

Act I Scene iii

Macbeth: Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch: All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

Second Witch: All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch: All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!

Banquo: Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of
truth,

Are you fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great
prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch: Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch: Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

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

By Sinel's death (Macbeth's father) I know I am
Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be King

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? Or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
you.

Witches vanish

Macbeth: Your children shall be kings.

Banquo: You shall be King.

Macbeth: And Thane of Cawdor too.

Act I Scene v

Lady Macbeth: *[Reading letter that her husband, Macbeth, sent to her]* "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st 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, but being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Messenger: The King comes here tonight

Lady Macbeth: The raven himself is hoarse

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,

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

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,

To cry "Hold, hold!"

Act I Scene v

Macbeth: My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?

Macbeth: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth: O, never shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters. To beguile the time, look like the time; bear welcome in your eye. Your hand, your tongue: look like th' innocent flower, but be the serpent under 't. He that's coming must be provided for; and you shall put this night's great business into my dispatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to come give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth: We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honored me of late, and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Now cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth: Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale at what it did so freely? From this time such I account thy love. Art thou afeared to be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, and live a coward in thine own esteem, letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macbeth: I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth: What beast was't then that made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And to be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man. Nor time nor place did then adhere, and yet you would make both. They have made themselves, and that their fitness now does unmake you. I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums, and dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you have done to this.

Macbeth: If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth: We fail? But screw your courage to the sticking-place and we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep- whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey soundly invite him- his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince, that memory, the warder of the brain, shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason a retort only; when in swinish sleep their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon th' unguarded Duncan, what not put upon of our great quell?

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 know.

Act II Scene i

Macbeth: Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee, I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight, or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw. Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses, or else worth all the rest. I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, which was not so before. There's no such thing. It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes. *[A bell rings]* I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Act II Scene ii

Lady Macbeth: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold; what hath quenched them hath given me fire.

Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shrieked, 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 drugged their possets, that death and nature do contend about them, whether they live or die. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked and 'tis not done! Th' 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.

Macbeth: There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!" That they did wake each other, I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers, and addressed them again to sleep. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other, as they had seen me with these hangman's hands; list'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen," when they did say "God bless us!"

Lady Macbeth: Consider it not so deeply. These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad

Macbeth: Methought I heard a voice cry "sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep"- the innocent sleep, sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast. The guard cried "sleep no more! Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady Macbeth: Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane, you do unbend your noble strength, to think so brainsickly of things. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there; go carry them, and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

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

Lady Macbeth: Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead are but as picture. 'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the guards withal, for it must seem their guilt.

Macbeth: Whence is that knocking? How is't with me that every noise appalls 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 incarnadine, making the green one red.

Lady Macbeth: My hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white. [*Knock*] I hear a knocking at the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed; how easy it is then! Your constancy hath left you unattended. [*Knock*] Hark! More knocking, get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us and show us to be watcher. Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth: To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock*] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Act II Scene ii

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

Macbeth: What's the matter?

Macduff: Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. Most sacrilegious murder hath broke open. The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence the life o' th' building.

Macbeth: What is it you say? The life? Mean you his Majesty?

Macduff: Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight with a new one; do not bid me speak; see, and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake! Ring the alarum bell. Murder and Treason! Banquo and Donalbain! 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! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, to see this horror. Ring the bell!

Lady Macbeth: What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley the sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Macduff: O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak; the repetition, in a woman's ear, would murder as it fell.

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 meer dregs is left this vault to brag of.

[Enter Donalbain and Malcom, King Duncan's sons]

Donalbain: What is amiss?

Macbeth: You are, and do not know 't. The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopped the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff: Your royal father's murdered.

Malcom: By whom?

Macbeth: Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it: their hands and faces were all badged with blood: 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... O, yet I do repent me of my fury, that I did kill them.

Macduff: Why did you do so?

Macbeth: Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man. The expedition of my violent love outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with his golden blood, and his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature for ruins wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers unmannerly breeched with gore, who could refrain, that had a heart to love, and in that heart courage to make his love known?

