

MACBETH

ATLAS

SERIES

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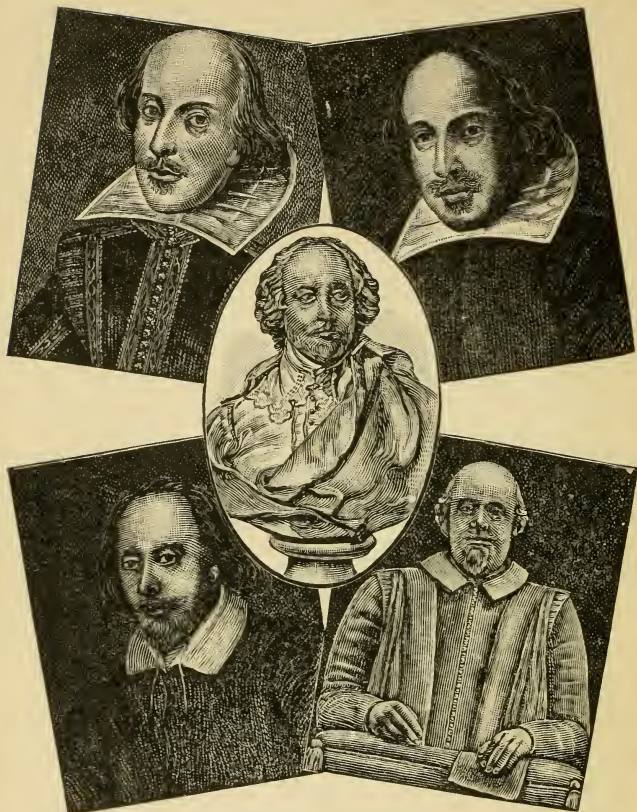


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. SHAKESPEARE

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Shakespeare, William

MACBETH

A NEW WORKING EDITION, WITH PLOT SCHEME AND
QUESTIONS FOR INTENSIVE STUDY, TOGETHER
WITH A REPRINT OF ACT III FROM A
RESTORATION VERSION FOR
PURPOSES OF COM-
PARISON

BY

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PREFACE

The purpose of this edition is essentially to enable the student to gain a general notion of this play as an acting piece, to become familiar with the plot through scene development and to feel compelled to settle for himself problems which too often are settled for him in an elaborate introduction. It is intended solely as a working edition and to that end all materials whose chief aim might seem to be to show the scholarship of the editor have been carefully excluded and the brief notes are unhampered by any references to contemporary writers or by explanations of words which the student can find for himself in any good dictionary.

The special features of the edition may be briefly stated as follows:—The life of Shakespeare and the sources of the plot, which often are far too lengthy, are here briefly treated and placed in the notes where they properly belong. Thus instead of a mass of information which he seldom utilizes, the student finds in the introduction clearly set forth those essentials of plot development in tragedy which are needful for the interpretation and appreciation of the play. A special chart adds to the vividness of his conception of plot construction, and the latter part of the introduction presents a general idea of the play as a whole.

It is hoped that the naming of the scenes will make reference less formal and more vivid and that the questions both at the foot of the page and at the end of the act, in no sense intended merely to make it easier for student or teacher, will force home upon both those problems which every earnest reader of the play needs to solve.

The editor desires to make grateful acknowledgment to Professor I. N. Demmon, Head of the Department of English Literature in the University of Michigan; to Professor F. N. Scott, Head of the Department of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan; and to Dr. W. D. Moriarty, Instructor in English in the University of Michigan, for their valued help in suggestion and criticism.

M. D. T.

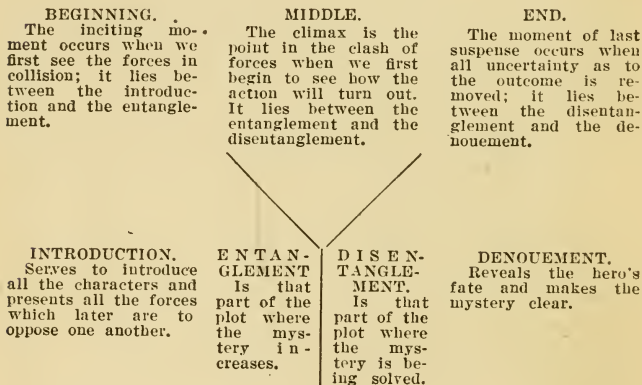
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TWO TYPES OF PLOT ANALYSIS

Few things cause so much confusion in the minds of high school students of the drama as the inability to understand how the two common types of plot analysis can be harmonized. The following chart will help to make this clear.



The Beginning embraces the introduction and part of the entanglement; the Middle is made up of part of the entanglement and part of the disentanglement; and the End embraces part of the disentanglement and the denouement.

Besides the foregoing general terms which are used in analyzing a tragedy, there are a few particular ones which need explanation, namely, *tragic guilt*, *tragic error*, and *tragic recklessness*. *Tragic guilt* occurs when the hero commits the crime for which he should die. *Tragic error* lies in the performance of any act, or succession of acts, which, by their nature and occurrence, arrest the success of the hero after his first act of crime; i. e., another act which will bring about the discovery of the first. *Tragic recklessness* consists in acts done by the hero through over-confidence on account of which he seems naturally to fall into his enemies' power.

A STUDY OF PLOT

Every narrative short story or drama has plot; i. e., a certain coming together or collision of opposed or fighting elements which struggle to overcome each other. As the plot in tragedy grows, one of these struggling forces breaks through and overcomes the other.

The two forces growing naturally develop the play; in comedy the forces clash, but are amicably adjusted and the piece ends happily. In tragedy the forces opposing the hero destroy him and sometimes are themselves destroyed, as in Hamlet, where both the king and Hamlet perish.

Therefore, it is easy to see that the material out of which the dramatist builds the tragedy is of serious character. It usually consists of the evil passions of men which, too little restrained, turn back upon them and effect their ruin.

In the tragedy of *MACBETH* is shown the development of an overweening ambition. Macbeth has equal rights to the throne with Duncan; he is better loved by the people than Duncan; he is the soldier who dares the battle, while Duncan is content to receive in his tent the news of the conflict. So that, although the hereditary claim of each to the throne of Scotland is the same, the voice of the people would undoubtedly have proclaimed Macbeth king, since the throne of Scotland was elective as well as hereditary. With this knowledge of his claims to the throne of Scotland, Macbeth hears with alarm the king name his own son, Prince of Cumberland, to succeed him.

Shakespeare places about this brave soldier, with a heart that longs unworthily, an environment which tests too well his weakness and which sooner or later will work his complete ruin. Given such a character, so

inclined, and such surroundings as the visit of Duncan to Inverness, the sly Banquo, the strong-willed, ambitious Lady Macbeth, the belief in the witches and the prophecies made true, there is no other conclusion for the play.

And now we have an idea of what a hero, not of the popular sort, but of tragedy, means: "a person of great repute and prosperity who falls into adversity not through wickedness, but through some error." A great person falls through error. Macbeth is thought of as a man made up of good and evil, placed in an environment which partly made by him, in turn makes him in part. He is great, but his temptation is greater; he is strong, but less so than his ambition for the throne.

