

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } Generals of the King's Army.
MACDUFF,
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } Noblemen of Scotland.
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 and Three Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE.—Scotland; England.

ACT I

SCENE I.—A desert Heath.

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.
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!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter 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
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that
name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
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:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
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 sur-
geons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Enter ROSS.

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,
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 III.—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
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,
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. 8
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
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid. 20
Weary se'nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
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
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 under-
stand 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 pre-
diction
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
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
you. [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,
And these are of them. Whither are they
vanish'd?

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

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root
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?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
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 Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

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

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Caw-
dor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

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

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
With hidden help or 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 overthrow'n him.

Macb. [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Caw-
dor:

The greatest is behind. [To ROSS and ANGUS.]
Thanks for your pains.

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

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

Ban. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [Aside.] Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Caw-
dor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

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,
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
leisure.

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.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time,

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

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENNOX, 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

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

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
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; would thou hadst less de-
serv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
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

Are to your throne and state, children and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
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 unfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

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

Dun. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland!

that is a step
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
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,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Inverness. MACBETH'S Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

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-
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,
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
mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be
great,

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst
highly,

That 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';

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
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?
Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
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,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news.—[Exit Messenger.] The
raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering minis-
ters,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

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

Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put 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 VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MAL-
COLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MAC-
DUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly 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 woefully here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

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

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 where-
with
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 hold
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.]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the
Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over
the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
dishes and service. 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, re-
turn 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,
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 MACBETH.

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,
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 fit-
ness 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
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 II

SCENE I.—Inverness. Court within the
Castle.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Servant
bearing 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 hus-
bandry 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.— 9

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
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.

[Exeunt BANQUO and 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,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me

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

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

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:
 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.
 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;
 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?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
 crickets cry.
 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.
 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;
 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.
 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.
 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!
 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?
 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,
 You do unbend your noble strength to think
 So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the
 place?

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

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!
 Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

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

[Exit. Knocking within.]
 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
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will
 rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine.
 Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I
 shame
 To wear a heart so white.—[Knocking within.]
 I hear a knocking
 At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
 A little water clears us of this deed;
 How easy is it, then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.]
 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.
 Macb. To know my deed 'twere best not
 know myself.
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
 couldst!

SCENE III.—The Same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
 were porter of hell-gate he should have old
 turning the key. [Knocking within.] Knock,
 knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of
 Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged him-
 self on the expectation of plenty: come in time;
 have napkins enough about you; here you'll
 sweat for 't. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock!
 Who's there 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
 equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator.
 [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's
 there? Faith, here's an English tailor come
 hither for stealing out of a French hose: come
 in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
 [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at
 quiet! What are you? But this place is too
 cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further:
 I had thought to have let in some of all pro-
 fessions, that go the primrose way to the ever-
 lasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon!
 I pray you, remember the porter.

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.

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
 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.

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?

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:

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.
 For 'tis my limited service.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
 Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

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

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

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
 death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
 Of dire combustion and confus'd events

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.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

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

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. What's the matter?
 Len. Confusion now hath made his master-
 piece!

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
 piece!

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.

[*Exeunt 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!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like
 sprites,
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
 [Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

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 any where.
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, 96
 And say it is not so.

Re-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:
 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 dis-
 tracted; 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 mur-
 derers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their dag-
 gers
 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
 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;
 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 IV.—The Same. Without the Castle.

Enter ROSS and an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remem-
 ber 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,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb, 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.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine
 eyes,
 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
 Macduff. 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 wilt rav'n 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!
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.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—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'st 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
 MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords,
 Ladies, 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 things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
 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 advice—
 Which still hath been both grave and prosper-
 ous—
 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 be-
 stow'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. 37
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
 Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with
 you! [Exeunt all but MACBETH
 and an Attendant.]
 Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men 45
 Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
 gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attend-
 ant.] 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,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's
there? 72

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. 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
instruments,
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,
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.
Sec. Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody
distance 116

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight
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
Whom 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. With-
in 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.

Sec. Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide with-
in. [Exit Murderers.]
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 141
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room in
the Palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH 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 13
it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer, 16

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison, 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 have 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 assail-
able;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight, ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons

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 to the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand 48

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. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. 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

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. 20
Sec. Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how
much is done. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room of State in
the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MAC-
BETH, 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 4
And play the humble host.

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