

The Tragedy of

Macbeth

by William Shakespeare

Notes on this version of Macbeth:

The entire text was copied and pasted from:

<http://shakespeare.mit.edu/macbeth/macbeth.1.1.html>

The website lists the version as Macbeth (Arden Shakespeare: Second Series). Line numbers have been added following the Folger Shakespeare Library model.

Notations came from various teacher notes, text annotations, with summaries adapted from Spark Notes and No Fear Shakespeare. Special thanks to Beth Whinnem, JD Stone and Allie Provost for their input.

MACBETH

Act 1, Scene 1: A desert place – Three witches meet to discuss their plans for Macbeth

Act 1, Scene 2: A camp near Forres – an injured soldier tells King Duncan of Macbeth and Banquo's heroics in battle

Act 1, Scene 3: A heath near Forres- The three witches appear to Macbeth and Banquo and make prophesies. One of the prophesies immediately comes true when Macbeth learns from some noblemen that he has been promoted by King Duncan

Act 1, Scene 4: Forres. The palace – Macbeth and Banquo meet with King Duncan, and Macbeth is disturbed to learn that Malcolm, not Macbeth, will be named next in line for the throne.

Act 1, Scene 5: Inverness. Macbeth's castle – Lady Macbeth learns of the events of Acts 1-4 and plots with Macbeth to kill Duncan

Act 1, Scene 6: Before Macbeth's castle- Lady Macbeth welcomes the doomed King Duncan to her home

Act 1, Scene 7: Macbeth's castle- Macbeth thinks about the murder of Duncan and decides not to follow through. Lady Macbeth becomes angry and questions his manhood, then convinces him to go through with the murder.

Act 2, Scene 1: Court of Macbeth's castle- Banquo and his son walk at night. They meet Macbeth, and after a brief conversation, part. Banquo goes to bed, and Macbeth goes to murder Duncan.

Act 2, Scene 2: The same- The murder is done, and Macbeth is shaken. Lady Macbeth says all will be well, but there is a strange knocking coming from somewhere

Act 2, Scene 3: The same-The body of the king is discovered by MacDuff. Macbeth, feigning anger, kills the chamberlains. Malcolm and Donalbain, fearing for their lives, escape the castle.

Act 2, Scene 4: Outside Macbeth's castle-The very earth seems disrupted; nature is warped. Macbeth has been named king, and Malcolm and Donalbain are suspects in Duncan's death

Act 3, Scene 1: Forres. The palace-Macbeth greets Banquo and invites him to a formal dinner. He then meets with two murderers whom he hires to kill Banquo and Banquo's son, Fleance.

Act 3, Scene 2: The palace-Macbeth and Lady Macbeth find themselves plagued by anxiety. They discuss the killing of Banquo.

Act 3, Scene 3: A park near the palace- Banquo is murdered, but his son escapes.

Act 3, Scene 4: The same. Hall in the palace- At a feast to celebrate the new king, Macbeth sees

Banquo's ghost sitting at the table.

Act 3, Scene 5: A Heath-Hecate visits the three sisters and scolds them for not including her in their plans for Macbeth. She says she will take over and handle things from here on out.

Act 3, Scene 6: Forres. The palace-

Act 4, Scene 1: A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron-

Act 4, Scene 2: Fife. Macduff's castle-

Act 4, Scene 3: England. Before the King's palace-

Act 5, Scene 1: Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle-

Act 5, Scene 2: The country near Dunsinane-

Act 5, Scene 3: Dunsinane. A room in the castle-

Act 5, Scene 4: Country near Birnam wood-

Act 5, Scene 5: Dunsinane. Within the castle-

Act 5, Scene 6: Dunsinane. Before the castle-

Act 5, Scene 7: Another part of the field-

Act 5, Scene 8: Another part of the field-

THE MAJOR CHARACTERS IN MACBETH

Three Witches: (the weird sisters)
who use human's lives as toys

Banquo: Macbeth's best friend & fellow soldier in battle
Fleance: Banquo's son, whom he loves dearly

King Duncan: King of Scotland (at first),
a kind and benevolent ruler

Malcolm: Duncan's older son

Donalbain: Duncan's younger son

Macbeth: Thane of Glamis,
then Thane of Cawdor, then
King of Scotland

Lady Macbeth: Macbeth's
shockingly ambitious wife

Macduff: a Scottish noble, who
knows that not all is as it seems

Lady Macduff: Macduff's wife and
mother to his beloved children

MACBETH ACT 1

ACT I: SCENE I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

5

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

Paddock calls.

10

Third Witch

Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Act 1 Scene 1 Summary:

A storm rages overhead as well as on a nearby battlefield. Three witches, also known as the weird sisters, gather together. They decide that once the battle has ended, they will gather together and find Macbeth.

Notes:

The **hurly-burly** is exactly what it sounds like: a battle, a tumult, a disturbance. This may be the literal battle between the Scotch against the Irish invaders, or something more obscure

Ere means 'before'

A **heath** is characterized by open land with low-growing woody vegetation. The soil is generally acidic, so it cannot be used for farmland.

Graymalkin and **Paddock** are the witches' animal familiars, which call them back from their meeting place.

Anon means 'presently' or 'I'll see you soon.'

Exeunt

ACT I: SCENE II. A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant

DUNCAN

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

MALCOLM

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

Sergeant

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him--from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name--
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Scene 2 Summary

At a military camp near the battle, King Duncan of Scotland seeks news about the Scots' battle against Irish invaders. He asks a wounded soldier, a sergeant who heroically rescued Duncan's son Malcolm during battle.

The captain tells Duncan that Macbeth and Banquo were heroes in battle. Macbeth killed the traitor Macdonwald, who was Thane of Cawdor. Macbeth and Banquo, exhausted from battle, were then attacked a second army from Norway, but somehow defeated them as well.

Duncan decides that Macdonwald's title, Thane of Cawdor, should be given to the hero Macbeth, and sends Ross to deliver the news. .

Notes:

Scotland is doing battle with two countries, Ireland and Norway.

They repelled the Irish, and the Norwegians look to take advantage of the tired armies' fatigue. Macbeth and Banquo have saved the king and the country.

'Gainst my captivity - The sergeant helped Malcom (the king's son) escape capture by the Irish

Kerns and Gallowglasses: Irish foot soldiers

Nave to Chaps: he split him from navel to jaw

Norweyan - Norwegian

surveying vantage: seeing opportunity

DUNCAN

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sergeant

Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were 40
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another **Golgotha**,
I cannot tell. 45
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

Exit Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross. 50

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou, worthy thane? 55

ROSS

From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor 60
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that **Bellona**'s bridegroom, **lapp'd in proof**,
Confronted him with **self-comparisons**,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude, 65
The victory fell on us.

Golgotha: aka Calvary, a place of execution outside Jerusalem, the place where Jesus was crucified

Bellona: Goddess of War

lapp'd in proof: clad in strong armor

self-comparisons: equal force

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

That now Sweno,
The Norways' king, craves **composition**:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's **inch**
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

70

composition: talks of peace

inch: island

DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present
 death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

75

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

ACT I: SCENE III. A heath near Forres.*Thunder. Enter the three Witches***First Witch**

Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch

Killing swine.

Third Witch

Sister, where thou?