The play simply reveals the relentless progress of error in a character powerless to battle with it, whatever the error may be; and like all serious plays of Shakespeare reveals the gradual but steady widening of the tragic flaw in the hero's character, which finally works his ruin. There is not a line of humor in the play unless one construes as such the grim sort found in the Porter Scene, which only increases the horror just perpetrated; or the possibly intended pun of the Lady who would "gild the faces of the grooms."

The canvas upon which this murder piece is painted is gray and black with thin streaks of day and half-light shadows revealing those grim spectres of fate who mumble indistinctly of Macbeth and mischief. The scene reveals caverns and desert places, a thoroughfare for rooks and crows and murderers. This dark picture is relieved by the gentleness of Duncan, the childish impetuosity of Lady Macduff and the prattle of her son; but these only intensify the noise of the battle, the earth "quaking," the hootings of the owl, and the shrieking of the night wind, all fit expressions of a perverted nature.



When shall we three meet again?

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MACBETH, First general, then king.

LADY MACBETH.

DUNCAN, King murdered by Macbeth.

BANQUO, Nobleman murdered by Macbeth.

MACDUFF, The avenger.

HECATE.

THREE WITCHES, Fate.

APPARITIONS.

MALCOLM, } Sons of Duncan
DONALBAIN, }

FLEANCE, Son of Banquo.

LADY MACDUFF.

ANGUS,

ROSS,

LENNOX,

MENTEITH,

CAITHNESS,

} Noblemen of
Scotland.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, Son of Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

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

Scene—In Scotland, except Act IV, scene 3, which is in England.

Time—Eleventh Century.

ACT I

The First
Witch Scene

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 hurlyburly'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.]

The Introduction Scene

SCENE II. *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.

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

10

What information does Scene I. supply?

Why is this scene placed first?

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 smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carved out his passage till he faced the slave; 20
 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 Norweyan 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?

Collect evidence proving Macbeth to be the *tragic hero*.

Sergeant.

Yes;

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,

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 sur-
geons. *[Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

Enter Ross and ANGUS

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 camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

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,

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 Norways' 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.

The Second Witch Scene

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,

64 Go pronounce his present death. What is the dramatic effect of this pronouncement in this place?

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.

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,
Wreck'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, 40
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! 50

How does the use of rhyme add to the vividness of this scene?

48-50 How do these predictions resemble the original prophecies as given in *Holinshed*? See notes.

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

60

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:

70

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,

51 Why does Macbeth start?

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 received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend 90

Describe Banquo's character as observed in this scene.

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 afraid of what thyself didst make,
 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 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 com-
 bin'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 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. [*To Ross and Angus*]

Thanks for your pains:—

[*To Banquo*] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Banquo. That, trusted home, 120

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis 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.

[*To Ross and Angus*]. Cousins, a word, I pray
you.

Macbeth. [*Aside*]. Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme. [*To Ross and Angus*]

I thank you, gentlemen.—

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 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,

Why are Macbeth's speeches *aside*?

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 honors 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.

[*To Banquo*] Think upon what hath chanced,
 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.*

**The Investment
Scene**

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALD-
DAIN, 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. 10

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!

11-14. Why is this speech a keynote?

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. 20

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 30
 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

Contrast the characters of Macbeth and Duncan as viewed in this and in the foregoing scene.

The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. [*To Macbeth*] 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! 50
 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.*

The Letter
Scene

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, 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 20
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 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

Is this letter a fragment?

All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. —

30

Enter a Messenger

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.

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

40

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
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
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

45. Scan.

What definite knowledge of Lady Macbeth's character does this scene supply?

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering minis-
ters,

Wherever in your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
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? 60

Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. O, never
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 70
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

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.

The Castle
Scene

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 jutting, 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.

68 *Must be provided for.* Explain the euphemism.

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 'ild 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 holp 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 your 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.*]

Note the strong contrasts of this scene.

The First
Plot SceneSCENE VII. *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
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
 To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
 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,

26. To what conclusion does Macbeth come?

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 'tis 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 limbec 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.*

1. In what sense is Act I an introduction to the play?
2. Where does the inciting moment occur?
3. Should the witches be represented on the stage when the curtain rises, or enter afterward?
4. Is Lady Macbeth's ambition for herself or for her husband?
5. What is the dramatic purpose of the praise of Macbeth in Scene II?
6. At what point in Scene VII does Macbeth determine to murder?
7. The scene and act conclude with a rhyming couplet. Why?

The Dagger
Scene

ACT II

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with 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, 'tis later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. — There's hus-
bandry 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,

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
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

8. What *thoughts* and *why cursed*?

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 busi-
 ness,
 If you would grant the time.

Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent,
 when 'tis,
 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.*]

15, 16. *This hostess.* Explain the dramatic irony here.

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

33. Should the dagger be presented on the stage?

49-56. Account for Macbeth's figurative language here.

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 whereabout,
 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 cold 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.*

The First

Murder Scene

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 'tis 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.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!
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. 20
 [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sor-
 ry 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 to 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 Caw-
dor

22-29. Does Macbeth really hear voices? Or does he
only think he hears them?

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: 'tis 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.

44-50. What strong contrast is effected by the use of adjectives in this speech?

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, 'twere best not
know myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

The Porter
Scene

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 turn-
ing the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock,
knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expec-
tation 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 ;
10 who 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 professions,
20 that go the primrose way to the everlasting 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?

1-23. Is the horror of the situation emphasized or relieved by the Porter scene? See De Quincey's essay on *The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.*

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. 30

Macduff. He did command me to call timely
on him :

I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.

Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Lennox. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macbeth. He does : he did appoint so.

Lennox. The night has been unruly : where we
lay,

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, 40
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,

38. Does Macbeth start to tell a falsehood and then change his mind or does he make the first statement in momentary forgetfulness of his crime? Which is in keeping with Macbeth's character?

And prophesying with accents terrible
 Of dire combustion and confus'd events
 New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
 Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
 Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue
 nor heart
 Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macbeth. }
Lennox. } What's the matter? 50

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his mas-
 terpiece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' the building.

Macbeth. What is't you say? the life?

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy
 your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
 See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 60
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.
[Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth. What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macduff. O gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
70
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo !

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel any where.
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX, *with* ROSS
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 murder'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

93. What is the effect upon Macbeth of Macduff's
direct question ?

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 murderers, 100
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could re-
 frain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!
[*She faints.*]

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 us away; our tears are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong
 sorrow upon the foot of motion. 110

Banquo. Look to the lady:
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet

105. Does Lady Macbeth *faint* or pretend to?

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. 120

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

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

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, 130
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

The Corona-
tion Scene

SCENE IV. *Outside MACBETH'S castle*

Enter Ross with 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,
Threatens his bloody stage; by the clock 'tis 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. 'Tis 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,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff. 20

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 stol'n 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 'tis 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.

What information does this scene supply?

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

40

That would make good of bad and friends of
foes!

[*Exeunt.*

1. Discuss Banquo as a character-foil.
2. Is the real tragic guilt of Macbeth in Act I or Act II?
3. What is the dramatic necessity of Macbeth's killing Duncan?
4. In what sense is the appearance of Banquo and Fleance in Scene I a foreshadowing?

The Second
Plot Scene

ACT III

SCENE I. *Forres. 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, 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,

14. Is this the coronation *supper*?

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
'Twi'th 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 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
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!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*

Sirrah,

A word with you: attend those men our pleasure?

