

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.

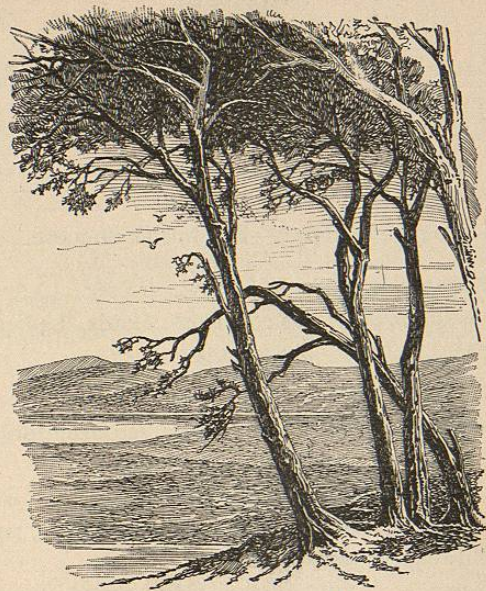
Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there;
adieu!

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,

But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well
 And set me up in hope? — But hush! no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants

Macbeth. Here 's our chief guest.

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

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

Banquo. Let your highness
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good
 advice, 20

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

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
 In England and in Ireland, not confessing 39
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
 When therewithal we shall have cause of state
 Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord; our time does call
 upon 's.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
 And so I do commend you to their backs.
 Farewell. — [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time 40
 Till seven at night. To make society
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
 Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you! —

[Excunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
 Our pleasure?

Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace
 gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us. — [Exit Attendant.
 To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd; 't is much he
dares, 50
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown, 60
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, 70
And champion me to the utterance! — Who 's there? —

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

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

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instru-
ments, 80
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say ' Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, 91
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike ; and so of men. 100
 Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

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

First Murderer. And I another 110
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macbeth. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine, and in such bloody dis-
 tance

That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life ; and though I could
 With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine, 120
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down : and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,

Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

First Murderer. Though our lives —
Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within
 this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on 't, for 't must be done to-night, 130
 And something from the palace ; always thought
 That I require a clearness. And with him —
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
 I 'll come to you anon.

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

Macbeth. I 'll call upon you straight ; abide within. —
 [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded ; Banquo, thy soul's flight, 140
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Room*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady Macbeth. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content;
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. —

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what 's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on.

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

Macbeth. So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy 's not
eterne.

Macbeth. There 's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth. What 's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. — Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood; 51
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Park near the Palace**Enter three Murderers**First Murderer.* But who did bid thee join with us?*Third Murderer.* Macbeth.*Second Murderer.* He needs not our mistrust, since
he deliversOur offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.*First Murderer.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.*Third Murderer.* Hark! I hear horses.*Banquo.* [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!*Second Murderer.* Then 't is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.*First Murderer.* His horses go about.*Third Murderer.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.*Second Murderer.* A light, a light!*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a Torch**Third Murderer.* 'T is he.*First Murderer.* Stand to 't.*Banquo.* It will be rain to-night.*First Murderer.* Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.**Banquo.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.**Third Murderer.* Who did strike out the light?*First Murderer.* Was 't not the way?*Third Murderer.* There 's but one down; the son is
fled.*Second Murderer.* We have lost
Best half of our affair. 21*First Murderer.* Well, let 's away and say how much
is done. [*Exeunt.*SCENE IV. *Hall in the Palace**A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MAC-*
*BETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants**Macbeth.* You know your own degrees; sit down.

At first

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth. Ourselves will mingle with society
 And play the humble host.
 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
 We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
 friends,
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
 thanks. —
 Both sides are even; here I 'll sit i' the midst. 10
 Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
 The table round. — [*Approaching the door*] There 's
 blood upon thy face.

Murderer. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'T is better thee without than he within.
 Is he dispatch'd?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
 him.

Macbeth. 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.

Murderer. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is scap'd. 20

Macbeth. [*Aside*] 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
 To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?

Murderer. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he
 bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
 The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that.
 [*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's
 fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
 No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone; to-morrow
 We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,
 'T is given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it.

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

Lennox. May 't please your highness sit.

*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's
 place*

Macbeth. 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
To grace us with your royal company.

Macbeth. The table 's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves
your highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

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

Lady Macbeth. 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,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

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

Lady Macbeth. 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
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.

Macbeth. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you? —

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. — 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.]

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

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

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

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

Macbeth. I do forget. —
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 o' the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ; 90
 Would he were here ! to all and him we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost

Macbeth. 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 Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom ; 't is no other,
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare.
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
 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 ;
 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.

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

Macbeth. Can such things be, 110
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
 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 is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady Macbeth. 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.

Lennox. Good night ; and better health 120
 Attend his majesty !

Lady Macbeth. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

Macbeth. 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
 By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night ?
Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which
 is which.

Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way, but I will send; 130
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
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
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. 140

Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macbeth. 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 angerly.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth

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?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
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
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,
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
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within*: 'Come away, come away,' etc.

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. [Excunt.

SCENE VI. *Forres. The Palace*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret farther; only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth — marry, he was dead;
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
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
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 't would 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 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20
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 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike 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 of war.

Lennox.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord.

He did; and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Lennox.

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.*



THE DUNSINANE RANGE

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.

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

Third Witch. Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is time.

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