

William Shakespeare

Macbeth

Persons Represented

DUNCAN , King of Scotland.

MALCOLM , his Son.

DONALBAIN , his Son.

MACBETH , General in the King's Army.

BANQUO , General in the King's Army.

MACDUFF , Nobleman of Scotland.

LENNOX , Nobleman of Scotland.

ROSS , Nobleman of Scotland.

MENTEITH , Nobleman of Scotland.

ANGUS , Nobleman of Scotland.

CAITHNESS , Nobleman of Scotland.

FLEANCE , Son to Banquo.

SIWARD , Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD , his Son.

SEYTON , an Officer attending on Macbeth.

BOY , Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier.
A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH .

LADY MACDUFF .

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE ,and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo and several other
Apparitions.

SCENE : In the end of the Fourth Act, in
England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and
chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

Act I

Scene 1

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 hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won. 5

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! 10

Second Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(Exeunt)



Scene 2

A camp near Forres.

(Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, 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. 20

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. 25

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 30

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— 35

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion carved out his passage

Till he faced the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him, 40

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, 45

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels,

But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage, 50

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; 55

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so
they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, 60

Or memorise 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. 65

(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 70

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky 75
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
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, 80
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! 85
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use. 90

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. 95

(Exeunt)

Scene 3

A heath near Forres.

(Thunder. Enter the three Witches)

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou? 100

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: 105

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.

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind. 110

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. 115

I will 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'nights nine times nine 120

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. 125

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(Drum within)

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come. 130

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. 135

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, 140

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 chappy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, 145

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! 150

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou 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 155

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, 160

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Second Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail! 165

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! 170

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief, 175

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?
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? 185

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? 190

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

(Enter ROSS and ANGUS)

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 195

His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his: silenced 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, 200
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus. We are sent 205

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:

210

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? 215

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet;

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
220

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,

Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. (*Aside*) Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. 225

(*To ROSS and ANGUS*)

Thanks for your pains.

(To BANQUO)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

230

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me

Promised no less to them?

Banquo. That trusted home

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, 235

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, 240

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.

(Aside) This supernatural soliciting)

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success, 245

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 250

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not. 255

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 horrors come upon him,

Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould 260

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 265

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak 270

Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

(Exeunt)

Scene 4

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 280

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 285

To throw away the dearest thing he owed,

As 'twere 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 290

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 295

That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less
deserved,

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. 300

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 305

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 deserved, nor must be known
310

No less to have done so, let me enfold thee

And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Duncan. My plenteous joys, 315

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

320

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. 325

Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not used

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! 330

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, 335

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, 340

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman.

(Flourish. Exeunt)



Scene 5

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

(Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter)

Lady Macbeth. 'They met me in the day of
success: and I have 345

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 350

all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,

before, these weird sisters saluted me, and
referred

me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that

shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver

thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
355

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 promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
360

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,
365

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst 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; 370
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) 375

What is your tidings?

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. 380

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; 385

He brings great news.

(Exit Messenger)

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 390

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature 395

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,
400

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) 405

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. 410

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 415

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, 420

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. 425

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 6

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. 435

Banquo. This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird 440

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,

The air is delicate.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

Duncan. See, see, our honour'd hostess! 445

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service 450

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, 455

We rest your hermits.

Duncan. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We coursed 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 holp
him 460

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,
465

Still to return your own.

Duncan. Give me your hand;

Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. 470
(Exeunt)

Scene 7

Macbeth's castle.

(Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers. Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH)

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination 475

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
480

We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust; 485
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 490
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed

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?

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 515

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

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, 520

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. 525

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

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
530

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 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face, 535

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.