

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. —

Who's there? 10

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
abed.

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.

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

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

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

Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when
't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while!

Banquo. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 30

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. —

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? — Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use. —
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
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 50

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat he lives; 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

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

[Exit

SCENE II. *The Same*

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk
 hath made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. — Hark!
 Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd
 their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

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

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed 10
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband!

Enter MACBETH

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

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the
 crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his
 hands. 20

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

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

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

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

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

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

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen'?

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

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

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no
more!

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

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean? 40

Macbeth. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the
house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

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

Macbeth. I'll go no more. 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear
a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed ;
 How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark !
 more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 't were best not know
 myself. [*Knocking within.*]
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same*

Enter a Porter. Knocking within

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed ! If a man
 were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning
 the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock !
 Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here 's a
 farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of
 plenty. Come in time ; have napkins enow about
 you, here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*]
 Knock, knock ! Who 's there, in th' other devil's
 name ? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could
 swear in both the scales against either scale ; who 10
 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 everlasting 20
 bonfire. — [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon ! I pray
 you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

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

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
 cock.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring ?

Enter MACBETH

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

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on
 him ; 30

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth.

I 'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
 But yet 't is one.

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

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX

Macbeth. 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.
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.

80

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss ?

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

Macduff. Your royal father 's murther'd.

Malcolm. O, by whom ?

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows.
They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

90

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

Macduff. Wherefore did you so ?

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

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man ;
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun 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
For ruin's wasteful entrance ; there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers 100
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known ?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho !

Macduff. Look to the lady.

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

That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Donalbain. [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be
spoken here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?

Let 's away ;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

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

Banquo. Look to the lady. — 110

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

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

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff. And so do I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Malcolm. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them; 120

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain. 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.

Malcolm. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
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 130
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle*

Enter Ross and an old Man

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock 't is 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
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'T is unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

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

Old Man. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes 19
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. —

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

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

Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

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

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

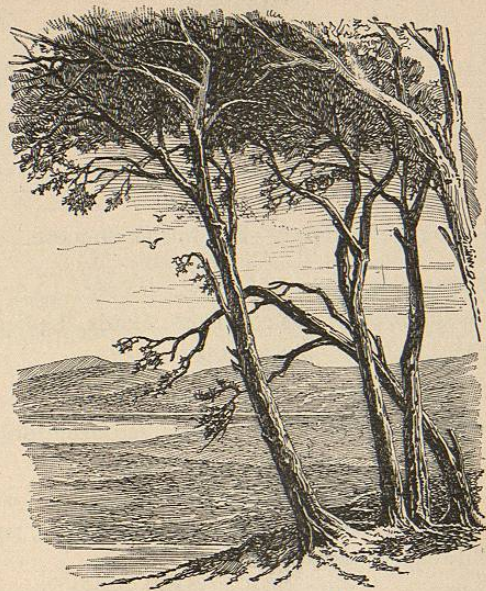
Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there;
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes! 41

[*Exeunt.*]



DISTANT VIEW OF THE HEATH

ACT III

SCENE I. *Forres. A Room in the Palace*

Enter BANQUO

Banquo. Thou hast it now, — king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all, —

As the weird women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,