Attendant. They are, my lord, without the pal-
ace 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: 'tis 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 murder'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 seeds 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,

47-71. Contrast the character of Macbeth as seen in this soliloquy and as seen in Act 1, Scene VII.

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,

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. 90

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft
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
 Hath 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
 distance

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. 140

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

**The Reckless
Hero Scene**

SCENE II. *The palace. 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 we 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 assail-
able;

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.

39-44. Find examples of onomatopoeia in this and in
the last speech in this scene.

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 50

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 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.*

**The Second
 Murder Scene**

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 delivers

Our 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 'tis 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. 'Tis 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?

Collect all the evidence in this scene to prove that Macbeth is the third murderer. Disprove this statement.

Third Murderer. There's but one down; the
son is fled.

Second Murderer. We have lost 20
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer. Well, let's away and say how
much is done. [Exeunt.

The Banquet

SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace*

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attend-
ants*

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit
down at first

And last a 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.

Enter first Murderer to 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. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'Tis 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 'scaped.

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 'tis a-making,
'Tis 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 Mac-
beth's place*]

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's hon-
our 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 high-
ness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table's full.

41. Explain the tragic irony here.

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. [*To Macbeth*] 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. *[Exit Ghost.*

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 humane 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,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

80

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: 'tis 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! [*Exit Ghost.*

Why, so: being gone,
 I am a man again. [*The Lords rise.*] 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;
 Augures and understood relations have
 By maggot-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.*]

The Third Witch Scene

SCENE V. *A heath*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold, how did you dare

Might this scene have been omitted?

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 th' 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.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

[*Song within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*

**The First Counter-
plot Scene.**

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord

Lennox. My former speeches nave 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, and't please heaven, he shall not — they should
find

What 'twere 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 their 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.*

Where does the climax occur? In Scene III, line 17?
Scene IV, line 20? line 40? line 93?

Write a description of the banquet hall with special
reference to the placing of Macbeth and Banquo.

Find instances of tragic recklessness throughout Act III.

The Fourth
Witch Scene

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, 'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has 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. 10

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
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,
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;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble. 20

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
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,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

Hecate. 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,' etc.*

[*Hecate retires.*

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes :

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags !

What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you
profess,

50

Howe'er you came to know it, answer me :

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

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

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.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,

Or from our masters ?

52-60. Explain the tragic recklessness here.

Macbeth. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

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!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion thanks;
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.

Thunder. *Second Apparition: a bloody Child*

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Mac-
beth!

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80

Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. 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,
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
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
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
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom? 100

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his
hand; BANQUO'S Ghost following*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:
down!

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!

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 120
 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his. What, is this so?

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:
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round, 130
 That this great king may kindly say
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

*Music. The Witches dance and then vanish,
 with Hecate.*

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this
 pernicious hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
 Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

Lennox. What's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Lennox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. 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

Lennox. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England!

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my
dread exploits;

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,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
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 gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

145-148. Account for the sudden change in Macbeth's character.

The Third
Murder Scene

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSS

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him
fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none :
His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear,

Lady Macduff. 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 ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
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 husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
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, 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea
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 upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort;
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead: 30
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear
the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou
do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. 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.

Lady Macduff. 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.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not
to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

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,

70

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit.*

Lady Macduff.

Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

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,

To say I have done no harm? —

What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsancti-
fied

80

Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer.

He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

64. Who may this messenger be?

First Murderer.

What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son.

He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away, I pray you!

[*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'*

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

**The Second
Counterplot
Scene**

SCENE III. *England. Before the king's palace*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom : each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm.

What I believe, I'll wail ;

What know, believe ; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
 something
 You may discern of him through me; and wisdom
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
 To appease an angry god.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. 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 transpose:
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. 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,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
 Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country;
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy
 wrongs;

22. Explain the application of this verse to the piece.

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.

Malcolm. Be not offended:

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,
 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,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
 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
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macduff. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

50. Why should Malcolm accuse himself falsely?

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will; better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macduff. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
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.

Malcolm. With this there grows
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.

Macduff. This avarice
 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
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

90

Malcolm. But I have none: the king-becoming
 graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
 I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live. O nation miserable!
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 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
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. 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 Macbeth
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
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
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
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

111. Explain.

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?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things
 at once

'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Malcolm. Well, more anon. Comes the king
 forth, I pray you? 140

Doctor. 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,
 They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor*]

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. '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,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 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

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. See, who comes here?

Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know
 him not. 160

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome
 hither.

Malcolm. I know him now: good God, betimes
 remove

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
 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 rend the
 air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff. O, relation
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Macduff. 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,

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.

Malcolm. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer

179. Did Ross know of Lady Macduff's murder?

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.

Macduff. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
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.

Macduff. 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.

Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break. 210

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macduff. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted;
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty
ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so; 220

But I must also feel it as a man:
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,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, 230

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

216. *He has no children.* Explain.

222. Explain the force of *were* here.

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

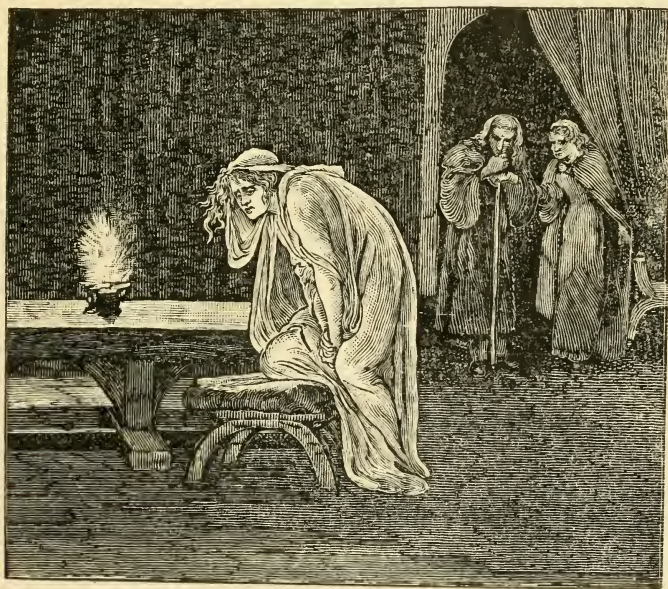
Malcolm.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

239

The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]



Lady Macbeth.—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

ACT V

The Sleep- walking Scene

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle*

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

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

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say? 10

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

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

10-14. Why is this speech characteristic? Why is this scene in prose?

Gentlewoman. 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.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 30

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. 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? 40
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?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. 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.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not. 50

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

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

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 60

Doctor. Well, well, well!—

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. 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 Macbeth. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so? 70

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed; there's knock-

71-74. Read rapidly, without pause, the words which are repeated.

ing at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me
your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed,
to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnat-
ural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. 80
More needs she the divine than the physician.
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.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane*

**The First
Soldier Scene**

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers*

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:

What information is conveyed to the doctor through
Lady Macbeth's speeches?

Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes
 Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
 Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
 brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths, that even now 10
 Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. 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.

Angus. Now does he feel
 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.

Menteith. Who then shall blame
 His pester'd senses to recoil and start,

15-16. Explain the figure with reference to the party of
 Macbeth.

18. Scan.

When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caithness. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Lennox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle*

**The First
Discourage-
ment Scene**

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
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, 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. 10

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand —

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. 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?

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. 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 disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
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.

Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more? 30

Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. 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?

Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

32. Find other instances of Macbeth's physical bravery throughout this scene.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I saw.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord: your royal prepara-
tion

Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane 60

Doctor. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away
and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.]*Exeunt.*

**The Second
Soldier Scene**

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and
his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching

59, 60. Account for the rhyme here. Also in 61, 62.

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. 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
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope: 10

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward. 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 : 20
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

**The Second
Discouragement
Scene.**

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle*

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

Macbeth. 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
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them daring, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

10. What specific reference to this play?

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. 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
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.

Messenger. Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,

24. In what play that you have read does Shakespeare use a similar figure?

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath if't be
not so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

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 a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now
undone. 50

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

**The Unscreen-
ing Scene**

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs*

Malcolm. 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.

Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
[*Exeunt.*]

**The First
Battle Scene**

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot 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 Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself
a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.

Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;
with my sword

10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macbeth. 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

Macduff. 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 thy sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be;

20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

12-13. Tragic recklessness?

18. *Thou*: grammatical construction?

Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD

Siward. 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.

Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. Alarum.

**The Second
Battle Scene**

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field*

Enter MACBETH

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macbeth. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. 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.

Macbeth. 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; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. 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.'

Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Where in this scene is the second prophecy fulfilled?

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes,
and Soldiers

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

Siward. Some must go off: and yet, by these I
see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm. 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; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siward. Then he is dead?

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.

Siward. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
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.

Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siward. He's worth no more:
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

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
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! [*Flourish.*

Malcolm. 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 kins-
men,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

55. *The time is free:* explain with reference to this drama.

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled 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.

70

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

How are the three prophecies fulfilled? Where?

What becomes of Fleance?

Find instances of poetic justice throughout the piece.

With respect to Macbeth, illustrate definitely all the terms used in the Introduction.

Which of the portraits in the frontispiece seems to you most like your idea of the man who wrote this play?



NOTES

Life of Shakespeare. The known facts in the life of Shakespeare are few. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1554; went to London where he wrote plays—thirty-seven in all, between 1590 and 1613; returned to Stratford, bought New Place, and died there in 1616. He is buried in the parish church at Stratford. This well-known epitaph marks his grave:

GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG TE DVST ENCLOASSED HE,RE,
BLESE BE TE MAN \forall SPARES TES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE \forall MOVES MY BONES.

Source of the Plot. It is a well-known fact that Shakespeare borrowed his plots from old histories, chronicles and other plays. The source of the material used in *Macbeth* is mainly Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and it is the only play treating of Scotland which he wrote. The historical period of time treated is the eleventh century. The essential difference between the Holinshed and the Shakespeare story is in the murder of Duncan, which Shakespeare for dramatic purposes places in Macbeth's own castle, the details of which closely resemble Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duff by Donwald. At times Shakespeare follows Holinshed very closely, as in the following: "Banquho the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of linage hath now for a long time inioied the crowne of Scotland, euen till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further

punished somewhat sharpelie such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much adoo to get awaie with life, after he had received sundrie grievous wounds amongst them.

It fortun'd as Makbeth and Banquho journied towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie togither without other companie, saue onlie themselues, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentiuellie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said: All haile Makbeth, thane of Glamis (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said: Haile Makbeth, thane of Cawder. But the third said: All Haile Makbeth that heerafter shalt be king of Scotland.

Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so little fauoruable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the King dome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall reigne in deed, but with an vnluckie end: neither shall he leaue anie issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarilie thou indeed shalt not reigne at all, but of thee those shall be borne which shall gouerne the Scottish Kingdome by long order of continuall descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight."

Date of Composition: The play of *Macbeth* was written not earlier than 1603 nor later than 1610; it was probably written in 1606. It was published in the First Folio edition of 1623.

The *Duration of the Action* of the piece is thought to occupy nine days, with intervals of time between the third and

fourth, the sixth and seventh, and the seventh and eighth days, as represented by Mr. Daniel in the following chronological chart:

Day 1	Act I	Scenes 1—3
Day 2	Act I	Scenes 4—7
Day 3	Act II	Scenes 1—4
(Interval of about two weeks)		
Day 4	Act III	Scenes 1—5
Day 5	Act IV	Scene 1
Day 6	Act IV	Scene 2
(Interval of one or two weeks)		
Day 7	Act IV	Scene 3
Day 7	Act V	Scene 1
Day 8	Act V	Scenes 2, 3
(Interval of several weeks)		
Day 9	Act V	Scenes 4—8

ACT I

SCENE I. This scene is placed first to represent the presence, from the first, of the tremendous power of fate, which is so inevitably to control the action.

8. *Graymalkin*. Cat.

9. *Paddock*. Toad.

SCENE II.

3. *Sergeant*. A foot soldier.

13. *Kerns and Gallowglasses*. Light and heavy armed soldiers.

25. Storms arising in the East are unexpected and severe: at the moment of Macbeth's victory over Macdonwald, the Norwegian king, i. e., Sweno, "began a fresh assault."

40. *Golgotha*. Calvary.

54. *Bellona's bridegroom*: i. e., Macbeth. Bellona, the goddess of war.

61. *St. Colme's Inch*. An island in the Firth of Forth.

62. An anachronism; the dollar was not known in Duncan's day.

64, 65. Note the rhyme at the close of the scene. The metre of this scene is iambic pentameter; i. e., blank verse, which is the prevailing metre of the drama.

SCENE III.

32. *Weird*. From A. S. *wyrd*, meaning fate, destiny.

48. *Glamis*. Ancient castle in Scotland; the title was hereditary in Macbeth's family. See Act I, sc. iii, line 71.

71. *Sinel*. Macbeth's father.

73. Explain.

84. *Insane root*. Hemlock.

97. *Strange images of death*. Construction?

120. *That*. Reference?

146. *But*, etc. Except or only; i. e., as we grow accustomed to them.

150. *Forgotten*. This may mean which should be forgotten or which I have forgotten.

SCENE IV.

11-21. Duncan's repeated trust in the people who surround him stands out in marked contrast with the wickedness and mischief which are everywhere about him.

25. *Children and servants*. Construction?

26. *Which*. Antecedent?

29. *Noble Banquo*, etc. Does Duncan regard Macbeth and Banquo equally? Illustrate.

42. *Inverness*. Macbeth's castle.

48. Macbeth had just claims to the throne through his wife (daughter of Kenneth III) and also through his father, i. e., Sinel.

SCENE V.

36. *Him*: i. e., another messenger.

37. *Who*. Antecedent?

38. *His message*. Whose?

57. *Letters*. Why plural?

SCENE VI. This scene presents strong contrasts. These are clearly set forth in Duncan's gentle character, no less than in the quiet so vividly pictured by the nesting birds; while opposed to this is Lady Macbeth, whose heart is filled with plots for the death of her unsuspecting guest: Duncan's speeches are frank and open; Lady Macbeth's are disguised and fulsome.

VI. 11-14. The love of our friends is sometimes troublesome to us; nevertheless, we are thankful for such trouble since it is proof of their love for us: i. e., Herein I teach you how you shall ask God to reward us for the pains and trouble which our visit causes you, since our love for you prompted the visit.

19. *Late dignities.* What dignities are referred to?

20. *Hermits.* Servants, i. e., will pray for you.

25. *Guest.* Why is this singular, not plural in form?

SCENE VII.

1. The repetition of "done" emphasizes the idea that there are consequences to follow the murder.

20. *Taking off.* Is this a figure of speech? See Act I, sc. v, line 68.

31. Macbeth's murder purpose is weak, and Shakespeare allows us to see that Macbeth alone would not commit murder.

34. *Would.* Here used for should.

45. The allusion is to the cat that wished to eat fish, but would not wet its feet to get it.

48. *Break this enterprise;* i. e., suggest the notion of murdering the king.

59. *We fail.* Editors vary in their marking of this. Some adopt the exclamation point as—we fail! Some adopt the interrogation point, as—we fail? and some the period, as—we fail. The last is preferred.

64. *Wassail.* Cup: night drink, literally, salutation, *be thou well.*

67. *Limbec.* A sieve or still.

ACT II

SCENE I.

2. *Clock*. Anachronism.
5. *That too*. Meaning a dagger.
19. *Which*. Antecedent?
44. Either my eyes are open and my other senses are shut, or my other senses are keen and my eyes deceive me.
49. Observe Macbeth's figurative language: it has seemed customary with him when thinking on the murder.
55. *Tarquin*: i. e., the last of the first seven kings of Rome.
61. *Gives*. Subject?
- 63-4. Account for the rhyming couplet here.

SCENE II. The murder scene gains in the setting, i. e., the owl shrieks out the "sternest good-night" and the guards are drugged. One feels the helplessness of the unsuspecting Duncan in the hands of the skillful Lady Macbeth.

16. Note the composure of Lady Macbeth. She is aware of sounds, and is cool in her discriminations, i. e., *owls, crickets*, etc.

17. *Did not you speak:....descended* forms one verse. Scan it.

22-25. "A large court surrounded all or in part by an open gallery, chambers opening into that gallery, the gallery ascended into by stairs, open likewise with the addition of a college-like gateway, into which opens a porter's lodge, appears to have been the poet's idea of the place of this great action."

35-43. Macbeth's use of figurative language is noticeable here, while before he committed the crime, his speech was brief and direct.

37. *Ravell'd*. Tangled. *Sleave* is a skein of silk.

56. *I'll gild*, etc.: i. e., smear with.

62. *Multitudinous seas incarnadine*. Account for the beauty of this verse.

SCENE III.

2. *Have old*: i. e., enough of.

16. French hose were worn so tight that none but an English tailor could steal cloth from the pattern.

33. *Joyful trouble*. Oxymoron, figure of speech; see dictionary or Gummere's Poetics.

36. *Limited*: i. e., appointed.

37. *He did appoint so!* Cf. Macbeth, Act. I, sc. v, line 61.

39. This speech of Lennox establishes our belief that the night has been unruly.

49, 50. Macduff's excitement is well shown by the inverted order of his words. It should read, 'tongue nor heart cannot name nor conceive thee.' Double negatives were common in the time of Shakespeare.

52. Refers to a belief in the body of the king being sacred.

57. *Gorgon*: i. e., Medusa whom Perseus slew.

63. *Great doom's image*: i. e., judgment day.

76-80. Is this speech to be interpreted as Macbeth's wish, revealing remorse and regret for his deed, or is he acting?

94-103. Note the frenzy of Macbeth's speeches after he knows that the murder is discovered; compare with his speeches before the discovery.

109. *Nor*: i. e., and not.

118. *Manly readiness*: i. e., arm and be ready to act.

123. *Easy*. Adjective for adverb.

SCENE IV. This scene as far as to the entrance of Macduff may not have been written by Shakespeare. From that point on to the end of the scene, Shakespeare's style and purpose prevail.

6. *Clock*. Is this a figure of speech?

7. *Dark night strangles the travelling lamp*. This figure is not Shakespearean. Why?

12, 13. *Falcon.....owl*. To what evident analogy is this a reference?

29. *Ravin up*: i. e., devour. See Act IV, sc. I, line 24.

31. *Scone*. Where the Scottish kings were crowned. The stone of Scone, enclosed in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, is still in use.

33. *Colme-kill*. Iona, where Duncan was buried, also Macbeth.

36. *Fife*. Macbeth's castle.

ACT III

SCENE I.

21. *Still*: i. e., always.

31. Macbeth's mind continues to dwell upon the murder.

47-71. Macbeth strives to secure peace and safety in his kingship.

59. *Line of kings*. What is the reference?

60. *Why fruitless?*

67. *Mine eternal jewel*: i. e., immortal soul.

71. *Utterance*: i. e., to the very end.

93. *Shoughs*. Pronounced shōks.

104. *Whose*. Antecedent?

122. *Who*. To whom is the reference?

126. *Though our lives*. Supply the ellipsis.

129. *Spy o' the time*: i. e., nick o' time?

137. *Resolve yourselves apart*: i. e., make up your minds (apart from me).

140, 141. Note the difference in the character of Macbeth here and when he was about to murder Duncan. See Act II, sc. i, lines 63, 64.

SCENE II.

11, 12. Lady Macbeth assumes this attitude of indifference to fear, in order to give Macbeth courage.

13. *Scotched*: i. e., wounded.

22. *Ecstasy*. Any extreme state of feeling—here, excitement.

29. Macbeth has become independent of his wife's aid in murderous deeds and only half satisfies her curiosity later with *be innocent . . . till thou applaud the deed*.

42, 43. Onomatopoeia.

46. *Seeling*. Term in falconry; blinding.

50. Shakespeare's skill is again shown in his background for murder. The Elizabethan audience always wished an indication of the action about to be presented.

52. Onomatopoetic.

56. *Go with me*: i. e., in my deeds.

SCENE III. Note the speeches of the third murderer throughout this scene; he is most familiar with the customs of the people who come to the palace. May the third murderer be Macbeth? What argument is there against such an interpretation? See Act III, sc. iv, line 21.

17. *Good Fleance*. He fled into Wales and married there; his son became Lord High Steward of Scotland.

SCENE IV.

10. Does Macbeth sit?

29. The escape of Fleance is significant. Why?

73. *Kites*. Birds of prey.

81. *Twenty mortal murders*. See Act III, sc. iv, line 27.

Explain.

86. *Infirmity*. He has caught Lady Macbeth's language as well as her courage to keep up the farce. She previously referred to his *fit, passion*.

95. *Speculation*: i. e., sight.

100. Macbeth's physical courage is apparent here. He fears only sights and shadows.

110. *Admired*: i. e., wondered at.

123. *Stones*. Does this refer to the Druids?

124. *Augures*: i. e., auguries.

131. *Them*. Reference? *His*. Reference?

133. *Betimes*: i. e., early.

139-140. Macbeth's mind quickly determines upon things which must be done immediately. This attitude is consistent with the soldier, and is intensified here because of his excitement and his attempt to make all things conform to his safety.

143. *Initiate fear . . . wants hard use.* i. e., the fear attending upon the first steps in crime will vanish with the frequent performance of evil.

SCENE V. This scene is written in iambic tetrameter and rhymes; it stands in strong contrast to the foregoing and following scenes, which are slower of movement, and are written in the prevailing blank verse metre.

15. *Acheron.* A river in Hades.

27. *Artificial sprites.* Is this the magic used in Act IV, sc. i, line 71?

SCENE VI. This scene serves to delay the action presented in Macbeth's meeting with the witches in Act IV, Scene 1, and shows plainly in what suspicion Macbeth was now held by his subjects.