First Witch

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
 'Give me,' quoth I:

5

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

10

Second Witch

I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch

Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch

And I another.

First Witch

I myself have all the other,
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.

15

I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se'nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

20

25

Second Witch

Show me, show me.

Scene 3 Summary

The three witches appear, trading stories as they wait for Macbeth. When Macbeth and Banquo appear, the witches call him Thane of Cawdor, which Macbeth finds strange. The witches then say that Macbeth will be king. They call Banquo "lesser than Macbeth, and greater," and "not so happy, yet much happier"; then they tell him that he will never be king but that his children will sit upon the throne (1.3.63–65). Macbeth asks the witches to explain, but they vanish into thin air.

Macbeth and Banquo discuss the strange encounter. Ross and Angus arrive, and Ross tells Macbeth that the king has indeed made him thane of Cawdor.

Macbeth is shocked that the witches' prophesy came true so quickly and begins to wonder if the others are true as well. Banquo warns Macbeth that the witches are treacherous and may be trying to lead him down the wrong path. They agree to discuss it further later.

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap - The 1st witch tells of a sailor and his wife whom she is tormenting because the wife refused to share chestnuts with her.

'Aroint thee, witch!' - Begone, witch!

ronyon: mangy creature

shipman's card - compass or chart

pent-house lid - eyelid

First Witch

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. 30

Drum within

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about: 35
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these 40
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
me, 45

By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet **your beards forbid me to interpret**
That you are so.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you? 50

First Witch

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, **thane of Cawdor!**

Third Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear 55
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Posters – swift travelers

your beards forbid me to

interpret – a play on words;

actors in Shakespeare's time

would have all been men, so this

is a joke for the crowd (especially

the groundlings)

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not. 60
 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
 Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch

Hail! 65

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: 70
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, 75
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way 80
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Sinel's death – Sinel was Macbeth's
 father, the former thane of Glamis

Witches vanish

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd! 85

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

90

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

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

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

95

Or have we eaten on the insane root

– have we eaten something that causes us to hallucinate

Earnest – portion paid as pledge, down payment

Addition - title

why do you dress me In borrow'd robes? – why do you call me by another man's title

100

ANGUS

We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

105

ROSS

And, for an **earnest** of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which **addition**, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

110

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The thane of Cawdor lives: **why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?** 115

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did **line** the rebel 120
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! 125
The greatest is behind.

To ROSS and ANGUS

Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me 130
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO

That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, 135
**The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.**
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told, 140
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.

Aside

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill, 145
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Line - strengthen

**The instruments of darkness tell us
truths, win us with honest trifles, to
betray's in deepest consequence** –

Banquo warns that the witches are not to be trusted, in other words, "Please do not be taken in by this, my friend."

**Present fears are less than horrible
imaginings** – the things that I am thinking about (murdering Duncan) are more frightening than the supernatural visitation of the witches

Against the use of nature? Present fears 150
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not. 155

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

New honors come upon him, 160
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. 165

MACBETH

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
 (Aside to Banquo) Think upon what hath chanced, 170
 and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends. 175

Exeunt

cleave not to their mould – he is not used to this new title, like new clothes, it will take some time to creak in

Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
 What will be will be.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other – let's take some time to think, but we need to talk of this further at some point in the future.

ACT I: SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants***DUNCAN**

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

MALCOLM

My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

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

DUNCAN

Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known

Scene 4 Summary

Cawdor has been executed, but Duncan is still bothered by the man's treason. Macbeth and Banquo arrive, and Duncan greets them with genuine gratitude. Duncan then announces that Malcolm will be his heir. Macbeth, still believing in the witches' prophesy, begins to wonder how he will be able to get the throne if Malcolm is in the way.

Throughout the scene, Macbeth expresses loyalty to the king's face, but is he loyal in his thoughts? As Duncan says, you can't "find the mind's construction in the face."

He confess'd his treasons, Implored your highness' pardon – he died honorably, admitting his sins

No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart. 35

BANQUO

There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves 40
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know

**We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm**, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must 45
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. **From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.**

MACBETH

The rest is labour, which is not used for you: 50
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH

[Aside] **The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step** 55
**On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.** Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. 60

Exit

DUNCAN

True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. 65

Flourish. Exeunt

**We will establish our estate upon
our eldest, Malcolm** – Malcolm will
be the next king, which does not fit
with the witches' prophesy

**From hence to Inverness, and bind
us further to you** – Let's go to
Macbeth's house, celebrate, and
become closer friends

**The rest is labour, which is not used
for you:** - My happiness comes from
being in your service. (hypocrite)

**The Prince of Cumberland! that is a
step on which I must fall down, or
else o'erleap, for in my way it lies** –
Malcolm will be king, and I will have
to kill him or give up hope of being
king.

ACT I: SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH

'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have
it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Messenger

The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Scene 5 Summary:

In Inverness (Macbeth's castle) Lady Macbeth reads aloud a letter she has received from Macbeth. In the letter Macbeth relays the story of the encounter with the three weird sisters.

Lady Macbeth calls upon evil spirits to so change her soul that she becomes ruthless.

Macbeth arrives and tells Lady Macbeth that King Duncan is on his way to visit and celebrate their victory. Lady Macbeth tells her husband that the king will not leave Inverness alive.

thy nature...is too full o' the milk of human kindness –

Macbeth doesn't have what it takes to get the job (Duncan's murder) done

illness – wickedness

5

10

15

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25

30

35

Messenger

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him, 40
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;
 He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse 45
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on **mortal** thoughts, **unsex me here,**
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood; 50
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And **take my milk for gall,** you murdering ministers, 55
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, 60
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now 65
 The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes. 70

mortal – deadly,
 murderous

**unsex me here, and fill
 me from the crown to the
 toe top-full of direst
 cruelty!** – take away my
 female inhibitions and
 make me violent as a man

take my milk for gall –
 turn my milk to acid

**Nor heaven peep through
 the blanket of the dark, to
 cry 'Hold, hold!'** – make it
 so dark that even God
 can't see me and tell me
 to stop

**O, never shall sun that
 morrow see!** – the sun
 won't see the king leave
 tomorrow because he'll be
 dead before the sun rises.

LADY MACBETH

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the **time**,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, 75

Your hand, your tongue: **look like the innocent flower,**

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put 80
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear: 85

Leave all the rest to me.

time – world, other people

**Only look up clear; to alter favour
 ever is to fear: leave all the rest to**

me - project a peaceful mood,
 because if you look troubled, you
 will arouse suspicion. I'll take care
 of all the planning.

Exeunt

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

35

DUNCAN

Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt

ACT I: SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage.

Then enter MACBETH

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber? 30

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

Know you not – don't you know?

Scene 7 Summary:

Macbeth, alone and pacing outside the party in the dining hall, begins to worry about the murder. He weighs the benefits and risks and decides that it isn't right to kill Duncan.

Lady Macbeth enters and asks him why he has left the party. Macbeth tells her he will not kill Duncan, but Lady Macbeth challenges him, telling him he is not a man if he doesn't follow through.

Lady Macbeth tell Macbeth the plan. She will drug Duncan's attendants. While the attendants sleep, Macbeth will sneak in, commit the murder, and make it look like the attendants did it. Macbeth finally agrees to the plan.

