`

جامعة جنوب الوادي

قسم اللغة الإنجليزية

مقرر
الدراما

الفرقة....الثانية

استاذ المقرر

د\ وفاء حمدى حسن سرور

كلية الاداب بقنا– قسم اللغة الانجليزية

العام الجامعى

2023 / 2022

بيانات أساسية

كلية :التربية عام

الفرقة :الثانية

التخصص :اللغة الانجليزية

عدد الصفحات:125

القسم التابع له المقرر: قسم اللغة الإنجليزية

DRAMA
SECOND YEAR
GENERAL EDUCATION
FACULTY OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
2022-2023

DATA OF THE PRESENT BOOK
FACULTY OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
2022-2023-FIRST SEMESTER
125 PAGES

Contents

Macbeth

The text

Macbeth

Dramatis Personæ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM & DONALBAIN, his Sons.
MACBETH & BANQUO, Generals of the King's Army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, & CAITHNESS: Noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Boy, Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE and Three Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE.—*Scotland; England*

Act I

Scene i: An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

[Enter three Witches.]

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

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

THIRD WITCH: That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH: Where the place?

SECOND WITCH: Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH: There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH: I come, Graymalkin!

ALL: Paddock calls:—anon:—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

Act I

Scene i: An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.

[Enter three Witches.]

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

SECOND WITCH: When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH: That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH: Where the place?

SECOND WITCH: Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH: There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH: I come, Graymalkin!

ALL: Paddock calls:—anon:—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

Act I
Scene ii: A Camp near Forres.

[Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.]

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.

SOLDIER: 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 villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,—from the Western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion,
Carv'd out his passag tTill he fac'd the slave;
And 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!

SOLDIER: 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 valor 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.

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

SOLDIER: Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN: So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Who comes here?

MALCOLM: The worthy Thane of Ross.

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

[Enter Ross.]

ROSS: God save the King!

DUNCAN: Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

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
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN: Great happiness!

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

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

ROSS: I'll see it done.

DUNCAN: What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

Act I

Scene iii: A heath.

(Read: Study Guide Summary and Analysis)
[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 mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH: I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH: Thou art kind.

THIRD WITCH: And I another.

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

SECOND WITCH: Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH: Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

THIRD WITCH: A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

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

[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.]

MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO: How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH: Speak, if you can;—what are you?

FIRST WITCH: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH: All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO: Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH: Hail!

SECOND WITCH: Hail!

THIRD WITCH: Hail!

FIRST WITCH: Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH: Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH: Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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

With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

BANQUO: The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH: Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted

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

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

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH: Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO: You shall be king.

MACBETH: And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

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

[Enter Ross and Angus.]

ROSS: The king hath happily receiv'd, 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: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same 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 defense,
And pour'd them down before him.

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

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

BANQUO: What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH: The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

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

MACBETH: [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

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,
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,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
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.

BANQUO: Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH: [Aside.] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me

Without my stir.

BANQUO: New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould

But with the aid of use.

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

BANQUO: Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH: Give me your favor:—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.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO: Very gladly.

MACBETH: Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[Exeunt.]

Act I

Scene iv: Forres. A Room in 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;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd

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 deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

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 everything
Safe toward your love and honor.

DUNCAN: Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor

To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so,let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO: There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN: My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

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

DUNCAN: My worthy Cawdor!

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

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.]

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

Scene v: Inverness. A Room in 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 promis'd; yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor 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 an Attendant.]

What is your tidings?

ATTENDANT: The king comes here tonight.

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

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

LADY MACBETH: Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[Exit Attendant.]

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 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, your murdering 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!"

[Enter Macbeth.]

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

MACBETH: My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH: And when goes hence?

MACBETH: To-morrow,—as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH: O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
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 favor ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

Act I

Scene vi: The same. Before the Castle.

[Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.]

[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.]

DUNCAN: This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO: This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd

The air is delicate.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

DUNCAN: See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH: All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN: Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,

We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH: Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

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

[Exeunt.]

Act I

Scene vii: The same. A Lobby in the Castle.

[Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. 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 judgement 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 cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,

And falls on the other.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

How now! what news?

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

MACBETH: Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH: Know you not he has?

MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
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' the adage?

MACBETH: Pr'ythee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

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

Have done to this.

MACBETH: If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH: We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

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

LADY MACBETH: Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
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 know.

[Exeunt.]

Act II

Scene i: Inverness. Court within the Castle.

[Enter Banquo, preceeded by Fleance with a torch.]

BANQUO: How goes the night, boy?

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

BANQUO: And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE: I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO: Hold, take my sword.—There's 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
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who's there?

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

MACBETH: A friend.

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

MACBETH: Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

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

MACBETH: I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

BANQUO: At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH: If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,

It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO: So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH: Good repose the while!

BANQUO: Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[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:—
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 marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.]

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH: [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

LADY MACBETH: Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed,
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.—My husband!

[Re-enter Macbeth.]

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

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

MACBETH: When?

LADY MACBETH: Now.

MACBETH: As I descended?

LADY MACBETH: Ay.

MACBETH: Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH: Donalbain.

MACBETH: This is a sorry sight.

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

LADY MACBETH: There are two lodg'd together.

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

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

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH: I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH: What do you mean?

MACBETH: Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

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: Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

MACBETH: Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

LADY MACBETH: My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.— [Knocking within.] Hark, more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

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

[Exeunt.]

[Enter a Porter. Knocking within.]

PORTER: Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.— [Knocking.] 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 scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.— [Knocking.] 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. [Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember

the porter.

[Opens the gate.]

[Enter Macduff and Lennox.]

MACDUFF: Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

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

MACDUFF: What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER: Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: 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 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 o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast

him.

MACDUFF: Is thy master stirring?—

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

[Enter Macbeth.]

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.

MACBETH: I'll bring you to him.

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

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

MACDUFF: I'll make so bold to call.

For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.]

LENNOX: Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH: He does: he did appoint so.

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

MACBETH: 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX: My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[Re-enter Macduff.]

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

MACBETH, LENNOX.
What's the matter?

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?

LENNOX: Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF: Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

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

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]

Awake, awake!—
Ring the alarum bell:—murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites

To countenance this horror!

[Alarum-bell rings.]

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]

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

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

[Re-enter Banquo.]

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

LADY MACBETH: Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

BANQUO: Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

[Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.]

MACBETH: Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.]

DONALBAIN: What is amiss?

MACBETH: You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

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

MACDUFF: Your royal father's murder'd.

MALCOLM: O, by whom?

LENNOX: Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH: O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

MACDUFF: Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH: Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH: Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF: Look to the lady.

MALCOLM: Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN: 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.

MALCOLM: Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO: Look to the lady:—

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

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

MACDUFF: And so do I.

ALL: So all.

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

ALL: Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

Act II

Scene ii: The same. Without the 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.

ROSS: Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

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

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

MACDUFF: He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

ROSS: Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF: Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS: Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF: No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS: Well, I will thither.

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

ROSS: Farewell, father.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene i: Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter Banquo.]

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

[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

For ever knit.

MACBETH: Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO: Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH: We should have else desir'd 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?

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.

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?

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

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

Farewell.—

[Exit Banquo.]

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

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men

Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT: They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH: Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo.
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

[Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.]

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

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER: It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH: Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER: You made it known to us.

MACBETH: I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER: We are men, my liege.

MACBETH: Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER: I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER: And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH: Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS: True, my lord.

MACBETH: So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER: We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER: Though our lives—

MACBETH: Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness; and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:

I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS: We are resolv'd, my lord.

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

[Exeunt Murderers.]

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

[Exit.]

Act III

Scene ii: The same. Another Room in 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.