Donalbain: *[aside to Malcom]* What should be spoken here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, our tears are not yet brewed.

Malcom: *[aside to Donalbain]* What will you do? Let's not consort with them. To show an unfelt sorrow is an office which the false man does easy. I'll go to England.

Donalbain: To Ireland, I: our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer. Where we are there's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood, the nearer bloody.

Act III Scene iv

[Enter the ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place at the dinner table]

Macbeth: Sweet remembrance! Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!

Lennox: May it please your Highness sit.

Macbeth: Here had we now our country's honor roofed, were the graced person of our Banquo present- Who may I rather challenge for unkindness that pit for mischance!

Lennox: Please it your Highness to grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth: The table's full.

Lennox: Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth: Where?

Lennox: Here, my good lord. What is it that moves your Highness?

Macbeth: ...Which of you have done this?

Lennox: What, my good lord?

Macbeth: Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake thy gory locks at me...

Lennox: Gentlemen, rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth: Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus, and hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought he will again be well. If much you note him, you shall offend him and extend his passion. Feed, and regard him not. *[Aside to Macbeth]* Are you a man?

Macbeth: Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appall the devil. I pray thee, see there! Behold! Look! If thou canst nod, speak too. Blood hath been shed here now. Murders have been performed too terrible for the ear.

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.

[Enter Banquo's ghost]

I drink to the general joy of 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.

[Macbeth sees the ghost]

Quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with.

[Exit ghost]

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

Lady Macbeth: You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, with most admired disorder. I pray you, gentlemen, speak not; he grows worse and worse; stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

Lennox: Good night; and better health attend his Majesty!

[Exit dinner guests]

Act III Scene iv

Witch: By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes!

Macbeth: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is it you do? I conjure you, by that which you profess, however you come to know it, answer me what I ask you.

First Witch: Speak

Second Witch: Demand

Third Witch: We'll answer

Macbeth: Call the apparitions, let me see them.

[Thunder. First Apparition: an Armed Head]

Macbeth: Tell me, thou unknown power-

First Apparition: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff! Beware the Thane of Fife! *[Disappears]*

Macbeth: Whatever thou art, for thy good caution thanks: thou hast hit upon my fear. But one word more-

First Witch: The Apparition 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! None of woman born shall harm Macbeth. *[Disappears]*

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, Macduff.

[Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child Crowned, with a tree in his hand]

What is this, that rises like the issue of a king?

Third Apparition: Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him.

Macbeth: That will never be. Who can impress the forest, bid the tree unfix his earth-bound root?

Act V Scene i

Nurse: Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen Lady Macbeth rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, seal it, and again return to me; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor: Besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

[Enter Lady Macbeth, in a sleep-walking state]

Doctor: How came she by that light?

Nurse: She has light by her continually. It is her command.

Doctor: You see, her eyes are open. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

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

Lady Macbeth: Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One: two: why, then it is time to do it. Hell is murky. What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power into account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? What, will these hands never be clean?

Nurse: 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.

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

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

Act V Scene v

[A scream heard from the castle]

Macbeth: What was that cry?

Messenger: The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth: She would have died hereafter; there would have been a time for such a message. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow 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.

Messenger: I should report that which I say I saw, but know now how to do it. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and anon, I thought, the wood began to move.

Macbeth: If thou speak'st false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive. I pull in resolution that lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane!" And now a wood comes toward Dunsinane.

Act V Scene vii

Young Soldier: What is thy name?

Macbeth: My name's Macbeth.

Young Soldier: The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear.

[Macbeth and the Young Soldier fight and the Soldier is slain]

Macbeth: Thou was born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, brandished by man that's of a woman born.

[Enter MacDuff]

MacDuff: Tyrant, show thy face! My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

Macbeth: Of all men else I have avoided thee. But get thee back! My soul is too much charged with blood of

thine already. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.

MacDuff: Despair thy charm, and let the angel whom thou has served tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped.

Macbeth: Accursed me that tongue that tells me so. I'll not fight with thee.

MacDuff: Then yield thee, coward.

Macbeth: I will not yield, to kiss the ground before young Malcom's feet. Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane, 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 damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"