

Macbeth

MACBETH is the last of the four "great tragedies," and perhaps the darkest. Bradley began his study by pointing out that "almost all the scenes which at once recur to the memory take place either at night or in some dark spot." That peculiar compression, pregnancy, energy, even violence, which distinguishes the verse is a further contribution to the play's preoccupation with the fears and tensions of darkness. On the other hand, as Bradley also observed, it is a play of color too—and if this color is mostly the red of blood, it is also the slow light of dawn. *Macbeth* is a play about the eclipse of civility and manhood, the temporary triumph of evil; when it ends, virtue and justice are restored, the time is free, the "weal" once more made "gentle."

In no other play does Shakespeare show a nation so cruelly occupied by the powers of darkness; and *Macbeth* is, for all its brevity, his most intensive study of evil at work in the individual and in the world at large. Yet it is also the most topical of the tragedies, a play shaped as none of the others seems to be by the interests of the reigning monarch. There is no inconsistency here, though there may be an indication of some of the difficulties *Macbeth* holds for the modern audience. For King James and his contemporaries the Weird Sisters were not mere fantasies, and a man's decision to deal with the forces of evil belonged to life and not to fairy tale. The mirror carried by the last king in the Show of Kings represented the Stuart posterity stretching out "to th' crack of doom" (IV.i.117); thus the overthrow of Macbeth meant not only a general purgation of the country's evil, but the establishment of a line of kings, one of whom sat in Shakespeare's audience hundreds of years later and

was almost morbidly aware that the same evils continued to beset great men. It is difficult for us to credit the supernatural manifestations in this play with the right degree of actuality; perhaps a fuller consideration of its topical quality may be an aid to doing so.

Macbeth was first published in the Folio of 1623. Its unusual brevity has prompted many conjectures as to abridgment; but there is also evidence of interpolated scenes. It is never very easy to prove that a play has been abridged; we should probably not suspect cuts in the Folio *Lear* had the 1608 quarto not survived. The evidence consists largely of genuine or imaginary inconsistencies in the play as it stands: for instance, it is argued that Cawdor must have been shown to have a secret league with the King of Norway, unknown to Macbeth, and that Lady Macbeth's "Nor time, nor place, / Did then adhere" (I.vii.51-52) suggests an earlier scene in which Macbeth had originally made his proposal more boldly. Another theory has it that in an earlier version Lady Macbeth was entrusted with the murder, but in a lost scene transferred the duty to her husband. Other suggestions are that there must have been a scene in which Banquo troubled Macbeth's sleep, and another to explain the Third Murderer. Once speculation begins, every allusion by any character to an event not represented in the play becomes evidence of abridgment. The thinness of the evidence offered does not, however, entitle us to dismiss the view that the play was cut. If so, the cutting was well done, and we shall hardly discover the nature of what is lost.

Several critics have maintained that the play was fairly extensively tampered with, arguing not only for cuts but for interpolations. It is well known that Coleridge regarded the Porter scene as an interpola-

tion; others so regard I.i and I.iii. These, and other similar suggestions, may safely be ignored; but there is a large measure of agreement that the whole of III.v and IV.i.39-43, 125-32 are spurious. These passages are usually attributed to Thomas Middleton because the interpolated songs called for in the stage directions at III.v.33 and IV.i.43 are certainly his, but it has recently been argued that Middleton's Hecate in his play *The Witch*, where the songs appear, bears no resemblance to the Hecate of *Macbeth*, and that some other, still anonymous, author must have the credit or blame for the material by which Middleton's songs are foisted into Shakespeare's play.

Although J. Dover Wilson in his New Cambridge edition of the play argues for an Elizabethan version of *Macbeth* (performed in Scotland), it seems obvious that the play celebrates the establishment of the first Stuart king of England, and that it cannot, therefore, be earlier than 1603. Simon Forman, the astrologer, saw it at the Globe in April 1611, but there are fairly clear allusions to the play in 1607. The references to the "equivocation" of Father Garnet during his trial for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot are unlikely to be interpolations, since the play as a whole is so deeply concerned with "equivocation"; and this trial occurred in the spring of 1606. In the summer of the previous year King James had visited Oxford, where an entertainment called *Tres Sibyllae* used these counterparts of the Weird Sisters to congratulate him on his ancestry, and there was also a debate on the question of "whether the imagination can produce real effects." If Shakespeare heard of these entertainments, which is not improbable, it is also possible, as H. N. Paul suggests, that he learned of the King's preference for short plays, which James happened to mention while in Oxford; though as a servant of the King retained for play-making he must surely have known of it already. In any case, the evidence that *Macbeth* belongs to 1606, and probably to the second half of the year, is strong.

Shakespeare's principal source was the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, and the main outline of his story is found in Holinshed's account of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth (1034-57). He makes many changes, however, and not merely for economy, which explains the conflation of two separate wars, one fought against the rebellious Macdonwald and the other against the Norwegian Sueno. Holinshed does not describe the murder of Duncan, merely saying that with the connivance of certain friends (including Banquo) Macbeth killed the king at Inverness. But he describes in detail the murder of an earlier Scottish king, Duff, by Donwald, and this passage provided Shakespeare with needed material. Donwald was "set on" by his wife; he killed Duff in his castle at Forres; he made the chamberlains drunk. While his assassins were murdering Duff, he himself was with the watch outside, and when the alarm was given he rushed in and killed the chamberlains. From another place in Holinshed Shakespeare took the voice which speaks to the murderer in the night: after King Kenneth has killed his nephew he hears himself reproached and threatened

by a mysterious voice, and is deprived of sleep. From the account of Edward the Confessor's reign Shakespeare borrows a few details, notably the King's "touching" for scrofula—a practice revived by James I.

The actual words of Holinshed are sometimes closely followed, notably in IV.ii, but Shakespeare deals freely with his source, making Duncan old and venerable, instead of a young and weak-willed man. This is part of the general blackening of Macbeth's character. Shakespeare also omits to mention that it was wrong for Duncan, an elective monarch, to proclaim Malcolm his heir; and that Macbeth ruled well for ten years. He also, for excellent reasons, makes Banquo honorable, whereas in Holinshed he connives at the murder. There are many other slight deviations, and some episodes which Shakespeare simply invented, like the banquet scene and the appearance of Banquo's ghost. More important than any variation of detail is the change in the whole presentation of Macbeth, who is, in the *Chronicles*, a tough fighting man not given to self-examination or remorse, and, as a king, capable in a conventional way.

Some of these changes, it will be noted, are related to the peculiar circumstances in which Shakespeare's play was written. The glorification of Banquo and of Fleance, founder of the Stuart line, was an essential part of the Stuart political myth, which sought to provide the Stuarts with a proper ancestry, stretching back through Banquo to the first king, Kenneth Macalpine. This is given expression in other books, such as Leslie's *De Origine . . . Scotorum* (1578). However, the idea was doubtless much in people's minds, and the Show of Kings confirms the words of King James himself, who expressed the hope that he and his descendants would "rule over [Britain] to the end of the world."

The interests of James I are reflected in other ways, too. He was a believer in witchcraft, and his *Daemonologie* (1599) was well known. He was a theologian and philosopher, much concerned with the explanation of such evil phenomena as repeatedly occur in the play. Only a year before *Macbeth* the Gunpowder Plot had put him in serious danger of his life, and he must have been as alert as anyone in the audience to the talk of "equivocation," a Jesuit device by which a prisoner under interrogation might pervert the truth in order to avoid self-accusation. The current use of this word, and the circumstances which gave rise to its fame, must be accounted part of the source material of *Macbeth*.

Some part of the theme of *Macbeth* may be expressed in the language of Milton, whose Christ thus accuses Satan:

That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding?
(*Paradise Regain'd*, I.432-35)

Macbeth is subjected to a temptation which, like those undergone by Christ, exactly reflects what the powers

of evil know to be the desires of the mind. It is not inhuman or even extraordinary to undergo such a temptation, but to succumb to it is precisely to give one's eternal jewel to the common enemy of man. From "th' equivocation of the fiend / That lies like truth" (V.v.42-43) arise not only the central themes of *Macbeth* but also some of the difficulties felt by a modern audience. Not only equivocation, but the reality of the fiend; not only the true character of Macbeth's villainy in succumbing, but his relevance to the human predicament more generally considered: these are problems for the modern reader.

The meanings of "equivocation" current at the time we have already touched on. When Father Garnet and his friends defended the practice, they incurred a charge to which Jesuits were anyway liable, that they had placed themselves on the side of the devil. Furthermore, as no man (the position is traditional) can choose an apparent good in preference to a real one unless his will is corrupted by appearance, evil acts imply the constant presence of equivocating factors in the world of moral choice. In other words, no one does an evil act unless the consequences of it appear to him more desirable than the consequences of not doing it; and since they cannot be so in truth, they clearly present themselves to him, as he deliberates upon the issue, in an equivocal manner. Before we see Macbeth deliberate, as he does at some length in the play, we have also seen evil present itself to him equivocally, under the forms of the Weird Sisters. Later they assist him, by further equivocation, to make progressively easier decisions for self-destructive acts of evil.

The role of the Weird Sisters is, then, to represent that equivocal evil in the nature of things which helps deceive the human will. But they are not mere allegories or the abstractions they might be in a modern play. Whether or no Shakespeare believed in demonic powers, in black and white magic, as King James did, he means the Sisters to be really *there*, visible to whom they wish, and endowed with the powers appropriate to demons. They are not mere witches, though they have some of the powers of witches, for, though produced by nature, they share with angels a freedom from limitation of space and time, a power to perceive the causes of things, and to see some distance into the human mind. They assume bodies of air or mist ("the earth hath bubbles"). They are real—Banquo sees them; and Banquo's ghost is also, for all we can know, real. Shakespeare seems here, and with the apparition of the dagger, to be inviting reflections as to whether the imagination can produce real effects; but dramatically they are undoubtedly real. The evils within and without Macbeth's mind are subtly twinned.

James knew all about this, and he knew also that the Sisters had no direct power over Macbeth's soul (he had told his witch-tormentor Bothwell the same thing years before). The Weird Sisters, knowing of his ambitions, could persuade Macbeth to evil, but they could not compel him to it; by an equivocal representation of a foreseen future they could tempt him to choose an apparent before a real good. Thus

they subjected him to the temptations he was least able to withstand, but had no direct power over his free will. It is in this sense that Macbeth is an Everyman; and for him as for all habitual sinners the guilt that is at first a matter of choice becomes, as his will atrophies, a matter of fate. His torments of conscience no longer come between desire and act. He loses his distinctive humanity. The great moment of moral crisis is in the soliloquy "If it were done . . ." (I.vii), which wonderfully enacts the deliberation preceding choice. The fatal dismissal from consideration of "the life to come" disables the case for the real as against the apparent good to such a degree that Lady Macbeth, even less aware of the spiritual issues and penalties, can ignore it altogether a moment later, ridiculing as effeminate the merely human reasons against murder, and showing, as against her husband's view, that the thing is possible. There are many answers to the objection that a man like Macbeth should not speak great poetry, but the best is that he is merely a special case of a universal human problem; before the murder he enacts a characteristically human moral agony, and that is a province of great poetry.

Macbeth's humanity is, therefore, represented as a condition we share. It is, of course, imperfect. He is a brave man, a man of blood, Bellona's bridegroom; but like Coriolanus later he exhibits the defects of these qualities. He has an affinity with blood and darkness, and Shakespeare silently contrasts him with Duncan, who is benign and trusting, but also, as a king should be, properly associated (by the imagery) with order and fertility. Shakespeare makes Macbeth's courage ring hollow, and Duncan's professions of confidence in him are subtly undermined by little dramatic ironies:

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
(I.ii.63-65)

And a little later, still thinking of the old Cawdor, he reflects that

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

O worthiest cousin! (I.iv.11-14)

In such ways we are almost unconsciously prepared for the inadequacy of Macbeth to the temptation which has already begun, and which will unman him. Already in I.iii he is tormented by the "solicitation" of the Weird Sisters, which, he says, "cannot be ill; cannot be good" (131). He knows the terrors of conscience, and imagines an appalling future after the crime; "nothing is / But what is not" (141-42). He has his notion of *virtus*, the quality of being a man, and it serves him well in war; but it does not include the power to deal with the evil growing in his mind.

He dares do all that may become a man, he says; but his unnatural act is, precisely, more than becomes a man, and he sinks below manhood, as his wife, by an evil effort of will, casts off womanhood and so loses her mind in guilt. To live among men they must pretend to be what they are not: "To beguile the time, / Look like the time . . . look like th' innocent flower, / But be the serpent under't" (I.v.63-66); "False face must hide what the false heart doth know" (I.vii.82); "And make our faces vizards to our hearts, / Disguising what they are" (III.ii.34-35). The time will come when the corruption of this seeming has spread, and the sorrows of his subjects are deepest; then a man will need to remind himself that it remains possible to appear good without really being evil:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so. (IV.iii.22-24)

This enslavement to appearance is proper to a man who has himself mistaken supernatural ill for good; but the true unmaning of Macbeth is not only in this, not only in the passionless reception of his wife's death, and his animal courage when the fiends prove to have "paltered." It is also in his self-betrayal to fear and sleeplessness. The voice cried "Sleep no more!" and at the moment when he thought to have entered into the full enjoyment of his kingdom Macbeth must speak of his "restless ecstasy," and of "these terrible dreams / That shake us nightly." He lacks "the season of all natures, sleep." His remedy is murder—first Banquo, then Lady Macduff; but henceforth nothing, not even becoming "old in deed" and making "the very firstlings of [his] heart . . . / the firstlings of [his] hand," can make him anything but the slave of his fantasy, the faculty which now, under the influence of perpetual fear and guilt, takes command from the reason. As husband and wife grow apart in their own torments, Lady Macbeth discovers what it is to invite an "unsexing" which amounts to demonic possession: the slight human compunction which prevents her murdering Duncan grows into a curse upon her un-womaned body, and she finds that "a little water" will not clear her of this deed.

The suffering of the Macbeths may be thought of as caused by the pressure of the world of order slowly resuming its true shape and crushing them. This is the work of time; as usual in Shakespeare, evil, however great, burns itself out, and time is the servant of providence. Nowhere is this clearer than in *Macbeth*. The damnation of the principal characters involves murder and destruction, outrage not only upon the state but upon the whole cosmos; but the balance is restored. Macbeth, who is allowed to say many wise things, observes early that "Time and the hour runs through the roughest day" (I.iii.147). The number of allusions to Time is indeed evidence that Shakespeare was at work in his customary way, hinting at a philosophical pattern, by using the word in a considerable variety of contexts which we may relate as

we will. Macbeth, confronted by the Weird Sisters, finds his mind inhabiting a time when the deed is done; his letters transport his wife beyond the "ignorant present" so that she feels "the future in the instant" (I.v.57-58). In the great soliloquy at the beginning of I.vii Macbeth says he would be content to deal in a time and to ignore eternity if he could escape punishment on earth. Lady Macbeth taunts him with the inability to proceed (in time) from desire to act. And they try to "mock the time with fairest show" (81). But Time is not mocked; at the news of Macduff's flight, Macbeth says that Time anticipates his "dread exploits." He hopes to defeat it by abolishing the time between desire and act (IV.i.144 ff.); but it is Malcolm that time will befriend (IV.iii.10), and when Macduff enters with Macbeth's head he can say "The time is free" (V.ix.21). As in Spenser, Time, apparently the destroyer, is the redeemer; yet it is itself redeemed. It seems very characteristic of the deeply allusive intellect of Shakespeare that there should be, in the greatest of the plays about human guilt, these semantic complexities concerning time, the element in which human life succeeds or fails, in which virtue is tested and evil brought to good.

But Macbeth is not only Everyman turned villain. He is also a king, or rather a tyrannical usurper. It has been suggested that this play was in part intended to replace *Richard III* in the repertory, and the two works have something in common. But Macbeth is not a lover of evil, and not a Machiavel; Richard III would not have said, "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me" (I.iii.143); and there is a boisterousness in him which Macbeth always lacks. Both have traits of the villain-hero, and both remember their Senecan origins—Macbeth uses some of the most famous Senecan tags. But he comes to murder by means of demonic equivocation; there is no Machiavellian plotting against the succession, but one critical stroke. Like all tyrants, he can expect a violent end; he brings horror to his country, and is overthrown by Malcolm in a role like that of Richmond. But the tyrannical rule of Macbeth is an outward reflection of a tyranny within. The long, rather stilted debate between Macduff and Malcolm in IV.iii deals with the question of tyranny in a somewhat abstract (but deliberately equivocal) way, and the repeated reference to Macbeth as a dwarf wearing the cloak of a giant is an emblem of usurpation and misrule. So is the darkness in which the major scenes take place; so is the ironical collapse of ceremony (order in the state) when Macbeth's fit (disorder in the king) seizes him at the banquet. That he should be a tyrant is a fact used to emphasize, not as in *Richard III* the long terror of civil war, but the mystical relation between the king's two bodies. Macduff explicitly links the inner and the outward tyranny. To the south Edward the Confessor practices good government and good magic, and sends a virtuous expedition against Scotland, to redeem the time. Thus the enactment of Macbeth's fears and his guilt involve the whole state, and indeed, as we see in the unruly night of the murder, the whole creation; the restoration of nature

requires his death (suitably motivated by the equivocating fiends) and in stilling his disorder quiets also the disorder of the body politic.

Such remarks would not mean much if one did not also stress the complex magnificence of the structure which bears these meanings, and the power of the poetry in which they are figured. The opening scene is unique in the canon. It is the end of a witches' sabbath—more fully represented in IV.i—and its dozen lines have no mere atmospheric value, but at their close set up an equivocal refrain—"Fair is foul"—which instantly sounds in the speech of Macbeth at his first entry in the third scene. Briefly, between these two scenes, we hear of the Scottish victory, and the part played by the man of blood, Macbeth; then we are rushed forward to hear of the devil speaking true, and the stolen robes with which the hero already, in his imagination, dresses himself. His aside "This supernatural soliciting . . ." (I.iii.130 ff.) is the first instance of that entirely original rhythm devised by Shakespeare for this play, and of the poetic rendering of articulate terror. Another brief scene in which Duncan congratulates and rewards Macbeth, but names Malcolm his successor; and then Lady Macbeth enters with the letter, and speaks another soliloquy characterized by the same diseased excitement, the same "sickening see-saw rhythm," as L. C. Knights calls it:

Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. (I.v.18-22)

In this scene the "unsexed" Lady Macbeth prepares for the corruption of her husband. One more glance of Duncan in the next scene, finding nothing but good in his host's castle; and then the key soliloquy, "If it were done . . ." (I.vii.1 ff.) and the final decision to commit murder. Twenty minutes of stage action, the scene alternating between Duncan and the Macbeths, and the first act ends.

The second, a new movement played continuously, is a night-piece. The opening words establish that; the murder is done to nocturnal noises, owls scream and sleepers stir. The tolling bell and the knocking of the second scene (which becomes the knocking on hell gate in the third) link all together. The Porter, superbly and unconsciously relevant to a story of murder, equivocation, and the pains of hell, is improved from a slight hint in Holinshed's tale of Donwald at the murder of King Duff; here his scene creates a perfectly timed pause, before the murder is discovered, the grooms are murdered, and Malcolm flees. There follows the moment of guilty calm, Macbeth in possession of his borrowed robes at the cost of ineradicable unease; and then the next murders, the apparitions, the growing estrangement of the Macbeths, and the sleepwalking, retribution, and death. Only with the Porter and at the English court does the pace slacken. *Macbeth* is extremely brief, but surely it is hard to feel that it lacks substance. It is dark, but with a variety of color seen against the dark; its poetry is a "statement of evil," certainly, but "hell is energy" and *Macbeth* has extraordinary energy; it represents a fierce engagement between the mind and its guilt, and it brings into play intellectual and imaginative resources nowhere else employed in the tragedies.

Frank Kermode

The Tragedy of Macbeth

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland</i>	ENGLISH DOCTOR
MALCOLM	SCOTS DOCTOR
DONALBAIN } <i>his sons</i>	SERGEANT
MACBETH } <i>generals of the King's army</i>	PORTER
BANQUO } <i>generals of the King's army</i>	OLD MAN
MACDUFF } <i>noblemen of Scotland</i>	Three MURDERERS
LENNOX	LADY MACBETH
ROSSE	LADY MACDUFF
MENTETH	GENTLEWOMAN <i>attending on Lady Macbeth</i>
ANGUS	Three WITCHES, <i>the Weïrd Sisters</i>
CATHNESS	Three other WITCHES
FLEANCE, <i>son to Banquo</i>	HECAT
SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces</i>	APPARITIONS
YOUNG SIWARD, <i>his son</i>	LORDS, GENTLEMEN, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, and MESSENGERS
SEYTON, <i>an officer attending on Macbeth</i>	
BOY, <i>son to Macduff</i>	

SCENE: *Scotland; England*]

ACT I, SCENE I

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun. 5
1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin.
[2. *Witch.*] Paddock calls.
[3. *Witch.*] Anon. 10
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

Words and passages enclosed in square brackets in the text above are either emendations of the copy-text or additions to it. The Textual Notes immediately following the play cite the earliest authority for every such change or insertion and supply the reading of the copy-text wherever it is emended in this edition.

- 1.i. Location: An open place.
3. *hurly-burly*: commotion, uproar, i.e. the battle that is described in the following scene.
8, 9. *Graymalkin, Paddock*: i.e. grey cat, toad; the names of the familiars or spirits who serve the witches. In IV.i.3 we learn that the familiar of the Third Witch is called Harpier, apparently meaning "harp." 10. *Anon*: right away, coming (spoken to her familiar).

SCENE II

Alarum within. Enter KING [DUNCAN], MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with ATTENDANTS, meeting a bleeding [SERGEANT].

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

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! 5
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

[*Serg.*] 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
The multiplying villainies 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; 15

- 1.i.i. Location: Scotland. A camp.
o.s.d. *Alarum*: trumpet call to arms. 6. *broil*: battle.
9. *art*: skill (in swimming). 10. *that*: i.e. that end.
12. *Western Isles*: islands west of Scotland.
13. *Of*: with. *kerns and gallowglasses*: light- and heavy-armed foot soldiers. 14. *quarrel*: cause. 15. *Show'd*: appeared.

For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
(Like Valor's minion) carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave; 20
Which nev'r shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!
[*Serg.*] As whence the sun gins his reflection 25
Shipwracking 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 valor arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
[*Serg.*] Yes,
As sparrows eagles; or the hare the lion. 35
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds,
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse. 45
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the King!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. 50
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

16. name: i.e. designation "brave." 19. minion: darling.
21. shook hands: i.e. took leave. 22. nave: navel. chops: jaws.
24. cousin: kinsman (used familiarly of any collateral relative except a brother or sister). Duncan and Macbeth were grandsons of King Malcolm.
25. gins his reflection: begins its turning back (at the vernal equinox).
27. spring: (1) spring season; (2) source. 28. swells: wells up.
30. skipping: highly mobile (because light-armed, but with implication that they are quick to retreat).
31. surveying vantage: seeing his opportunity.
37. cracks: charges. so: in such a way. 39. Except: unless.
40. memorize another Golgotha: make the field as memorable for slaughter as Golgotha, i.e. Calvary, "the place of skulls."
47. seems to: seems about to.
49-50. flout . . . cold: mock the sky and fan cold fear into our people. It has been suggested that Rosse begins his account in the so-called historic present tense.
51. Norway: the King of Norway. 53. dismal: ill-boding.

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons, 55
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disburs'd at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth. 65

Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
Exeunt.

SCENE III

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2. *Witch.* Killing swine.
3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. "Give
me!" quoth I. 5
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10
2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1. *Witch.* Th' art kind.
3. *Witch.* And I another.
1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow, 15
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd. 25
Look what I have.
2. *Witch.* Show me, show me.