[Exit.]

LADY MACBETH: Naught'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.

MACBETH: We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH: Come on;
Gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

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

LADY MACBETH: You must leave this.

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

LADY MACBETH: But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH: There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
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?

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

[Exeunt.]

Act III

Scene iii: The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

[Enter three Murderers.]

FIRST MURDERER: But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER: Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER: He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do

To the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER: Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER: Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO: [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER: Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

FIRST MURDERER: His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER: Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

SECOND MURDERER: A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER: 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER: Stand to't.

[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.]

BANQUO: It will be rain to-night.

FIRST MURDERER: Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

BANQUO: O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

THIRD MURDERER: Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER: Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER: There's but one down: the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER: We have lost best half of our affair.

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

[Exeunt.]

Act III

Scene iv: The same. A Room of state 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.
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.

MACBETH: See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

[Enter first Murderer to the door.]

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

MURDERER: 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH: 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

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

MACBETH: Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER: Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

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:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

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

MACBETH: Thanks for that:
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.

[Exit Murderer.]

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

MACBETH: Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX: May't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

MACBETH: Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

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

MACBETH: The table's full.

LENNOX: Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACBETH: Where?

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

MACBETH: Which of you have done this?

LORDS: What, my good lord?

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

ROSS: Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

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

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

LADY MACBETH: O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,—
Impostors to true fear,—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH: Pr'ythee, 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 disappears.]

LADY MACBETH: What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH: If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH: Fie, for shame!

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

Than such a murder is.

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.

[Ghost rises again.]

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

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

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

[Ghost disappears.]

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 admir'd 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 are blanch'd with fear.

ROSS: What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH: I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX: Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH: A kind good-night to all!

[Exeunt all Lords and Atendants.]

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

LADY MACBETH: Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

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

LADY MACBETH: Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH: I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Step't in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH: You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

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

[Exeunt.]

Act III

Scene v: The heath.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.]

FIRST WITCH: Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

HECATE: Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
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 everything 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
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and 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.]

Act III

Scene vi: Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter Lennox and another Lord.]

LENNOX: My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Thing's have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
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 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,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

LORD: The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these,—with Him above
To ratify the work,—we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,—
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of 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."

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

LORD: I'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.]

Act IV

Scene i: A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron Boiling.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH: Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH: Harpier cries:—"tis time, 'tis time.

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

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

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

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangl'd babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

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

[Enter Hecate.]

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

Song.
Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

[Exit Hecate.]

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,—
Howe'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 lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH: Speak.

SECOND WITCH: Demand.

THIRD WITCH: We'll answer.

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

MACBETH: Call 'em, let me see 'em.

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

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

[Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.]

MACBETH: Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST WITCH: He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

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,—

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

[Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.]

APPARITION: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH: Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APPARITION: Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
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;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

[Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.]

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL: Listen, but speak not to't.

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

[Descends.]

MACBETH: That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL: Seek to know no more.

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

[Hautboys.]

FIRST WITCH: Show!

SECOND WITCH: Show!

THIRD WITCH: Show!

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

[Eight kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.]

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

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

[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.]

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

[Enter Lennox.]

LENNOX: What's your grace's will?

MACBETH: Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX: No, my lord.

MACBETH: Came they not by you?

LENNOX: No indeed, my lord.

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

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

MACBETH: Fled to England!

LENNOX: Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH: Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

[Exeunt.]

Act IV

Scene ii: Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

[Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.]

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

ROSS: You must have patience, madam.

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

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

LADY MACDUFF: Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS: My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, Judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF: Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

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

[Exit.]

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

SON: As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF: What, with worms and flies?

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

LADY MACDUFF: Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.

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

LADY MACDUFF: Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for father?

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.

SON: Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF: Ay, that he was.

SON: What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, one that swears and lies.

SON: And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF: Everyone 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?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, the honest men.

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

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

SON: If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it

were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF: Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESSENGER: Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.

[Exit.]

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

[Enter Murderers.]

FIRST MURDERER: Where is your husband?

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

FIRST MURDERER: He's a traitor.

SON: Thou liest, thou shag-haar'd villain!

FIRST MURDERER: What, you egg!

[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

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

[Dies. Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder, and pursued by the Murderers.]

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,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
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 check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
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 compar'd
With my confineless harms.

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

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

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

And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

MALCOLM: With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF: This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
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,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF: O Scotland, Scotland!

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

MACDUFF: Fit to govern!
No, not to live!—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare-thee-well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM: Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

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

[Enter a Doctor.]

MALCOLM: Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

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

MALCOLM: I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

MACDUFF: What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM: 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

MACDUFF: See, who comes here?

MALCOLM: My countryman; but yet I know him not.

[Enter Ross.]

MACDUFF: My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

ROSS: Sir, amen.

MACDUFF: Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS: Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
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?

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

MACDUFF: How does my wife?

ROSS: Why, well.

MACDUFF: And all my children?

ROSS: Well too.

MACDUFF: The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

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

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

ROSS: When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM: Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

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.

MACDUFF: What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

ROSS: No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF: If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS: Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF: Humh! I guess at it.

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

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

MACDUFF: My children too?

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

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

ROSS: I have said.

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

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

MALCOLM: Dispute it like a man.

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

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

MACDUFF: O, I could play the woman with mine eye,
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.

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene i: Dunsinane. A 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 nightgown upon her, unlock her
closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it,
afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this
while in a most fast sleep.

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

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. Lo you, here she comes!

[Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.]

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe
her; stand close.

DOCTOR: How came she by that light?

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

DOCTOR: You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN: Ay, but their sense 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.

LADY MACBETH: Yet here's a spot.

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

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

DOCTOR: Do you mark that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR: Well, well, well,—

GENTLEWOMAN: Pray God it be, sir.

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

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

DOCTOR: Even so?

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.

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

GENTLEWOMAN: Good-night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene ii: The Country near Dunsinane.

[Enter. with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.]

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

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

CAITHNESS: Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

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

MENTEITH: What does the tyrant?

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

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

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

CAITHNESS: Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
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.]

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 pronounc'd me thus,—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

[Enter a Servant.]

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

SERVANT: There is ten thousand—

MACBETH: Geese, villain?

SERVANT: Soldiers, sir.

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

SERVANT: The English force, so please you.

MACBETH: Take thy face hence.

[Exit Servant.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!- This push
Will chair me ever or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

[Enter Seyton.]

SEYTON: What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH: What news more?

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.

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?

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

MACBETH: Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR: Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH: Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, despatch.—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,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

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

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

[Exeunt all except Doctor.]

DOCTOR: Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[Exit.]

Act V

Scene iv: Country nearDunsinane: a Wood in view.

[Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, 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.

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

SOLDIERS: It shall be done.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt, marching.]

Act V

Scene v: Dunsinane. Within the castle.

(Read: Study Guide Summary and Analysis)
[Enter with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.]

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

[A cry of women within.]

What is that noise?

SEYTON: It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit.]

MACBETH: I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
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 slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[Re-enter Seyton.]

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON: The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH: She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

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

MACBETH: Well, say, sir.

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

MACBETH: Liar, and slave!

[Strikimg him.]

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

MACBETH: If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish 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.

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene vi: The same. A Plain before the Castle.

[Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c., 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.

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.

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene vii: The same. Another part of the Plain.

[Alarums. Enter Macbeth.]

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

[Enter young Siward.]

YOUNG SIWARD: What is thy name?

MACBETH: Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

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

MACBETH: My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD: The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH: No, nor more fearful.

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

[They fight, and young Seward is slain.]

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

[Exit.]

[Alarums. Enter Macduff.]

MACDUFF: That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are 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;
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 old Siward.]

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

MALCOLM: We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SIWARD: Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarums.]

Act V

Scene viii: The same. Another part of the field.

[Enter Macbeth.]

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

[Enter Macduff.]

MACDUFF: Turn, hell-hound, turn!

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

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

[They fight.]

MACBETH: Thou losest 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.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt fighting.]

[Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith, and Soldiers.

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

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

MALCOLM: Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS: Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
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?

FLEANCE: Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD: Had he his hurts before?

ROSS: Ay, on the front.

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

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

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

[Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.]

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

ALL: Hail, King of Scotland!

[Flourish.]

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

I- Shakespeare's Sources for *Macbeth*

Shakespeare's chief source for Macbeth was Holinshed's *Chronicles (Macbeth)*, who based his account of Scotland's history, and Macbeth's in particular, on the *Scotorum*

Historiae, written in 1527 by Hector Boece. Other minor sources contributed to Shakespeare's dramatic version of history, including Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, and *Daemonologie*, written in 1599 by King James I. Macbeth's words on dogs and men in Act 3, scene 1, (91-100), likely came from *Colloquia*, the memoirs of Erasmus (edition circa 1500). The plays of Seneca seem to have had great influence on Shakespeare, and, although no direct similarities to the work of Seneca can be seen in *Macbeth*, the overall atmosphere of the play and the depiction of Lady Macbeth can be attributed to the Latin author.

An examination of *Macbeth* and Shakespeare's sources leads us to formulate several conclusions concerning the motives behind the dramatists alterations. It can be argued that the changes serve three main purposes: the dramatic purpose of producing a more exciting story than is found in the sources; the thematic purpose of creating a more complex characterization of Macbeth; and the political purpose of catering to the beliefs of the reigning monarch, King James the First. And, in the grander scheme, Shakespeare's alterations function to convey the sentiment echoed in many of his works – that there is a divine right of kings, and that to usurp the throne is a nefarious crime against all of humanity.

In Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Macbeth is introduced as a valiant gentleman, and, as in Shakespeare's play, Macbeth is sent by King Duncan to crush the rebellion led by Mackdonwald. However, to ensure Macbeth is viewed early in the play as extraordinarily courageous, Shakespeare changes Macbeth's role in the demise of Mackdonwald. In addition to the dramatic effect of making the report from the Captain more exciting, enhancing the bravery of Macbeth by altering his part in the defeat of Mackdonwald aids Shakespeare's construction of Macbeth as a tragic hero. Our first impression of Macbeth must be one of grandeur; he must command our attention at once for what occurs in the rest of the play to be significant. As a brave warrior and leader, Macbeth is capable of taking others' burdens upon himself. Our awareness of the strength and assuredness Macbeth possesses early in the drama is important when we later witness his downfall and mental decay to the point where he is not capable of handling even his own burdens.

To assist in his more complex interpretation of Macbeth, Shakespeare had to move outside of Holinshed's account which gives no real analysis of Macbeth's character or motivation. Shakespeare turned to George Buchanan's *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*, and to other previous passages in Holinshed's own work. Buchanan relays the following:
Macbeth was a man of penetrating genius, a high spirit, unbounded ambition, and, if he had possessed moderation, was worthy of any command however great; but in

punishing crimes he exercised a severity, which, exceeding the bounds of the laws, appeared apt to degenerate into cruelty.

Shakespeare's Macbeth is indeed an intelligent man, ambitious and spirited. However, Shakespeare deviates from Buchanan's depiction of Macbeth as a cruel, barbarous man, a notion also put forth by Holinshed. Despite the murders Macbeth will commit, Shakespeare presents him as a gentle, thoughtful man who can love wholeheartedly, as we see in his interactions with his wife. Lady Macbeth herself illustrates that Macbeth's nature is "... too full o' th' milk of human kindness/To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,/Art not without ambition, but without/The illness should attend it." (1.5.15-19)

The probable source for Macbeth's feelings of guilt after he has murdered King Duncan comes mere pages before Holinshed's report of Duncan and Macbeth. Here Holinshed relates the story of King Kenneth, tormented by a guilty conscience after he has butchered his nephew:

[A voice heard by the King] 'Think not Kenneth that the wicked slaughter of Malcolme Duffe by thee contrived, is kept secret from the knowledge of the eternall God: thou art he that didst conspire the innocents death ... It shall therefore come to pass, that both thou thy self, and thy issue, through the just vengeance of almightie God, shall suffer woorthie punishment' ... The King with this voice

being striken into great dred and terror, passed the night without any sleep coming in his eyes. (Holinshed, 247)

Also apparent in Shakespeare's text are elements of Buchanan's dramatization of the voice King Kenneth hears:

At last, whether in truth an audible voice from heaven addressed him, as is reported, or whether it were the suggestion of his own guilty mind, as often happens to the wicked, in the silent watches of the night... (Buchanan, 310)

Clearly, the two aforementioned depictions of Kenneth's experience are recognizable in Shakespeare's Macbeth who is also plagued by a guilty conscience:

Macbeth: Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murther Sleep,' –the innocent Sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care ...

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the House;

'Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more!'(II.II.32-41).

The dramatic purposes served by Shakespeare's unique portrait of a compassionate, tender Macbeth, and his adaptation of Kenneth's eerie story are obvious – who would care to sit through the play if Macbeth were the static character found in Holinshed? Alien voices make for spine-tingling drama, capturing the attention of even the most apathetic audience. But the changes also enhance the

thematic content of the play, blurring the line between the two extremes of good and evil within Macbeth himself. His commiseration in the play, and his intense feelings of guilt before and after the regicide clash with his "passion or infatuation beyond the reach of reason' that propels him to commit the murder. By representing Macbeth's nature in this way, Shakespeare "rescues Macbeth from the category of melodramatic villain, the kind of character we can dismiss with a snap moral judgment, and elevates him to that of tragic hero .... toward whom we must exercise a most careful moral and human discrimination if we are to do him even partial justice" (Calderwood, 52).

The attention Shakespeare pays to Macbeth's conscience would have been of particular interest to King James. In his book the *Basilicon Doron*, written to teach his son, Henry, the ways of morality and kingly duties, James discusses the human conscience at great length, beginning with the statement: "Conscience ... it is nothing els but the light of knowledge that God hath planted in man; which choppeth him with a feeling that hee hath done wrong when ever he committeth any sinne ..." (*Basilicon Doron*, 17). Certainly Shakespeare was well-acquainted with this short but popular didactic treatise, and, keeping in mind that Macbeth was specifically written as entertainment for the royal court, Shakespeare's inclusion of Macbeth's guilty conscience was a way in which he could both intrigue and

compliment King James.

Notable changes were made by Shakespeare in his depiction of Holinshed's three weird sisters, and it is apparent that the alterations were implemented partially to instill trepidation in the audience. Holinshed's sisters are "creatures of the elderwood ... nymphs or fairies" (*Chronicles* 268). Nymphs are generally regarded as goddesses of the mountains, forests, or waters, and they possess a great deal of youthful beauty. And similarly, fairies are defined as enchantresses, commonly taking a small and dainty human form. Holinshed's illustration of the creatures Macbeth chances upon is far removed from the portrayal Shakespeare gives us through Banquo:

What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? . . .
By each one her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so (I.III.39-46).

Shakespeare transforms the weird sisters into ugly, androgynous hags, and they distinctly take on a more sinister role than was assigned to them in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Shakespeare's sisters are far more theatrically captivating than the nymphs found in Holinshed's text. As with the dramatist's incorporation of the effects of the human conscience in *Macbeth,* it is probable that

Shakespeare took into account his monarch's position regarding witches when he altered the portrait of the weird sisters in Holinshed's work, thus capitalizing on the opportunity to subtly acknowledge and please King James.

II- The Historical Background of Macbeth:

Scholars generally agree that the drama was written around 1606 because various references in the play correspond to events that occurred in that year. Many also believe that it was composed for a performance before King James I, who had a deep interest in witchcraft. Quite possibly the play was one of the court entertainments offered to King Christian IV of Denmark during his visit to London in 1606. In addition, researchers suggest that Shakespeare may have written Macbeth to glorify King James's ancestry by associating him, through the historical Banquo, to the first Scottish king, Kenneth MacAlpin. The principal historical source for Macbeth is Raphael Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and lrelande (1577). However, Shakespeare took great liberties with this source, adapting various historical events to increase the dramatic effect of his tragedy.

Shakespeare displays a sensitive understanding of the human condition by dramatizing not only the way in which evil enters Macbeth's world, but also the devastating effect it has on those who yield to temptation and sin. Shakespeare concludes the tragedy on a hopeful note, however, for as awesome and corruptive as the evil is that pervades Macbeth, it is only temporary. Ultimately, time and order

are restored through the actions of the defenders of goodness.

III- Characterisation:

MACBETH

Macbeth is a brave and fearless soldier, and this aspect of his character has been stressed in the very beginning when King Duncan describes him as a brave warrior and an experienced general. This is initially shown by his having suppressed the revolt of the treacherous Macdonwald, the Thane of Cawdor and his ally, the King of Norway. He is referred to by Ross in the of the first act I scene ii as "*Bellona's bridegroom.*" The king calls him '*a pearless kinsman*', and other characters in the play call him '*noble*' and '*honourable*'. Lady Macbeth speaks of him as "*too full of the milk of human kindness*". She refers to him in the following words in Act I Scene v:

Glands thou art, and C'awdor; and shalt be
What thou art .promis'd.—Yet do Ifear thy nature:
It is too full a' 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.

The second part of her analysis points to a basic dishonesty in Macbeth and it is this aspect of his character that she ruthlessly attacks to overcome his doubts in Scene

vii. His wife denounces his uneasiness and rejection before and after Duncan's murder as cowardice and foolishness and later in Act III, she feels he has not improved. That there is evil within him is underlined by the fact that on his first appearance on the stage, he closely echoes the words of the witches when he says, *"so fair and foul a day, I have never seen:."* No doubt, he has great courage as a warrior, but even as a soldier he is frenzied, and there is something wild even in his fighting.

Macduff at the end of Act II appears to anticipate Banquo's suspicions that Macbeth has '*played most foully*' to gain the throne. By the end of Act III the decline in Macbeth's reputation is obvious; his title of the second half of the play, '*tyrant*', has been introduced. From now on there is not a good word uttered about Macbeth. At the end the '*cursed head*' of the '*dead butcher*' is displayed.

Macbeth the peerless kinsman and '*valiant cousin*' of king Duncan is ambitious to get the crown of Scotland. Indeed, ambition is the keynote of his character. And he is ambitious to have the kingship not (plainly for his own self, but also for his descendants.) It is this evil within him that transforms him from a noble hero and warrior into a usurper, tyrant, and murderer.

Macbeth has inclination for goodness and crime. He is over-ambitious. He was ambitious by nature, and the

tendency must have been strengthened by his marriage with Lady Macbeth, a woman of iron will and determination, and equally ambitious for his sake. Ambition held before him the glittering crown of Scotland as a very desirable object. The play makes it clear that the two; the husband and the wife— must have frequently talked about it and discussed the possibilities of their securing it. This ambition is now further stimulated by circumstances— by his remarkable success, by his consciousness of his own powers, and we may add by the prophecy of the witches. The course which his guilty ambition takes is loathing to his better nature, and it makes him wretched and miserable, but his passion for power is so overwhelming and powerful that it sweeps away all his fears.

He might have been content to get the crown of Scotland but the witches also prophesied that Banquo would father a dynasty of kings, and so his own children would not be kings.

Then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings,
Upon my head they plac'd a fruit less 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 fil'd my mind;
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.

Presumably, Macbeth had entered upon this course

from sheer personal ambition. Ironically, it is the more human part Macbeth— his desire to have more than a limited personal satisfaction. His desire to found a line, his wish to pass something on to later generations and to found a dynasty which prompts him to dispose of Banquo. Banquo who has risked nothing, who has remained upright, who has not d filed himself, will have kings for children; Macbeth, none.

He decides to get rid of Banquo and Fleance as they threaten the continuity of his dynasty. Banquo is killed but Fleance escapes.

It is because of his hopes for his own children and his fears of Banquo's that he visits the witches for counsel. They elusively soothe his fears, demonstrating two apparitions by which their counsel is revealed two babes: a crowned babe and a bloody babe.

As a result of Macbeth's crimes, he is to be obsessed by hallucinations. It makes him see the dagger as also the ghost of Banquo. It forces upon him the fatal consequences of the murder in all their terror. These imaginative phantasms disclose the voice of his conscience telling him that he would sleep no more, for "*he has murdered sleep*".

The character of Macbeth is sharply to develop. He is no longer "infirm of purpose" he becomes domineering, a brutal and a cool, pitiless hypocrite. Yet, he suffers divergence in his behavior, when his imagination is active,

reminding him of his awful deeds, he acts badly, and his face betrays his guilt. But when it is asleep, he is firm, self-controlled and practical. Then he becomes hateful, and we do not feel that pity and anxiety for him, which we feel for example, when Lady Macbeth castigate him with "*the valour of her tongue*" to overcome his opposition to the murder.

His imagination is an expression of all that is good in him, and it is this, which makes us sympathise with him. Despite his villainy and brutality, we realise that he is not a common murderer, hut an essentially noble and heroic character who acts against his better nature under the combined influence of his ambition, the taunts and jeers of his wife, and the prophecy of the witches.

Despite his being a brave, heroic soldier Macbeth is weak of will and is easily carried away by the suggestions and persuasions of others, and acts against his own better judgement. He is never, not even for a moment, unaware of the full enormity of his crime, and he also realises fully the futility of the murder that he has done. His remorse at the deed, his sense of futility, is clearly brought out when he says,

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant.
There is nothing serious in mortality.

It is generally admitted that the other murders of his are a logical corollary of the first one. He suffers from a

sense of insecurity, and fear of retribution. His sleepless torture would vanish, he thinks, if only he had no cause for fear. He is afraid of Banquo for he knows his secret, and he must make the throne secure for himself and his children. So Banquo is murdered. The murder brings him no peace. He still feels threatened because of Macduff who had denied, "*his person at our great biding*" is still living. Since Macduff is out of reach, he devises his vengeance on his wife and child. Still there is no sleep, no peace of soul. Then he bits upon the cause, or so he thinks, he is still '*young in deed,*'.

This copes well with the advice of the witches to be ruthless, bloody and bold. Thus he is embarked on a career of crime, and descends lower, and lower into the very depths of Hell. The flood of evil in his nature is now let loose, and he becomes a tyrant, a terror to his country:

Each new morn, New widows howl,

New orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven in the face.

As Macbeth hurries along his career of crime, the suspicion of the nobles, and of the people at large is aroused and ultimately he meets his doom at the hands of Macduff, "*The man not born of woman*".

Macbeth decides like a born hero to die fighting, and he fights in the end as ferociously as he did in the beginning. Macbeth voices this despair. His life is pointless.

He destroyed its meaning when he destroyed Duncan, when he ceased to be the loyal subject of the King. None of the good things—honour, love, and friendship—will be there to support him through his old age. He feels that he should fall and rot like a dead leaf. This deep pessimism is most evident when he is told that his wife is dead. In his grief (for he can still feel grief) he breaks out into perhaps the greatest of his soliloquies. Rather than passively waiting to die, Macbeth seizes the whole of life, of fate, and rouses himself to-action: '*At least we'll die with harness on our back*'. If Macbeth is vicious, which he undoubtedly is, he is also infinitely tragic in the way in which he rouses himself to active life. It is a rousing to action that can lead only to his death.

His is a desperate fight and his end is truly tragic. It makes us feel great pity for a man who has suffered so much, and awe that any human being could have been so crushed. At the start of the play we heard how Macbeth cut oil a traitor's head; at the end, his own head is brought in as a symbol that evil has been destroyed. Shakespeare has given us a peep into his tortured and anguished soul and skilfully aroused our sympathy for this man, even though he is the very symbol of tyranny and brutality.

LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth, the wife of Macbeth and later the Queen of Scotland, has been referred to as "the fourth witch" and Malcolm calls her, "*the fiend-like Queen*". It is she who 'chastises Macbeth by the 'valour of her tongue' overcomes his hesitation and drives him to commit the murder and so get the crown of Scotland. She is ruthless in the pursuit of this end, shows such iron will and determination as overcomes all obstacles in the way, and, but for her, Duncan would never have been murdered. She calls upon the powers that rule human destiny to unsex her, to take away from her all womanly charity and kindliness, and to fill her from top to bottom with direst cruelty. She seems to be a ruthless monster who would go to any extremes and use all possible means to achieve her end. But this is only an appearance, and as the action develops it becomes clear that in reality she is a woman with common feminine weaknesses.

It is to be noted in the very beginning that she is ambitious not for herself, but for her husband. She considers him to be fully worthy of the throne of Scotland, a part of the prophecy of the witches has already come true, and she would see to it that the other part of it is also fulfilled. The witches have prophesied the crown for Macbeth, and she is determined that he should have it:

Glands thou art, and Candor, and shalt be

What thou art promised.

No obstacles no hindrances, no thoughts of the future, deflect her from her purpose. She knows that her husband is infirm of purpose and without any doubt or wavering she sets herself to counteract this weakness. To her there is no separation between the will and the deed. As soon as Macbeth returns, she goes straight to the point without any greetings of wifely joy at his return, and permits him to speak of nothing else. She assumes the direction of affairs, animates him by picturing the deed as heroic, and overcomes his resistance by presenting him with a prepared scheme, which shall remove from it the terror and danger of deliberation. Her passionate courage sweeps him off his feel, his admiration for her is aroused,

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose,
Nothing but males,.and the deed is done.

But her essential femininity is noticeable from the very beginning. That she has womanly feelings is revealed by her famous words:

Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

She had to make herself 'bold' with wine even to go through her minor part. Again, her womanly feeling is revealed in the following:

I have given suck, and I know
How tender it is to love the babe that milks me.

She faints on hearing that her husband has killed the two grooms and there is no reason to suppose that the faint is not real. She succeeds in repressing her real womanliness only for a time and when the first flush of enthusiasm is over, when the deed has been done, she gradually breaks down, and ultimately becomes the pathetic wreck of the sleep-walking scene. Such would never have been the case, were she entirely devoid of human feeling.

Lady Macbeth is a lady of immense self-control and sound practical sense. With admirable courage and determination, she takes upon herself the direction of affairs, and arranges all the practical details for the commission of the murder. It is she who makes the grooms drunk and who hits upon the idea that the crime must be fastened upon them. 'She tells her husband to go and wash the blood oil his hands and then seeing he has brought out the daggers, she summons up her courage to take them back to the chamber and so ensure their alibi. When she returns to hear the knocking at the gate, she is again practical. She decides that they must put on their night-clothes so that it will seem that they have both been in bed all this while. She shows this very practical sense and self-control in the banquet-scene. It is her presence of mind that saves the situation. The appearance of Banquo's ghost and Macbeth's reaction to it entirely ruin the feast. Macbeth's hysteria is increased when it becomes clear that the ghost is visible only to him. Neither Lady Macbeth nor the guests can understand his

terror. With quick-witted invention Lady Macbeth makes up an excuse: "*Macbeth has had this illness since his youth. It is nothing".* They should take no notice of it. She tries her hardest to make him pull himself together, but to no effect. Lady Macbeth's last resort is to ask the guests not to question him and then, with a complete lack of ceremony, she tells them all to go home. Doubts are aroused, but a full disclosure is prevented.

Lady Macbeth's lack of imagination makes her totally insensible to the consequence of the crime that has been committed. It is only later in the play that she realises the futility as well as the enormity of the crime they have committed. "*A little water clears us of this deed*." This is simply her notion of how to get rid of a guilt. It is owing to the dullness of her imagination that she does not understand the real nature of her husband, or the consequence of their crime. Nor does she understand herself any better than him. The realisation of' the hideousness of their crime comes to her soon after the murder with the shock of' a sudden disclosure, and at once she begins to sink. The glory of her dream soon fades away, and exhausted and sleepless she exclaims

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfume of Arabia

Will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Disillusionment and despair prey upon her more and more. She takes practically no part in the action, and gradually recedes into the background. Her nature breaks down and we get the pathetic spectacle of the sleep-walking scene—the culmination of a long process of decay and dissolution. However appalling she may be, but she is sublime. In the sleep-walking scene she is a broken, frustrated woman. The strain of keeping up appearances has been too much for her. Shakespeare has made us pity her, evil though she is.

BANQUO, The Foil to MACBETH

It was Shakespeare's usual practice to bring together contrasted characters, so that one served as a foil to the other. In the present play. Macbeth and Banquo are such characters and Banquo, an essentially honest man, serves to throw into sharp relief the evil that is there in Macbeth.

Banquo like Macbeth is a brave general and heroic warrior. Ross and the wounded soldier praise his courage and heroism, as they do that of Macbeth himself. Duncan refers to them both as our captains and considers both of them equally worthy of his love and regard. But here the similarity between the two ceases. Banquo is honest, while there is the germ of evil in Macbeth. This is clearly highlighted by their different reactions to the prophecy of the witches. Macbeth gives a start when it is prophesied that he would be the future King of Scotland, while Banquo

is not at all startled 'when it is predicted that his sons would be the future kings of Scotland. He questions them about his own future but the-witches' replies are particularly ambiguous. He will be 'lesser than Macbeth, and 'greater', and 'not so happy, yet much happier'. He is also told: *'Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.'* As is always the case with the witches' prophecies, these predictions come true. Banquo will not achieve Macbeth's position of the king, but by preserving his integrity he will be the greater man. He will not murder indeed, be will be murdered) but will be spared Macbeth's guilty suffering

The third prophecy, that he will be father to a line of kings is vital in explaining Macbeth's subsequent fear of Banquo and the reason why he has to have him killed. He is far more suspicious of the witches than Macbeth is, and he gives Macbeth a warning

often times, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles,
to betrays in deepest consequence.

This, of course, is the truth. Banquo is essentially an honest and noble man. He is certainly ambitious but he does not adopt crooked means to realise his ambition. Macbeth pays a high tribute to his nobility.

When Macbeth tells him that, if he will cleave to his consent,"*it shall make honour for you*", he replies,

So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counselled.

Banquo is an essentially nobleman, but that does not mean that he remains honest and noble throughout. The prophecy of the witches works also on him, and corrupts his essentially noble nature. Banquo alone knows of the prophecy, he alone suspects Macbeth, but still he does nothing to bring him to book. Rather, he accepts Macbeth's accession, goes to Scone for his coronation, and accepts the theory that Duncan's sons had bribed the grooms to murder him. This is so because he has yielded to evil; the witches and his own ambition have conquered him. In 'me of his famous soliloquies he reveals that he fears that Macbeth has "*played most foully*" for the throne, but still he does not speak a word against him, and the reason is,

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 get me up in hope.

Banquo is a brave and shrewd man, practical and self-controlled. Throughout the play, Banquo appears hardheaded and intelligent, unlike Macbeth, is loyal and a good subject. It is he who, when the murder has been made public, suggests that all concerned, should meet to discuss

the consequences. He also guesses, quite rightly, that Macbeth has murdered his way to the throne. He realises the sickedness of what Macbeth has done and how the prophecy has been fulfilled. Banquo does not lack worldly ambition; he merely disdains evil methods to achieve it.

In his soliloquy in Act III, scene I, however, Shakespeare makes Macbeth's reasons for wanting to be rid of Banquo perfectly clear. If Banquo's children do succeed to the throne, then he has murdered and sold his soul for nothing, and is suffering the pangs of conscience to no end. In the desperate attempt to secure safety, Banquo must be destroyed. At the beginning of Act III, we see Macbeth questioning him and finding out the time and place he can have Banquo killed, the murder taking place in Act III, scene iii. The fact that it happens as Banquo is returning to Macbeth's Castle for the feast only underlines the depths of deceit of which Macbeth is capable. The escape of Fleance, Banquo's son, confirms that the witches' prophecy will be fulfilled. This incompetent murder-attempt shows man's inability to master of his own fate. Neither is Macbeth master of his emotions. Banquo's last and most dramatic role is his ghostly appearance at the feast. The good and loyal man returns to haunt the private world of Macbeth's guilt. His closest friend becomes one of his cruellest tormentors, the instrument of bringing him to book.

MACDUFF, the Man not Born of Woman

Macduff, the worthy Thane of Fife, the man not born of woman, is as brave and heroic as Banquo and Macbeth, but he remains honest throughout. He suspects Macbeth from the very beginning, and so does not go to his coronation at Scone, nor does he rush to the banquet given by Macbeth to celebrate the occasion. His behaviour is in sharp contrast with that of Banquo in this respect. The result is Macbeth is incensed against him and his doubts and fears are confirmed when the witches tell him,

Beware Macduff

Beware the Thane of Fife

According to their advice, he decides to be bloody and bold, and as Macduff flies to England to meet Malcolm, Macbeth has his wife-and children brutally murdered. Fault has been found with Macduff for flying from Scotland and leaving his wife and child at the mercy of the tyrant. However, it must be recognised that he could not have imagined that Macbeth would be cruel enough to butcher even women and innocent children. And the dire calamity that befalls him, together with his patriotism, fires him with a desire for revenge.

Macduff goes to England not out of fear, but to help the rightful King of Scotland to free his country from the tyranny of Macbeth. He sacrifices his wife and children for the sake of his country. Malcolm tests his loyalty by pretending to be more wicked than Macbeth in every respect. He passes the test successfully and is affectionately

accepted by Malcom.

No sooner has this brave and straightforward man passed these tests than he is told of the slaughter of his 'wife and children. Their death is the price he has paid for flying to England to seek Malcolm's return and his country's safety. At first the news of this mass murder seems to crush Macduff and we feel for him deeply sorrowful. He has suffered a hideous injustice. Simultaneously we see the full measure of Macbeth's evil. Because of our sympathy for him, we begin to feel the very real good that Malcolm and his forces can bring to Scotland. We want them to win now and we want Macduff to have his chance of single combat with Macbeth.

It is Macduff, fighting both for his country and his own revenge, who gives the order for battle. Now, as the English forces start to recruit, Macduff resolves either to fight Macbeth or no one else. "*my sword with an unbuttered edge /I sheathe again undeeded*'. We watch his meeting with Macbeth and watch the fight between the two men. Macduff is Macbeth's last and most telling cause for despair, he understands the hatred Macduff has for him and he has purposely sought to avoid fighting him. Now he is challenged by him and he tells Macduff of one of the last of the witches' prophecies,

I bear a charmed life; which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff explains the nature of his birth: a Caesarean operation. He was not horn by the efforts of a woman but was from his '*mother's womb ultimately ripped*'. This destroys Macbeth's last hope, it is this truth that forces him to acknowledge that the Witches are but ' *juggling fiends*'

Macduff is the good, the brave man of action. He takes over the role played by Macbeth at the start of the play, when he cut Macdonwald's head. Macduff is the trusted and loyal man of action in the service of his rightful king. It is through him that poetic justice has been meted out to the hero-turned villain.

KING DUNCAN

"The noble, generous, honest and grateful"

Duncan is presented to us as a dignified, gentle and appreciative ruler. Macbeth is aware of Duncan's virtues and sees the enormity of his proposed murder of him:

This Duncan
Hat/i born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpei-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off

Duncan is generous and noble, and he is also grateful. He is always ready to recognise merit in others and reward those who have shown great courage and heroism in putting down the revolt of-the - -treacherous Macdonwald, and later

in repelling the attack of the king of Norway. Duncan not only praises him highly, calls him a "*noble kinsman*", but also rewards him and makes him the Thane of Cawdor. In order further to show his appreciation of his services he honours him by becoming his guest for the night.

Malcolm refers to him "*as a most sainted king*", for he has all the essential qualities of a good king. He has holiness, generosity and sense of justice, which make him quick both in punishing and rewarding. He is quick to order the execution of the Thane of Cawdor for his treachery, and equally quick to reward Macbeth by at once declaring him to be the new Thane of Cawdor. It is his saintliness, which makes his murder so very vile and revolting.

MALCOLM, the New King

The young Malcolm is the rightful heir to the throne of Scotland, and this point is stressed by Duncan's nominating him as his heir in the very beginning of the play before the old king is murdered. He is shrewd and practical. He can take quick decisions. It is he who decides that he and his younger brother Donalbian should separate, he to go to England to secure help from the saintly king of England, and Donalbian to try his luck in Ireland.

When he again appears on the stage, he has been in England for some time and has also secured the promise of the good king of England, that he would extend all possible

help to him to free Scotland from the tyranny of Macbeth. Malcolm's youth is important. It seems to bring with it the promise of hope. It is he who orders his soldiers to camouflage themselves with the boughs from Birnam wood; he thereby fulfils the prophecy and so shakes Macbeth's confidence in the Witches. Malcolm's victory over Macbeth is relatively easy one, but his final speech at the end of the play shows him to be at once young, efficient and good. His coronation restores peace, truth and legitimate kingship to Scotland. His last words in the play announce the destruction of evil and disorder, and restoration of order, harmony and peace by a young and rightful king of the country.

Everything will henceforth be done, "*in measure, time and place.*" The tyrant, the source of disorder, is dead and the new king will soon establish a new order in the country. We thus get a glimpse of a peaceful state ruled over by a young, shrewd and honest king.

ROSS and ANGUS, 'Chorus' Characters

Ross and Angus are two honest Thanes of Scotland. They are minor figures, but the role they play is an important one. They are chorus or mechanical characters, such as are usually introduced by Shakespeare in his plays. By their comments and the information they provide, they create a sense of the larger and wider life of Scotland, and in

this way relate the goings-on in the court and the courtly circles with the life in general. It is through their comments that we learn of the impact of the tyranny of Macbeth on the common people of Scotland. We know through them that Macbeth is hated, the people have no love for him and in case of Malcolm's return they would stand solidly with him.

They make their appearance almost in the very beginning of the play, and they also appear in the last scene. They bring to Duncan the news of the victory, which Macbeth has won and it is they who carry to Macbeth, the news that Duncan has conferred upon Macbeth the title of the Thane of Cawdor. They are also among the nobles who accompany Duncan to Inverness.

Ross gives, in his talk with the Old Man, an account of the portents, which were witnessed during the night of Duncan's murder. After pointing out that the heavens seemed troubled with the previous night's unnatural act, he tells the Old Man that Duncan's horses had rushed out of their stalls in the stable as if they wanted to make war with mankind; and he corroborates the Old Man's statement that the horses devoured each other. His account supplemented by the Old Man's remarks contributes to the atmosphere of terror in the play. Ross is among the guests present at Macbeth's royal banquet and he witnesses Macbeth's discomfiture at seeing the ghost of Banquo.

Ross is the man who brings to Lady Macduff the news that her husband has fled from Scotland. When Lady Macduff accuses her husband of having acted in an irresponsible manner, and of having No love for them, Ross defends him, describing him as "noble, wise, judicious." Seeing Lady Macduff's distress, Ross is moved to deep sympathy and is on the verge of tears. It is Ross who informs Malcolm and Macduff, who are at this time in England, of the distressing conditions that prevail in Scotland under Macbeth's rule. It cannot be called our mother but our grave, says he in the course of his description of the misery that the people are suffering there. On this occasion, he also breaks to Macduff the painful news of the slaughter of his family under Macbeth's orders. This news whets Macduff's ire against Macbeth and makes him resolve to avenge himself upon that man. Finally, it is Ross who breaks to Old Siward the tragic news of the death of his son in the battlefield.

IV- Dramatic Irony in MACBETH.

Dramatic irony may be defined as the introduction of actions and situations or the use of words, the real significance of which is not realised by the other characters on the stage, or by the speaker himself it is realised by the audience or the readers. Sometimes the real significance of words, actions and situations is realised only at a later stage in the play, and hence what happens later on becomes an ironic comment on the earlier words and actions. It is also called Sophoclean irony, for Sophocles the Greek

dramatist, had made more intensive and frequent use of it in his plays than any other dramatist. Shakespeare has used this type of irony more frequently and abundantly in Macbeth than in his other plays. From the beginning to the end, the play is steeped in irony. The real significance of words, actions, situations etc. is not realised by the actor at the time they are spoken or done, but becomes clear at a much later point in the action. The contrast between appearance and reality is thus stressed and the impression of mysterious fatal forces hovering round man and driving him to his doom is thus heightened. The extensive use of this kind or irony in Macbeth serves to intensify its atmosphere of supernatural dread and horror.

A few instances would serve to drive the point home. The very first words uttered by Macbeth,

So foul and fair a day I have not seen,

Are ironical for they startle the readers by recalling the words of the witches in Scene 1

Fair is foul and foul is fair,

When Macbeth, emerging from his murderous thoughts, says to the nobles, '*Let us toward the king*', his words are innocent, but to the readers they carry a double meaning. Duncan's words on the treachery of Cawdor are ironical:

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our 'bosom interest:

He does not know that the new Thane of Cawdor will deceive his 'bosom interest' more grievously than the first.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

V- MACBETH and Lear, Othello and Hamlet

MACBETH and Lear, Othello and Hamlet, are usually reckoned Shakespeare's four principal tragedies. Lear stands first for the profound intensity of the passion; Macbeth for the wildness of the imagination and the rapidity of the action; Othello for the progressive interest and powerful alternations of feeling; Hamlet for the refined development of thought and sentiment. If the force of genius shown in each of these works is astonishing, their variety is not less so. They are like different creations of the same mind, not one of which has the slightest reference to the rest. This distinctness and originality is indeed the necessary consequence of truth and nature. Shakespeare’s genius alone appeared to possess the resources of nature. He is "your only tragedy maker." His plays have the force of things upon the mind. What he represents is brought home to the bosom as a part of our experience, implanted in the memory as if we had known the places, persons, and things of which he treats. MACBETH is like a record of a preternatural and tragic event. It has the rugged severity of an old chronicle with all that the imagination of the poet can engraft upon traditional belief. The castle of Macbeth, round which "the air smells wooingly," and where "the temple-

haunting martlet builds," has a real subsistence in the mind; the Weïrd Sisters meet us in person on "the blasted heath;" the "air-drawn dagger" moves slowly before our eyes; the "gracious Duncan," the "blood-boultered Banquo" stand before us; all that passed through the mind of Macbeth passes, without the loss of a little, through our's. All that could actually take place, and all that is only possible to be conceived, what was said and what was done, the workings of passion, the spells of magic, are brought before us with the same absolute truth and vividness.--Shakespear excelled in the openings of his plays: that of Macbeth is the most striking of any. The wildness of the scenery, the sudden shifting of the situations and characters, the bustle, the expectations excited, are equally extraordinary. From the first entrance of the Witches and the description of them when they meet Macbeth,

----"What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of th' earth
And yet are on't?"
The mind is prepared for all that follows.

This tragedy is alike distinguished for the lofty imagination it displays, and for the tumultuous vehemence of the action; and the one is made the moving principle of the other. The overwhelming pressure of preternatural agency urges on the tide of human passion with redoubled force. Macbeth himself appears driven along by the violence

of his fate like a vessel drifting before a storm; he reels to and fro like a drunken man; he staggers under the weight of his own purposes and the suggestions of others; he stands at bay with his situation; and from the superstitious awe and breathless suspense into which the communications of the Weïrd Sisters throw him, is hurried on with daring impatience to verify their predictions, and with impious and bloody hand to tear aside the veil which hides the uncertainty of the future. He is not equal to the struggle with fate and conscience. He now "bends up each corporal instrument to the terrible feat;" at other times his heart misgives him, and he is cowed and abashed by his success. "The deed, no less than the attempt, confounds him." His mind is assailed by the stings of remorse, and full of "preternatural solicitings." His speeches and soliloquies are dark riddles on human life, baffling solution, and entangling him in their labyrinths. In thought he is absent and perplexed, sudden and desperate in act, from a distrust of his own resolution. His energy springs from the anxiety and agitation of his mind. His blindly rushing forward on the objects of his ambition and revenge, or his recoiling from them, equally betrays the harassed state of his feelings.--This part of his character is admirably set off by being brought in connection with that of Lady Macbeth, whose obdurate strength of will and masculine firmness give her the ascendancy over her husband's faultering virtue. She at once seizes on the opportunity that offers for the accomplishment of all their wished-for greatness, and never

flinches from her object till all is over. The magnitude of her resolution almost covers the magnitude of her guilt. She is a great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate. She does not excite our loathing and abhorrence like Regan and Gonerill. She is only wicked to gain a great end; and is perhaps more distinguished by her commending presence of mind and inexorable self-will, which do not suffer her to be diverted from a bad purpose, when once formed, by week and womanly regrets, than by the hardness of her heart or want of natural affections. The impression which her lofty determination of character makes on the mind of Macbeth is well described where he exclaims,

----"Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males!"

Nor do the pains she is at to "screw his courage to the sticking-place", the reproach to him, not to be "lost so poorly in himself," the assurance that "a little water clears them of this deed," shew any thing but her greater consistency in depravity. Her strong-nerved ambition furnishes ribs of steel to "the sides of his intent;" and she is herself wound up to the execution of her baneful project with the same unshrinking fortitude in crime, that in other circumstances she would probably have shewn patience in suffering. The deliberate sacrifice of all other considerations to the gaining "for their future days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom," by the murder of Duncan, is gorgeously

expressed in her invocation on hearing of "his fatal entrance under her battlements:"--

----"Come all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here:
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murthering 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 heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!"--

When she first hears that "Duncan comes there to sleep" she is so overcome by the news, which is beyond her utmost expectations, that she answers the messenger, "Thou'rt mad to say it:" and on receiving her husband's account of the predictions of the Witches, conscious of his instability of purpose, and that her presence is necessary to goad him on to the consummation of his promised greatness, she exclaims--

----"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the velour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal."

This swelling exultation and keen spirit of triumph, this uncontrollable eagerness of anticipation, which seems to dilate her form and take possession of all her faculties, this solid, substantial flesh and blood display of passion, exhibit a striking contrast to the cold, abstracted, gratuitous, servile malignity of the witches, who are equally instrumental in urging Macbeth to his fate for the mere love of mischief, and from a disinterested delight in deformity and cruelty. They are hags of mischief, obscene panders to iniquity, malicious from their impotence of enjoyment, enamoured of destruction, because they are themselves unreal, abortive, half-existences, who become sublime from their exemption from all human sympathies and contempt for all human affairs, as Lady Macbeth does by the force of passion! Her fault seems to have been an excess of that strong principle of self-interest and family aggrandizement, not amenable to the common feelings of compassion and justice, which is so marked a feature in barbarous nations and times. A passing reflection of this kind, on the resemblance of the sleeping king to her father, alone prevents her from slaying Duncan with her own hand.

Speaking about the character of Lady Macbeth, We can conceive of nothing grander. It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was tragedy personified. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut. She was like a person bewildered and unconscious of what she did. Her lips moved involuntarily--all her gestures were involuntary and mechanical. She glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life, not to be forgotten.

The dramatic beauty of the character of Duncan, which excites the respect and pity even of his murderers, has been often pointed out. It forms a picture of itself. An instance of the author's power of giving a striking effect to a common reflection, by the manner of introducing it, occurs in a speech of Duncan, complaining of his having been deceived in his opinion of the Thane of Cawdor, at the very moment that he is expressing the most unbounded confidence in the loyalty and services of Macbeth.

"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.
O worthiest cousin, (addressing himself to Macbeth)

The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was great upon me," &c.

Another passage to show that Shakespeare lost sight of nothing that could in any way give relief or heightening to his subject, is the conversation which takes place between Banquo and Fleance immediately before the murder-scene of Duncan.

"Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Fleance. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banquo. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.--
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

In like manner, a fine idea is given of the gloomy coming on of evening, just as Banquo is going to be assassinated,

"Light thickens and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"
"Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."

MACBETH (generally speaking) is done upon a stronger and more systematic principle of contrast than any other of Shakespeare's plays. It moves upon the verge of an abyss, and is a constant struggle between life and death. The action is desperate and the reaction is dreadful. It is a

huddling together of fierce extremes, a war of opposite natures which of them shall destroy the other. There is nothing but what has a violent end or violent beginnings! The lights and shades are laid on with a determined hand; the transitions from triumph to despair, from the height of terror to the repose of death, are sudden and startling; every passion brings in its fellow - contrary, and the thoughts pitch and jostle against each other as in the dark. The whole play is an unruly chaos of strange and forbidden things, where the ground rocks under our feet, Shakespeare's genius here took its full swing, and trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion. This circumstance will account for the abruptness and violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression, and from defects will turn them into beauties. "So fair and foul a day I have not seen," &c. "Such welcome and unwelcome news together." "Men's lives are like the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken." "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." The scene before the castle gate follows the appearance of the Witches on the heath, and is followed by a midnight murder. Duncan is cut off betimes by treason leagued with witchcraft, and Macduff is ripped untimely from his mother's womb to avenge his death. Macbeth, after the death of Banquo, wishes for his presence in extravagant terms, "To him and all we thirst," and when his ghost appears, cries out, "Avaunt and quit my sight," and being gone, he is "himself again." Macbeth resolves to get rid of

Macduff, that "he may sleep in spite of thunder;" and cheers his wife on the doubtful intelligence of Banquo's taking-off with the encouragement--"Then be thou jocund: ere the bat has flown his cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons the shard-born beetle has rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done--a deed of dreadful note." In Lady Macbeth's speech "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't," there is murder and filial piety together, and in urging him to fulfil his vengeance against the defenseless king, her thoughts spare the blood neither of infants nor old age. The description of the Witches is full of the same contradictory principle; they "rejoice when good kings bleed," they ate neither of the earth nor the air, but both; "they should be women, but their beards forbid it;" they take all the pains possible to lead Macbeth on to the height of his ambition, only to betray him in deeper consequence, and after strewing him all the pomp of their art, discover their malignant delight in his disappointed hopes, by that bitter taunt, "Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?" We might multiply such instances every where.

The leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought at first only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is observed in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Macbeth in Shakespear no more loses his identity of character in the

fluctuations of fortune or the storm of passion, than Macbeth in himself would have lost the identity of his person. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard III as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters in common hands, and indeed in the hands of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers, both aspiring and ambitious, both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is from his birth deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of "the milk of human kindness," is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty. Richard on the contrary needs no prompter, but wades through a series of crimes to the height of his ambition from the ungovernable violence of his temper and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villainies: Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit, and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity, he owns no fellowship with others, he is "himself alone." Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even made in some

measure the dupe of his uxoriousness, ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the causes which have made him weary of life, and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity--

"For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind--
For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings."

In the agitation of his thoughts, he envies those whom he has sent to peace. "Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."--It is true, he becomes more callous as he plunges deeper in guilt, "direness is thus rendered familiar to his slaughterous thoughts," and he in the end anticipates his wife in the boldness and bloodiness of his enterprises, while she for want of the same stimulus of action, is "troubled with thick-coming fancies that rob her of her rest," goes mad and dies. Macbeth endeavours to escape from reflection on his crimes by repelling their consequences, and banishes remorse for the past by the meditation of future mischief. This is not the principle of Richard's cruelty, which resembles the wanton malice of a fiend as much as the frailty of human passion. Macbeth is goaded on to acts of violence and retaliation by necessity; to Richard, blood is a pastime.--There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting, hardened knave, wholly regardless of every thing but his own ends, and the

means to secure them--Not so Macbeth. The superstitions of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not strewn to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double thrall of his passions and his evil destiny. Richard is not a character either of imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. The apparitions which he sees only haunt him in his sleep; nor does he live like Macbeth in a waking dream. Macbeth has considerable energy and manliness of character; but then he is "subject to all the skyey influences." He is sure of nothing but the present moment. Richard in the busy turbulence of his projects never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In his last extremity we can only regard him as a wild beast taken in the toils: we never entirely lose our concern for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy--

"My way of life is fallen into the sear,
The yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age,
As honour, troops of friends, I must not look to have;

But in their stead, curses not loud but deep,
Mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart
Would fain deny and dare not."

Shakespeare's Witches are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spellbound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul.-- They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them.--Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The Weïrd Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth.