

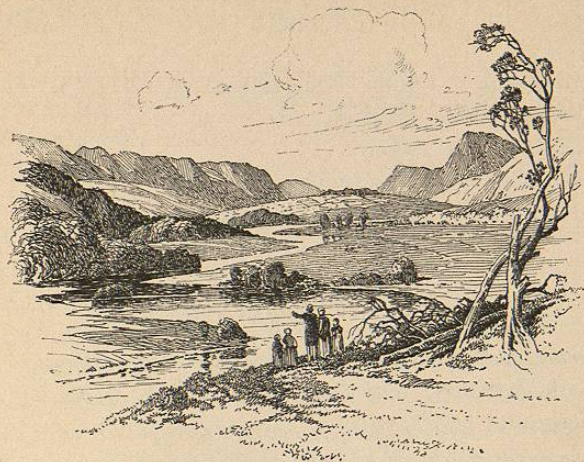
mate we form of him when he hears the predictions of the Witches. At that time, as I have said, he seems as noble as he was valiant. He is ambitious, but two paths to power and fame are open to him — the path of rectitude, of loyalty, of patriotism, of honour; and the nearer way of treason, regicide, and dishonour. He lacks the moral courage and strength to choose the former. He cannot wait for fate to fulfil itself, but anticipates the working out of its decrees by impatiently taking the first step in the other path. He knows it is the wrong path, but it is only the first step that costs him even any transient struggle. Thenceforward, as we have seen, he can go on from crime to crime with only brief spasms of hesitation, due not to compunction or shrinking from sin, but only to his apprehensions of the possible consequences of his first deed of blood — discovery, disgrace, disaster, retribution in this life. The life to come he ignores, as he did at the start, and pursues the downward course, selfish, pitiless, remorseless, impious, to the inevitable tragic end.

## MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.	An English Doctor.
MALCOLM, { his sons.	A Scotch Doctor.
DONALBAIN, }	A Sergeant.
MACBETH, { generals of the king's army.	A Porter.
BANQUO, }	An Old Man.
MACDUFF, }	LADY MACBETH.
LENNOX, }	LADY MACDUFF.
ROSS, { noblemen of Scotland.	Gentlewoman attending on Lady Mac-
MENTEITH, }	beth.
ANGUS, }	HECATE.
CAITHNESS, }	Three Witches.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.	Apparitions.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, gen- eral of the English forces.	Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Mes- sengers.
Young SIWARD, his son.	
SEYTON, an officer attending on Mac- beth.	
Boy, son to Macduff.	

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*



VIEW FROM SITE OF MACBETH'S CASTLE, INVERNESS

ACT I

SCENE I. *A Desert Place*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

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

*Second Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

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

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Second Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin !  
*Second Witch.* Paddock calls.  
*Third Witch.* Anon.  
*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair ;  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Camp near Forres*

*Alarum within.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-  
 BAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding  
 Sergeant

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

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

*Sergeant.* 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 carved 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.  
*Duncan.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!  
 ✓ *Sergeant.* As whence the sun gins his reflection  
 Shipwrecking 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, 30  
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
 Began a fresh assault.

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

*Sergeant.* Yes ;  
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 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,  
 I cannot tell —  
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Duncan.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;  
They smack of honour both. — Go get him surgeons.—  
[*Exit Sergeant, attended*  
Who comes here ?

*Enter Ross*

*Malcolm.* The worthy thane of Ross.

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

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king !

*Duncan.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norway banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50  
With terrible numbers,  
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,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit ; and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*Duncan.* Great happiness !

*Ross.* That now  
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition ;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Duncan.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Duncan.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Heath*

*Thunder.* *Enter the three Witches*

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

*Second Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
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. 10

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

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

*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 ;  
 Weary se'nnights 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.

*Second Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 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,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about ;  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine.  
 Peace! the charm 's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

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

*Banquo.* How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are  
 these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on 't? — Live you? or are you aught  
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
 By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

*Macbeth.* Speak, if you can ; what are you?

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

*Second Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane  
 of Cawdor !

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

*Banquo.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to  
 fear

'Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,  
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
 'You greet with present grace and great prediction  
 Of noble having and of royal hope,  
 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  
 Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail !

*Second Witch.* Hail !

*Third Witch.* Hail !

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

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

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

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

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

*Macbeth.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis, 71  
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

*Banquo.* The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd? 80

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

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

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

*Macbeth.* Your children shall be kings.

*Banquo.* You shall be king.

*Macbeth.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

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

*Enter Ross and Angus*

*Ross.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90  
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 selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Angus.* We are sent 100

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

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

*Banquo.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macbeth.* The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you  
dress me

In borrow'd robes?

*Angus.* Who was the thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macbeth.* [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !  
The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your pains. —  
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 ?

*Banquo.* That trusted home 120  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange ;  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence. —  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macbeth.* [Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —  
[Aside] This supernatural solliciting 130  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature ? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Banquo.* Look how our partner 's rapt.

*Macbeth.* [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,  
chance may crown me

Without my stir.

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

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

*Banquo.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macbeth.* Give me your favour ; my dull brain was  
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150  
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.

*Banquo.* Very gladly.

*Macbeth.* Till then, enough. — Come, friends.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Forres. The Palace

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

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

*Malcolm.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he 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 owed  
As 't were a careless trifle.

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

*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS

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

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

*Duncan.* 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 infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

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

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

*Macbeth.* The rest is labour, which is not 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.

*Duncan.* My worthy Cawdor!

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

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;



The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

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

SCENE V. *Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

*Lady Macbeth* [Reads]. *They met me in the day  
of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report,  
they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When  
I burned in desire to question them further, they made  
themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I  
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the  
king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor' ; by which  
title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, 10  
my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not  
lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what  
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and  
farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art 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 wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false, 21  
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? 30

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

*Lady Macbeth.* Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Messenger.* So please you, it is true ; our thane is  
coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Give him tending ;

He brings great news.—

[Exit 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, 40  
 And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
 Wherever in your sightless substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, 50  
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'—

*Enter* MACBETH

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

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

*Lady Macbeth.* And when goes hence?

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

*Lady Macbeth.* O, never 60  
 Shall sun that morrow see!  
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for; and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch,  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70

*Macbeth.* We will speak further.

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

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's Castle*

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

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

*Banquo.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here; no jutty, 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 observ'd  
 The air is delicate.

*Enter* LADY MACBETH

*Duncan.* See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains  
And thank us for your trouble.

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

*Duncan.* 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 help him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

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

*Duncan.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's Castle*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Ser-  
vants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage.  
Then enter MACBETH*

*Macbeth.* If it were done when 't is done, then 't were  
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice 10  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-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,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other. —

*Enter* LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

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

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

*Lady Macbeth.* Know you not he has? 30

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

*Lady Macbeth.* Was the hope drunk  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid 40  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour  
 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,'  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

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

*Lady Macbeth.* What beast was 't then  
 That made you break this enterprise to me?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would 50  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
 Have done to this.

*Macbeth.* If we should fail?

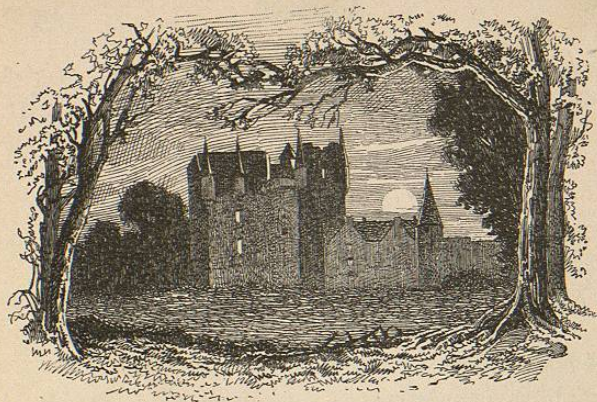
*Lady Macbeth.* We fail.  
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60  
 And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —  
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

*Macbeth.* Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done 't?

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

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



GLAMIS CASTLE

## ACT II

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's Castle*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him*

*Banquo.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fleance.* The moon is down, I have not heard the  
clock.

*Banquo.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fleance.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.

*Banquo.* Hold, take my sword. — There 's husbandry  
in heaven;

'Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too. —  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,