27. *Pious Edward:* i. e., Edward the Confessor.

47. *His message ere he come.* Whose message? Ere who comes?

ACT IV

SCENE I.

1. *Thrice.* Magical number.

2. *Harpier:* i. e., harpy.

6. *Toad, etc.* Scan, giving *cold* two syllables, thus, *co-old*.

17. *Howlet:* i. e., little owl.

25. *Hemlock:* i. e., poison. Socrates died from drinking it.

33. *Chaudron:* i. e., entrails.

55. *Corn be lodged:* i. e., in the blade.

104. *Will:* i. e., determined to be.

SCENE II.

22. *Each way and move:* i. e., the sea is violent and we are helpless on its bosom. Explain the application of this to the text lines 20-22.

SCENE III.

27. *Precious motives*: i. e., wife and children.

34. *The title is affeered*: i. e., confirmed.

142. *Convinces*: i. e., overpowers.

143. *Assay*: i. e., trial or experiment.

153. *Golden stamp*. A medal.

155-6. *Leaves . . . benediction*. Reference is to James I. Edward the Confessor was the first king said to have had this power. The reference in general is to the "royal touch" of the Stuarts.

170. *Ecstasy*. Any extreme state of feeling. Here, sorrow.

174. *Nice*: i. e., exact. Is this the correct use of the word?

188. *Doff*: i. e., to do off.

196. *Fee grief*: i. e., one's own particular sorrow.

206. *Quarry*: i. e., heap of slain.

235. *Tune*. In the Ff*, this is *time*. Explain *tune*.

*First Folio.

ACT V

SCENE I.

29. *Their*: i. e., of them.

85. *Mated*: i. e., amazed, confounded.

SCENE II.

3. *Dear causes*. See Act IV, sc. iii, line 27.

5. *Mortified*: i. e., dead.

27. *Medicine*: i. e., Malcolm.

30. *Sovereign flower . . . weeds*. Explain the reference.

SCENE III.

3. *Taint*. Used intransitively.

21. *Cheer—disease*. Two readings are suggested: cheer—disease; or chair—disseat. Which makes the better reading here?

47. *Throw physic*, etc. Notice the slighting allusion to medicine.

SCENE IV.

12. *More and less.* High and low, or officers and privates.

15. *Event:* i. e., outcome.

SCENE V.

5. *Forced.* Refers to Macbeth's disloyal soldiers.

11. *Fell.* Shock or fall—a noun.

17. *Hereafter.* Is explained in the next verse: *There would have been a time for such a word.* Does this mean not now or does it mean she would have died any way?

40. *Cling:* i. e., to shrink up.

SCENE VII.

17. *Kerns.* See Act. I, sc. II, line 13.. Here it is used in the general sense of "boors."—Irving.

29. *Strike beside us:* i. e., with us.

SCENE VIII.

21, 22. See Act I, sc. iii, lines 125, 126.

46. *Before:* i. e., in front.

Ff. combines scenes VII and VIII.

**A Restoration Version of
Act III of Macbeth**

One of the most interesting illustrations of the plot excellence of Macbeth is the way the plot is followed in the Restoration Drama. When we consider how radically the plots were changed in Richard the Third and Antony and Cleopatra so as to make them fit the ideals of the stage managers only fifty years after the Folio was published, we can see clearly that no reverence for the authority of Shakespeare was permitted to interfere in any way with the version they presented to their audiences. In fact, in the Restoration version of Macbeth no mention is made of Shakespeare as the original author, as the accompanying photographic reproduction will show. If, then, in spite of this total disregard for the original form of the play, the Restoration version follows the original plot with unusual fidelity, it is an interesting commentary on the dramatic sequence of the original.

There are, it is true, certain changes in minor sequence, but the most striking changes are to be found in the phraseology and verse structure. The most striking changes in the play are in Act III, which is here reprinted for purposes of comparison. It is hoped that this reproduction of the Restoration version will not be merely a matter for curiosity as to spelling, but may stimulate a more careful study of plot and dramatic effect by the members of the class as a whole. In studying this Restoration Version, keep in mind the following questions:

1. How does this version create tragic guilt in Macduff?
2. Should Macduff have this tragic guilt fastened upon him?
3. What is the proportion of rhymed lines in the two versions?
4. What parts are omitted in the following version?
5. The songs at the end of the act are from Middleton's Witch. Do they make a more effective ending than that of the original?

MACBETH,

A

TRAGEDY:

With all the

ALTERATIONS,

AMENDMENTS,

ADDITIONS,

AND

NEW SONGS.

As it is now Acted at the Dukes Theatre.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Clark*, and are to be sold
by most Booksellers, 1674.

ACT, III. SCENE, I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the three Sisters promis'd; but I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity:
But that my self should be the Root and Father
Of Many Kings; they told thee truth.
Why, since their promise was made good to thee,
May they not be my Oracles as well?

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Guest, if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of musick to our Feast.
To night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir:
And all request your presence.

Banq. Your Majesty lays your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Banq. Yes, Royal, Sir.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this days Counsel; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the time:
Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I shall not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestovv'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their hearers
With strange invention. But, of that to morrovv.
Goes your Son vvith you?

Banq. He does, and our time novv calls upon us.

Macb. I vvish your Horses svvift, and sure of foot.
Farevvvel. (*Ex. Banquo.*)

Let every man be Master of his time;
Till seven at night, to make society
The more vvelcome; vve vvill our selves vvithdrawv,
And be alone till supper. (*Exeunt Lords.*)

Macdduff departed frovvningly, perhaps
He is grovvvn jealous; he and Banquo must
Embrace the same Fate.
Do those men attend our pleasure?

Serv. They do, and vvait vvithout.

Macb. Bring them before us. (*Ex. Servant.*)
I am no King til I am safely so.

My fears stick deep in Banquo's Successors;
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. Under him
My Genius is rebuk'd; he chid the Sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bad 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,
And put a barren Scepter in my hand:
Thence to be wrested by anothers Race;
No Son of mine succeeding; if't be so;
For Banquo's issue, I have stain'd my soul
For them: the gracious Duncan I have murder'd:
Rather than so, I will attempt yet further,
And blot out, by their bloud, what e're
Is vvritten of them in the book of Fate.

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Wait you vvithout, and stay there till we call. (*Ex. Servant.*)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1. *Murth.* It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. And have you since considered what I told you?
How it was Banquo, who in former times
Held you so much in slavery;
Whilst you were guided to suspect my innocence.
This I made good to you in your last conference;
How you were born in hand; how crost:
The Instruments, who wrought with them.

2. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and now let me reason with you:
Do you find your patience so predominant
In your nature,
As tamely to remit those injuries?
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?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As Hounds, and Grey-hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are all
Call'd by the name of dogs: the list of which
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtil,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath bestow'd on him; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the list,
Nor i'th' worst rank of manhood; say't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your enemy,
And will endear you to the love of us.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows, and malice of the Age
Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do
To spite the World.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, and so inflicted by fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or to lose it.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and though I could
With open power take him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it: yet I must not;
For certain friends that are both his and mine;
Whose loves I may not hazard; would ill
Resent a publick process: and thence it is
That I do your assistance crave, to mask
The business from the common eye.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my Lord, perform what you command
us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives.....

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves;
For it must be done tonight:
And something from the Palace; always remember'd,
That you keep secrecy with the proscribed Father.
Flean, his Son too, keeps him company;
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than that of Banquo's: he too must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves apart.

Both Mur. We are resolved my Liege.

Macb. I'll call upon you streight.

(*Ex. Murth.*)

Now, Banquo, if thy soul can in her flight
Find Heaven, thy happiness begins tonight.

(*Ex.*)

Enter Macduff, and Lady Macduff.

Macd. It must be so. Great Duncan's bloody death

Can have no other Author but Macbeth.
His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;
From Duncan's Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.

La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody deed:
May you be never by Ambition led:
Forbit it Heav'n, that in revenge you shou'd
Follow a Copy that is writ in blood.

Macd. From Duncan's Grave, methinks I hear a groan
That calls aloud for justice.

La. Macd. If the Throne
Was by Macbeth ill gain'd, Heavens may,
Without your Sword, sufficient vengeance pay.
Usurpers lives have but a short extent,
Nothing lives long in a strange Element.

Macd. My Countreys dangers call for my defence
Against the bloody Tyrant's violence.

La. Macd. I am afraid you have some other end,
Than merely Scotland's freedom to defend.
You'd raise your self, whilst you wou'd him dethrone;
And shake his Greatness to confirm your own.
That purpose will appear, when rightly scann'd,
But usurpation at the second hand.
Good Sir, recal your thoughts.

Macd. What if I shou'd
Affume the Scepter for my Countreys good?
Is that an usurpation? can it be
Ambition to procure the liberty
Of this sad Realm; which does by Treason bleed?
That which provokes, will justify the deed. •

La. Macd. If the Design should prosper, the Event
May make us safe, but not you Innocent:
For whilst to set our fellow Subjects free
From present Death, or future Slavery.
You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,
Defence in them, is an Offence in you;

That deed's unlawful, though it cost no Blood,
 In which you'll be at best unjustly Good.
 You, by your Pity, which for us you plead,
 Weave but Ambition of a finer thread.

Macd. Ambition does the height of power affect,
 My aim is not to Govern, but Protect:
 And he is not ambitious that declares,
 He nothing seeks of Scepters but their cares.

La. Macd. Can you so patiently your self molest,
 And lose your own to give your Countrey rest!
 In Plagues what sound Physician wou'd endure
 To be infected for another's Cure.

Macd. If by my troubles I cou'd yours release,
 My Love wou'd turn those torments to my ease:
 I shou'd at once be sick, and healthy too,
 Though Sickly in my self, yet Well in you.

La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,
 Which you by your aspiring wou'd incur
 From Fortunes Pinnacle, you will too late
 Look down, when you are giddy with your height:
 Whilst you with Fortune play to win a Crown,
 The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.

Macd. In hopes to have the common ills redrest,
 Who wou'd not venture single interest.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman, just now arriv'd
 From Court, has brought a Message from the King:

Macd. One sent from him, can no good Tidings bring?

La. Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?

Macd. Go, I will hear
 The News, though it a dismal Accent bear;
 Those who expect and do not fear their Doom,
 May hear a message though from hell it come.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Macbeth's Lady and Servant.

La. Macb. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Ser. Yes Madam, but returns again to night.

La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leisure
for a few words. *(Exit. Ser.)*

Where our desire is got without content,
Alas, it is not Gain, but punishment!
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Then by Destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Making the worst of Fancy your Companions,
Conversing with those thoughts which shou'd ha' dy'd
With those they think on: things without redress
Shou'd be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but scotch'd the Snake nor kill'd it.
She'l close and be her self, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former Sting.
But let the frame of all things be disjoynt
E're we will eat our bread in fear; and sleep
In the affliction of those horrid Dreams
That shake us mightily! Better be with him
Whom we to gain the Crown, have sent to peace;
Then on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless agony. Duncan is dead;
He, after life's short feaver, now sleeps; Well,
Treason has done its worst; nor Steel, nor Poyson,
Nor Foreign force, nor yet Domestick Malice
Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, smooth your rough brow:
Be free and merry with your guests tonight.

Macb. I shall, and so I pray be you, but still,
Remember to apply your self to Banquo:
Present him kindness with your Eye and Tongue.

In how unsafe a posture are our honours
That we must have recourse to flattery,
And make our Faces Vizors to our hearts.

La. Macb. You must leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my mind? Dear wife
Thou knowest that Banquo and his Flean lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's comfort yet
in that.

Macb. Be merry then, for e're the Bat has flown
His Cloyster'd flight; e're to black Heccate's Summons,
The sharp brow'd Beetle with his drowsie hums,
Has rung nights second Peal:
There shall be done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,
Till thou applaud the deed, come dismal Night
Close up the Eye of the quick fought Day
With thy invisible and bloody hand.
The Crow makes wing to the thick shady Grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcast,
Whilst Nights black Agents to their Preys make hast,
Thou wonder'st at my language, wonder still,
Things ill begun, strengthen themselves by ill.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter three Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* The time is almost come,
The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now the benighted Traveller spurs on,
To gain the timely Inn.

2. *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horses, and saw some body alight
At the Park gate.

3. *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the rest
That are expected are i' th' Court already.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about almost a Mile,

And men from hence to th' Pallace make it their usual walk.
(*Exe.*)

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banquo. It will be rain to night.

Flean. We must make haste:

Banq. Our haste concerns us more than being wet.
The King expects me at his feast to night.
To which he did invite me with a kindness,
Greater than he was wont to express. (*Exeunt.*)

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1. *Mur.* Banquo, thou little think'st what bloody feast
Is now preparing for thee.

2. *Mur.* Nor to what shades the darkness of this night,
Shall lead thy wand'ring spirit (*Exeunt after Banquo.*)

(Clashing of swords is heard from within.)

Re-enter Flean pursu'd by one of the Murtherers.

Flean. Murther, help, help, my Father's killed.
(*Exeunt running.*)

SCENE opens, a Banquet prepar'd.

*Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Seaton, Lenox, Lords
Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down.

Seat. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will keep your company,
And play the humble Host to entertain you:
Our Lady keeps her State; but you shall have her welcome
too.

La. Macb. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter First Murtherer.

Macb. Both sides are even: be free in Mirth, anon
We'll drink a measure about the Table.
There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his Throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of Cut throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for Flean.

Mur. Most Royal Sir, he scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again, I had else been perfect,
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock!
As unconfn'd as the free spreading Air.
But now I'm check'd with sawcy Doubts and fears.
But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping wounds on his head,
The least of which was Mortal.

Macb. There the ground Serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.
Though at present it wants a Sting, to morrow,
To morrow you shall hear further. (*Exit. Mur.*)

La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,
The Sauce to Meat is cheerfulness.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Let good digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May it please your Highness to sit.

Macb. Had we but here our Countreys honour;
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Whom we may justly challenge for unkindness.

Scat. His absence Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise; please your Highness,
To grace us with your company?

Macb. Yes, I'll sit down. The table's full

Len. Here is a place reserv'd Sir:

Macb. Where Sir?

Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. Done what?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy goary Locks at me.

Seat. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

La. Macb. Sit worthy friends, my Lord is often thus.
And hath been from his youth; pray keep your Seats,
The fit is ever sudden if you take notice of it,
You shall offend him, and provoke his passion,
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on that
Which wou'd distract the Devil.

La. Macb. O proper stuff:
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you said
Led you to Duncan. O these Fits and Starts,
(Impostors to true fear) wou'd well become
A womans story, authoriz'd by her Grandam,
Why do you stare thus? When all's done
You look but on a Chair.

Macb. Prethee see there, how say you now!
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
Shall be the maws of Kites.

La. Macb. What quite unmann'd in folly?

(*The Ghost descends.*)

Macb. If I stand here, I saw it:

La. Macb. Fye, for shame.

Macb. 'Tis not the first of Murders; blood was shed
E're humane Law decreed it for a sin.
Ay, and since Murthers, too have been committeed
Too terrible for the Ear. The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man wou'd dye;
And there lie still; but now they rife again
And thrust us from our Seats.

La. Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. Wonder not at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange Infirmary; 'tis nothing
To those that know me. Give me some Wine,
Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss,
Wou'd he were here; to all, and him, we drink.

Lords. Our Duties are to pledge it.

(the Ghost of Ban. rises at his feet.)

Macb. Let the earth hide thee: thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no use now of thy glaring Eyes.

La. Macb. Think of this good my Lords, but as a thing
of Custom: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man can dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
The Arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hircanian Tigre:
Take any shape but that; and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble; or revive a while,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword,
If any Sinew shrink, proclaim me then
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow.

Ex. Ghost.

So, now I am a man again: pray you sit still.

La. Macb. You have disturb'd the Mirth;
Broke the glad Meeting with your wild disorder.

Macb. Can such things be without Astonishment.
You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural colour of your Cheeks,
Whilst mine grew pale with fear.

Seat. What sights?

La. Macb. I pray you speak not, he'l grow worse and
worse;

Questions enrage him, 'at once good night:
Stand not upon the Order of your going.

Len. Good night, and better health attend his Majesty.

La. Macb. A kind good night to all. (*Exeunt Lords.*)

Macb. It will have Blood they say. Blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak.
Augures well read in Languages of Birds
By Magpies, Rooks, and Dawes, have reveal'd
The secret Murther. How goes the night?

La. Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. Why did Macduff after a solemn Invitation,
Deny his presence at our Feast?

La. Macb. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I did; but I'll send again,
There's not one great Thane in all Scotland,
But in his house I keep a Servant,
He and Banquo must embrace the same Fate.
I will to morrow to the Weyward Sisters,
They shall tell me more; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst that can befall me:
All Causes shall give way; I am in bloud
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as bad, as to go o're,

La. Macb. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.

Macb. VVell I'll in
And rest; if sleeping I repose can have,
VVhen the Dead rise and want it in the Grave. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Macduff and Lady Macduff.

La. Macd. Are you resolved then to be gone?

Macd. I am:

I know my Answer cannot but inflame
The Tyrants fury to pronounce my death,
My life will soon be blasted by his breath.

La. Macd. But why so far as England must you fly?

Macd. The farthest part of Scotland is too nigh.

La. Macd. Can You leave me, your Daughter and young Son,

To perish by that Tempest which you shun.
 VVhen Birds of stronger VVing are fled away,
 The Ravenous Kite do's on the weaker prey.

Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be
 Possest with such unmanly cruelty:
 You will your safety to your weakness owe
 As Grass escapes the Syth by being low,
 Together we shall be too slow to fly:
 Single, we may out-ride the Enemy.
 I'll from the English King such Succours crave,
 As shall revenge the Dead, and Living save.
 My greatest misery is to remove,
 VVith all the wings of haste from what I love.

La. Macd. If to be gone seems misery to you,
 Good Sir, let us be miserable too.

Macd. Your Sex which here is your security,
 Will by the toyls of flight your Danger be.

(Enter Messenger.)

What fatal news do's bring thee out of breath?

Mess. Sir, Banquo's kill'd.

Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.

Farewell; our safety, Us, a while must sever:

La. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.

Macd. Flying from Death, I am to life unkind,
 For leaving you, I leave my Life behind. *(Exit.)*

La. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find now thou art gone,
 I am more valiant when unsafe alone,
 My heart feels man-hood, it does Death despise,
 Yet I am still a Woman in my eyes.
 And of my Tears thy absence is the cause,
 So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further; Only I say
Things have been strangely carry'd.
Duncan was pittid, but he first was dead.
And the right Valiant Banquo walk'd too late:
Men must not walk so late: who can want Sense
To know how monstrous it was in Nature,
For Malcolme and Donalbain, to kill,
Their Royal Father; horrid Fact! how did
It grieve Macbeth, did he not straight
In Pious rage the two Delinquents kill,
That were the slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep?
Was not that nobly done?

Seat. Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal heart
To hear the men deny it.

Len. So that I say he has born all things well:
And I do think that had he Duncan's Sons
Under his power (as may please Heaven he shall not)
They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.
So shou'd Flean: but peace; I hear Macduff
Deny'd his presence at the Feast: For which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Seat. I hear that Malcolme lives i' th' English Court,
And is receiv'd of the most Pious Edward,
With such Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune
Takes nothing from his high Respect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's
Kind aid, to wake Northumberland
And Warlike Seyward, and by the help of these,
To finish what they have so well begun.
This report
Do's so Exasperate the King, that he

Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Seat. He did, his absolute Command.

Len. Some Angel fly toth' English Court, and tell
His Message e're he come; that some quick blessing,
To this afflicted Country, may arrive
Whilst those that merit it are yet alive.

(Exeunt.)

Thunder. Enter three Witches meeting Hecat.

1. *Witch.* How? Hecat, you look angrily.

Hecat. Have I not reason, Beldams?

Why did you all Traffick with Macbeth
'Bout Riddles and affairs of Death,
And call'd not me? All you have done
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:
Make some amends now: get you gon,
And at the pit of Acharon

Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he
Will come to know his Destiny.
Dire business will be wrought e're Noon,
For on a corner of the Moon,

A drop my Spectacles have found,
I'll catch it e're it come to ground.

And that distill'd shall yet e're night,
Raise from the Center such a Spright:

As by the strength of his Illusion,

Shall draw Macbeth to his Confusion. *(Musick and Song.)*

Heccate, Heccate, Heccate! O come away:

Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit fee,

Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within.

(Machine descends.)

Come away Heccate, Heccate! Oh come away:

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.

Where's Stadling?

2. Here

Hec. Where's Puckle?

3. Here, and Hopper too, and Helway too.

1. I want but you, we want but you:

Come away, make up the Count.

Hec. I will but Noint, and then I mount,
I will but, etc.

1. Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiss,
A cull, a slip of bloud.

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

Since th' Air's so sweet and good.

2. Oh art thou come! What News?

All goes fair for our delight,

Either come, or else refuse,

Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malking my sweet Spirit and I.

3. Oh what a dainty pleasure's this!

To sail i' th' Air

While the Moon shines fair:

To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiss;

Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;

Over Hills, and misty Fountains;

Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets:

We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.

No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,

No Howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;

No, nor the noise of Waters breach,

Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.

1. Come let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

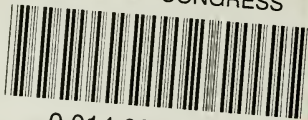
2. But whilst she moves through the foggy Air,
Let's to the cave and our dire Charms prepare.

Finis Actus III.

OCT 20 1913

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