No Fear Shakespeare version of monologue:

It would be best to get this over with quickly. If the assassination of the king could work like a net, sweeping up everything and preventing any consequences, then the murder would be the be-all and end-all of the whole affair, and I would gladly put my soul at risk to do it. But for crimes like these there are still punishments in this world. By committing violent crimes we only teach other people to commit violence, and the violence of our students will come back to plague us teachers. Justice, being equal to everyone, forces us to drink from the poisoned cup that we serve to others. The king trusts me in two ways. First of all, I am his kinsman and his subject, so I should always try to protect him. Second, I am his host, so I should be closing the door in his murderer's face, not trying to murder him myself. Besides, Duncan has been such a humble leader, so free of corruption, that his virtuous legacy will speak for him when he dies, as if angels were playing trumpets against the injustice of his murder. Pity, like an innocent newborn baby, will ride the wind with winged angels on invisible horses through the air to spread news of the horrible deed to everyone everywhere. People will shed a flood of tears that will drown the wind like a horrible downpour of rain. I can't spur myself to action. The only thing motivating me is ambition, which makes people rush ahead of themselves toward disaster.

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought 35
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? 40
 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 afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that 45
 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' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace: 50
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me? 55
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness 60
 now
 Does unmake you. **I have given suck**, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, 65
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this.

I have given suck – I have
 nursed children

wassail – hot cider, in this case
 most likely alcoholic

convince – overcome

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 70
 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, 75
 Shall be a **fume**, and the receipt of reason
 A **limbeck** only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 80
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great **quell**?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received, 85
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar 90
 Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth 95
 know.

warder – keeper, caretaker

fume – smoke or mist

limbeck – filter or still

quell – murder, they will be held responsible for the murder

Bring forth men-children only; for thy undaunted mettle should compose

nothing but males. – he is saying that she is too fierce to ever have anything but male children

Exeunt

MACBETH ACT 2

ACT II: SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

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

BANQUO

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

Hold, take my sword. 5
 There's husbandry in heaven;
 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature 10
 Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword.
 Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed: 15
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largess to your offices.
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
 In measureless content. 20

MACBETH

Being unprepared,
 Our will became the servant to defect;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Scene 1 Summary

Banquo and his son Fleance walk together at night. Macbeth enters, and Banquo offers Macbeth a diamond that King Duncan has asked Banquo to deliver to Lady Macbeth in exchange for her hospitality. Banquo brings up the three weird sisters, but Macbeth lies and says he hasn't thought about them at all.

Macbeth has a vision, hallucinating that he sees a dagger floating in the air. It stays out of his grasp, but points the way to Duncan's chambers. Macbeth hears Lady Macbeth's signal, a bell to tell him that the groomsmen are drugged and sleeping. Macbeth heads in to murder Duncan.

offices – servant's quarters

Our will became the servant to defect – essentially Macbeth is saying that his welcome to the king would have been better if they'd had more time to prepare

This diamond he greets your wife withal – Banquo presents Macbeth with a diamond from King Duncan to give to Lady Macbeth in thanks for her hospitality

BANQUO

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

25

MACBETH

I think not of them:

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

30

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

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

35

BANQUO

So I lose none

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

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

40

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. 45
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? 50
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. 55

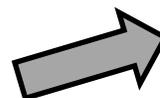
If you shall cleave to my consent... –
if you are loyal to me, in time you
shall be rewarded

but still keep my bosom franchised
and allegiance clear – I'll be loyal so
long as I can keep my conscience
clear

when my drink is ready, she strike
upon the bell – the bell is the sign
that the stage is set for the murder

No Fear Shakespeare version of monologue:

Is this a dagger I see in front of me, with its handle pointing toward my hand? (to the dagger) Come, let me hold you. (he grabs at the air in front of him without touching anything) I don't have you but I can still see you. Fateful apparition, isn't it possible to touch you as well as see you? Or are you nothing more than a dagger created by the mind, a hallucination from my fevered brain? I can still see you, and you look as real as this other dagger that I'm pulling out now. (he draws a dagger) You're leading me toward the place I was going already, and I was planning to use a weapon just like you. My eyesight must either be the one sense that's not working, or else it's the only one that's working right. I can still see you, and I see blood splotches on your blade and handle that weren't there before. (to himself) There's no dagger here. It's the murder I'm about to do that's making me think I see one. Now half the world is asleep and being deceived by evil nightmares. Witches are offering sacrifices to their goddess Hecate. Old man murder, having been roused by the howls of his wolf, walks silently to his destination, moving like Tarquin, as quiet as a ghost. (speaking to the ground) Hard ground, don't listen to the direction of my steps. I don't want you to echo back where I am and break the terrible stillness of this moment, a silence that is so appropriate for what I'm about to do. While I stay here talking, Duncan lives. The more I talk, the more my courage cools.



Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs 60
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, 65
 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 70
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. 75
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Exit

Hecate – the head witch
Tarquin – a murderous Roman prince
prate – talk foolishly, in this case, to give me away

ACT II: SCENE II. Court of Macbeth's castle.*Enter LADY MACBETH***LADY MACBETH**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the **surfeited grooms**
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
 their **possets**,

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

MACBETH

[Within]

Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

Scene 2 Summary

Lady Macbeth is very excited that the murder is taking place. She worries that Macbeth won't follow through, and comments that she would have killed Duncan herself if he hadn't resembled her own father.

Macbeth, his hands covered in blood, emerges from the room. He is in shock. Lady Macbeth tries to calm him, then becomes angry when she realizes that he has botched the job by not leaving the daggers behind. When Macbeth refuses to return to the room, she brings the daggers back. She returns with bloodied hands and shows them to Macbeth, trying to prove to him that there is nothing to be upset about.

Macbeth is still shaken. A mysterious knocking is heard, and Macbeth and Lady Macbeth retreat to wash the blood from their hands.

surfeited grooms – over-indulged attendants

possets – bedtime drink, hot and ale

5

10

15

20

25

MACBETH

Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

*Looking on his hands***LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 30
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep. 35

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

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

40

Macbeth is upset that he could not say the word 'Amen' aloud with the chamberlains when they woke and said a quick prayer

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought 45
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, 50
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

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

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore

Cawdor

55

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

60

She's angry because he forgot to leave the daggers and smear blood on the grooms. She tells him to go back, but he refuses, so she does it herself.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

65

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt.

70

Exit. Knocking within

MACBETH

Whence is that

knocking?

75

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas in **incarnadine**,

80

Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white.

Incarnadine – pinkish, fleshly, bloody

My hands are of your colour – they both participated equally in the murder

Knocking within

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber; 85
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 90
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! 95

Exeunt

ACT II: SCENE III. Court of Macbeth's castle.*Knocking within. Enter a Porter***Porter**

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'
 the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged
 himself on the **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 the
 other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator,
 that could swear in both the scales against either 10
 scale; who committed treason enough for God's
 sake, yet could 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 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 the everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*)
 Anon, anon! 20

He opens the gate. Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

I pray you, remember the porter.

MACDUFF

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

Porter

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the
 second cock: and drink, sir, is a great
 provoker of three things. 25

MACDUFF

What three things does drink especially pro-
 voke?

Porter

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
 Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it pro-
 vokes the desire, but it takes away the perform-
 ance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an
 equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it
 mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it
 persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him 30
 35

Scene 3 Summary

A porter, drunk and half asleep, enters to answer the knocking at the castle door. This is the only comic moment in the entire play. The porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox, who have come to wake the king. The porter acts silly, and Macduff has little time for him

Macbeth enters, and after some small talk Macduff goes to wake the king. Lennox tells Macbeth of strange happenings in the night, almost as if nature herself were suffering some disturbance.

Macduff discovers the king's body and sounds the alarm. Chaos ensues. Macbeth enters the bed chamber and murders the sleeping groomsman. When asked why he did this, he claims that his love for the king was so strong that he was overcome with grief and anger.

The lords agree to rally to and regroup, but Malcolm and Donalbain realize that the murderer(s) may turn their attention to them next. Malcolm decides that he will go to England, and Donalbain will go to Ireland.

he should have old turning the key – he would have to turn the key a lot

expectation of plenty – low prices

goose – iron, for ironing clothes

This is a comic relief scene after the horror of the murder. The Porter is talking about how much he drank, claiming that drink provokes three things, red noses, sleep and urine. It also provokes sexual desire, but takes away the ability to do anything about it.

stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter

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 some-time, **yet I made a shift to cast him.**

40

yet I made a shift to cast him – I defeated 'drink' by puking

MACDUFF

Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

45

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

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

50

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

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

I know this is a joyful trouble to you – it's a joy and a trouble to host the king, but it is a trouble. Macduff acknowledges the stress of playing host

The labour we delight in physics pain – it is a labor we enjoy

Limited - appointed

MACBETH

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

55

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my **limited** service.

Exit

LENNOX

Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does: he did appoint so.

60

LENNOX

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

65

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

70

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Lennox is commenting that nature appears to have gone crazy overnight. From No Fear Shakespeare: The night has been chaotic. The wind blew down through the chimneys where we were sleeping. People are saying they heard cries of grief in the air, strange screams of death, and terrible voices predicting catastrophes that will usher in a woeful new age. The owl made noise all night. Some people say that the earth shook as if it had a fever.

Re-enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH & LENNOX

What's the matter?

75

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

What is 't you say? the life?

80

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new **Gorgon**: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

Gorgon – There were three Gorgons in Greek literature, all snake-haired creatures. One look at them would turn a person to stone. Macduff is saying that the sight of the dead king will freeze a man in fear.

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX

Awake, awake! 85
 Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo! 90
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To **countenance** this horror! Ring the bell.

Countenance - behold

Bell rings

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH
 What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak! 95

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

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo, 100
 Our royal master 's murder'd!

LADY MACBETH
 Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

prithee – an urgent wish, possibly a contraction of “I pray to thee”

BANQUO
 Too cruel any where.
 Dear Duff, I **prithee**, contradict thyself, 105
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS

MACBETH
 Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There 's nothing serious in mortality:
 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of. 110

From No Fear Shakespeare:

If I had only died an hour before this event I could say I had lived a blessed life. Because from this moment on, there is nothing worth living for. Everything is a sick joke. The graceful and renowned king is dead. The wine of life has been poured out, and only the dregs remain.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN

What is amiss?

MACBETH

You are, and do not know't:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood 115

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACDUFF

Your royal father 's murder'd.

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

LENNOX

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:

Their hands and faces were an badged with blood; 120

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found

Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life

Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them. 125

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, 130

His silver skin laced 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 colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, 135

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

Outrun the pauser, reason – I reacted
before I had a chance to think rationally

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

MALCOLM

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our 140

tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN

[Aside to MALCOLM] What should be spoken here,
where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd. 145

MALCOLM

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO

Look to the lady:

From No Fear Shakespeare:

MALCOLM

(speaking so that only DONALBAIN can hear)
Why are we keeping quiet? The two of us have
the most to say in this matter.

DONALBAIN

(speaking so that only MALCOLM can hear)
What are we going to say here, where danger
may be waiting to strike at us from anywhere?
Let's get out of here. We haven't even begun to
weep yet—but there will be time for that later.

MALCOLM

(speaking so that only DONALBAIN can hear)
And the time hasn't come yet for us to turn our
deep grief into action.

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, 150
To know it further. Fears and **scruples** shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the **undivulged pretence** I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF

And so do I. 155

ALL

So all.

MACBETH

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

ALL

Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not consort with them: 160
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

our naked frailties hid – when we have
composed ourselves.

scruples - doubts

undivulged pretence – unknown purpose, in
other words, we can't be sure how or why
this happened

put on manly readiness – put on our clothes

shift away – get away quickly

**warrant in that theft which steals itself,
when there's no mercy left** - There's good
reason to escape quietly without saying
goodbye when there's murder without
mercy threatening us

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody. 165

MALCOLM

This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 170
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt

ACT II: SCENE IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.*Enter ROSS and an old Man***Old Man**

Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath **trifled former knowings**.

ROSS

Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, **the heavens, as troubled with man's act**,
 Threaten his bloody **stage**: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old Man

'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

ROSS

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

Old Man

'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS

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

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF

Why, see you not?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Scene 4 Summary

5 Ross and an old man walk outside the castle and discuss how weird things have been since the death of the king. Night appears as day, and animals are behaving with horrible violence.

10 Macduff enters and tells them that Macbeth will be crowned king. When asked if he will attend the coronation, Macduff says that he will return home.

trifled former knowings – everything before last night seems trifling and silly

15 **the heavens, as troubled with man's act** - the skies look like they're upset about what mankind has been doing

20 **stage** – the earth (all the world's a stage)

25

30

ROSS

Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF

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

35

Because Malcolm and Donalbain fled, it is assumed that they paid the chamberlains to perform the murder

ROSS

'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

40

MACDUFF

He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

ROSS

Where is Duncan's body?

45

MACDUFF

Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth –
Macbeth has been named king

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new –
Let's hope things don't get any worse

God's benison – God's blessing

ROSS

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

50

ROSS

Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF

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

ROSS

Farewell, father.

Old Man

God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

55

MACBETH ACT 3

ACT III: SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them--
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

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

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Scene 1 Summary

At the royal palace, Banquo is concerned about how things are unfolding. The prophesies are coming true, which should be a good thing for Banquo's children, but he fears what has happened to his friend Macbeth.

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth enter, and Banquo says that he and Fleance are going riding in the afternoon. Macbeth urges him to return before dinner because Banquo is their "chief guest."

Once alone, Macbeth says aloud that he doesn't feel safe as king. He meets with two murderers and convinces them that Banquo is their enemy and that they should kill both Banquo and Fleance.

all-thing – altogether

solemn - formal

5

10

15

20

25

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

30

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
 In England and in Ireland, not confessing
 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

BANQUO

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

40

MACBETH

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

Exit BANQUO

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

45

Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
 Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

50

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Attendant

I must become a borrower of the night for a dark hour or twain -

Unless my horse goes faster than expected, I will be back an hour or two after sunset

our bloody cousins – Malcom and Donalbain, now suspected of Duncan's murder

parricide – murder of their father

we shall have cause of state

craving us jointly – there are important matters of state that concern us both

attend those men our pleasure? – are those men still waiting?

To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus – to be king is nothing if I am not safely king

MACBETH

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; 55

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said, 60
 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: 65
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 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 filed my mind; 70
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 75
 Rather than so, come fate into the list.
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

a fruitless crown – he will not have an heir

unlineal – a hand not of the line of succession, out of the birth line

Banquo's issue have I filed my mind – I am thinking of Banquo's sons

Rancours – anger, hatred

and mine eternal jewel given to the common enemy of man – I've given my soul to the devil

come fate into the list and champion me to the utterance! – I will challenge the fate the weird sisters predicted

notion - mind

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

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

Exit Attendant

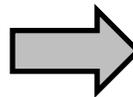
Was it not yesterday we spoke together? 80

First Murderer

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been 85
 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 instruments,
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that 90

**No Fear Shakespeare:**

Well, did you think about what I said? You should know that it was Banquo who made your lives hell for so long, which you always thought was my fault. But I was innocent. I showed you the proof at our last meeting. I explained how you were deceived, how you were thwarted, the things that were used against you, who was working against you, and a lot of other things that would convince even a half-wit or a crazy person to say, "Banquo did it!"

MACBETH

Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy. 130

Both Murderers

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight 135
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
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, 140
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer

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

First Murderer

Though our lives— 145

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done tonight, 150
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 155
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight: abide within. 160

Against my near'st of life –
every second he's alive eats
away at my life

**Masking the business from the
common eye for sundry
weighty reasons** – it's really
important that other people not
know what we are up to

**leave no rubs nor botches in the
work-- Fleance his son, that
keeps him company, whose
absence is no less material to
me than is his father's, must
embrace the fate
of that dark hour** – you have to
kill Banquo's son, too, don't
forget

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

Exit

ACT III: SCENE II. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH

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

Servant

Madam, I will.

5

Scene 2 Summary:

Lady Macbeth asks her servant to summon Macbeth. She tells Macbeth that she is worried about his odd behavior. Macbeth, saying that his mind is full of scorpions, tells her that there will be more bloodshed before their work is done.

Exit

LADY MACBETH

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

Enter MACBETH

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

10

MACBETH

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

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

20

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
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;

25

Nought's had, all's spent... We got what we wanted but we're still not happy because we live with anxiety

Of sorriest fancies your companions making – your only companion is your own sad ness

scotch'd – slashed

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer – let heaven and earth fall apart

Ere - before

ecstasy – mental alienation

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

Come on; Gentle my lord, 30
sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial
among your guests to-night.

MACBETH

So shall I, love;
and so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance
apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, 35
both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
Must **lave our honours in these flattering streams**,
And make our faces **vizards** to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this. 40

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

But **in them nature's copy's not eterne**.

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 45
His cloister'd flight, ere to black **Hecate**'s summons
The **shard-borne** beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning **peal**, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done? 50

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, **seeling** night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond 55
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the **rooky** wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do
rouse. 60
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;

**lave our honours in these
flattering streams** – wash our
words in flattery

vizards – masks

**in them nature's copy's not
eterne** – they are not long for
the earth

Hecate – leader of the witches

shard-borne – born on scaly
wings

peal – bell toll

seeling – eye closing; in falconry:
sewing together a bird's eyelids

rooky – a rook is a crow

**Things bad begun make strong
themselves by ill** – bad deeds
lead to more bad deeds

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

ACT III: SCENE III. A park near the palace.*Enter three Murderers***First Murderer**

But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer

Macbeth.

Second MurdererHe needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do**To the direction just.**

5

First Murderer

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

Now spurs the **lated traveller apace**

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

10

Third Murderer

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO

[Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Second Murderer

Then 'tis he: the rest

That are **within the note of expectation**

Already are i' the court.

15

First Murderer

His horses go about.

Third Murderer

Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

Second Murderer

A light, a light!

20

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch***Third Murderer**

'Tis he.

Scene 3 Summary:

In the woods near the palace, the two murders wait. A third man joins them.

Banquo and Fleance ride by and the three men attack them. Banquo fights long enough that Fleance is able to get away, but the murderers kill Banquo.

To the direction just

– according to Macbeth's instructions

lated traveller apace

– the late travelers are heading to inns for the night.

within the note of expectation

– list of those expected at the castle

First Murderer

Stand to't.

BANQUO

It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer

Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO

BANQUO

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

25

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

Third Murderer

Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer

Wast not the way?

Third Murderer

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

30

Second Murderer

We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer

Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt

Stand to't – Prepare yourselves, stand ready

Thou mayst revenge – Banquo tells Fleance to flee so he may one day avenge his father's murder

ACT III: SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. 10
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then. 15

MACBETH

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

First Murderer

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance: 20
If thou didst it, thou art the **nonpareil**.

Scene 4 Summary:

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth host a dinner for all the nobles. Macbeth steps out to speak with the murderers and learns of Fleance's escape.

Macbeth returns to the feast but sees the ghost of Banquo seated at the table. He has a mental breakdown, shouting at the ghost as Lady Macbeth tries to calm him. Unable to get the situation under control, Lady Macbeth dismisses all the guests.

Macbeth worries that there is treason among the nobles, especially Macduff, who refuses to visit court to honor him. He resolves to visit the witches against and seek their advice.

'Tis better thee without than he within – better his blood on your face than in his veins

Nonpareil – unparalleled, having no equal

First Murderer

Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air: 25
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature. 30

MACBETH

Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. 35

Macbeth is likening Banquo to a serpent, and Fleance to a worm. Fleance may in time grow to be a threat (will venom breed), but for now is toothless.

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it. 40

From No Fear Shakespeare:
My royal lord, you're not entertaining the guests. If you don't make your guests know they're welcome, they'll feel like they're paying for their meal. When you just want to eat, it's better to do that at home. When you're eating out with people, you need to have a little more ceremony. Otherwise dinner parties would be boring.

MACBETH

(Making a toast)
Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit. 45

vouch'd - asserted
From thence - away from home

The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness than pity for mischance! - hopefully Banquo is just being rude, and not that something terrible has happened to him

ROSS

His absence, sir, 50
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir. 55

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

gory locks – bloody hair

Lords

What, my good lord? 60

MACBETH

**Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy **gory locks** at me.**

**LINES IN RED ARE SPOKEN TO
BANQUO'S GHOST, WHICH NO
ONE ELSE CAN SEE. THE
GUESTS ARE ALARMED TO SEE
MACBETH BEHAVING THIS
WAY, AND LADY MACBETH
TRIES TO COVER FOR HIM.**

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; 65
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.

(To Macbeth)

Are you a man? 70

MACBETH

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

O, these flaws and starts – passions, visions,
and anxieties of Macbeth's

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, 75
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,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

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

MACBETH

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

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

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords

Our duties, and the pledge.

80

You look but on a stool – there's no apparition, you're looking at an empty chair

Shall be the maws of kites – beaks of birds (feeding on the unburied corpses)

85

LINES IN RED ARE SPOKEN TO BANQUO'S GHOST, WHICH NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE. THE GUESTS ARE ALARMED TO SEE MACBETH BEHAVING THIS WAY, AND LADY MACBETH TRIES TO COVER FOR HIM.

90

95

Before men made laws, murder happened all the time, and since then, too. So why is Banquo not dead, after blows that should have killed him twenty times over?

100

105

110

Re-enter *GHOST OF BANQUO*

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 115
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. 120

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again, 125
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

LINES IN RED ARE SPOKEN TO BANQUO'S GHOST, WHICH NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE. THE GUESTS ARE ALARMED TO SEE MACBETH BEHAVING THIS WAY, AND LADY MACBETH TRIES TO COVER FOR HIM.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

Why, so: being gone,
 I am a man again. Pray you, sit still. 130

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
 With most admired disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanched with fear. 135 140

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
 Question enrages him. At once, good night: 145

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 – come back to life, if you must, and challenge me, and if I tremble then, call me a baby
Without our special wonder? – without our astonishment
Even to the disposition that I owe – even to myself, in other words, you make me feel like I don't know myself

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

150

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak;

Augurs and understood relations have

By **magot-pies** and choughs and rooks brought
forth

155

The secret'st **man of blood**. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

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

160

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

165

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

170

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

stones – gravestones

Augurs and understood relations –
those who predict the future

magot-pies - magpies

man of blood – murderer

**Macduff denies his person at our
great bidding?** – Macduff is
refusing to visit the King's castle

**There's not a one of them but in
his house I keep a servant fee'd** – I
have paid spies in all men's
households

**Returning were as tedious as go
o'er** - it would be as hard to go
back to being good as it is to keep
killing people.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

175

I'm only upset because
I'm not very good at
killing. We'll get better
at this in due time.

ACT III: SCENE V. A Heath.*Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE***First Witch**

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

HECATEHave I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,

And at **the pit of Acheron**

Meet me i' the morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' & c

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

*Exit***First Witch**

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

*Exeunt***Scene 5 Summary:**

The three witches meet on the heath during a storm. Hecate, the leader of the witches, appears and scolds them for not including her in their meddling with Macbeth.

5

10

15

the pit of Acheron – Acheron was one of the rivers of the underworld

20

25

30

35

ACT III: SCENE VI. Forres. The palace.*Enter LENNOX and another Lord***LENNOX**

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The
gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: 5

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain 10

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

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; 15

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think

That had he Duncan's sons under his key--

As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should 20
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear 25

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 30

Lives in the English court, and is received

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 35

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, 40

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.

Scene 6 Summary:

Lennox and a lord walk near the palace. They are concerned that everything is not as it seems. They believe that they have been told lies and that Macbeth's behavior is becoming more and more irrational. They hope that Duncan's sons return soon and end the evil spell that Scotland seems to have fallen under during Macbeth's rule.

borne – conducted

Was pitied of – Macbeth pitied Duncan (after he was dead)

you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd, for Fleance fled – Lennox is mocking the idea that Malcolm and Donalbain killed Duncan

men must not walk too late – Lennox also finds this idea preposterous- in Scotland a man cannot walk late without being murdered?

Malcolm is in England trying to convince King Edward to aid him against Macbeth. Macduff is likewise petitioning King Edward. Hopefully, order will be restored. But Macbeth prepares for war.

LENNOX

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord

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

45

Macbeth sent a messenger to summon Macduff, Macduff said no, and the messenger turned his back on Macduff grumbling and suggesting that Macduff will be sorry for his actions

LENNOX

And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

50

55

Lord

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt

MACBETH ACT 4

ACT IV: SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch

Thrice the **brinded** cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the **hedge-pig** whined.

Third Witch

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch

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

ALL

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

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog, 15
Adder's **fork** and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

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

Third Witch

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and **gulf**
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, 25
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,

Scene 1 Summary

The witches are making something terrible in a cauldron. Macbeth appears and demands to know more information from them.

In response, the witches summon a series of visions for Macbeth. A floating head tells him to beware Macduff, a bloody child tells him that no one who was born from a woman will ever be able to harm him, and a crowned child holding a tree tells him he will be safe until the forest of Birnam Wood walks up to the castle.

A procession of silent kings then enter, the last holding a mirror. Finally Banquo's ghost appears. Macbeth asks the witches what it all means, but they disappear.

Lennox enters and tells Macbeth that Macduff has fled to England. Macbeth decides to murder Macduff's family.

brinded – striped

hedge-pig – hedge-hog

Harpier – The third witch's familiar

swelter'd – exuded, sweated

fork – tongue (the adder snake's forked tongue)

gulf – gullet

Sliver'd – broken off

Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL

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

Second Witch

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

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

HECATE

O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' & HECATE retires

Second Witch

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How'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;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the

slab – glutinous

chaudron – entrails, guts

pains – efforts

yeasty – foamy

lodged – beaten flat

germens – seeds,
germinators

treasure

Of nature's **germens** tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch

Speak. 65

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em. 70

First Witch

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

ALL

Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show! 75

farrow – litter, babies

gibbet – gallows

harp'd – hit upon,
mentioned (You have
mentioned Macduff, who
I do fear, but I want to
know more)

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch

He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 80

First Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
 Thou hast **harp'd** my fear aright: but one
 word more,-- 85

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

Second Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn 90
 The power of man, **for none of woman born**
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; 95
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this
 That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round 100
 And **top of sovereignty?**

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until 105
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth – no man born of woman will ever be able to harm Macbeth.

top of sovereignty – a crown

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him – until the trees can climb the hill to fight him

Bodements – news

Descends

MACBETH

That will never be
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet **bodements!** good! 110
 Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, **pay his breath**
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art 115
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

ALL
 Seek to know no more.

MACBETH
 I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. 120
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what **noise** is this?

Hautboys

First Witch
 Show!

Second Witch
 Show!

Third Witch
 Show!

ALL
 Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 125
 Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following

MACBETH
 Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
 A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 130
 Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
 What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
 Which shows me many more; and some I see 135
 That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
 Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the **blood-bolter'd** Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.

pay his breath to time and mortal custom – die of old age

noise - music

Hautboys – a musical cue, most likely for oboes

blood-bolter'd – with blood-clotted hair

Apparitions vanish

What, is this so? 140

First Witch

Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights:
 I'll charm the air to give a sound, 145
 While you perform your **antic round**:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar! 150
 Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

antic round – old and fantastic dance

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you? 155

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
 The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
 Macduff is fled to England. 160

MACBETH

Fled to England!

ACT IV: SCENE II. Fife. Macduff's castle.*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS***LADY MACDUFF**

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

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

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

5

ROSS

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

LADY MACDUFF

Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion and his titles in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 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.

10

15

ROSS

My dearest coz,
 I pray you, **school** yourself: but for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
 further;

20

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
 And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

25

30

LADY MACDUFF

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

Scene 2 Summary:

Ross pleads with Lady Macduff to try and understand why her husband has gone to England, but Lady Macduff is too angry with her husband to listen. Ross finally leaves, and Lady Macduff talks to her son about his missing father, calling the boy fatherless and Macduff a traitor.

A messenger enters and warns Lady Macduff to flee, but she tells him she has nowhere to go. Men arrive and kill the entire household.

titles – possessions**He wants the natural touch**

– He lacks the natural instinct to protect his family

All is the fear and nothing is the love; as little is the wisdom, where the flight so runs against all reason –

fear has overcome his love of family and his reason

school - control

ROSS

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

Exit

LADY MACDUFF

Sirrah - son

Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

35

Son

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF

What, with worms and flies?

Son

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

LADY MACDUFF

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

40

Son

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

45

Son

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF

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

50

Son

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

Son

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

Son

And be all traitors that do so? 55

LADY MACDUFF

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

Son

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one.

Son

Who must hang them? 60

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

Son

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

LADY MACDUFF

Now, God help thee, poor monkey! 65
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son

If he were dead, you'd weep for
him: if you would not, it were a good sign
that I should quickly have a new father.

enow – enough

perfect – fully aware

doubt - fear

LADY MACDUFF

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! 70

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am **perfect**.
I **doubt** some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. 75
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
 you!
 I dare abide no longer. 80

Exit

LADY MACDUFF
 Whither should I fly?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, 85
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?

First Murderer
 Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF
 I hope, in no place so unsanctified 90
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer
 He's a traitor.

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

First Murderer
 What, you egg!

Stabbing him

Young fry of treachery! 95

Son
 He has kill'd me, mother:
 Run away, I pray you!

Dies

Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt Murderers, following her

ACT IV: SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace.*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF***MALCOLM**

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. **I am young;**
but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial **charge**. But I shall crave
your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot **transpose**:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF

I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that **rawness** left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Scene 3 Summary

Macduff is with Malcolm, but Malcolm isn't sure he can trust Macduff. He decides to test him by telling him that he (Malcolm) would be an even worse king than Macbeth. His greed and lust would tear Scotland apart. He continues his ruse until Macduff cries out in anguish for his lost Scotland. Malcolm then tells the truth; he is not only decent, he is a virgin, and he plans to bring decency and kindness back to Scotland.

Ross enters, and though he lies at first, he eventually admits to Macduff that his family has been killed. Macduff rages, but Malcolm convinces him to hold his anger until it can be unleashed upon Macbeth.

birthdom –mother country

dolour – great sorrow

I am young; but something...to appease an angry god. – I am inexperienced, but perhaps you have come to kill me to gain favor with Macbeth

charge – command

transpose – change, alter

rawness – exposed condition

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

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

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear thou
thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM

Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

What should he be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
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 compared
With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF

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

MALCOLM

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

40

Let not my jealousies be
your dishonours – don't be
offended that I am cautious

affeer'd – confirmed

45

What should he be? – What
do you mean?

50

55

Malcolm is warning that
even if Macbeth is defeated,
Scotloand will suffer even
more with Malcolm as king.

(He goes on to explain all his
vices and shortcomings. He
is testing Macduff.)

60

65

confineless harms –
boundless harms

Luxurious – lascivious,
lustful

Sudden – violent,
impetuous

70

Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up 75
 The cistern of my lust, and my desire
 All **continent** impediments would o'erbear
 That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
 Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF

Boundless intemperance 80
 In **nature** is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, 85
 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 inclined. 90

MALCOLM

With this there grows
 In my most ill-composed **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:
 95 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF

This avarice 100
 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, 105
 With other graces **weigh'd**.

MALCOLM

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, 110
 I have no **relish** of them, but abound
 In the **division** of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 115 **Uproar** the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

continent – restraining

nature – natural
appetites

Convey – carry out
secretly

affection – disposition

stanchless – unstoppable

95 **summer-seeming** –
summer-like, fleeting

foisons – richness,
harvests, plenty

weigh'd – balanced

relish – trace

100

division – variation

105

110

115

Uproar – disturb

blaspheme – slander (in other words, the
current king is terrible, and the one who
should replace him says he is even worse

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

Fit to govern! 120
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed, 125
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself 130
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts 135
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these **trains** hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now 140
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, 145
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, 150
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** 155
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Malcolm comes clean with Macduff on his ruse which he has used to test Macduff's loyalty to Scotland.

at a point – prepared
goodness – good fortune

MACDUFF

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

Enter a Doctor

The motif of contradiction

MALCOLM

Well; more anon.--Comes the king forth,
I pray you? 160

Doctor

Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch--
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand--
They presently amend. 165

MALCOLM

I thank you, doctor.

their malady convinces the great assay of art – medicine cannot sure them, but the king can

evil – the king's evil, scrofula, tuberculosis

mere – absolute

stamp - coin

Exit Doctor

MACDUFF

What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM

'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England, 170
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, 175
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, 180
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSS

MACDUFF

See, who comes here?

MALCOLM

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

I know him now. Good God, **betimes remove** 185
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country!
 Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot 190

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is **once** seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems 195
 A **modern ecstasy**; the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF

O, relation

Too **nice**, and yet too true!

MALCOLM

What's the newest grief? 200

ROSS

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
 Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF

How does my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children? 205

ROSS

Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not **batter'd at their peace?**

ROSS

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

**betimes remove the means that makes us
 strangers** – remove the circumstances that keep
 us apart

once – ever

modern ecstasy – common emotion

nice – precise

batter'd at their peace – attacked them

MACDUFF

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

ROSS

When I came hither to transport the tidings, 210

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland 215

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM

Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out. 220

ROSS

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. 225

MACDUFF

What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast? 230

ROSS

No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF

If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 235

ROSS

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF

Hum! I guess at it.

niggard – miser, one who is stringy

were out – were in rebellion

“your eye in Scotland would create soldiers, make our women fight, to doff their dire distresses” – your presence would make people fight, even the women

gives out – proclaims

latch – catch

fee-grief – grief containing to an individual

possess - fill

ROSS

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes 240
 Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
 Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
 To add the death of you.

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven!
 What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; 245
 Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

And I must be from thence!
 My wife kill'd too? 250

ROSS

I have said.

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones? 255
 Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
 What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop?

hell-kite – an incredibly wicked person

dam – mother (as in sire and dam)

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so; 260
 But I must also feel it as a man:
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
 And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
 They were all struck for thee! **naught** that I am, 265
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

naught - nothing

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
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!

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our **power** is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our **leave**; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

270

275

280

I could go on weeping
like a woman and
bragging about how I
will avenge them! But
gentle heavens, don't
keep me waiting. Bring
me face to face with
Macbeth, that devil of
Scotland. Put him within
the reach of my sword,
and if he escapes, may
heaven forgive him as
well!

Exeunt

power – army

leave – leave-taking, going

**The night is long that never finds the
day** – a new day is coming

MACBETH ACT 5

ACT V: SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness 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.

Doctor

How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Scene 1 Summary

5

It is night and a doctor and a gentlewoman (an aid to the queen) wait in a darkened room. Lady Macbeth appears. She is sleepwalking and having nightmares. She imagines that her hands are stained and she cannot get them clean.

10

'tis most meet you should – you really should

15

taper – thin candle

close – hidden

light – candle

20

25

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 35

LADY MACBETH

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

Doctor

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: **you mar all with this starting**. 45

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! 55

Doctor

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

The thane of Fife – Macduff

you mar all with this starting – you'll ruin everything by acting so startled

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body – It would not be worth it to have her heart even if you made me queen

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

Well, well, well,--

60

Gentlewoman

Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

practise – skill, ability

died holily – lived and died without sin

on's – of his

More needs she the divine than the physician

– She needs God more than a doctor

LADY MACBETH

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

65

Doctor

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

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!

70

Exit

Doctor

Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman

Directly.

Doctor

Foul whisperings 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.

