACBETH

EDITED BY

CHARLTON M. LEWIS



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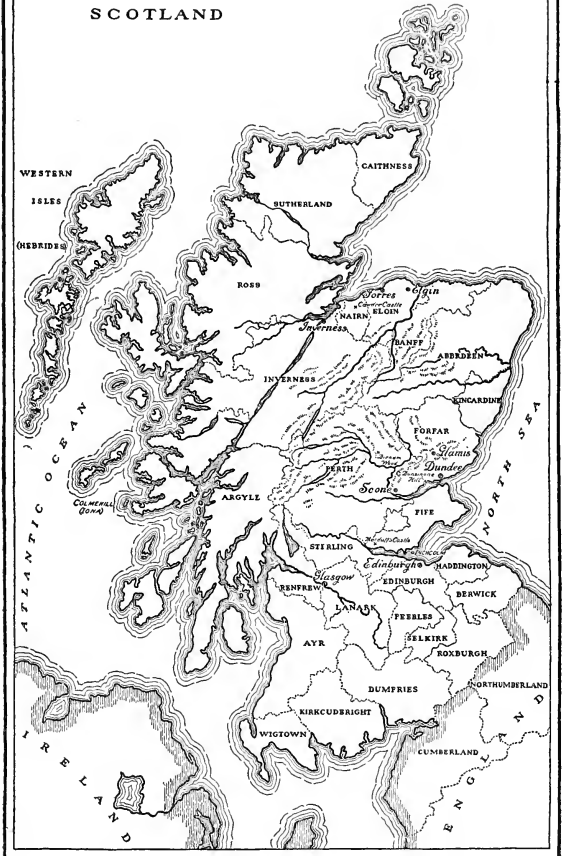
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*The map opposite shows all places in Scotland that are mentioned in MACBETH, or that are of interest in the study of the play. The modern division into shires, and the names of a few important modern cities, will assist the student in identifying the old Scotland with the new.*

SCOTLAND



[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- DUNCAN, *King of Scotland*  
 MALCOLM, } *his Sons*  
 DONALBAIN, }  
 MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's Army*  
 BANQUO, }  
 MACDUFF, }  
 LENNOX, } *Noblemen of Scotland*  
 ROSS, }  
 MENTEITH, }  
 ANGUS, }  
 CAITHNESS, }  
 FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo*  
 SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the*  
           *English Forces*  
 YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son*  
 SEYTON, *an Officer attending Macbeth*  
 Boy, *Son to Macduff*  
 An English Doctor  
 A Scotch Doctor  
 A Sergeant  
 A Porter  
 An Old Man  
 LADY MACBETH  
 LADY MACDUFF  
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth  
 HECATE  
 Three Witches  
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,  
   Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of  
   Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE: *Scotland; in IV. iii., England.]*

# The Tragedy of Macbeth

## ACT FIRST

### Scene One

[A Desert Place]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won. *Oxymoron* 4

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin! 8

[*Sec. Witch.*] Paddock calls.

[*Third Witch.*] Anon!

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair: *paradox*  
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

### Scene Two

[A Camp near Forres]

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

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

3 hurlyburly: *uproar*

8 Graymalkin! Paddock; *cf. n.* Anon: *right away*

Scene Two S. d. Alarum: *trumpet blast*

The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
 Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 4  
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
 As thou didst leave it.

*Serg.* Doubtful it stood;  
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together 8  
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
 The multiplying villainies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him—from the western isles 12  
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;  
 For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,— 16  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
 Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage  
 Till he fac'd the slave; 20  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements. 23

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Serg.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
 Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,  
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,  
 mark: 28

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

10 to that: *i.e.*, to make him a rebel

13 kerns: light infantry, spearmen  
 with axes

15 Cf. n. 19 minion: favorite

22 nave: naval chops: jaws

gallowglasses: armored men

21 Which: who, *i.e.*, Macbeth; cf. n.

25 reflection; cf. n.

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men 32  
 Began a fresh assault.

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

*Serg.* Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were 36  
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; so they  
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 41  
 I cannot tell—  
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy  
 wounds; 44  
 They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.  
 [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy Thane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So  
 should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king! 48

*Dun.* 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,

31 surveying vantage: *watching his opportunity* 36 sooth: *truth*  
 37 cracks: *explosions* 40 Except: *unless* reeking: *steaming*  
 41 Cf. n. 45 smack: *have a flavor* 46 Thane; cf. n.  
 50 flout: *insult*; cf. n. 51 Norway: *the king of Norway*

With terrible numbers, 52  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons, 56  
 Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us.—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now 60  
 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. 64

*Dun.* 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. 68

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene Three

[*A Heath*]

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her  
 lap, 4

55 Bellona: goddess of battle      bridegroom: i.e., Macbeth      lapp'd  
 in proof: clad in sword-proof armor

56 I.e., showed him his match      58 lavish: insolent

60 That now: so that now      61 composition: a treaty of peace

63 Saint Colme's Inch: the island of Inchcolm

66 bosom interest: vital concerns      present: instant



And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: 'Give me,'  
quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, 8

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind. 12

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know 16

I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20

He shall live a man forbid.

Weary sev'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost, 24

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb, 28

Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

*Drum within.*

*Third Witch.* A drum! a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand, 32

6 Aroint thee: *begone* rump-fed ronyon; *cf. n.*

7 Aleppo: *a city in Syria* Tiger: *name of a ship* 9; 10 *Cf. n.*

15 ports they blow: *directions they blow (?)*; *harbors they blow towards (?)*

17 card: *dial of the compass* 20 pent-house lid: *eyelid*; *cf. n.*

21 forbid: *accursed* 23 peak: *waste away* 32 weird sisters; *cf. n.*

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. 36  
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are  
 these,  
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40  
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught  
 That man may question? You seem to understand  
 me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying 44  
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane  
 of Glamis! 48

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane  
 of Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king  
 hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of  
 truth, 52

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
 You greet with present grace and great prediction

33 Posters: *couriers*

44 choppy: *wrinkled and cracked*

35 Thrice to thine; *cf. n.*

53 fantastical: *unreal, imaginary*

Of noble having and of royal hope, 56  
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
 If you can look into the seeds of time,  
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60  
 Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Sec. Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail! 64

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou  
 be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! 68

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* 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 73

Stands not within the prospect of belief

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why 76

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

*Witches vanish.*

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they van-

ish'd? 80

*Macb.* Into the air, and what seem'd corporal

melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

56 noble having; cf. n.

67 get: be father of

76 owe: possess

81 corporal: substantial

57 rapt: transported

withal: therewith

71 Sinel: Macbeth's father

intelligence: information

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root 84  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune and words. Who's  
here? 88

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend 92  
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make 96  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent 100  
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 honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: 105  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What! can the devil speak true?

84 insane root: *root supposed to produce insanity* 92, 93 *Cf. n.*

97 images of death: *corpses; cf. n.* As thick as tale: *as fast as the telling; cf. n.*

98 post: *courier*

104 earnest: *pledge, part payment in advance*

106 addition: *title*

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
dress me 108

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel 112  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind.

[*To Ross and Angus.*] Thanks for your pains. 117

[*To Banquo.*] Do you not hope your children shall be  
kings,

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me  
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120  
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, 124  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act 128  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success, 132

112 line: *reinforce*      114 wrack: *wreck*      120 home: *to the utmost*

125 betray's: *betray us*

126 In . . . consequence: *most grievously hereafter*

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 137  
 Are less than horrible imaginings;  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man that function  
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141  
 But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

*Ban.* New honours come upon him, 144  
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
 But with the aid of use.

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

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-  
 sure. 148

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was  
 wrought  
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
 Are register'd where every day I turn  
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
 [*To Banquo.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at  
 more time, 153

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
 Our free hearts each to other.

134 suggestion: *temptation*

137 Against the use: *contrary to the custom*

140 single: *feeble*

state of man: *manhood*

136 seated: *firmly fixed*

Present fears; *cf. n.*

function: *mental*

*power*

147 Time and the hour; *cf. n.*

149 favour: *pardon* wrought: *perturbed*

*Ban.* Very gladly.  
*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. 156  
*Exeunt.*

## Scene Four

[*Forres. A Room in the Palace*]

*Flourish.* Enter King, Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
 and Attendants.

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

*Mal.* My liege,  
 They are not yet come back; but I have spoke  
 With one that saw him die; who did report 4  
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
 Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth  
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
 Became him like the leaving it; he died 8  
 As one that had been studied in his death  
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd  
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face: 12  
 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.*

O worthiest cousin!  
 The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before 16  
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
 To overtake thee; would thou hadst less deserv'd,

Scene Four S. d. Flourish: *trumpet blast*

2 Those in commission: *the appointed officers*

9 studied: *resolved*

That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties 24  
Are to your throne and state children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing everything  
Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour 28  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow, 32  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know 36  
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, 40  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for  
you: 44  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful

19 proportion: *balance*; cf. n.

27 Safe toward: *with an unerring eye to*

39 Prince of Cumberland; cf. n.

44 rest: *repose*

34 Wanton: *coquettish*

40 invest: *clothe*

45 harbinger: *advance courier*



The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland! that  
is a step 48

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,  
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 52  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. *Exit.*

*Dun.* 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, 56  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

### Scene Five

[*Inverness. Macbeth's Castle*]

*Enter Macbeth's Wife alone, with a letter.*

*Lady M.* '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 fur- 4  
ther, 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, 8  
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 12  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being

7 missives: messengers

13 dues of rejoicing: joy due you

ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.  
 Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.  
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be 16  
 What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great,  
 Art not without ambition, but without 20  
 The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly  
 That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,  
 And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great  
 Glamis,  
 That which cries, 'Thus thou must do,' if thou have  
 it; 24  
 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 valour of my tongue 28  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it. 32  
 Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane is coming;  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him, 36  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
 Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending;

18 Cf. n.

21 should: *which should*

23-26 Cf. n.

29 round: *circlet, i.e., crown*30 metaphysical: *supernatural*31 withal: *with*36 had the speed of: *outspeeded*

He brings great news.— *Exit Messenger.*  
 The raven himself is hoarse  
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40  
 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,— 44  
 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 min-  
 isters, 49  
 Wherever in your sightless substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, 52  
 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! 56  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence? 60

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O! never

42 mortal: *murderous*

45 remorse: *relenting*

46 compunctious visitings of nature: *humane scruples*

47 fell: *fierce* keep peace between: *separate*

48 effect: *accomplishment*

49 take . . . for: *turn to*

50 sightless: *invisible*

52 pall: *enshroud*

dunness: *murkiest*

Shall sun that morrow see.  
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time, 64  
 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 68  
 This night's great business into my dispatch;  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear; 72  
 To alter favour ever is to fear.  
 Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

### Scene Six

[*Before the Castle*]

*Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donal-  
 bain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus,  
 and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve 4  
 By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath  
 Smells woingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird

64 time; cf. n.

72 clear: with unclouded face

73 favour: facial expression

Scene Six S. d. Hautboys: wooden musical instruments, oboes

3 gentle: tranquilized

4 martlet: a kind of swallow approve: prove

5 mansionry: home-building

6 jutting: projection frieze: part of wall under the eaves

7 coign of vantage: advantageous corner

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle: 8  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
 The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady.*

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you 12  
 How you shall bid God 'eyld us for your pains,  
 And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
 In every point twice done, and then done double,  
 Were poor and single business, to contend 16  
 Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
 We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20  
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
 We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever 25  
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
 Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand; 28  
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
 And shall continue our graces towards him.  
 By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

8 pendent: *hanging* procreant: *breeding*  
 11 sometime: *sometimes*  
 20 hermits: *i.e., who will always pray for you*  
 22 purveyor: *caterer, advance courier*  
 25-28 Your . . . own; *cf. n.*

13 'eyld: *reward; cf. n.*  
 21 cours'd: *chased*

28 Still: *always*

## Scene Seven

[*A Room in the Castle*]

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* 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 4  
 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 9  
 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: 12  
 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 17  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Scene Seven S. d. Sewer: *chief butler*

1-7 *Cf. n.*

4 his: *its (referring to 'consequence')*

5 here: *in this present life*

7-25 *Cf. n.*

17 faculties: *powers*

3 trammel up: *fetter, hinder*  
 surcease: *cessation, end*

6 But: *only*

7 jump: *risk*

14 Strong both: *i.e., two strong arguments*

18 clear: *blameless*

22 cherubin: *cherub*

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, 24  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself  
 And falls on the other.

*Enter Lady.*

How now! what news? 28

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why have you left  
 the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business:  
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought 32  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since, 36  
 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 valour 40  
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' 44  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

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

*Lady M.* What beast was 't, then,

28 falls on the other; cf. n.

42 Cf. n.

45 adage: proverb; cf. n.

That made you break this enterprise to me? 48  
 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: 52  
 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, 56  
 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.

*Macb.* If we should fail,—

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60  
 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 64  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, 68  
 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?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only; 72  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two 75

48 break: *suggest*

50 to be: *if you were*

52 adhere: *suit*

60 sticking-place; *cf. n.*

64 wassail: *revelry*

convince: *overcome*

66 receipt: *receptacle, organ*

67 limbeck: *alembic (a chemist's receptacle for vapors)*

72 quell: *killing*



Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done 't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT SECOND

## Scene One

[*Court within the Castle*]*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.**Ban.* How goes the night, boy?*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir.*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
heaven; 4

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.*

Give me my sword.— 3

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

80 corporal agent: *bodily faculty*  
4 husbandry: *economy*

6 summons: *i.e., sleepiness*

*Ban.* What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's  
a-bed: 12

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.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd, 17  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* 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.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure. 24

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

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear, 28  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you.

*Exit Banquo [with Fleance].*

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. 32

*Exit [Servant].*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

14 largess: *gifts* offices: *servants' quarters* 16 shut up; *cf. n.*  
17-19 *Cf. n.*

25 consent: *policy, plan* when 'tis: *i.e., when it takes effect*

28 franchis'd: *free*

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 36

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppresed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40  
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, 44  
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 48

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, 52

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, 56

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he

lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*A bell rings.*

36 sensible: *perceptible*                      46 dudgeon: *hilt*                      gouts: *drops*

48 informs: *assumes shape (?)*

52 Hecate's offerings: *offerings to the goddess of sorcery*

53 Alarum'd: *aroused*                      54 *Cf. n.*                      55 Tarquin; *cf. n.*

59 present horror: *i.e., silence*

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.

64

*Exit.*

Scene Two

[*The Same*]

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady M.* 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: 4

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. 8

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

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
 And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed  
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready; 12  
 He could not miss them. Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept I had done 't. My husband!

*Enter Macbeth.*

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

3 bellman: *watchman*; cf. n.

5 surfeited: *over-filled* (with food or drink)

6 possets: *a kind of milk-punch*

12 Confounds: *will ruin*

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets  
cry. 16

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain. 20

*Macb.* [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one  
cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard  
them; 24

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the  
other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. 28  
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce  
'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat. 32

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

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no  
more! 35

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean? 40

*Macb.* 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 M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy  
 thane, 44

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? 48  
 They must lie there: go carry them, and smear  
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose! 52  
 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; 56  
 For it must seem their guilt. *Exit. Knock within.*

*Macb.* 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 60  
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

37 ravell'd sleeve; *cf. n.*

39 second course: *i.e., the chief course (in a dinner)*

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.— *Knock.*

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 68  
Hath left you unattended. *Knock.*

Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts. 72

*Macb.* To know my deed 'twere best not know my-  
self. *Knock.*  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst! *Exeunt.*

Scene Three

[*The Same*]

*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.* Knock, knock, knock!  
Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? 4  
Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the  
expectation of plenty: come in time; have  
napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat

62 incarnadine: *redden*

73 To know my deed: *if I must be aware of my deed* 2 old: *endless*

5 farmer; *cf. n.*

7 napkins: *handkerchiefs*

enow: *enough*

70 night-gown: *dress-gown*

6 come in time: *welcome*

for 't. *Knock.* Knock, knock! Who's there 8  
 i' the other devil's name! Faith, here's an  
 equivocator, that could swear in both the  
 scales against either scale; who committed  
 treason enough for God's sake, yet could not 12  
 equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator.  
*Knock.* Knock, knock, knock! Who's there?  
 Faith, here's an English tailor come hither  
 for stealing out of a French hose: come in, 16  
 tailor; here you may roast your goose. *Knock.*  
 Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?  
 But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil- 20  
 porter it no further: I had thought to have let  
 in some of all professions, that go the prim-  
 rose way to the everlasting bonfire. *Knock.*  
 Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. 24  
 [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter Macduff and Lennox.*

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

*Port.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
 second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker  
 of three things. 29

*Macd.* What three things does drink espe-  
 cially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
 urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-  
 vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away  
 the performance. Therefore much drink may 35  
 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 dis-



heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. 41

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

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

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? 48

*Enter Macbeth.*

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him: 52

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call, 57

For 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduff.*

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay, 60  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confus'd events 64  
 New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
 Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth  
 Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
 A fellow to it. 69

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor  
 heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

*Macb.* }  
*Len.* } What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-  
 piece! 72

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life o' the building!

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life? 76

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
 sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
 See, and then speak yourselves.

*Excunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake! awake! 80

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see 84  
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

64 combustion: *uproar*      65 obscure bird: *owl*      69 fellow: *equal*  
 79 Gorgon: *a monster who turned beholders to stone*  
 85 great doom's image: *likeness of Judgment Day*

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

*Bell rings. Enter Lady.*

*Lady M.* What's the business, 88  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O gentle lady!  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;  
The repetition in a woman's ear 92  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter Banquo.*

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

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What! in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel anywhere.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, 96  
And say it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth and Lennox.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality: 100  
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.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't:

86 sprites: *spirits*

87 countenance: *behold (?)*, *be in keeping with (?)*

100 mortality: *mortal life*

102 lees: *dregs*

101 toys: *trivialities*

103 vault: *cf. n.*

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O! by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had  
done 't: 108

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them. 112

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

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: 116

The expedition of my violent love  
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature 120  
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 124  
Courage to make 's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Donalbain.*] Why do we hold our  
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* [*Aside to Malcolm.*] What should be  
spoken 128

109 badg'd: labeled (i.e., as murderers)

117 expedition: haste

123 breech'd: clothed in breeches

120 nature; cf. n.

127 argument: topic

Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
 May rush and seize us? Let's away: our tears  
 Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Donalbain.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
 Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady: 132  
 [*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 137  
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
 Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

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

*All.* Well contented. 141

*Exeunt* [*all but Malcolm and Donalbain*].

*Mal.* 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.

*Don.* 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.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way 149  
 Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;

132 Upon . . . motion: *ready for action*

133 naked frailties hid: *i.e., dressed ourselves*

138 pretence: *intention* 142 consort: *associate* 147 near: *nearer*

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

*Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*Without the Castle*]

*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.* Ah! good father, 4  
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
 Threatens his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
 Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb, 9  
 When living light should kiss it?

*Old Man.* 'Tis unnatural,  
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place, 12  
 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, 16  
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
 Make war with mankind.

*Old Man.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

151 dainty: *formal*  
 4 trifled: *made trifles of*  
 8 predominance: *supremacy*  
 12 towering: *circling upward*

152 shift: *steal*  
 7 travelling lamp: *sun*

pride of place: *highest elevation*

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Mac-  
duff. 20

*Enter Macduff.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

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

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd. 24

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up 28

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body? 32

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

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither. 36

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

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

24 pretend: *intend*  
28 ravin up: *devour*

suborn'd: *instigated, led on*  
32 invested: *robed and crowned*

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old Man.* God's benison go with you; and with  
those 40  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

*Exeunt omnes.*

### ACT THIRD

#### Scene One

[*Forres. A Room in the Palace*]

*Enter Banquo.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity, 4  
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, 8  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady;  
Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast, 12  
And all-thing unbecoming.

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

*Ban.* Let your highness

40 benison: *blessing*

7 shine: *are brilliantiv confirmed*

10 S. d. Sennet: *trumpet call*



Command upon me; to the which my duties 16  
 Are with a most indissoluble tie  
 For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord. 20

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good ad-  
 vice—

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—  
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
 Is 't far you ride? 24

*Ban.* 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.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast. 28

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
 In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers 32  
 With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,  
 When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
 Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu  
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

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

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
 And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time 41  
 Till seven at night; to make society  
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

26 Cf. n. 30 bestow'd: 'located' 32 parricide: murder of a parent

34 therewithal: besides that cause of state: public business

43 sweeter: more sweetly

Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!

*Exeunt [all but Macbeth and a Servant].*

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men 45  
Our pleasure?

*Serv.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

To be thus is nothing; 48

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, 52  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear; and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said 56  
Mark, Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings. 60  
Upon my head they plac'd 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, 64  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel 68  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,

44 while then: *till then*

God be with you: *i.e., good-bye*

56 genius: *guardian angel*

rebuk'd: *overawed*

61 fruitless: *childless*

65 fil'd: *defiled*

67 rancours: *bitternesses*

68 eternal jewel: *soul*

71 list: *lists, tilting ground*

And champion me to the utterance! Who's there? 72

*Enter Servant, and two Murderers.*

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

*Exit Servant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*Murderers.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know 76

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; pass'd in probation with  
you 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instru-  
ments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that  
might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us. 84

*Macb.* 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 gospell'd

To pray for this good man and for his issue, 89

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; 92

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

72 champion: *challenge* utterance: *finish* (i.e., death)

78 under fortune: *in distress*

80 pass'd in probation: *I reviewed in argument*

81 borne in hand: *deluded with false hopes* 83 notion: *understanding*

88 gospell'd: *full of Christian spirit* 92-101 Cf. n.

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept  
 All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 96  
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nature  
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill 100  
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
 Now, if you have a station in the file,  
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
 And I will put that business in your bosoms, 104  
 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.

*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege, 108  
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
 Have so incens'd that I am reckless what  
 I do to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another,  
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, 112  
 That I would set my life on any chance,  
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Murderers.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody dis-  
 tance 116  
 That every minute of his being thrusts  
 Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
 With bare-fae'd power sweep him from my sight

94 Shoughs, water-rugs: two kinds of poodle

95 file: list

118 near'st of life: most vital parts

clept: called

116 distance: hostility

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120  
 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, 124  
 Masking the business from the common eye  
 For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
 Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this  
 hour at most 128

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 something from the palace; always thought  
 That I require a clearness: and with him— 133  
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me 136  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
 I'll come to you anon.

*Murderers.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide within.  
 It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 141  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. *Exeunt.*

120 avouch it: *assume responsibility for it*

130 spy o' the time: *instructions as to time*

132 something from: *some distance from  
 kept in mind*

133 clearness: *freedom from suspicion*

121 For: *for the sake of*

always thought: *it being*

134 rubs: *mischances*

## Scene Two

[*Another Room in the Palace*]*Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant.**Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.*Serv.* Madam, I will. *Exit.**Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent, 4  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.*Enter Macbeth.*How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, 8  
Of sorriest fancies 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.*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: 13  
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, 16Ere 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 21  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;13 scotch'd: *hacked*16 frame . . . disjoint: *universe fall to pieces*21 on the torture: *i.e., as on the rack*14 malice: *capacity; cf. n.*22 ecstasy: *distraction*

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, 24  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
 Can touch him further.

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

*Macb.* 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 32  
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
 Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.  
*Macb.* O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear  
 wife; 36  
 Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.  
*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40  
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
 A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done? 44  
*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand 48

31 Present him eminence: *do him honor*

32 Unsafe: *we being unsafe* the while that: *so long as*

34 vizards: *masks* 38 copy: *lease (of life)*

42 shard-borne: *borne on scaly wings*

46 seeling: *blindfolding (a term from falconry)*

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. 53  
 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 Three

[*A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace*]

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
 To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us. 4

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 Mur.* Hark! I hear horses. 8

*Ban within.* Give us a light there, ho!

*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest  
 That are within the note of expectation  
 Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually, 12

49 bond; *cf. n.* 51 rooky: *full of rooks* 56 go with: *trust in*

2 delivers: *tells us* 3 offices: *duties*

4 To the direction just: *exactly according to directions*

10 note of expectation: *list of expected guests*



So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!

*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.

*First Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.*

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down. 16  
[*They set upon Banquo.*]

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

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was 't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

*Sec. Mur.* We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. *Exeunt.*

#### Scene Four

[*A Room of State in the Palace*]

*Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross,  
Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down: at  
first and last,

The hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society

And play the humble host. 4

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

1 degrees: *ranks* at first and last: *once for all*  
5 state: *canopied chair*

We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome. 8

*Enter First Murderer [to the door].*

*Macb.* 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 upon thy face. 12

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's, then.

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

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for  
him. 16

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's  
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scap'd. 20

*Macb.* 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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in 24  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that. 28

14 thee without: *outside thee*  
23 casing: *surrounding*

19 nonpareil: *unequaled one*  
25 saucy: *insistent* 27 trenched: *cut*

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; to-morrow  
 We'll hear ourselves again. *Exit Murderer.*

*Lady M.* My royal lord, 32  
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;  
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony; 36  
 Meeting were bare without it.

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

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?

*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's  
 place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
 roof'd, 40  
 Were the grac'd 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 high-  
 ness 44  
 To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves  
 your highness? 48

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

32 ourselves: *each other*  
 40 roof'd: *gathered under one roof*

33-36 *Cf. n.*

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. 52

Lady M. 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 56  
You shall offend him and extend his passion:  
Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?

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

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts—  
Impostors to true fear—would well become 64

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
You look but on a stool. 68

Macb. 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 72

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

55 upon a thought: *in a moment* 60 proper stuff: *perfect nonsense*

63 flaws: *outbursts* 64 Impostors to: *mere counterfeits of*

66 Authoriz'd by: *told on the authority of*

71 charnel-houses: *tombs; cf. n.*

73 maws: *stomachs*

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden  
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; 76  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
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, 80  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

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

*Macb.* I do forget. 84  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table, 89  
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. 92

*Enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* 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 M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; 97  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

76 human statute: *civilized law* weal: *commonwealth*

85 muse: *wonder* 91 thirst: *propose a toast* 95 speculation: *sight*

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; 101  
 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; 104  
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
 Unreal mockery, hence! [Exit Ghost.]

Why, so; being gone,  
 I am a man again. Pray you, sit still. 108

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
 good meeting,  
 With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be  
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
 Without our special wonder? You make me  
 strange 112

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 are blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord? 116

*Lady M.* 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.

*Len.* Good-night; and better health 120  
 Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good-night to all!

*Exeunt Lords [and Attendants].*

101 Hyrcan: *Hyrcanian, trans-Caspian*

106 baby of a girl; *cf. n.*

112, 113 strange . . . to; *cf. n.*

105 inhabit: *stay at home*

110 admir'd: *wonderful*

118 Question: *talk*

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
 Augures and understood relations have 124  
 By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
 The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person 128

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* 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— 132

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 136

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 M.* You lack the season of all natures,  
 sleep. 141

*Macb.* 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.*

124 Augures: *auguries, interpretations of omens* understood relations; *cf. n.*

125 maggot-pies: *magpies* choughs: *jackdaws*

128 How sayst thou: *what sayst thou to this*

142 strange and self-abuse: *strange self-deception*

143 initiate: *novice's*

## Scene Five

[*A Heath*]*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look  
angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth 4  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part, 8  
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, 12  
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 16  
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 20  
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; 24  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights

Scene Five; *cf. n.*2 beldams: *hags*7 close: *secret*15 Acheron: *a river of Hades*24 profound: *of profound significance*26 sleights: *arts*



Shall raise such artificial sprites  
 As by the strength of their illusion 28  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;  
 And you all know security 32  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Song within, 'Come away, come away,' &c.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be  
 back again. *Exeunt.*

### Scene Six

[A Room]

*Enter Lennox and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
 thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
 Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: 4

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous 8

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, 12

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

27 artificial: *skilful* 29 confusion: *ruin* 32 security: *over-confidence*  
 3 borne: *managed* 8 Who cannot want: *who can lack*  
 10 fact: *deed* 13 thralls: *bondmen*

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say, 16  
 He has borne all things well; and I do think  
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—  
 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  
 fail'd 21

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, 24  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
 Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing 28  
 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 32  
 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 honours;  
 All which we pine for now. And this report 37  
 Hath so exasperate the king that he  
 Prepares for some attempt at war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir, not I,' 40  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time

19 an: *if*21 from broad words: *because of his outspokenness*35 Free: *keep away*38 exasperate: *exasperated*41 turns me: *turns*

That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45  
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 48  
Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him!  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT FOURTH

### Scene One

[*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron*]

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go; 4  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got, 8

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake, 12

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

1 brinded cat: *tabby*      3 Harpier; *cf. n.*  
12 Fillet: *slice*      fenny: *swampy*

8 Swelter'd: *sweated*

- Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, 16  
 Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
- All.* Double, double, toil and trouble; 20  
 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, 24  
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, 28  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab: 32  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.
- All.* Double, double, toil and trouble; 36  
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
- Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood;  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate.*

- Hec.* O! well done! I commend your pains,  
 And every one shall share i' the gains. 40  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*Music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' &c.*

16 fork: *forked tongue*23 mummy: *medicine made from mummies*24 ravin'd: *ravenous (?)*, *glutted (?)*31 Ditch-deliver'd: *born in a ditch*32 slab: *sticky*17 howlet's: *owl's*gulf: *throat (?)*drab: *low woman*33 chaudron: *entrails*

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs, 44  
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags! 48

What is 't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* 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 52

Against the churches; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope 57

Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of Nature's germens tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60

To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

*Macb.* Call 'em: let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath  
eaten 64

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten

50, 51 Cf. n.

55 bladed corn: grain not yet in the ear

58, 59 treasure . . . germens; cf. n.

53 yesty: foamy

lodg'd: beaten flat

65 farrow: young pigs

From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show. 68

*Thunder. First Apparition, an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*First App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

*He descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution  
thanks; 73  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word  
more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's  
another,

More potent than the first. 76

*Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody Child.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to  
scorn

The power of man: for none of woman born 80  
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*

*Macb.* 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; 84  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*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 88  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no  
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until 92  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. *Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be:

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good! 96

Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100  
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.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this, 104  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

*Hautboys.*

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show! 108

*Third Witch.* Show!

95 impress: force into military service  
96 bodements: predictions

97 Rebellious dead; cf. n.

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight kings, and Banquo last; [the eighth king] with a glass in his hand.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down! 112

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: 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! 116

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 sceptres carry. 121

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? 124

*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. 128

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round,  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay. 132

*Music.* *The Witches dance, and vanish*  
[*with Hecate*].

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious  
hour

117 crack of doom: *break of Judgment Day*

123 blood-bolter'd: *blood-clotted*

121 Cf. n.

130 antic: *fantastic*



Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter Lennox.*

*Len.* What's your Grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord. 136

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* 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? 140

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-  
ploits; 144

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, 148  
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 of the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls 152  
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 Two

[*Fife. Macduff's Castle*]*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the  
land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:

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

*Ross.* You know not 4  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*L. Macd.* 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; 8  
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; 12  
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 16  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea 21

7 titles: *rightful possessions*9 wants the natural touch: *lacks natural affection*14 coz: *cousin*17 fits: *disorders*19 know ourselves: *i.e., to be such* hold: *interpret*

Each way and move. 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 up-  
 ward 24

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
 Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, 28  
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:  
 I take my leave at once. *Exit Ross.*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:  
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What! with worms and flies? 32

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net  
 nor lime,  
 The pit-fall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are  
 not set for. 36

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a  
 father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
 market. 40

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet,  
 i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother? 44

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

22 Each way and move; cf. n.

35 gin: snare

34 lime: sticky bird-lime

42 with all thy wit: like a simpleton (?)

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so? 48

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

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them? 52

*L. Macd.* 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. 56

*L. Macd.* 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. 61

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. 64

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, 69

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now 72

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 defence, 76  
 To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

[*First*] *Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope in no place so unsanctified  
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

[*First*] *Mur.* He's a traitor. 80

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

[*First*] *Mur.* What! you egg.  
 Young fry of treachery! [Stabbing him.]

*Son.* He has killed me, mother:  
 Run away, I pray you! [Dies.]

*Exit [Lady Macduff] crying 'Murder,'*  
*[and pursued by the Murderers.]*

### Scene Three

[*England. Before the King's Palace*]

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

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

*Macd.* Let us rather  
 Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; each new  
 morn 4

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

81 shag-ear'd: hairy-eared

4 Bestride: i.e., in its defence

birthdom: native land

82 fry: spawn

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe I'll wail, 8  
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 lov'd him well; 13  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-  
thing  
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb 16  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your  
pardon; 20  
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.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes. 24

*Mal.* 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, 28  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

8 dolour: *sorrow*

19 recoil: *turn to evil*

24 so: *i.e., gracious*

29 jealousies: *suspicious*

10 to friend: *favorable*

13-16 *Cf. n.*

20 imperial charge: *king's service*

26 rawness: *rash haste*

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 32  
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy  
wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! 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.

*Mal.* Be not offended: 37  
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 40  
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, 44  
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, 48  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean; in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state 53  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd 56  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,

34 title: i.e., *Macbeth's right to the crown*      affeer'd: *made sure*  
57 top: *surpass*

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,  
 61

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
 The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
 All continent impediments would o'erbear 64  
 That did oppose my will; better Macbeth  
 Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne, 68  
 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 hood-  
 wink. 72

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 inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this there grows 76  
 In my most ill-compos'd 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; 80  
 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.

*Macd.* This avarice 84

58 Luxurious: *lustful*  
 71 Convey: *steal*

64 continent: *restraining*  
 77 affection: *character*



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, 88  
 Of your mere own; all these are portable,  
 With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, 92  
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them, but abound  
 In the division of each several crime, 96  
 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.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland! 100

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

*Macd.* Fit to govern.  
 No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, 104  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father 108  
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,  
 Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!  
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself 112

86 summer-seeming: hot but transient      87 sword: i.e., cause of death

88 foisons: plentiful supplies      89 portable: endurable

96 division: practiced execution (a musical term)

107 interdiction: decree of exclusion

111 Died every day: i.e., was always ready for death

Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Mac-  
beth 117  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste; but God above 120  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself, 124  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray 128  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command; 132  
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? 137

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

*Enter a Doctor.*

118 trains; *decoys*  
135 at a point: *in readiness*

123 abjure: *deny under oath*  
136, 137 *Cf. n.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon. Comes the king forth, I  
pray you? 140

*Doct.* 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, 144  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

*Exit [Doctor].*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd 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, 149  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures; 152  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue, 156

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers!

142 stay his cure: *wait for him to cure them; cf. n.*

143 assay of art: *efforts of medical science*

150 strangely-visited: *strangely-afflicted*

153 stamp: *coin*

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ross.* Alas! poor country; 164  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where 'sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the  
air 168

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, 172  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O! relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife? 176

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

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

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how  
goes 't? 180

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather 184

168 rent: *rend* 170 modern: *commonplace* 171 Is . . . who; *cf. n.*  
173 or ere: *ere* 174 nice: *minutely detailed* 176 teems: *brings forth*  
183 out: *up in arms* 184 witness'd: *made credible*

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.  
 Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
 To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be 't their comfort, 188

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.

*Ross.* Would I could answer 192

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

*Macd.* What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief 196  
 Due to some single breast?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
 Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,

Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it. 200

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
 That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and  
 babes 204

Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,  
 Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
 To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!

188 doff: put off

192 gives out: shows

194 would: demand to

195 latch: catch

206 quarry: dead bodies (a hunting term)

196 fee-grief: private grief

What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; 208  
 Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak  
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

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

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! 212  
 My wife kill'd too?

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
 Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
 To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty  
 ones? 216

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
 What! all my pretty chickens and their dam  
 At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;  
 But I must also feel it as a man: 220

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, 224  
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
 Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it. 228

*Macd.* O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
 And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,  
 Cut short all intermission; front to front 231

210 o'er-fraught: *overladen*

219 Dispute it; *cf. n.*

228 Convert: *change*

218 dam: *mother*

224 Naught: *worthless*

231 intermission: *delay*

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

*Mal.*

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
 Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth 236  
 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 FIFTH

### Scene One

[*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle*]

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you,  
 but can perceive no truth in your report. When  
 was it she last walked? 3

*Gent.* 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, after-  
 wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all  
 this while in a most fast sleep. 9

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to  
 receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the  
 effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation,  
 besides her walking and other actual perform-

233 scape: *escape*

238 Put on: *urge on*

12 effects of watching: *actions of waking*

236 leave: *permission to go*

4 into the field: *to war*

ances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her. 16

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

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. 20

*Enter Lady, with a taper.*

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

*Doct.* How came she by that light? 24

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense are shut. 28

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

*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 33

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 37

*Lady M.* 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? 44



*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* 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. 49

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

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I  
am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has  
known. 54

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still:  
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this  
little hand. Oh! oh! oh! 57

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

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my  
bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 61

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice:  
yet I have known those which have walked in  
their sleep who have died holily in their beds. 66

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

*Doct.* Even so? 71

*Lady M.* 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 Lady.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed? 76

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* 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. 81  
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 amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor. *Exeunt.*

## Scene Two

[*The Country near Dunsinane*]

*Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness,  
Angus, Lennox, Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm 4  
Excite the mortified man.

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

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his  
brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, 9

83 annoyance: *injury*  
3 dear causes: *grievous provocations*

85 mated: *overcome*  
5 mortified: *dead (?)*

And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he 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.

*Ang.* Now does he feel 16  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title 20  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame 24  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on, 28  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

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

*Exeunt marching.*

10 unrough: *beardless*

20 Nothing: *not at all*

28 in our country's purge: *in the cleansing of our country*

18 minutely: *happening every minute*

27 medicine: *physician*

## Scene Three

[*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle*]*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* 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 4  
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd 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: 8  
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!  
 Where gott'st thou that goose look? 12

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—*Macb.* Geese, villain?*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-  
 face? 17

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20  
 Will cheer me ever or disease me now.

5 mortal consequences: *destinies of mortals*9 sway by: *am governed by*21 disease: *deprive of ease; cf. n.*15 patch: *fool*

I have liv'd 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, 24  
 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. 28  
 Seyton!

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

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

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be  
 hack'd. 32

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;  
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine  
 armour. 36

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, 40

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?

35 moe: *more* skirr: *scour*

43 oblivious antidote: *remedy causing forgetfulness*



- Siw.* What wood is this before us?
- Men.* The wood of Birnam. 4
- Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down bough  
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.
- Sold.* It shall be done. 8
- Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.
- Mal.* 'Tis his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be given, 12  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.
- Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on 16  
Industrious soldiership.
- Siw.* 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, 21  
Towards which advance the war. *Exeunt, marching.*

## Scene Five

[*Dunsinane. Within the Castle*]*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.**Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

7 discovery: *reconnoitring*      11 setting down before: *laying siege to*  
 12 advantage to be given: *opportunity obtainable (?)*  
 15 censures: *judgments*      16 event: *outcome*

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; 4  
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
 And beat them backward home.

*A cry within of women.*

What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. 8

[*Exit.*]

*Macb.* 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 12  
 As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;  
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
 Cannot once start me.

[*Enter Seyton.*]

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead. 16

*Macb.* 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, 20  
 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 24  
 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. 28

5 forc'd: *reinforced*

11 fell: *scalp*

15 start: *startle*

17 should have died: *would have had to die*



*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir. 32

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

*Macb.* Liar and slave!

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

*Macb.* 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. 41

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 45  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here. 48

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. 52

*Exeunt.*

40 cling: *shrivel*

42 pull in: *rein in*

## Scene Six

[*A Plain before the Castle*]

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,  
and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy 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 4  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. 8

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all  
breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

## Scene Seven

[*Another Part of the Plain*]*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* 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. 4

*Enter Young Siward.*

*Young Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

4 battle: *line of battle*2 course: *round, innings; cf. n.*

*Young Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Young Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce  
a title 8

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Young Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my  
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*Fight, and Young Siward slain.*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman:

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. 13

*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. 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. 16

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst  
be; 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. *Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Malcolm and Siward.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord; the castle's gently  
render'd: 24

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
 The day almost itself professes yours,  
 And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes 28  
 That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.

*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* 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.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn! 32

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
 With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words;  
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain 36  
 Than terms can give thee out! *Fight. Alarum.*

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour:  
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 40  
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripp'd. 45

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

29 beside us: *on our side*  
 38 intrenchant: *invulnerable*

30 Roman fool; *cf. n.*

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, 48  
 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.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward, 52  
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield, 56  
 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 oppos'd, being of no woman born, 60  
 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!'

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

*Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.*

*Retreat, and flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,  
 Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanos, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe  
 arriv'd. 64

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

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
 debt: 68

He only liv'd but till he was a man;

47 my better part of man: *most of my manhood* 49 palter: *play tricks*

55 Painted upon a pole: *with your picture mounted on a pole*

58 baited: *i.e., as a bear by dogs*

63 S. d. Retreat: *trumpet-signal to cease pursuit*

65 go off: *die*

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
 But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead? 72

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of  
 sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
 It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he! 76

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
 And so, his knell is knoll'd.

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

*Siw.* He's worth no more; 80  
 They say he parted well, and paid his score:  
 And so, God be with him! Here comes newer com-  
 fort.

*Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where  
 stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free: 84  
 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! 88

*Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time

71 unshrinking station: *steadfastly maintained position (?)*, *unshrinking attitude (?)*

81 score: *debt* 85 compass'd: *surrounded* pearl: *nobility*

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 nam'd. What's more to do, 93  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; 96  
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 100  
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. 104

*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

99 self and violent: *her own violent*

FINIS.

## NOTES

I. i. 8. Witches were said to keep spirits in the likeness of toads and cats, as their 'familiar.' *Gray-malkin* is a pet name for a cat. *Paddock* means 'toad.' The familiar of the Third Witch is not named; but she hears him call, and answers.

I. ii. 15. The first part of this line means that fortune smiled upon him deceitfully for a while. The second part probably means that all Macdonwald's efforts are unavailing.

I. ii. 21. *Which ne'er shook hands.* The meaning is that Macbeth ne'er quitted Macdonwald till he had killed him.

I. ii. 25. *reflection.* This word is used in its literal sense of 'turning back.' The sun comes back across the equator in the spring, the season of equinoctial storms. The Sergeant puns on the word 'spring' in line 27.

I. ii. 41. *memorize another Golgotha.* 'Make memorable another place of slaughter as awful as that of the Crucifixion.'

I. ii. 46. *Thane.* A military title of nobility, almost equivalent to that of an English earl.

I. ii. 50. *flout.* Ross uses the present tense, though evidently referring to past time. The people were fanned cold with fear before Macbeth's arrival.

I. iii. 6. *rump-fed ronyon.* The precise meaning of this phrase is uncertain. *Ronyon* seems to be equivalent to 'hussy.' *Rump-fed* may mean 'fat in the rump.' If it means 'fed on rump-ends of meat,' it remains doubtful whether the witch regards the ronyon as pampered or as half-starved.

I. iii. 9, 10. When a witch changes herself into an animal, the animal is usually not perfectly formed. This witch apparently intends to gnaw the planks



of the Tiger. She admits later that it cannot be sunk, but perhaps she can reduce it to a water-logged and unseaworthy condition.

I. iii. 20. *pent-house lid*. A pent-house is an out-house or shed, with a lean-to roof affixed to the side of the main building.

I. iii. 32. *weird sisters*. *Weird* was formerly a noun meaning 'fate.' In Holinshed's History, from which Shakespeare adapted the plot of the play, Macbeth is said to have encountered 'three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of [the] elder world.' Afterwards, Holinshed continues, it was supposed that these women were 'the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny.' Shakespeare has turned these personages into something like ordinary English witches, but his imagination was evidently impressed by Holinshed's more exalted designation of them.

I. iii. 35. *Thrice to thine*. These words cannot be precisely explained, but they evidently refer to figures in the dance. Possibly (for example) each witch circles three times in the direction of her left-hand neighbor, and then draws the latter back after her through three more circles. Or perhaps the words 'thine' and 'mine' accompany obeisances in honor of the witches' respective familiars.

I. iii. 56. *noble having*. The First Witch has just greeted Macbeth with present grace, the Second with great prediction of noble possessions, and the Third with great prediction of royal hope.

I. iii. 92, 93. There is a conflict in the King's mind between astonishment and admiration. His wonders and his praises contend as to which should be bestowed upon Macbeth. The words 'or his,' after the comma, are added as an afterthought, and mean: 'or rather, they contend as to which better express the King's own sentiments.' The King's uncertainty reduces him to silence.

I. iii. 97. *images of death.* The meaning is that Macbeth was not at all afraid of those whom he himself straightway converted into corpses.

I. iii. 97. *as thick as tale.* This may mean either 'as fast as I can now tell you' or 'as fast as they could be counted.' With either interpretation the expression seems so awkward that many editors feel justified in changing 'tale' to 'hail.'

I. iii. 137. *Present fears.* 'Terrors that are present to the eye.' An enemy, for example, who confronts you in battle, is less disturbing than the dread of imagined horrors.

I. iii. 147. *Time and the hour.* 'Time and opportunity,' 'opportune time.' There is always opportunity, even in the day that seems hopeless.

I. iv. 19. *proportion.* The thought seems to be that, if Macbeth's services had been less great, Duncan might have overpaid him with thanks and benefits, and there would then have been a credit balance on Duncan's side of the account.

I. iv. 39. *Prince of Cumberland.* This title, in Scotland, corresponded to that of Prince of Wales in modern England. Malcolm is designated as heir-apparent to the throne. Cumberland is now the northwesternmost county in England, but in the eleventh century it was disputed territory. In the tenth century it had been for a time a recognized part of the Kingdom of Scotland.

I. v. 18. *milk of human kindness.* Some critics see a difficulty in this phrase, inasmuch as they do not find Macbeth overfull of kindness. They accordingly interpret the last two words as if they were written 'humankind-ness,' and explain the whole expression as meaning 'the inherited weakness of human nature.' To the present editor this seems uncalled for.

I. v. 23-26. The sense is: Thou wishest to have, great Glamis, the crown, which cries 'thou must do murder' if thou art to have it; and murder is what

thou rather fearest to do than wishest undone. Logically we should expect in line 24 'Thus thou must do, if thou have *me*,' but the speaker shifts suddenly from direct to indirect quotation.

I. v. 64. *time*. This word (with the definite article) sometimes means 'the age,' i.e., 'all living men.' *To beguile the time* means substantially 'to deceive everybody.' In the next line, *look like the time* means 'adapt your expression to the festive occasion.'

I. vi. 13. *'eyld*. 'God 'eyld you' is merely a way of saying 'thank you.' Duncan's meaning is: The love that makes people come to visit us is sometimes a nuisance, though we still are grateful for it as love; therefore you must thank us for the pains we put you to.

I. vi. 25-28. The sense is: Your servants ever hold their retainers, their own persons, and their property subject and accountable (*in compt*) to you, to render their accounts whenever you please, and always to repay you what is yours. (Or it may be that the first *theirs* in line 26 means 'all that they own,' and the words *themselves, and what is theirs* are but an amplified repetition of the same idea.)

I. vii. 1-7. The sense is: If the whole business were finished when the murder is done, then 'twere well to do the murder quickly; if the killing of Duncan could at the same time remove the possibility of unpleasant consequences to myself, and with the removal thereof achieve final success; so that this murderous blow might be the end of the story so far as this life is concerned; then I would take the chances of the life to come.

I. vii. 7-25. In lines 7-12 Macbeth means that he cannot expect to go unpunished even in this life; he will be setting an example of murder which will react upon himself; he will have to drink his own medicine. In the twelve lines which ensue, he is

thinking how the murder of Duncan will appear to others. Its peculiar wickedness makes it especially dangerous.

I. vii. 28. *falls on the other.* If the image in Macbeth's mind is of a man vaulting over a bar or a horse, these words must mean 'falls on the other side.' The word 'side,' indeed, is needed to fill the metre of the line, and it seems to have been omitted only by a printer's error. If this is not the meaning, we may imagine that Macbeth is thinking not of one vaulter but of two professional tumblers (who were commonly called 'vaulters'), or even of two players at leap-frog. One attempts too long a take-off, and falls on the other.

I. vii. 42. That which Macbeth esteems *the ornament of life* is the 'golden opinions' of line 33.

I. vii. 45. *adage.* 'The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet.'

I. vii. 60. *sticking-place.* The image is of a soldier winding up his cross-bow. He turns a screw until the cord reaches the notch and sticks.

II. i. 16. *shut up.* This expression apparently has its modern meaning, but without any shade of disrespect.

II. i. 17-19. The sense is: As we were unprepared, our desire to honor the King was hampered by our unpreparedness. Otherwise it certainly would have had free play.

II. i. 54. *Whose howl's his watch.* The howl of the wolf is the watch-cry that arouses Murder to action.

II. i. 55. Tarquin was the son of the last of the kings of prehistoric Rome. His crime was a midnight assault upon Lucrece, in her chamber.

II. ii. 3. *bellman.* The allusion is to the watch that was set over a condemned person the night before his execution.

II. ii. 37. *ravell'd sleeve*. The word 'ravel' originally meant 'tangle,' but by Shakespeare's time it had already become confused with 'unravel,' and so might mean either 'tangle' or 'fray out.' *Sleeve* also admits of two interpretations. It may be used in the ordinary sense, or it may be a variant spelling of 'sleave,' a word somewhat loosely applied to various kinds of raw silk. If 'sleeve' is here used in the latter sense, 'ravell'd' means 'tangled,' and the whole phrase refers to the difficulties of the careworn weaver or spinner, when he has 'tangled silk fibres' to handle. Most modern editors adopt this interpretation, and actually change 'sleeve' to 'sleave' in the text. To the present editor the alteration seems unjustifiable. Shakespeare may have meant simply the 'frayed sleeve' of a person whom care has made negligent. From a purely literary point of view, each interpretation has its own advantages.

II. iii. 5. *farmer*. The Porter fancies that a farmer (who is knocking at hell's gate) had hoarded grain; but the prospect of a plentiful crop lowered prices and ruined him.

II. iii. 10. *equivocator*. This word became a jest in March, 1606, through the trial for treason of Henry Garnet, a detested Jesuit, who committed perjury and afterwards explained it as mere 'equivocation.'

II. iii. 103. *vault*. This word is used in a double sense, suggesting both a wine-cellar and the world with its overarching sky.

II. iii. 120. *nature*. This means not Duncan's merely human nature, but the whole order of the universe. It seemed as if Chaos were come again.

III. i. 26. *go not my horse the better*. Unless my horse go faster (than is to be expected).

III. i. 92-101. The sense is: Ay, in a mere list of objects you would pass for men; as various kinds of dogs are called just 'dogs'; but the list that gives

values of objects (not merely their names) distinguishes dogs according to their worth; whereby each receives an individual title [as distinguished] from the bill or catalogue that writes them all down merely as dogs.

III. ii. 14. *malice*. This word often meant not ill-will, but the power to enforce one's will; and it was sometimes used with no evil sense. Thus the 'malice' of an army was its attacking power. Macbeth seems to mean simply his capacity for overcoming difficulties. So in line 32 'malice domestic' means not a spirit of disaffection, but the armed power of civil insurrection. But in either of these passages there may be also a shade of the more usual meaning of the word.

III. ii. 49. *bond*. This may mean Banquo's lease of life, referring to 'copy' in line 38; but more probably it means the promise of fate that Banquo's children should be kings.

III. iv. 33-36. The sense is: A feast does not seem freely given, unless the host often declares (vouches), while it is in progress, that 'tis given with welcome; mere feeding is best done at home; away from home, the sauce to meat is ceremony.

III. iv. 71-73. Macbeth means that, if the dead will not stay buried, our bones will be consumed by birds of prey, and only then will find their resting-place.

III. iv. 106. *baby of a girl*. The word 'baby' was sometimes used, even of a grown person, for 'pet' or 'darling.' A 'girl's pet' would be a molly-coddle. But possibly the whole phrase is merely an intensive expression for 'girl'; as we say 'chit of a child' or 'monster of a man.' There is room also for divers other conjectural interpretations.

III. iv. 112, 113. *strange . . . to*. 'Unfamiliar with,' hence 'uncertain of.' Macbeth means: You make me uncertain even of my own character (i.e.,

doubtful whether I am a brave man), when I see you unterrified.

III. iv. 124. *understood relations*. 'The correct understanding of related facts,' i.e., the ability to put two and two together. Macbeth means that observations of the actions of birds of ill omen, and ability to use these observations in interpretation of the facts, have led to the detection of the most secret murders.

III. v. It is fairly certain that this scene, and also the half-dozen lines assigned to Hecate in Act IV, Scene i, were not written by Shakespeare. At some revival of the play, perhaps after Shakespeare's death and certainly before the printing of the First Folio, it seems to have been thought best to expand the part of the witches. The writer employed to make the additions had a conception of witches, and of their relations with men, which differed materially from Shakespeare's. He seems to have obtained his conception from a play called *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton. The two songs, designated here by their first lines, are found in full in that play.

IV. i. 3. *Harpier*. It is impossible to determine who this is; but see note on I. i. 8.

IV. i. 50, 51. Macbeth conjures the witches in the name of that skill in divination which they profess; and no matter by what evil methods they have learned the answer to his question, he must have it.

IV. i. 58, 59. *treasure Of Nature's germens*. *Germens* are seeds. The phrase seems to mean 'the whole stock of Nature's fruitfulness.' It is almost as if Macbeth had said 'all creation.'

IV. i. 97. *Rebellious dead*. Many editors change this to 'Rebellion's head,' but the alteration destroys the sense of the passage. Macbeth is thinking of the ghost of Banquo. He felt that the Second Apparition insured him only against the power of living man; but the Third Apparition seems to mean that he will

never be vanquished by anything. Note that after the Second Apparition's promise Macbeth speaks of Macduff; but that here his mind turns immediately to Banquo. Banquo's ghost cannot vanquish him; but who will reign after him?

IV. i. 121. *two-fold balls and treble sceptres.* James, who became King of England in 1603, was already King of Scotland. In 1604 he assumed the title of 'King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.' He was popularly supposed to be descended from Banquo.

IV. ii. 22. *Each way and move.* This passage is probably corrupt. As it stands, it seems best to take *move* as a noun. 'Each way we travel, nay, each movement we make.'

IV. iii. 13-16. Malcolm purposely speaks darkly. His full meaning seems to be: 'Macbeth was once thought honest (as you are; perhaps you are really as bad as he). You have formerly loved him well (perhaps you do still). He hath not touched you yet (because you are his friend). Young and harmless as I am, you may discern a chance for greater favor from him through me; you may discern wisdom in betraying me.' The last sentence is awkward, and some editors change 'discern' to 'deserve'; but even this alteration does not remove the whole difficulty.

IV. iii. 136, 137. The sense is: May our chance of success be in proportion to the justice of our quarrel.

IV. iii. 142. *stay his cure.* To Edward the Confessor, King of England in Macbeth's time, was ascribed the power to cure scrofula by his touch. The disease was called 'the king's evil.' Many of Edward's successors practiced the same cure. Among these was James I, in compliment to whom this passage is inserted.

IV. iii. 171. *Is there scarce ask'd for who.* When



a death-knell is heard in Scotland, people scarcely ask for whom it is rung, it has become so common.

IV. iii. 219. *Dispute it.* This is usually taken to mean 'contend with your sorrow.' More probably Malcolm is again urging Macduff to seek vengeance.

V. iii. 21. *disease.* The reading of the First Folio is 'dis-eate.' This is obviously a misprint, and modern editors take their choice between 'disseat' and 'disease.' The former makes a more vigorous sentence: but 'disease' offers a more natural antithesis to 'cheer'; it is the reading of all the Folios except the First; and it was commonly used in Shakespeare's time in the sense here attributed to it. Cf. Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1603), Act IV, Scene iii: 'I should disease my friend, and be a trouble to the whole house.'

V. vii. 2. *course.* In the favorite sport of bear-baiting, a bear was tied to a stake, and dogs were set upon him in relays, sometimes ten at a time.

V. vii. 30. *Roman fool.* This is a scornful allusion to the ancient Roman conception of suicide as an act of heroism. Shakespeare may or may not have had in mind the individual cases of Brutus and Cassius, whose stories he had already dramatized in *Julius Cæsar*.

## APPENDIX A

### SOURCES OF THE PLAY

Macbeth was a real character in history. He became King of Scotland in 1039 or 1040 by slaying his predecessor Duncan, and he reigned until he was himself slain in battle with Malcolm in 1056 or 1057. It seems that, in rising against Duncan, Macbeth was asserting a legitimate claim to the crown; not he, but Duncan, was the usurper; but the records of the time are very scanty.

Shakespeare, however, acquired his knowledge of Macbeth from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (first published in 1577); and Holinshed's account makes no distinction between the meagre facts of history and the myths that had accumulated during five centuries. Shakespeare, in turn, made very free use of Holinshed, rearranging and altering incidents as he pleased. His play, in consequence, is almost wholly unhistorical.

Holinshed says that Macbeth slew Duncan, but he gives no details. He does, however, give a minute account of the murder of another Scottish king, which had taken place sixty-seven years earlier; and Shakespeare borrowed from this a number of hints for his own account of the murder of Duncan. Holinshed narrates the revolt of Macdonwald, the invasion of Scotland by the Norwegians, and the condemnation of Cawdor for treason; but the three events have no connection with one another. Shakespeare condenses them all into a single action, thereby introducing a number of confusions into the story. Holinshed tells of the prophecies made to Macbeth and Banquo by the weird sisters, and of later assurances given to Macbeth by 'a certain witch.' Shakespeare blends

the three weird sisters and the one witch into one group of three persons, whom he calls sometimes 'witches' and sometimes 'weird sisters'; and all their part in the play except the bare fact of their prophecies is of Shakespeare's invention. It is noteworthy, also, that according to Holinshed Macbeth reigned seventeen years, and that for the first ten years he ruled worthily and well; but that then he became uneasy about Banquo and caused him to be murdered, and the rest of his reign was cruel and tyrannical.

Several of the most striking incidents of the play are wholly original with Shakespeare; among others, the knocking at the gate and the drunken porter, the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and the sleep-walking. For the chief characters in the play, Shakespeare found only meagre hints in Holinshed; and such things as the soliloquies of Macbeth and the talks between Macbeth and his wife are entirely new. The conversation between Malcolm and Macduff at the English court, on the other hand, is largely a close paraphrase from Holinshed.

The following extract contains Holinshed's account of the murder of Duncan:

'The woords of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye haue heard) greatlie encouraged him herevnto, but specialie his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning in vnquenchnable desire to beare the name of a queene. At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquho was the chiefest, vpon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Eneuerns,<sup>1</sup> or (as some say) at Botgosuane,<sup>2</sup> in the sixt yeare of his

<sup>1</sup> Inverness.

<sup>2</sup> Bothnagowan, now known as Pitgaveny (about two miles east of Elgin), was the actual place of Duncan's death.

reigne. Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priuie to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went vnto Seone, where (by common consent) he receiued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was first conueied vnto Elgine, & there buried in kinglie wise; but afterwards it was remoued and conueied vnto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst his predecessors, in the yeare after the birth of our Sauour, 1046.'

## APPENDIX B

### HISTORY OF THE PLAY

*Macbeth* was probably written in 1606; but any precise dating must be recognized as conjectural. The references to King James's 'treble sceptre' could not have been made earlier than 1604; and the porter's jests about equivocation seem to have owed their point to events of the spring of 1606. There are other apparent references to the same events in IV. ii. 46-49, and V. v. 43. A certain Dr. Simon Forman recorded in his notebook that he saw a performance of *Macbeth* on the twentieth of April, 1610. There is no documentary proof of the existence of the play before this date; but allusions to it are suspected in plays written as early as 1606 and 1607. For example, we find this sentence in *The Puritan* (published in 1607): 'Instead of a jester, we'll have the ghost in the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.' But the allusion here to *Macbeth* is at best no more than highly probable. The evidence of style and versification supports the inference that the play was written in 1606. Shakespeare's style and versification changed progressively as he grew older; and it seems clear that *Macbeth* was written before *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, or *The Tempest*; before *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Coriolanus*; before so many of the latest plays, in fact, that we are driven to give it as early a date as the allusions to 'equivocation' will permit. *Macbeth*, however, seems to have been the last of the four great tragedies. It was later than *Hamlet* or *Othello*, and it was probably later than *King Lear*.

*Macbeth* appears to have been one of Shakespeare's popular successes, but not one of the greatest of them.

Allusions to it, by his contemporaries or immediate successors, would have been pointless if the play had not been well known; but there are others of his plays to which such allusions are much more frequent. It must have been a revival of the play that Dr. Forman saw in 1610; and it was doubtless another revival for which the additional witch scenes were written. Forman's account shows that he was profoundly impressed by the performance; and it also affords interesting information as to how the play was then presented. The following extract, especially, has a bearing upon certain questions which have recently been disputed:

“Then was Mackbeth crowned kinge, and then he for feare of Banko, his old companion, that he should beget kinges but be no kinge him selfe, he contriued the death of Banko, and caused him to be Murdred on the way as he Rode. The next night, being at supper with his noble men whom he had bid to a feaste to the which also Banco should haue com, he began to speak of Noble Banco, and to wish that he were ther. And as he thus did, standing vp to drincke a Carouse to him, the ghoste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier be-hind him. And he turning A-bout to sit down Again sawe the goste of banco, which fronted him so, that he fell in-to a great passion of fear and fury, Vttering many wordes about his murder, by which, when they hard that Banco was Murdred they Suspected Mackbet.’

At some time after 1660, Sir William Davenant produced an altered version of *Macbeth*, which was published in 1674, and which held the stage until 1744. Davenant's version was in effect a new play, so sweeping were his changes. He simplified the language throughout; he introduced a certain external unity into the play by writing new scenes for Maeduff and his wife in the first three acts, and by bringing back Donalbain and Fleance at the end; but espe-

cially he introduced much spectacular business and still more music and dancing, so that a contemporary described his play as 'in the nature of an opera.' The witches were not hags, but ladies with beautiful voices. The diarist Pepys, who saw *Macbeth* many times, described it in 1664 merely as 'a pretty good play, but admirably acted'; but in 1667 it was 'a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable.' Perhaps the first of these entries refers to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and the second to Davenant's.

After this period, and for three-quarters of a century, the public saw only Davenant's version. Many illustrious critics and editors (Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer) never saw Shakespeare's play; and in eighteenth-century criticism the two versions are sometimes curiously confused. Thus Richard Steele, in his essay on the great tragic actor Betterton, quotes the following as part of a speech of Macbeth's:

'To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day  
To the last moment of recorded time!  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
To their eternal night!'

(Cf. V. v. 19-23.)

In 1744 Garrick effected a partial restoration of Shakespeare's play; but the witches kept their operatic character till 1847, when Samuel Phelps had the courage to present them in their proper guise. In Davenant's play, or in Shakespeare's, or in intermediate compromises between the two, all the greatest English-speaking actors of the last two and a half centuries have achieved distinction, from Betterton to Booth; and the part of Lady Macbeth was one of the notable triumphs of the great Mrs. Siddons.

## APPENDIX C

### TEXT OF THE PLAY

*Macbeth* was first published in the First Folio, in 1623. The First Folio provides the only authoritative text, and all subsequent editions are based upon it, directly or indirectly. Unfortunately the First Folio was very carelessly printed, and *Macbeth* is one of the plays that suffered most. There are many obvious misprints which are easily corrected; but there are also many passages which are apparently corrupt but which cannot be corrected with any assurance. Hence arise many differences between the texts of modern standard editions; for editors are not agreed as to the propriety of altering the text in doubtful cases, nor as to the best manner of revision when some revision is clearly necessary. The present text is based, by permission, upon that of Craig's *Oxford Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press); but the present editor has here and there deviated from Craig's text, usually in the interest of fidelity to the First Folio. Exclusive of stage-directions (in which the First Folio readings have been restored wherever practicable), and a few unimportant details of spelling and punctuation, the departures from Craig's text are indicated in the following list. The words before the colon are the words of this text; after the colon, Craig's. The reading of the First Folio is also indicated.

- I. ii. 22. chops (F1): chaps
- iii. 93. thine, or his (F1): thine or his
- 96. Craig has a comma at the end of the line  
(not in F1)
- 97. tale (F1): hail
- 113. help and vantage (F1): help or vantage



- v. 24. Craig continues the quotation to the end of the line. (F1 has no quotation-marks)
- II. i. 55. towards (F1): toward
- ii. 37. sleave (F1): sleeve
59. here? (F1): here!
- iii. 7. enow (F1): enough
- iv. 6. Threatens (F1): Threaten
28. will (F1): wilt
- III. i. 75. *Murderers* (Murth., F1): *First Mur.*
- 115, 139. *Murderers* (Murth., F1): *Sec. Mur.*
123. Who (F1): Whom
- ii. 32. Craig and F1 have a comma after 'while'
- iv. 45. company? (F1): company.
78. time has: times have (F1 times has)
124. Augures (F1): Augurs
- IV. i. 2. comma after 'Thrice' is in F1: omitted by Craig
3. Harpier (F1): Harper
- 10, 20, 35. second comma is in F1: omitted by Craig
97. Rebellious dead (F1): Rebellion's head
- ii. 81. shag-ear'd (F1): shag-hair'd
- iii. 15. discern: deserve (F1 discerne)
214. medicines (F1): medicine
- V. i. 28. are (F1): is
- 32, 33. known her continue (F1): known her to continue
- iii. 21. disease: disseat (F1 dis-eate)
35. moe (F1): more
- v. 34. toward (F1): towards

## APPENDIX D

### SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

H. H. Furness: *The New Variorum Shakespeare*. Vol. II: *Macbeth*. (Revised edition by H. H. Furness, Jr., 1903.) (The one indispensable aid to scholarly study of *Macbeth*.) In Furness's Appendix will be found most of the valuable individual comments on the play. It is especially interesting to compare the views of Kreyssig and Fletcher as to Macbeth's character, and the views of Fletcher and Campbell as to Lady Macbeth.

A. C. Bradley: *Shakespearean Tragedy*. 1904. (Contains the most valuable discussion of *Macbeth* that has appeared since Furness's edition.)

George Brandes: *William Shakespeare*. 1902.

F. S. Boas: *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*. 1895. (These are valuable discussions of all Shakespeare's plays, with special chapters on *Macbeth*.)

Porter and Clarke: *Shakespeare Studies: Macbeth*. 1901. (A helpful aid to the teacher.)

Thomas De Quincey: On the Knocking at the Gate in 'Macbeth' (1823) (see Furness, p. 138). (An interesting and eloquent piece of writing, but in some respects very misleading as criticism.)

For advanced students, a careful study of the criticisms implied in Davenant's alterations is especially recommended. Copious extracts from Davenant's version are given in Furness's Appendix.

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