

*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  
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?  
[*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, 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  
highness 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?

*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. [*Ghost disappears.*]  
*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.  
*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*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 times have 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

*Re-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.  
*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! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

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.*]

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

Stones have been known to move and trees to  
speak;

Augurs and understood relations have 124  
By maggot-pies and coughts 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.*]

## SCENE V.—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,  
Or show the glory of our art? 8

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  
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 VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.  
*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,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

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,  
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

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,  
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  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and war-like Siward:  
That, by the help of these—with him above  
To ratify the work—we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody  
knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours;  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
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'.

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the  
time

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling  
Cauldron.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

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

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

*Third Witch.* Harper 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,

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,

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;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble. 36  
*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.*]

*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 mid-  
night 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  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

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

*Thunder.* *First Apparition of 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.  
[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-  
tion 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! 96  
good!

Rebellion's head, 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!  
*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of Eight Kings; the last with a glass in  
his hand: BANQUO'S Ghost following.*

*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 antick round,

That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay. 132

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

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

Stand aye accurs'd 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 gentle-  
men?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—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 hus-  
band,  
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  
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 father-  
less.  
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.]  
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.  
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 pre-  
serve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]  
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?  
Mur. Where is your husband?  
L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.  
Mur. He's a traitor. 80  
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.  
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 III.—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 sor-  
rows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
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 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  
something  
You may deserve of him through me, and wis-  
dom  
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 trans-  
pose;  
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.  
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 32  
For goodness dares 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,  
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 daugh-  
ters, 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  
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,  
Upbraid 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,

Of't 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  
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  
Unspoke 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 war-like 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.*

*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.

*Macd.* See, who comes here?  
*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him  
not. 160

*Enter ROSS.*

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

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes  
remove

The means that make us strangers!

*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  
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!  
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 medicine 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  
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 V

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentle-  
woman.*

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

*Gen.* 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-  
ances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

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

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

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

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

*Doct.* How came she by that light? 24  
*Gen.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by  
her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.  
*Gen.* Ay, but their sense is shut. 28  
*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how  
she rubs her hands.

*Gen.* It is an accustomed action with her, to  
seem thus washing her hands. I have known  
her to 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 remem-  
brance 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.

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

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

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

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

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

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gen.* 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.

*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?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gen.* 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.

*Gen.* Good-night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and 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 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 His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn 24 Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on, 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 28 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.]

#### SCENE III.—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 Mal-

colm?

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, 8 false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

#### Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-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 disseat me now. 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, 24

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. 28

Seyton!

#### Enter SEYTON.

*Sey.* What is 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 more horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine 36 armour.

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?

*Doct.* Therein the patient 45 Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.— 49

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, 52 I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou 56 of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

*Doct.* [Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

#### [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—Country near Birnam Wood.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

*Men.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Men.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery 8 Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*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; 12 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 V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

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

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, 'They come'; our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie 4 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 of women within.]

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.

#### Re-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.

*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.  
*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd towards 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.

*Macb.* I pull in resolution and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-  
done.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before the  
Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old  
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., 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  
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.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part  
of the Plain.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I can-  
not fly,

But bear-like I must fight the course. What's  
he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter Young SIWARD.*

*Young Siw.* What is thy name?  
*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.  
*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 pro-  
nounce a title

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.

[*They fight and Young SIWARD is 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.

[*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.

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;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]

*Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.*

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

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

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

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

*Re-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.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!  
*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! [*They fight.*]  
*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;

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.

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

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
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,  
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,  
Yet I will try the last: before my body  
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,  
enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and  
colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes,  
and Soldiers.*

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

*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:

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

*Re-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

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,

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

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]