54. Till that: till. *Bellona's bridegroom*: i.e. Macbeth. *Bellona* was the goddess of war; she was a virgin, but Shakespeare is making a conceit, not a mistake, since *1 Henry IV*, IV.i.114, proves that he knew the facts. *lapp'd in proof*: clad in tested armor.
55. self-comparisons: i.e. deeds as valorous as his own.
57. lavish: unrestrained, wild. 59. composition: terms of peace.
61. *Saint Colme's inch*: Inchcolm, a small island in the Firth of Forth.
64. bosom interest: dearest concerns. present: immediate.

I.iii. Location: A heath.
6. Aroint: be gone. rump-fed: fat-rumped (?). ronyon: scabby woman. 9. like: in the shape of.
11. wind. Witches were believed to sell winds.
15. blow: i.e. blow from; the ships are kept out of port by winds.
17. shipman's card: compass card; or, possibly, chart.
20. penthouse lid: i.e. eyelid (*penthouse* = lean-to with a sloping roof). 21. forbid: under a curse. 23. peak: grow emaciated.

Macbeth
I.iii

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum! 30
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, 35
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. 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 th' inhabitants o' th' 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, 45
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of
Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King
hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction 55
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 favors nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 65

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

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

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! 69

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75
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.

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

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
melted,

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

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner? 85

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 95

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale

[Came] post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,

And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100

To give thee from our royal master thanks,

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honor,

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, 106

For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you
dress me

In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life 110

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that with both

He labor'd in his country's wrack, I know not;

76. owe: possess. intelligence: information.

77. blasted: blighted, barren.

84. on: of. insane: causing insanity. The root has been variously
identified.

92-93. His . . . his: i.e. Duncan does not know whether to speak of
his astonishment or his admiration.

93. that: i.e. the conflict between his astonishment and his admiration.

96. Nothing: not at all.

97. images: figures, forms. As . . . tale: as fast as they could be
"told" or counted.

98. post with post: one messenger after another.

104. earnest: token, pledge. 106. addition: title.

109. Who . . . thane: he who once held that title.

111. combin'd: allied.

112. line: support. the rebel: i.e. Macdonwald.

32. weird. Spelled *weyard* or *weyard* in F1; from Old English *wyrd*,
"fate." 33. Posters of: swift travellers over.

37. wound up: i.e. ready for action. 43. question: converse with.

44. choppy: chapped. 53. fantastical: imaginary.

54. show: appear to be.

55. with present grace: i.e. by his present title, as Thane of Glamis.

55-56. prediction . . . noble having: i.e. as Thane of Cawdor.

57. rapt: carried out of himself. withal: with (by) it.

60-61. beg . . . hate: beg your favors nor fear your hate.

67. get: beget. 70. imperfect: giving an incomplete account.

71. Sinel: Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed.

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, 115
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Rosse and Angus.*] Thanks
for your pains.

[*Aside to Banquo.*] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, 121
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 125
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—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 135
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murther 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.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him, 144
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

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

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor; my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are regist' red where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.

[*Aside to Banquo.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and
at more time,

117. behind: beyond, to come. 120. home: completely.

121. enkindle you unto: give you cause to hope for.

126. deepest consequence: the very important events that follow.

127. Cousins: i.e. fellow lords.

128. swelling act: grand dramatic action.

130. soliciting: incitement, temptation (so also *suggestion* in line 134).

137. use: custom. fears: objects of fear.

139. whose: in which. fantastical: imagined.

140. single . . . man: weak human constitution. function: the
normal operation of its powers. 141. surmise: imagined action.

141-42. nothing . . . not: i.e. nothing has reality for me but what is
imaginary. 144. stir: exertion, initiative.

145. strange: new. their mould: i.e. the shape of him who wears
them. 149. favor: pardon. wrought: agitated.

151-52. regist' red . . . them: i.e. recorded in my memory.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly. 155

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Flourish. Enter KING [DUNCAN], LENNOX, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, and ATTENDANTS.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? [Are] not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. 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, 5
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 ow'd, 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. 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, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now 15
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, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties 25
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither!
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
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.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves 35
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know

155. Our free hearts: i.e. our thoughts freely.

I.iv. Location: Forres. The palace.

2. in commission: i.e. delegated to see the execution carried out.

liege: sovereign. 9. been studied: made it his study.

10. ow'd: owned. 11. careless: uncared-for. 16. before: ahead.

19-20. That . . . mine: so that I could thank you and reward you as
you deserve. 27. Safe toward: to secure.

34. Wanton: unrestrained.

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Enverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful 45
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*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.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo! he is full so valiant, 55
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Enter MACBETH'S WIFE alone, with a letter.

Lady M. [*Reads.*] "They met me in the day of
success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report,
they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burnt in desire to question them further, they made
themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I 5
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
King, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Cawdor,' by which
title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-
ferr'd me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, King
that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver 10
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st
not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what
greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and
farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be 15
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature,
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly, 20
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

37. establish our estate: settle the succession.

39. Prince of Cumberland: title of the Scottish heir apparent.

42. Enverness: Inverness, seat of the Thane of Cawdor.

44. The rest . . . you: i.e. leisure which is not spent in your service is wearisome.

45. harbinger: one sent ahead to arrange for lodging.

52. wink . . . hand: be blind to what the hand does. be: come to pass. 54. full so valiant: i.e. every bit as valiant as you say.

I.v. Location: Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

2. perfect'st report: most reliable information.

6. missives: messengers. 10. deliver: inform.

16. fear: fear for, feel uneasy about. 20. illness: wickedness.

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ldst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do," if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, 25
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 29
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter MESSENGER.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it!

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

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him, 35
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 40
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature 45
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and [it]! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, 50
And pall thee in the dunest 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! 55
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never 60
Shall sun that morrow see!

24. fear to do: shrink from doing. 25. Hie: hasten.

28. round: crown. 29. metaphysical: supernatural.

30. withal: with. 35. had . . . of: outdistanced.

41. mortal: deadly, murderous. 44. remorse: pity.

45. nature: natural feeling.

46. fell: cruel. keep peace: intervene.

47. Th' effect and it: i.e. my purpose and its accomplishment.

48. for: in exchange for. 49. sightless: invisible.

50. nature's mischief: evil done to, or within, nature.

51. pall thee: wrap yourself. dunest: darkest.

56. letters: letter (cf. Latin *litterae*).

57. ignorant: i.e. ignorant of what the future will bring.

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 th' innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming 66
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear:
 To alter favor ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

*Hoboyes and torches. Enter KING [DUNCAN], MALCOLM,
 DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE,
 ANGUS, and ATTENDANTS.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting [marlet], does approve,
 By his lov'd [mansionry], that the heaven's breath 5
 Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
 Where they [most] breed and haunt, I have observ'd
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

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

Lady M. All our service 15
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business to contend
 Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
 Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them, 19
 We rest your ermites.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well,

63. beguile the time: deceive the world.

68. dispatch: management. 71. clear: serene.

72. favor: expression. to fear: i.e. to create fear.

I.vi. Location: Inverness. Before Macbeth's castle.

o.s.d. Hoboyes: oboes. 1. seat: situation.

4. temple-haunting: given to building its nest in churches. marlet:

martin. 5. mansionry: i.e. nest-building. 6. jutty: projection.

7. coign of vantage: convenient corner. 10. delicate: soft.

12. Which: i.e. the trouble. thank as love: are grateful for because
 it arises from love.

13. God . . . pains: God reward me for your trouble. Duncan is
 gently facetious. 16. single: feeble.

16-17. contend Against: i.e. try to match.

20. We . . . ermites: we are ever your hermits, i.e. we will always
 gratefully pray for you.

22. be his purveyor: i.e. get here ahead of him and arrange for his
 welcome (a purveyor being one who goes ahead to secure food and
 lodging).

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 M. Your servants ever 25
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
 To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

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

SCENE VII

*Hoboyes, torches. Enter a SEWER and divers SERVANTS
 with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter
 MACBETH.*

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

It were done quickly. If th' 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, 5
 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 th' inventor. This even-handed justice 10
 Commends th' ingredience 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, 15
 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 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other—

23. holp: helped. 26. in compt: in trust; subject to account.

27. audit: accounting. 28. Still: always.

I.vii. Location: Inverness. Inner court of Macbeth's castle.

o.s.d. Sewer: butler.

3. trammel up: entangle as in a net. the consequence: the events
 arising from it.

4. his surcease: its (the assassination's) conclusion (?) or Duncan's
 death (?). 5. here: in this world.

6. shoal. This emendation of Theobald's is generally accepted; but
 some prefer to read *school* after F1, taking *bank* to mean "bench"
 and citing lines 8-9 in support. 7. jump: risk.

8. still: always. have judgment: are punished. that: in that.

10. even-handed: impartial.

11. Commends: presents. ingredience: contents, ingredients.

17. faculties: royal powers. 18. clear: blameless.

22. Striding: bestriding. cherubin. Construed as singular, with
 plural *cherubins*, everywhere else in Shakespeare; hence many editors
 emend to *cherubins* here, in view of *couriers* in line 23.

23. sightless couriers: invisible runners, i.e. winds.

25. tears . . . wind. As rain stills the wind. 28. other: other side.

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

How now? what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you
left the chamber? 29

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honor'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 M. Was the hope drunk 35
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 valor 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,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Prithee peace! 45
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares [do] more is none.

Lady M. 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 50
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.

Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail? 60
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
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, 65
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon

32. bought: won. 34. would: want to.
37. green: sickly. 42. the ornament of life: i.e. the crown.
45. th' adage: i.e. "The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her
feet." 47. none: not a man, i.e. either more than human or less.
48. break: broach.
52. Did then adhere: were then suitable. would: wanted to.
53. that their fitness: that fitness of theirs.
60. But: only. sticking place: probably, the mark to which a sol-
dier screwed up the cord of a crossbow.
63. chamberlains: personal attendants.
64. wassail: carousing. convince: overpower.
66. receipt: receptacle.
67. limbeck: alembic, upper part of a still to which the fumes rise.
It was believed that the fumes of wine rose from the stomach to the
brain and intoxicated it.

Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. 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, 76
That they have done't?

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

Macb. 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.

ACT II, SCENE I

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. 5
[Gives him his belt and dagger.]

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

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal, 15

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;

71. spungy: spongy, i.e. soaked with drink.

72. quell: killing, murder.

73. mettle: composition, temperament.

74. receiv'd: believed. 77. other: otherwise.

78. As: inasmuch as. 79. bend up: make taut, strain.

81. mock the time: deceive the world.

II.i. Location: Inverness. Inner court of Macbeth's castle.

4. husbandry: economy. 6. heavy summons: i.e. sleepiness.

7. would not sleep: do not want to go to bed and to sleep.

14. largess: gifts. offices: kitchens and other household depart-

ments. 16. shut up: concluded.

17. In: i.e. with an expression of.

18. defect: deficiency.

19. free: fully, without limitation.

Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none 26
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

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

Exit Banquo [with Fleance].

Macb. 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. 35

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 marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still; 45

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 50
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecat's off'rings; and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, 53

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing [strides], towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou [sure] and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which [way they] walk, for fear 55
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time, 59
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
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, 63

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Exit.*

SCENE II

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

Lady M. 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 5
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.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there? What ho?

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' 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.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
noise? My husband!

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry. 15

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[Looking on his hands.]

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

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cried, "Murther!" 20

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 M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen!"
the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. 25
List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen"?

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

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad. 31

Macb. 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 labor's bath, 35
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
house;

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more." 40

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

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place? 45
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead 50
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. Knock within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me? 55
What hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. 60

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) 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 65
Hath left you unattended. (*Knock.*) Hark, more
knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. 69

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. *Knock.*

30. thought: thought about.

34. knits . . . sleeve: straightens out the tangled skein.

42. unbend: loosen, let go slack. 44. witness: evidence.

53. gild. Blood was often called golden. See II.iii.118.

59. multitudinous seas: multitudes of seas. incarnadine: turn blood-red.

60. one red: completely red.

66. left you unattended: i.e. deserted you.

67. night-gown: dressing gown.

68. watchers: people who have stayed up.

70. To . . . myself: if I am to come to terms with what I have done, I shall need to avoid self-scrutiny (?) or if not being lost in my thoughts means seeing clearly what I have done, I'd better remain lost in my thoughts (?).

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

SCENE III

Enter a PORTER. Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the
key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there,
i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd
himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! 5
Have napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't.
(*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other
devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale, who com-
mitted treason enough for God's sake, yet could 10
not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.
(*Knock.*) 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. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Never 15
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 that go
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*)
Anon, anon! [*Opens the gate.*] I pray you remember
the porter. 21

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

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

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially pro-
voke? 27

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. There-
fore much drink may be said to be an equivocator 31
with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him
on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-
heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in
conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him
the lie, leaves him. 36

II.iii. Location: Scene continues.

2. old: plenty of.

4-5. farmer . . . plenty: i.e. one who had hoarded grain to sell at high prices and foresaw his ruin when the prospect of plentiful crops threatened to bring the prices down.

5. Come in time: opportunely arrived. 6. napkins: handkerchiefs.

7-8. other devil's name. He cannot remember the name of a second devil.

8. equivocator. Alluding to Jesuits, and particularly to Father Garnet, who claimed the right to make ambiguous answers when under examination so as not to incriminate himself. The word was current during the investigation that followed the Gunpowder Plot of 1605.

9. both . . . scale: either scale against the other.

14. French hose: French breeches. There were two kinds, one loose, the other tight. Presumably the tailor stole cloth from the supply brought to him by a customer for making the former. Or perhaps, relying too much on his skill, he tried it on the latter and so was found out.

15. roast your goose: heat your iron.

24-25. the second cock: i.e. 3 a.m.

28. Marry: indeed (originally, the name of the Virgin Mary used as an oath).

35. equivocates . . . sleep: deceives him in a dream.

35-36. giving . . . lie. The passage puns on at least three senses of give one the lie: (1) call one a liar, (2) lay one out flat, (3) cause one to urinate (lie = lye, slang for "urine").

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but
 I requited him for his lie, and (I think) being too strong
 for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I
 made a shift to cast him. 41

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

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

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
 I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him. 47

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. 50

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduff.*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
 Our chimneys were blown down, and (as they say)
 Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death,
 And prophesying, with accents terrible, 57

Of dire combustion and confus'd events
 New hatch'd to th' woeful time. The obscure bird
 Clamor'd the livelong night. Some say, the earth 60
 Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Enter MACDUFF.

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

Macb. and Len. What's the matter? 65

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' th' building!

Macb. What is't you say—the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty? 70

Macd. 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!

38-41. That...him. These lines describe the effects of too much
 drink in terms of a wrestling match.

41. made a shift: managed. cast: (1) throw off; (2) vomit.

46. timely: early.

50. The labor...pain: the pleasure we take in labor of some kinds
 cures it of laboriousness. 52. limited: appointed.

58. combustion: tumult.

59. obscure bird: bird of darkness, i.e. owl.

61. feverous. Referring to the chills and fever of ague.

66. Confusion: utter ruin.

68. Lord's anointed temple: i.e. body of the King.

72. Gorgon: i.e. Medusa, who turned to stone anyone who looked at
 her face.

Ring the alarum-bell! Murther and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake! 75
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeite,
 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. 80

Bell rings.

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

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

Macd. O gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition in a woman's ear 85
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
 Our royal master's murther'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
 And say, it is not so. 90

Enter MACBETH, LENNOX, ROSSE.

Macb. 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 95
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. 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.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
 done't. 101

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. 105

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and
 furious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.

Th' expedition of my violent love 110

78. great doom's image: exact likeness of Doomsday.

80. countenance: (1) accord with; (2) behold.

85. repetition: report.

93. serious in mortality: worthwhile in human life.

94. toys: trifles.

96. vault: (1) wine vault; (2) world (for which the sky is a vaulted
 roof). 98. spring, head, fountain. All three words mean "source."

102. badg'd: marked. 108. amaz'd: bewildered.

110. expedition: haste.

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,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers 115
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Donalbain.*] Why do we
hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours? 120

Don. [*Aside to Malcolm.*] What should be spoken
here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?
Let's away,

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

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

Ban. Look to the lady. 125
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence 130
Against the undivulg'd pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt [all but Malcolm and Donalbain].

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them; 135

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

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are, 139
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft 145

111. pauser: i.e. more deliberate mover.

113. breach in nature: gap in the defenses of life.

114. wasteful: destructive.

116. breech'd: covered, as if with breeches.

120. argument: subject, topic.

122. Hid . . . auger-hole: concealed in some unsuspected cranny.

124. Our . . . brew'd: i.e. we haven't yet time for weeping.

125. Upon . . . motion: ready to act.

126. frailties hid: bodies clothed. 128. question: discuss.

129. scruples: doubts, suspicions.

130. In . . . hand: i.e. under . . . protection.

131. undivulg'd pretense: secret design. 132. malice: enmity.

133. briefly: quickly. readiness: i.e. dress.

140. near: nearer (an older comparative form than *nearer*).

141. The nearer bloody: i.e. the greater the danger of murder.

142. lighted: i.e. spent its force. 144. dainty of: particular about.

145. shift away: quietly disappear. warrant: justification.

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

Enter ROSSE 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.

Rosse. Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day, 6
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, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange
and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, 15
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so—to th' amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons, 25
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own live's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

146. steals itself: goes away stealthily.

II.iv. Location: Inverness. Outside Macbeth's castle.

3. sore: grievous, dreadful.

4. trifled former knowings: made earlier experiences seem trifling.

5. heavens. With play on the theatrical sense "roof over the stage," beginning a figure continued in *act* and *stage*.

7. lamp: torch, i.e. sun.

12. tow'ring . . . place: circling upward to the highest pitch of her flight.

13. mousing: i.e. whose natural prey is small creatures on the ground.

15. minions: darlings, finest specimens.

18. eat: ate (pronounced *et*).

24. What . . . pretend: i.e. what could they have hoped to gain by it.

suborned: bribed.

28. ravin: devour ravenously. 29. live's: life's.

31. nam'd: chosen. Scone. Site of the coronation of Scottish kings.

To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred store-house of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone? 35

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

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu,
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. 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 omnes.

ACT III, SCENE I

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father 5
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, ROSSE, LORDS, and
ATTENDANTS.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

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

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

Ban. Let your Highness 15
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good ad-
vice 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?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twill this and supper. Go not my horse the better, 25
I must become a borrower of the night

33. Colmekill: Iona, where Scottish kings were then buried.

36. Fife. Macduff is Thane of Fife. 40. benison: blessing.

III.i. Location: Forres. The palace.

7. As: i.e. as may well be since. shine: i.e. are brilliantly fulfilled.

10 s.d. Sennet: trumpet call. 13. all-things: wholly.

14. solemn: formal. 16. to the which: i.e. to which command.

21. still: ever. grave and prosperous: weighty and profitable.

25. Go . . . better: if my horse go not faster (than I expect).

For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30
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? 35

Ban. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.* 40

Let every man be master of his time
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 Lords [with Lady Macbeth and others.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant].

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure? 45

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

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

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 valor
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 55

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. 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, 65

Put rancors 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 th' utterance! Who's there?

29. are bestow'd: have taken up residence.

33-34. cause . . . jointly: official business requiring our joint attention.

38. commend: commit, entrust. 43. while: until.

44. Sirrah: term of address used to inferiors. 47. thus: i.e. king.

48. in: concerning. 49. royalty of nature: natural kingliness.

50. would: must. 51. to: in addition to.

55. Genius: guardian spirit. rebuk'd: daunted.

56. Caesar: Octavius Caesar. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, II.iii.19-38.

61. gripe: grip, grasp.

62. with: by. unlineal: from another family line.

64. fil'd: defiled. 65. gracious: good.

67. eternal jewel: i.e. immortal soul.

68. common . . . man: the devil. 70. list: lists, arena.

71. champion me: contend with me as an opposing champion. to

th' utterance: to the end (French a *outrance*), i.e. until I perish or fate is thwarted.

Enter SERVANT and two MURDERERS.

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

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

[Both] Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches?—know 75
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self? This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the in-
struments, 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."

1. Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find 85
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?

1. Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, 91
As hounds and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clipt
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 95
The house-keeper, 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' th' 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, 105
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. Mur. 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.

1. Mur. 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.

77. under: out of favor with.

79. pass'd in probation: reviewed and proved true.

80. borne in hand: deceived. cross'd: thwarted.

82. To: even to. notion: mind.

87. gospell'd: under the spell of the Gospel.

91. catalogue: comprehensive listing. go for: are entered as.

93. Shoughs: shaggy lap-dogs. water-rugs: long-haired water-dogs.

demi-wolves: hybrids bred of dogs and wolves. clipt: called.

94. valued file: list which specifies values.

96. house-keeper: watchdog. 98. clos'd: enclosed.

99. addition: title, description. from: in contrast with.

100. writes . . . alike: lists them all together indiscriminately.

106. in his life: while he lives. 111. tugg'd with: pulled about by.

112. set: stake.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

[Both] Mur. True, my lord. 114

Macb. 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.

2. Mur. We shall, my lord, 125
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 yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' 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 135
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

[Both] Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.*[Exeunt Murderers.]*

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

SCENE II

Enter MACBETH'S LADY and a SERVANT.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the King, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content; 5
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

115. distance: enmity (in fencing, the space maintained between combatants). 117. near'st of life: most vital part, i.e. heart.

119. avouch: justify. 120. For: on account of.

121. wail: i.e. must wail. 123. to . . . love: woo your aid.

128. advise: instruct.

129. perfect spy: probably, precise information (*spy* = *espial*, i.e. intelligence). Some see here a reference to the Third Murderer, who appears in III.iii.

131. something from: some distance away from. thought: borne in mind. 132. require a clearness: must remain free of suspicion.

133. rubs: rough spots, imperfections.

137. Resolve yourselves apart: go off and make up your minds.

III.ii. Location: Forres. The palace.

5. content: happiness, satisfaction. 7. doubtful: apprehensive.

Enter MACBETH.

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

Macb. We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close and be herself, whilest our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15
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, 25
Can touch him further.

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

Macb. 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 honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. 35

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

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

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

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck, 45

9. sorriest: most wretched. 10. Using: entertaining.

11. without all: beyond any possible.

12. without regard: i.e. not thought about.

13. scorch'd: slashed, i.e. merely wounded.

14. close: heal. poor malice: feeble enmity.

15. her former tooth: her poison fang exactly as before.

16. disjoint: fall apart. both...suffer: heaven and earth suffer destruction.

17. Ere we will: rather than that we should. 21. torture: i.e. rack.

22. restless ecstasy: a frenzy of agitation. 23. fitful: intermittent.

27. Gentle my lord: my noble lord. sleek: smooth. rugged:
rough. 30. apply: be given. 31. eminence: special favor.

32-33. Unsafe... streams: for the time we are unsafe, so that we
must make our honors look clean by washing them in these streams
of flattery. 34. vizards: masks.

38. copy: (1) copyhold, a lease subject to cancellation; (2) casting
(from the mould used by Nature to form men). eterne: everlasting.

39. There's: i.e. in that thought there is.

41. cloister'd: circumscribed, restricted (?) or through cloisters (?).

42. shard-borne: carried on scaly wings (?) or a variant spelling of
shard-born, i.e. dung-bred (?). (In F1 modern *born* is usually spelled
borne.) 45. chuck: a term of endearment (from *chick*).

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood; 51
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. 55
So prithee go with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Enter three MURDERERS.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he de-
livers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day; 5
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, [and] near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. (Within.) Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' th' court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't. 15

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They assault Banquo.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. *Exeunt.*

46. seeling: blinding. The eyelids of falcons were sewn together
(seeled) in order to tame them. 47. pitiful: compassionate.

49. bond: Banquo's lease on life. 50. crow: rook.

51. rooky: frequented by rooks.

III.iii. Location: Forres. A park near the palace.

2. He...mistrust: we need feel no suspicion of him (the Third
Murderer). 3. offices: duties.

4. To...just: precisely according to Macbeth's instructions.

6. lated: belated.

10. within...expectation: on the list of expected guests.

SCENE IV

Banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH, LADY [MACBETH],
ROSSE, LENNOX, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down. At
first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time 5
We will require her welcome.

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

Enter FIRST MURDERER [*to the door*].

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' th' midst. 10
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.— [*Goes to the door.*]
There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; 15
That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' th' cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else been
perfect, 20

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?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head, 26
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. *Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord, 31
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, 35

III.iv. Location: Forres. The palace.

1. degrees: ranks and hence order of seating.
1-2. At . . . last: once for all. 5. state: chair of state.
6. require: request. 9. encounter: respond to.
11. large: free, unrestrained. measure: bumper.
14. thee . . . within: i.e. on your face than in his body.
21. founded: immovable.
22. broad and general: free and unconfined. casing: enveloping.
24. saucy: importunate. 28. worm: here, young serpent.
31. hear ourselves: confer.
32. give the cheer: play the convivial host.
32-34. The feast . . . welcome: unless the guests are frequently assured
of their welcome, a feast is no better than a meal that one pays for.
34. To feed: i.e. simply to eat. 35. From thence: away from home.

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the GHOST OF BANQUO and sits in Macbeth's place.

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

Len. May't please your Highness sit.
Macb. Here had we now our country's honor
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present, 40
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company? 44

Macb. The table's full.

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

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady M. 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, 55
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; 60

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, 65
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send 70

Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Lady M. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
time,

39. honor: nobility. roof'd: under one roof.

41. challenge for: charge with.

54. upon a thought: in a moment.

56. offend him: make him worse. extend his passion: prolong his
attack. 59. proper: fine.

61. air-drawn: drawn on the air (a sense supported by *painting* in
line 60) or drawn through the air (supported by line 62).

62. flaws: sudden bursts of passion (properly used of gusty winds).

63. to: compared with. become: befit.

65. Authoriz'd: told on the authority of.

71-72. our . . . kites: our tombs had better be the stomachs of birds
of prey, i.e. there is no point in burying the dead.

Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; 75
 Ay, and since too, murthers 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 murthers on their crowns, 80
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

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

Macb. I do forget.
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing 85
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
 Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.

Enter GHOST.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, 90
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. 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 M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other; 96
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger, 100
 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! 105
 Unreal mock'ry, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Why, so; being gone,
 I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

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

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud, 110
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,

75. humane. Elizabethan spelling did not distinguish between *human* and *humane*; many editors read *human* here, perhaps rightly. purg'd . . . weal: cleansed the commonwealth and made it gentle.
 80. mortal murthers: deadly wounds. crowns: heads.
 84. muse: wonder. 90. thirst: i.e. drink eagerly.
 91. all to all: all good to all (?) or let everyone drink to all (?). the pledge: i.e. we drink the toast you have proposed.
 94. speculation: sight. 99. like: in the likeness of.
 100. arm'd: armored. Hyrcan: of Hyrcania, near the Caspian Sea.
 101. nerves: sinews.
 103. the desert: i.e. some uninhabited place (where nobody would intervene).
 104. If . . . inhabit: if the body I inhabit feels fear. protest: proclaim.
 105. The baby . . . girl: a baby girl. 109. admir'd: wondered at.
 110. overcome: pass over. like . . . cloud: i.e. suddenly.
 111-12. strange . . . owe: i.e. feel a stranger to the courageous man I supposed myself to be.

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 114
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. 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.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his Majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all! 120
Exeunt Lords [and Attendants].

Macb. 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? 125

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
 which.

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

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
 There's not a one of them but in his house 130
 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 135
 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. 139

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

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
 abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, meeting HECAT.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat? you look an-
 gerly.

117. Question enrages him: talk aggravates his condition. At once: to you all. 119. at once: all together.
 123. Augures: auguries, omens. understood relations: occult significances and relationships perceived.
 124. By: by means of. maggot-pies and choughs: magpies and jackdaws (which, like rooks, could be taught to speak) brought forth: revealed. 125. man of blood: murderer.
 127. How say'st thou: what do you think of the fact.
 129. by the way: indirectly. 132. betimes: very early.
 133. bent: determined. 135. causes: (other) considerations.
 136. should I: even if I were to. more: farther.
 137. were: would be. go: going.
 139. ere . . . scann'd: without being properly studied.
 140. season: preservative.
 141. strange and self-abuse: strange self-delusion.
 142. initiate . . . use: fear felt by the beginner who lacks the experience that hardens one. 143. deed: i.e. crime.

III.v. This scene is probably spurious.
 Location: An open place.

Macbeth
III.v

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are?
Saucy and overbold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death; 5
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 15
Meet me i' th' 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 vap'rous drop profound,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground; 25
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. Sing within: "Come away,
come away, etc."

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

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. *Exeunt.* 36

SCENE VI

Enter LENNOX and another LORD.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,
Which can interpret farther; only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late, 5
Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleance kill'd,

2. beldams: hags. 7. close: secret.
11. wayward son: i.e. a disciple who is untrue to our teaching.
15. Acheron: a river in Hades; here, hell itself.
21. dismal: ill-boding, sinister.
24. profound: low-hanging, i.e. ready to drop off.
27. artificial sprites: spirits produced by magic arts.
29. confusion: ruin. 32. security: overconfidence.
33. s.d. "Come . . . etc." For this song see the Textual Notes.

III.vi. Location: Somewhere in Scotland.

1. My former speeches: what I have been saying. hit: coincided with.
2. interpret farther: draw further inferences.
3. borne: managed, carried on. gracious: good.
4. of: by. marry . . . dead: to be sure, that was after he died (not before).

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 'twould have anger'd any heart alive 15
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) 25
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; 35
Do faithful homage and receive free honors;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate [the] King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. 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."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
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.*

8. cannot . . . thought: i.e. can help thinking.
10. fact: deed, crime. 12. pious: loyal. 19. and: if.
21. from broad words: because of his outspokenness.
24. bestows himself: has taken refuge.
25. holds . . . birth: withholds his birthright (the crown).
27. pious: saintly. Edward: Edward the Confessor. grace: favor.
28-29. That . . . respect: i.e. that he is held in as high respect as if
ill fortune had not deprived him of the kingship.
30. upon his aid: on Malcolm's behalf.
34. Give . . . meat: hold our usual feasts.
35. Free from . . . knives: free . . . from knives.
36. faithful: sincere (not pretended, as now). free: freely given
(not bought by acquiescence in evil-doing).
38. the King: i.e. Macbeth.
41. cloudy: scowling. turns me: turns (a colloquialism).
42. hums: says humph. 43. clogs: encumbers.
44-45. Advise . . . provide: warn him to keep as far out of Macbeth's
way as he can contrive.
48-49. suffering country Under: country suffering under.

ACT IV, SCENE I

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2. *Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *Witch.* Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."
1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw; 5
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelt' red venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; 10
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2. *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 pow'ful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' 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
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
For th' ingredience of our cau'dron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; 35
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

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

Enter HECAT and the other three WITCHES.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' 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." [*Exit Hecat.*]

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. [*Knocking.*]

Open, locks, 46
Whoever knocks!

IV.i. Location: A cave; in the middle, a boiling cauldron.

1. brinded: brindled, streaked. 3. Harpier. See note on I.i.9-10.
8. Swelt' red: exuded in sweaty drops.
12. Fillet: slice. fenny: inhabiting swamps.
16. fork: forked tongue. 17. howlet's: owl's.
23. mummy: medicinal substance made from a mummy. maw and gulf: stomach and gullet.
24. ravin'd: glutted with prey (?) or voracious (?).
28. Sliver'd: cut off. 31. drab: whore. 32. slab: sticky.
33. chawdron: entrails. 39-43. Probably spurious.
- 43 s.d. "Black spirits, etc." For this song see the Textual Notes.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth
IV.i

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess 50
(How e'er you come 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; 54
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 [germains] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak. 15

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
mouths, 20
Or from our masters'?

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

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten 65
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame. 25

All. Come high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. FIRST APPARITION, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—
1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

1. *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff, 35

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

He descends.

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's
another, 75
More potent than the first.

Thunder. SECOND APPARITION, a bloody Child.

2. *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

2. *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to
scorn

The pow'r of man; for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*

50. that . . . profess: i.e. the demonic arts.

53. yesty: yeasty, foamy.

55. bladed corn: ripe wheat. lodg'd: beaten down.

57. slope: bend.

59. germains: germens, seeds; the *semines* existing in nature from which all, including man, is created. 60. sicken: be satiated.

65. nine farrow: litter of nine.

68 s.d. an armed Head. Perhaps signifying the rebellion of Macduff.

74. harp'd . . . aright: hit upon the tune my fear has been playing.

76 s.d. a bloody Child. Signifying Macduff, "untimely ripped" from his mother's womb (see V.viii.15-16).

Macb. 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, 85
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.

3. *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are: 91
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnan wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree 95
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
Of Birnan rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. 105
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

Hoboyes.

1. *Witch.* Show!

2. *Witch.* Show!

3. *Witch.* Show!

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

A show of eight KINGS, [the eighth] with a glass in his hand, and BANQUO last.

Macb. 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, 115
Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more.
And yet the eight appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120

84. take . . . fate: i.e. bind Fate to its contract by killing Macduff.
86 s.d. a Child crowned. Signifying Malcolm. tree. Foreshadowing the action of Malcolm's soldiers in cutting down and carrying boughs to Dunsinane. 87. like: in the likeness of.

88-89. round And top: crown. 95. impress: force into service.

96. bodements: prophecies.

97. Rebellious dead. Referring, presumably, to Banquo. Many editors adopt Theobald's emendation *Rebellious head* or his conjecture *Rebellion's head*.

99. the lease of nature: his full span of life (i.e. he will die a natural death). 100. mortal custom: i.e. death that comes to everyone.

106. noise: music (a frequent meaning).

111 s.d. glass: mirror (here, a magic one). 119. eight: eighth.

That twofold 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. [*Apparitions vanish.*]
What? is this so?

1. *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so. But why 125
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 vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! 134
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. 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

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

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145
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 th' edge o' th' 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.* 156

121. twofold . . . sceptres. James I of England and VI of Scotland was twice crowned, at Scone and Westminster. Thus the orb, part of the regalia, is here called "twofold." The English coronation uses two sceptres, the Scottish, one; hence *treble sceptres*, though this may refer to the title "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland." Banquo was the legendary founder of the Stuart dynasty: see Introduction.

123. blood-bolter'd: with his hair matted with blood.

125-32. Probably spurious.

126. amazedly: as in a trance. 127. sprites: spirits.

130. antic round: fantastic circular dance.

132. Our . . . pay: our attentions repaid the welcome he gave us.

140. horse: horses (a common plural) or horsemen.

144. anticipat'st: forestalled.

145. The flighty purpose: i.e. a purpose, always fleeting.

146. Unless . . . it: unless it is performed as soon as conceived.

147-48. The very . . . hand: i.e. intention shall coincide with performance.

148. firstlings: first-born.

150. surprise: seize upon. 153. trace: follow.

SCENE II

Enter MACDUFF'S WIFE, her SON, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none; His flight was madness. When our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. 5

L. Macd. 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.

Rosse. My dearest coz, I pray you school yourself. But for your husband, 15 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further, But cruel are the times when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor 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, 25 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. 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 Rosse.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead, 30 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

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

L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, 35 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.

IV.ii. Location: Fife. Macduff's castle.

2. have patience: exercise self-control.

7. titles: title deeds, hence estates.

9. wants: lacks. natural touch: i.e. the feeling natural to a husband and father. 14. coz: cousin, i.e. kinswoman.

15. school: control.

17. fits . . . season: disturbances of the time (another use of the figure of a recurrent fever).

19. know ourselves: recognize ourselves as such. hold: credit (?) or interpret (?).

20. From what we fear: because of (or in accordance with) our fears.

22. Each . . . move. Probably corrupt, unless Rosse in his haste breaks off his sentence (some editors read *move*). Proposed emendations include *And each way move*, *And move each way*, *Each way it moves*; most editors adopt Dover Wilson's reading, *Each way and none*.

23. but: before. 29. It . . . discomfort: i.e. I should weep.

34. lime: birdlime, a sticky substance spread to catch birds.

35. pitfall . . . gin: trap . . . snare.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

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

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

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

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was. 45

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd. 50

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men. 55

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

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.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, 65

Though in your state of honor 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; 70

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world—where to do harm 75

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defense,

To say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS.

What are these faces?

[I.] Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified

43. With . . . thee: i.e. you are quite clever enough for a child.

47. swears and lies: swears an oath and breaks it (doubtless with another allusion to the "equivocation" of Father Garnet and others).

51. swear: use profanity (as lines 56-58 make clear).

66. in . . . perfect: I know well your honored position.

67. doubt: fear. 68. homely: plain.

70. To fright: i.e. even to frighten.

71. To do worse: i.e. to do you actual harm. fell: savage.

72. Which: i.e. such cruelty. 78. womanly: womanish.

Macbeth
IV.ii

Where such as thou mayst find him.
 [I.] Mur. He's a traitor.
 Son. Thou li'st, thou shag-ear'd villain!
 [I.] Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.]
 Young fry of treachery!
 Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
 Run away, I pray you! [Dies.] 85
 Exit [Lady Macduff] crying "Murther!" [and
 pursued by the Murderers].

SCENE III

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
 there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.
 Macd. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
 Bestride our downfall birthdom. Each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolor.
 Mal. 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 some-
 thing
 You may discern of him through me, and wisdom 15
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
 T' appease an angry god.
 Macd. I am not treacherous.
 Mal. 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.
 Macd. I have lost my hopes.
 Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my
 doubts. 25

83. shag-ear'd: with shaggy hair about your ears. Some editors prefer
 Steevens' conjecture *shag-hair'd*. 84. fry: spawn.

IV.iii. Location: England. Before King Edward's palace.

3. mortal: deadly.

4. Bestride: stand over protectively. downfall: downfallen. birth-
 dom: native land. 8. Like . . . dolor: a similar cry of pain.

10. to friend: favorable. 12. sole: mere. 13. honest: honorable.

14. young: i.e. inexperienced.

14-15. something . . . me: you may see a way of ingratiating yourself
 with him by betraying me. Most editors follow Theobald in emending
discern to deserve.

15. wisdom: i.e. it would be the way of worldly wisdom.

19. recoil: give way, retrograde.

20. In . . . charge: at a king's command, or under pressure brought
 by a king. 21. transpose: change.

23-24. Though . . . so: even if every wickedness assumes the appear-
 ance of virtue, virtue must still retain that appearance; i.e. even in
 these bad times an appearance of virtue must not be taken as a sure
 sign of villainy. 24. hopes: i.e. of Malcolm's cooperation.

25. doubts: i.e. of Macduff's loyalty.

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 dishonors,
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
 What ever I shall think.

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

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord,
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. 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, 45
 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.

Macd. What should he be?
 Mal. 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.

Macd. Not in the legions 55
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. 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 cestern of my lust, and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth 65
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

26. rawness: unprotected state.

27. motives: persons moving you to love and protect them.

29. jealousies: suspicions.

33. wrongs: wrongful gains, usurped powers.

34. affeer'd: confirmed, authoritatively settled.

37. to boot: in addition. 38. absolute fear: complete distrust.

39. think: am mindful that. 41. withal: besides.

43. England: the King of England. 48. and more: and in more.

51. particulars: varieties. 52. open'd: disclosed.

57. top: surpass. 58. Luxurious: lecherous.

59. Sudden: violent. 63. cestern: cistern.

64. continent: (1) restraining; (2) chaste.

67. nature: i.e. a man's nature. is a tyranny. Because its rule is
 absolute.

To take upon you what is yours. You may
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.

Mal. 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,
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.

Macd. 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.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, 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 pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd. 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 accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Of't ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

70. what is yours: i.e. the throne.

71. Convey: manage stealthily.

72. cold: chaste. hoodwink: blindfold.

77. affection: character. 78. stanchless: insatiable.

86. summer-seeming: summer-beseeming, i.e. appropriate to one's
heyday (and hence tending to lessen with age, unlike avarice).

88. foisons: abundance.

89. Of . . . own: i.e. in royal property alone. portable: bearable.

90. With . . . weigh'd: balanced by virtuous qualities.

93. lowliness: humility. 95. relish: trace.

96. division: subdivisions, various manifestations. several crime:
separate sin.

99. Uproar . . . peace: change into a tumult the orderliness of the
universe. confound: utterly destroy.

104. untitled: unrightful, usurping.

105. wholesome: healthful, sound.

107. interdiction: declaration of incompetence (?).

108. blaspheme: defame.

111. Died: i.e. to the world (cf. 1 Corinthians 15:31).

Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. 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 honor. 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
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
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
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?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon.—Comes the King forth,
I pray you?

Doct. 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.

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

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. '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,
All swoll'n 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.

118. trains: stratagems, devices.

119. modest wisdom: wise moderation, prudent caution.

125. For: as. 135. at a point: completely prepared.

136. goodness: success.

137. like . . . quarrel: as good as our cause is just.

142-43. convinces . . . art: defeats the best medical skill.

145. presently: immediately.

146. evil: scrofula ("the king's evil," supposedly cured by the royal
touch).

150. strangely-visited: afflicted in unusual ways. 152. mere: utter.

153. stamp: coin. 156. virtue: power. 159. grace: God's grace.

Macbeth
IV.iii

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See who comes here.
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither. 161
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country,
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot 165
 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 rent 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.
Macd. O relation!
 Too nice, and yet too true.
Mal. What's the newest grief? 174
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did
 leave 'em. 179
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes't?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
 Of many worthy fellows that were out,
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot. 185
 Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. 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.
Rosse. Would I could answer
 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.
Macd. What concern they?

160. know: recognize. 161. gentle: noble.
 166-67. nothing, But who: no one except him who.
 168. rent: rend. 169. mark'd: noticed.
 170. modern ecstasy: commonplace emotion.
 173. or ere: before. relation: report.
 174. nice: precise, accurately detailed.
 175. hiss the speaker: cause the speaker to be hissed (for telling
 stale news). 176. teems: breeds, brings forth.
 182. heavily: sorrowfully. 183. out: in arms.
 184. witness'd the rather: made the more credible.
 185. power: forces.
 186. time of help: moment to apply the cure.
 192. gives out: proclaims (?) or furnishes example of (?).
 194. would: demand to. desert air: air in some unpopulated spot.
 195. latch: catch.

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief 196
 Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
 But in it shares some woe, though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
 ever,
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
 That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and
 babes,
 Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner, 205
 Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
 To add the death of you.
Mal. 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.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all 211
 That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
 My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted.
 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge
 To cure this deadly grief. 215
Macd. 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?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. 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 strook for thee! naught that I am, 225
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it. 229
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
 Cut short all intermission. Front to front
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
 Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This [tune] goes manly. 235
 Come go we to the King, our power is ready,
 Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

196. fee-grief: private woe (*fee* = absolute ownership).
 197. Due to: i.e. the property of.
 206. quarry: heap of slaughtered bodies.
 210. o'er-fraught: overburdened. 212. must. Past tense.
 219. swoop: i.e. swoop of the hell-kite.
 220. Dispute: oppose, fight against.
 225. for: on account of. naught: wicked.
 229. Convert: be changed. 232. Front to front: face to face.
 235. too: i.e. as I must have done, to let him escape.
 237. Our . . . leave: we need only take leave of the King.

Is ripe for shaking, and the pow'rs above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may,
The night is long that never finds the day. 240
Exeunt.

ACT V, SCENE I

*Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC and a WAITING-GENTLE-
WOMAN.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown 5
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.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of 10
watching! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walk-
ing and other actual performances, what, at any time,
have you heard her say?

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

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should. 16

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no wit-
ness to confirm my speech.

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. 20

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her
continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut. 25

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs
her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem
thus washing her hands. I have known her continue
in this a quarter of an hour. 30

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly. 34

Lady M. Out, damn'd spot! out, I say! One—
two—why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie,
my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear
who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to
account? Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him? 40

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is
she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No

239. Put...instruments: arm themselves (?) or incite us, their
agents (?).

V.i. Location: Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle.

10-11. do... watching: perform waking actions.

11. agitation: activity.

19. her very guise: exactly what she has been doing.

20. close: out of sight. 25. sense: powers of sight.

33. satisfy: confirm. 39. account: account.

more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all
with this starting. 45

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

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure
of that; heaven knows what she has known. 49

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still. All
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
O, O, O!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charg'd. 54

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

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I
have known those which have walk'd in their sleep
who have died holily in their beds. 61

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-
gown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so? 65

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the
gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly. 70

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her, 75
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.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

*Drum and Colors. Enter MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, SOLDIERS.*

Ment. The English pow'r is near, led on by Mal-
colm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnan wood 5
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

45. this starting: these startled movements.

54. charg'd: burdened. 59. practice: professional skill.

64. on 's: of his. 76. annoyance: (self-)injury.

77. still: constantly.

78. mated: stupefied. amaz'd: bewildered.

V.ii. Location: The country near Dunsinane.

3. dear: heartfelt.

4. bleeding... alarm: i.e. bloody and grim battle.

5. mortified: moribund (?) or paralyzed (?).

6. well: no doubt.

Macbeth
V.ii

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. 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.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. 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 15
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. 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.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on 25
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnan. 31
Exeunt marching.

SCENE III

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and ATTENDANTS.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all.
Till Birnan 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: 5
"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 SERVANT.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!

8. file: list. 10. unrough: unbearded.
11. Protest . . . manhood: assert their manhood for the first time.
15. distemper'd: swollen with disease.
16. rule: self-control, temperate behavior.
18. minutely revolts: i.e. fresh revolts every minute.
19. in command: because they are ordered to.
23. pester'd senses: tormented faculties. start: move fitfully.
27. med'cine: i.e. Malcolm. weal: state.
30. sovereign: (1) royal; (2) supreme in curative power.

V.iii. Location: Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle.

1. them: i.e. the thanes (see line 7). fly: desert.
3. taint: be infected.
5. mortal consequences: human destinies.
8. epicures: i.e. devotees of soft living.
9. sway: rule myself, control my actions. 11. loon: rascal.

Where got'st thou that goose-look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? 15
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. 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 [disseat] me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton! 29

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round, 35
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. 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?
Doct. Therein the patient 45
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor 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,

15. lily-liver'd: i.e. cowardly. patch: clown, fool. 16. of: on.
17. Are . . . fear: will urge others to be fearful. 20. push: effort.
21. disseat: dethrone. This is Jennens' conjecture for F1 *dis-ease*, and
some argue that *cheer* should be *chair* to match it. The later folios
read *disease*, i.e. deprive of comfort and peace of mind—a good guess,
and appropriate to *cheer*.
22. way: course. (Dr. Johnson's famous conjecture *May* is un-
necessary.) 25. As: such as, namely.
35. moe: more. skirr: scour.
42. Raze out: erase. written troubles of: troubles written on.
43. oblivious: causing forgetfulness. 48. staff: lance.
50. dispatch: hurry up.
50-51. cast The water: analyze the urine, i.e. diagnose the disorder.

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 say.—
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, 55
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnan forest come to Dunsinane. 60
[*Exeunt all but the Doctor.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

*Drum and Colors. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF,
SIWARD'S SON, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS,
[LENNOX, ROSSE,] and SOLDIERS, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sirw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnan.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow 5
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Sirw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. '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.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on 15
Industrious soldiership.

Sirw. 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.*

52. pristine: i.e. perfect, as formerly.

54. Pull't off. Referring to some part of the armor not properly
adjusted. 55. cyme: possibly another word for *senna*.

56. scour: purge.

62. Profit... here: i.e. no fee would be large enough to bring me
back.

V.iv. Location: The country near Birnan wood.

2. chambers: bedrooms (such as Duncan's).

6. discovery: reconnaissance. 9. Keeps: remains.

10. setting down before: laying siege to.

11. advantage: opportunity. 12. more and less: great and lowly.

14. our just censures: i.e. our judgments, in order that they may be
just. 15. Attend... event: await the actual outcome.

18. owe: own.

19-20. Thoughts... arbitrate: talking about the event in advance is
to deal in mere hopes, uncertain of fulfillment; the real issue must
be decided by action.

SCENE V

Macbeth
V.v

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with Drum
and Colors.*

Macb. 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, 5
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women.

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

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

[*Enter SEYTON.*]

Wherefore was that cry? 15

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. 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, 25
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.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw, 30
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnan, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave! 34

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

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

V.v. Location: Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle.

5. forc'd: reinforced. 6. dareful: boldly.

10. cool'd: been chilled with terror.

11. my... hair: the hair on my skin. 12. treatise: story.

15. once start me: ever make me start.

17. should... hereafter: was bound to die later (if not to-day).

Should = would certainly. 39. cling: shrivel. sooth: truth.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnan wood
Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! 45
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' th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow wind, come wrack, 50
At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

*Drum and Colors. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF,
and their army, with boughs.*

Mal. 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, 5
According to our order.

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

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
Exeunt. Alarums continued.

SCENE VII

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. 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.

Y. Sirw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sirw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name 6
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sirw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No; nor more fearful.

Y. Sirw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant, with my
sword 10

41. pull in: rein in, check. 49. estate: settled order.
50. wrack: ruin. 51. harness: armor.

V.vi. Location: Dunsinane. Plain before Macbeth's castle.
2. show . . . are: appear in your own forms.
4. battle: battalion. 6. order: plan of attack.

V.vii. Location: Scene continues.
2. course: round of bearbaiting.

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Fight, and Young Siward slain.

Macb. 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.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy
face!
If thou beest slain and with no stroke of mine, 15
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 my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD.

Sirw. This way, my lord, the castle's gently
rend'red:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight, 25
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

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

Sirw. Enter, sir, the castle.
Exeunt. Alarum.

[SCENE VIII]

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. 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.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd 5
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! *Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou lovest labor.
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.

Macd. Despair thy charm,

16. still: always.
18. staves: spears. 20. undeeded: having no deeds to its credit.
22. bruited: announced.
24. gently rend'red: surrendered without resistance.
29. strike beside us: fight on our side (?) or deliberately avoid hitting us (?).

V.viii. Location: Scene continues.

1. Roman fool: i.e. noble suicide.

8. terms . . . out: words can describe.

9. intrenchant: incapable of being cut. 13. Despair: despair of.

And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd. 15

Macb. Accurs'd 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.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time!
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, 25
"Here may you see the tyrant."

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

Enter fighting, and MACBETH slain. [MACDUFF carries off Macbeth's body.]

[SCENE IX]

Retreat and flourish. Enter, with Drum and Colors, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSSE, THANES, and SOLDIERS.

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

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only liv'd but till he was a man, 6

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

Siw. Then he is dead?

14. angel: bad angel, evil genius. 16. Untimely: prematurely.
18. better . . . man: i.e. courage. 20. palter: equivocate.
26. Painted . . . pole: i.e. with your picture carried on a pole.
29. baited: harassed.
32. the last: i.e. his unaided strength and courage.

V.ix. Location: Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle.

2. go off: die. by: to judge by.

8. unshrinking . . . fought: station where he fought without shrinking.

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
sorrow 10

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. 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. 15
And so his knell is knoll'd.

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

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter MACDUFF with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where
stands 20

Th' usurper's curs'd 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: 24
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! *Flourish.*

Mal. 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 kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do, 30
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, 35
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, 40
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

16. knoll'd: tolled. 18. parted: departed.
20. stands. On a pole, according to Holinshed.
22. compass'd . . . pearl: surrounded by the noblest in your realm.
27. reckon: make an accounting.
28. make . . . you: i.e. reward you as you deserve.
31. would . . . time: should be performed as this new era begins.
34. Producing forth: bringing forward for trial.
36. self and violent: her own violent.
39. in . . . place: i.e. with due ceremony at the proper time and place.

NOTE ON THE TEXT

Our only authority for *Macbeth* is the First Folio (1623); all later texts are derived from that source. There is general agreement that the copy behind the F1 text was a prompt-book, probably a transcript based on Shakespeare's "foul papers." A quarto, printed from F1, was published in 1673.

The F1 text is felt to be on the whole a reasonably accurate reproduction of its manuscript copy, but there are a number

of reasons for believing that the manuscript itself presented a shortened and somewhat adapted version of the play as Shakespeare originally wrote it. Among the reasons for this view are: the unusual brevity of the F1 text (it is the fifth shortest play in the canon and is at least a thousand lines shorter than any of the other tragedies written after *Julius Caesar* with the exception of *Timon of Athens*, itself a special

case); the confusion arising apparently from cutting, possibly even of an entire scene or scenes, and rearrangement (note, for example, the implications of I.vii.46-54 and the raggedness and ambiguity of I.ii); and the intrusion, by a second hand, not improbably Thomas Middleton's, of the Hecate material in the witch scenes (III.v, IV.i.39-43, 125-32). These exceptional features, and the obviously interpolated compliment to James I in IV.iii.140-59, point to the likelihood that the F1 *Macbeth* represents a version specially prepared for court performance.

For further information, see: J. D. Wilson, ed., *New Cambridge Macbeth* (Cambridge, 1947); Kenneth Muir, ed., *New Arden Macbeth* (London, 1951); W. W. Greg, *The Shakespeare First Folio* (Oxford, 1955); D. A. Amnéus, "A Missing Scene in *Macbeth*," *JEGP*, LX (1961), 435-40; Christopher Spencer, *Davenant's "Macbeth" from the Yale Manuscript* (New Haven, 1961), and ed., *Five Restoration Adaptations of Shakespeare* (Urbana, 1965); J. M. Nosworthy, *Shakespeare's Occasional Plays* (London, 1965).

TEXTUAL NOTES

Dramatis personae: first given in *Q* (1673); expanded by Rowe and Capell

Act-scene division: from F1, with the exception of V.viii, ix, for which F1 indicates no break (see first notes to these scenes); present act-scene arrangement as a whole first established by Wilson

I.i

Location: *Theobald*

1, 3, 5 s.p.p. 1. Witch. . . . 2. Witch. . . . 3. Witch.] *Rowe*; 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 F1 (throughout)
9-10 2. Witch. . . . Anon!] *Hunter conj.*;
All. Padock calls anon: F1

I.ii

Location: *Wilson* (after *Capell*)

o.s.d. King Duncan, Malcolm] F2 (subs.); King Malcolm F1
o.s.d. Sergeant] *Globe*; Captaine F1
1 s.p. Dun.] *Capell*; King. F1 (throughout)
7, 25, 34 s.p.p. Serg.] *Globe*; Cap. F1
13 gallowglasses] F2 (subs.); Gallowgrosses F1
14 quarrel] *Douai MS, Hanmer*; Quarry F1
26 thunders break.] *Pope*; Thunders: F1; Thunders breaking F2
32 furbish'd] *Rowe*; furbusht F1
33-4 Dismay'd . . . Banquo?] as verse, *Douai MS, Pope*; as prose, F1
34 Banquo] F3; Banquoh F1 (the only appearance of this spelling, perhaps *Shakespeare's*; cf. *Holinshed's Banquo*)
44 tell—] *Rowe*; tell: F1
44 s.d. Exit Sergeant, attended.] *Globe*
59 Norways'] *Steevens*; Norways F1

I.iii

Location: *Rowe* (subs.)

32 weird] *Theobald*; weyard F1 (F1 varies between weyard and weyard, the latter probably approximating the pronunciation)
39 *Forres*] *Pope* (Foris); Soris F1
57 rapt] *Pope*; wrapt F1
91 rebels'] *Theobald*; Rebels F1
96 make.] *Rowe*; make F1
97 death.] *Rowe* (subs.); death, F1
98 Came] *Rowe*; Can F1
102 herald] F2; harrold F1
112 did] else did F2
116 s.d. Aside.] *Rowe*
117 s.d. To . . . Angus.] *White*
118 s.d. Aside to Banquo.] *Kittredge*
120 s.d. Aside to Macbeth.] *Kittredge*
127, 143 s.d.d. Aside.] *Rowe*
130 s.d. Aside.] *Capell*
135 hair] *Rowe*; Heire F1
144 him.] F4; him F1
146 s.d. Aside.] *Hanmer*
153 s.d. Aside to Banquo.] *Kittredge*
154 interim] *Pope*; Interim F1 (in italics)

I.iv

Location: *Capell* (after *Rowe*)

1 Are] F2; Or F1
25 throne . . . children] *Rowe*; Throne, and State, Children, F1
42 *Enverness*] ed.; *Envernes F1*; *Enuerns Holinshed*
45 harbinger] *Rowe*; Herbenger F1

48 s.d. Aside.] *Douai MS, Rowe*

53 done.] *Q* (1673); done F1

I.v

Location: *Pope* (after *Rowe*)

1 s.p. Lady M.] *Capell*; Lady. F1 (throughout)
1 s.d. Reads.] *Neilson* (after *Capell*)
8 weird] *Theobald*; weyard F1
17 human] *Rowe*; humane F1
23 "Thus . . . do,"] quotes, *Hunter conj.*
25 Hie] F4; High F1
28 impedes thee] *Pope*; impeides thee F1; thee hinders F2
47 it] F3; hit F1
63 matters. To . . . time.] *Theobald*; matters, to . . . time. F1

I.vi

Location: *Theobald*

4 marlet] *Collier MS* (after *Rowe*); Barlet F1
5 lov'd] *Rowe*; loued F1
5 mansionry] *Theobald*; Mansonry F1
6 jutty,] *Steevens*; Iutty F1
8-9 cradle. . . . haunt,] *Rowe*; Cradle, . . . haunt: F1
9 most] *Rowe*; must F1
13 God 'ield] *Neilson* (after *Craig*); God-eyld F1
26 theirs, in] *Pope*; theirs in F1
29 host,] F3; Host F1

I.vii

Location: ed. (after *Pelican*)

1 well] *Rowe*; well, F1
5 be-all . . . end-all] *hypkens, Pope*
5 end-all—here,] *Rowe* (subs.); end all. *Heere, F1*
6 shoal] *Theobald*; Schoole F1 (probably a variant spelling of shoal)
20 taking-off] *hypphen, Capell*
21 new-born babe] F4; New-borne-Babe F1
28 other—] *Rowe*; other. F1
30 not] *Pope*; not, F1
47 do] *Rowe*; no F1
55 me;] *Capell* (subs., after *Rowe*); me, F1
68 lies] lye F2

II.i

Location: ed. (after *Capell*)

5 s.d. Gives . . . dagger.] ed. (after *Wilson*)
20 weird] *Theobald*; weyard F1
30 s.d. with Fleance] *Theobald* (subs.)
32 s.d. Servant] *Rowe*
52 Hecat's] *Johnson*; Heccats F1; Heccates F2
55 strides] *Pope*; sides F1
56 sure] *Pope conj.*; sowre F1
57 way they] *Rowe*; they may F1

II.ii

Location: ed. (after *Wilson*)

4 it:] *Capell* (after *Rowe*); it, F1
8 s.d. Within.] *Steevens*
13 s.d. Enter Macbeth.] placed as in *Globe*; after die. l. 8, F1
15 scream] F4; schream F1
18 s.d. Looking . . . hands.] *Pope*
32-3 "Sleep . . . sleep"] quotes, *Johnson*
34 sleave] *Seward conj.*; Sleeue F1

38 more!"] *Hanmer* (subs.); more F1

39-40 "Glamis . . . more."] quotes, *Hanmer*
59 incarnadine] *Rowe*; incarnardine F1
60 one red] *Q*(1673), F4; one, Red F1
70 s.d. Knock.] placed as in *Capell*; after deed, l. 70, F1

II.iii

Location: ed. (after *Wilson*)

5 time!] *Kittredge*; time, F1
20 s.d. Opens the gate.] *Malone* (after *Capell*); following l. 21; placed as in *Kittredge*
34 to . . . to] F2; too . . . too F1
42 s.d. Enter Macbeth.] placed as in *Collier*; after l. 41, F1
56 screams] F4; Schreemes F1
73 s.d. Exeunt . . . Lennox.] placed as in *Dyce*; after l. 73, F1
119, 124 s.d.d. Aside to Donalbain.] *Stanton*
121 s.d. Aside to Malcolm.] *Stanton*
125 s.d. Lady . . . out.] *Rowe*
134 s.d. all . . . Donalbain] *Hanmer*

II.iv

Location: *Theobald*

7 travelling] F3; traauailing F1
16 flung] F3; flong F1
28 ravin] *Theobald*; rauen F1
37 Well,] *Theobald*; Well F1

III.i

Location: *Capell, Theobald*

2 weird] *Theobald*; weyard F1
10 s.d. Lady . . . Queen, Lennox] *Capell* (after *Rowe*); Lady Lenox F1
41-2 night. . . . welcome,] *Theobald*; Night, . . . welcome: F1
43 s.d. with . . . others] ed. (after *Rowe, Pelican*)
43 s.d. Manent . . . Servant.] *Kittredge*
55 Genius] as *Rowe*; in italics, F1
56 Antony's] *Douai MS* (subs.), *Pope*; *Anthones F1*
74 s.p. Both Mur.] ed.; Murth. F1
75 speeches?—know] *Muir*; speeches: Know, F1
78 self?] *Muir*; selfe. F1
105 heart] *Pope*; heart; F1
114, 138 s.p.p. Both Mur.] *Dyce*; Murth. F1
134 Fleance] F4 (so *Holinshed*); Fleans F1 (throughout rest of play)
139 s.d. Exeunt Murderers.] *Theobald*
141 s.d. Exit.] *Theobald*; Exeunt. F1

III.ii

Location: *Capell, Theobald* (subs.)

41 Hecat's] F3; Heccats F1
42 shard-borne] shard-born F3

III.iii

Location: *Rowe* (subs.)

7 and] F2; end F1
16 s.d. They assault Banquo.] *Theobald*
18 s.d. Dies. Fleance escapes.] *Pope*

III.iv

Location: *Pope* (subs.)

8 s.d. to the door] *Capell*
9 thanks.] *Pope*; thanks F1; thanks, *Q* (1673)
12 s.d. Goes . . . door.] *White* (subs.)

- 33 a-making.] Dyce (comma, Pope); a making: FI
 34 given] F3; giuen, FI
 69 I? If] Hamner; I, if FI
 72 s.d. Exit Ghost.] F2
 77 time] White; times FI
 106 s.d. Exit Ghost.] F2 (Exit.)
 120 s.d. Exeunt] F2; Exit FI
 120 s.d. and Attendants] Capell
 127 thou.] Rowe; thou FI
 128 bidding?] F3; bidding, FI
 132 weird] Theobald; weyard FI
 134 worst. For] Johnson; worst, for FI
 143 in deed] Theobald; indeed FI

III.v

- Location: Pelican
 2 beldams] Douai MS (beldames), Knight; (Beldams) FI
 33 mortals] Theobald; Mortals FI
 33 s.d. Sing . . . etc.] placed as in Capell; after l. 35, FI. The song here referred to occurs in Middleton's *The Witch* (written c. 1609), in Davenant's operatic adaptation of *Macbeth* (printed 1674, but produced as early as 1663-4), and in *Q* (1673). Since it seems highly probable that Davenant derived this song (and the one referred to at IV.i.43; see *Textual Notes*) from some earlier prompt-book of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (Middleton's play was not printed until the late eighteenth century), the following text of the song is given from Davenant's version (III.viii).

Musick and Song.

- [Sing within.] Heccate, Heccate, Heccate! Oh come away:
 [Hec.] Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit see,
 Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.
 [Machine descends.]
 Sing within. 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 Stalling?
 2. Here.
 Hec. Where's Puckle?
 3. Here, and Hopper too, and Helway too.
 1. We 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, &c.
 1. Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiss,
 A Cull, a sip of blood.
 And why thou staist so long, I muse,
 Since th' Air's so sweet and good.
 O art thou come; What News?
 2. 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 flye,
 Malking my sweet Spirit and I.
 3. O 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 flye by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.
 No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,
 No howles of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;
 No, nor the noise of Waters breach,
 Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.

The song in *The Witch* (III.iii), which actually begins *Come away: Come away: / Heccat: Heccat, Come away as the s.d. in Macbeth suggests, differs in the disposition of the singers (the whole song being divided between Hecate and voices in the aire,*

while A Spirit like a Cat descends following Ther's one comes downe, etc.) and in a few readings, notably in the lines: Ouer Seas, our Mistris Fountaines, Ouer Steepe Towres, and Turrets, (cf. *Over Hills . . . Turrets*). *Q* (1673), which also contains two other songs first appearing in Davenant (following II.ii, from Davenant II.v, and II.iii, from Davenant II.v [first 16 lines only]), offers an inferior text of this song, derived almost certainly from Davenant, and the whole song is sung by three Witches only (the line *Over Hills . . . Fountaines: reading Over misty Hills and Fountains*).
 35 s.d. Exit.] Capell

III.vi

- Location: Muir
 21 'cause] Pope; cause FI
 24 son] Theobald; Sonnes FI
 31 Siward] Theobald (from *Holinshed*); Seyward FI (throughout)
 38 the] Hamner; their FI

IV.i

- Location: Rowe (subs.); a "cave scene" was actually used in the *Smock Alley* (c. 1674-82) production, probably suggested by Davenant's version of the play (1674), and a Cauldorne is called for in the *Padua* prompt-book (c. 1640)
 5 throw;] Douai MS (subs.), Rowe (subs.); throw FI
 7 thirty-one] Capell (subs.); thirty one: FI
 23 Witch's] Singer; Witches FI
 24 salt-sea] hyphen, Capell
 34 cau'dron] ed.; Cawdron FI
 43 s.d. song: "Black spirits, etc." The song here referred to occurs in Middleton's *The Witch* (c. 1609), V.iii, and in Davenant's adaptation of *Macbeth* (1674), IV.i, but not in *Q* (1673). The following text of the song, like that printed in the note to III.iv.33 s.d., is taken from Davenant, since it seems probable that he derived it from an earlier prompt-book of Shakespeare's play.

Musick and Song.

- Hec. Black Spirits, and white,
 Red Spirits and gray;
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.
 1. Witch. Tiffin, Tiffin, keep it stiff in.
 2. Fire drake Puckey, make it luckey:
 Hec. Lyer Robin, you must bob in.
 Chor. A round, a round, a round, about,
 about,
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.
 1. Here's the blood of a Bat!
 Hec. O put in that, put in that.
 2. Here's Lizards brain.
 Hec. Put in a grain.
 1. Here's Juice of Toad, here's oyl of Adder
 That will make the Charm grow madder.
 2. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stanch.
 Hec. Nay here's three ownces of a red-hair'd Wench.
 Chor. A round, a round, &c.

The text in *The Witch* is essentially the same, the most interesting variants being Libbards Bane for Lizards brain, the yonker madder for the Charm grow madder, and rid the Stench for raise the stanch.
 43 s.d. Exit Hecat.] ed. (after Dyce)
 45 s.d. Knocking.] Collier
 47 Whoever] F3; who euer FI
 59 nature's germains] Pope; Natures Germaine FI
 59 all together] Pope; altogether FI
 63 masters] Capell; Masters FI
 65 grease] Pope; Greaze FI
 68, 86 s.d. Apparition] Apparation FI
 69 power—] Rowe; power. FI

- 73 thanks;] F3 (subs.); thanks FI
 74 more—] Pope; more. FI
 83 assurance] Rowe; assurance: FI
 90 lion-mettled] hyphen, Pope
 93 Birnan] ed.; Byrnam FI (the only occurrence of this form in FI; elsewhere Byrnan(e) or Birnan(e); *Holinshed* has Bernane and Birnane)
 93 Dunsinane] Rowe; Dunsmane FI
 98 high-plac'd] hyphen, F3
 111 s.d. the eighth] Kittredge; FI s.d. reads: A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand.
 114 gold-bound brow] Theobald; Gold-bound-brow FI
 124 s.d. Apparitions vanish.] Globe
 130 antic] Theobald; Antique FI
 136 weird] Theobald; Weyard FI
 144 s.d. Aside.] Johnson

IV.ii

- Location: Theobald (after Rowe)
 1 s.p. L. Macd.] Rowe; Wife. FI (throughout scene)
 10 diminutive] F4; diminitue FI
 23 'Shall] ed.; Shall FI
 41 buy] F3; by FI
 42 with all] F2; withall FI
 49-50 Every . . . hang'd.] as prose, Pope; as verse, FI
 59-60 Now . . . father?] as prose, Pope; as verse, FI
 69-70 ones . . . thus;] F2 (subs.); ones . . . thus. FI
 79 s.d. Enter Murderers.] placed as in *Globe*; after l. 79, FI
 80, 82, 83 s.p. l. Mur.] Capell
 83 s.d. Stabbing him.] Rowe
 85 s.d. Dies.] Capell
 85 s.d. Lady Macduff . . . and . . . Murderers] Theobald (subs.)

IV.iii

- Location: Dyce (after Rowe)
 4 birthdom] Johnson; Birthdome FI
 34 affear'd] Hamner; affear'd FI
 72 cold.] Theobald; cold. FI
 104 bloody-sceptred] hyphen, Pope
 107 accus'd] Wilson; accust FI; accurst F2
 109 sainted king] F4; Sainted-King FI
 127 own.] F2; owne. FI
 133 thy] F2; they FI
 133 here-approach] hyphen, Pope
 145 s.d. Exit Doctor.] Capell; Exit. FI (after amend. l. 145)
 148 here-remain] hyphen, Pope
 150 strangely-visited] hyphen, Pope
 170 dead man's] Johnson; Deadmans FI
 195-6 they? . . . cause?] Theobald; they, . . . cause, FI
 233 myself;] Theobald; my selfe FI
 235 tune] Rowe; time FI

V.i

- Location: Capell (subs., after Rowe)
 26-7 What . . . hands.] as prose, Douai MS, Pope; as verse, FI
 37 fear] Rowe; feare? FI
 46-7 Go . . . not.] as prose, Douai MS, Pope; as verse, FI

V.ii

- Location: Capell
 10 unrough] Theobald; vnrouffe FI
 28 we,] Rowe; we FI

V.iii

- Location: Capell (after Rowe)
 1 two] F2; too FI
 19 s.d. Exit Servant.] Dyce
 19-20 Seyton!— . . . say!—] Rowe; Seyton, I am sick at hart, / When I behold: Seyton, I say, FI
 21 disseat] Jennens conj.; dis-eate FI; disease F2
 24 old age] F2; Old-Age FI
 39 her] F2
 52 pristine] F2; pristiue FI

Macbeth

60 s.d. Exeunt . . . Doctor.] Dyce (after Steevens)
62 s.d. Exit.] Steevens; Exeunt FI

V.iv

Location: *Globe* (after Pope)
o.s.d. Lennox, Rosse] Malone
7 s.p. Soldiers.] Dyce; Sold. FI
14-5 just censures Attend] best Censures / Before F2

V.v

Location: *Theobald* (subs., after Pope)

7 s.d. A . . . women.] placed as in Dyce; after l. 7, FI
8 s.d. Exit.] Collier MS
15 s.d. Enter Seyton.] Collier MS
37 false] F2; fhlse FI

V.vi

Location: *Capell* (after Rowe)

V.vii

Location: *ed.* (after Wilson)
20 be;] Pope (subs.); be, FI

V.viii

V.viii] Dyce
Location: *ed.* (after Ridley)
34 s.d. Macduff . . . body.] *ed.*

V.ix

V.ix] Wilson (after Kittredge conj.)
Location: *ed.* (after Wilson)
41 s.d. Exeunt omnes.] Exeunt Omnes. / FINIS. FI



The Weir Sisters meet Macbeth and Banquo. From Raphael Holinshed, *The First Volume of the Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1577). This well-known woodcut, from the first edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, may or may not have been seen by Shakespeare, who regularly used the second, unillustrated edition (1587). If he knew it, he clearly chose to create his Weir Sisters in a different mould—"so wither'd and so wild in their attire, / That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth, . . . 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*, I.iii.40-47)—namely, in accordance with the contemporary conception of the witch. Holinshed's text describes the figures as "three women in strange and wild apparall, resembling creatures of elder world . . . either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or feiries." The woodcut itself depicts figures vaguely resembling the classical ("elder world") Parcae or the Fates, dressed for the most part like Elizabethan ladies of rank. (By permission of the Harvard College Library)