75

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

80

Gentlewoman

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

ACT V: SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

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

MENTEITH

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenes burn in them; for **their dear causes**
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

5

ANGUS

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

CAITHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

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

10

MENTEITH

What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

15

ANGUS

Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now **minutely** revolts **upbraid his faith-breach**;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

20

25

MENTEITH

Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS**Scene 2 Summary**

The lords begin to band together to meet up with Malcolm and regain the castle.

their dear causes would to the bleeding and the grim alarm excite the mortified man - The wrongs they have suffered would make dead men rise up and fight

file - list

unrough - unbearded, very young

Protest - proclaim

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause within the belt of rule - he is out of control

minutely - continual

upbraid his faith-breach - rebuke his breach of faith (Great Chain of Being)

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

LENNOX

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

Exeunt, marching

30

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal - we meet with Malcolm, who is the medicine for what sickens our country

pour we in our country's purge each drop of us - we'll spill our last drop of blood for him

35

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds - Malcolm is the flower, Macbeth and his armies are the weeds

ACT V: SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants***MACBETH**

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
 Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
 I cannot **taint** with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounced 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 10
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

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

Servant

There is ten thousand—

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

Servant

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, **patch**?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face? 20

Servant

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

Seyton!--I am sick at heart,
 When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This **push**
 Will cheer me ever, or **disseat** me now. 25
 I have lived long enough: my **way** of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,

Scene 3 Summary

Macbeth rages in the castle, shouting that he is invincible. The doctor arrives to tell him that his wife is mentally ill, and Macbeth tells him to cure her.

Macbeth calls for his armor so he can prepare for battle.

taint – stain

epicures – gourmets, fine diners

Where got'st thou that goose look – why do you look like a frightened goose?

patch – clown, fool

push – attack

disseat – unseat, dethrone

way - term

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead, 30
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would **fain** deny, and dare not. Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

SEYTON
What is your gracious pleasure? 35

MACBETH
What news more?

fain – gladly (his heart would gladly end his life, but he won't)
--

SEYTON
All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

SEYTON
'Tis not needed yet. 40

MACBETH
I'll put it on.
Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor? 45

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

MACBETH
Cure her of that. 50
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
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? 55

Doctor
Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
 Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
 Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me. 60
 Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, **cast**
The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo, 65
 That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say.--
 What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation 70
 Makes us hear something.

MACBETH

Bring **it** after me.
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor

[Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, 75
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

cast the water of my land –
 check the urine of this
 country - he is likening the
 English to a disease

it – a piece of his armor

Exeunt

ACT V: SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.

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

MALCOLM

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

MENTEITH

We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH

The wood of Birnam. 5

MALCOLM

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

Soldiers

It shall be done. 10

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM

'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given, 15
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF

Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership. 20

SIWARD

The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. 25

Exeunt, marching

Scene 4 Summary

As they near the castle, Malcolm orders his men to cut down branches from Birnam Wood and to use them as camouflage as they approach the castle.

make discovery err in report of us

– we'll hide our numbers so that false reports are given

will endure our setting down before 't. – will allow us to lay siege

Both more and less have given him the revolt – many of his number have deserted

Let's not get overconfident. We'll fight hard until we know for sure.

We won't know for sure how this will go until it actually happens, so let's get to it.

ACT V: SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours***MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up:
 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home.

5

A cry of women within

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

10

*Exit***MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 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.

15

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

20

25

30

Scene 5 Summary

Macbeth continues to rage inside the castle. A seyton appears to inform him that the queen is dead. Macbeth delivers one of the most famous monologues of the play, "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow."

A messenger appears and tells Macbeth that Birnham Wood appears to be moving toward the castle. Macbeth threatens to kill him, but the messenger swears it to be true.

From No Fear Shakespeare:

She would have died later anyway. That news was bound to come someday. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. The days creep slowly along until the end of time. And every day that's already happened has taken fools that much closer to their deaths. Out, out, brief candle. Life is nothing more than an illusion. It's like a poor actor who struts and worries for his hour on the stage and then is never heard from again. Life is a story told by an idiot, full of noise and



Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger

Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it. 35

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

Messenger

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

MACBETH

Liar and slave! 40

Messenger

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

MACBETH

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, 45
Till famine cling thee: **if thy speech be sooth,**

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend

That lies like truth: '*Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood 50

Comes toward Dunsinane. **Arm, arm, and out!**

If this which he avouches does appear,

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I gin to be aweary of the sun, 55

And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with **harness** on our back.

if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much – if you speak the truth, I don't care if you do the same to me

I pull in resolution – I am losing confidence

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend – I doubt the devil's lies that sounded so true

Arm, arm, and out! – To arms!

I gin to be aweary of the sun – I am tired of living

harness - armor

Exeunt

ACT V: SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

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

MALCOLM

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.
 And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

5

SIWARD

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

MACDUFF

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

10

Exeunt

Scene 6 Summary

The battle commences.

According to our order –
 according to the battle plan

ACT V: SCENE VII. Another part of the field.*Alarums. Enter MACBETH***MACBETH**

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD***YOUNG SIWARD**

What is thy name? 5

MACBETH

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

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

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

The devil himself could not pronounce a title 10
 More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH

No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
 I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain***MACBETH**

Thou wast born of woman 15
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

*Exit**Alarums. Enter MACDUFF***MACDUFF**

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
 If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 20
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

Scene 7 Summary

Macbeth kills Siward's son, but it is clear that he will lose the battle. Macduff chases after him, desperate to avenge the death of his wife and children.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
 Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 25
 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

SIWARD

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 30
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

MALCOLM

We have met with foes
 That strike beside us. 35

SIWARD

Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarums

bruited – announced

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight – Macbeth's men are deserting and joining the attacking forces

The day almost itself professes yours – the actual day seems to be professing itself for you

ACT V: SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.*Enter MACBETH***MACBETH**

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF***MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee: 5
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: **thou bloodier villain**
Than terms can give thee out! 10

*They fight***MACBETH**

Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born. 15

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd. 20

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these **juggling fiends** no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear, 25
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF**Scene 8 Summary**

Macbeth and Macduff finally meet. Macbeth arrogantly tell Macduff to give up his attempts to kill him because he cannot be killed by a man born of a woman. Macduff replies that he was never actually born, he was surgically removed from his mother via C-section.

The two men fight, and Macduff kills Macbeth. He severs Macbeth's head and brings it to Malcolm, who swears to repair all of Scotland.

thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out – you are more evil than words can describe

You're wasting your time and might as well try and fight the air. Go fight someone you can actually hurt, because I am charmed and can't be hurt by a man born of a woman.

Untimely ripp'd – he was cut from his mother's womb, not born

juggling fiends – double-talking witches

live to be the show and gaze o' the time – become a circus freak

Then yield thee, coward,
 And **live to be the show and gaze o' the time**:
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted on a pole, and underwrit, 30
 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 35
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

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

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 40

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
 He only lived but till he was a man; 45
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field: **your cause of sorrow** 50
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD

Had he **his hurts** before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

So great a day as this is cheaply bought – we did not lose too many men

your cause of sorrow must not be measured by his worth, for then it hath no end – if your sorrow equals his worth, it will have no end

his hurts – his wounds, in other words, were his wounds received bravely, face to face

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he! 55
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so, his **knell is knoll'd**.

MALCOLM

He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for
 him. 60

SIWARD

He's worth no more
 They say he parted well, and paid his score:
 And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands 65
 The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland! 70

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

knell is knoll'd – the bell tolls for him, and that's all there is to it

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl – I see you with the best men of Scotland

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and
 kinsmen, 75
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; 80
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life; this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, 85
 We will perform in measure, time and place:
 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt