



South Valley University
Faculty of Education
Department of English
Second Year – **Basic Education**

Drama

2nd Year- Basic Education

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Preface

This course introduces students to Elizabethan Drama. In this course, students will explore the development of Elizabethan Drama and theatre as a mirror of the Golden Elizabethan Age. In addition to a background about the age and its dramatic texts in general, they will study the works of the major playwrights of that era starting with a major focus on Shakespeare, moving to other Elizabethan dramatists. Upon the completion of this course, students will be able to: Identify Elizabethan dramatists and their plays, analyze some Elizabethan plays and locate the social, political and philosophical issues which impacted the major Elizabethan playwrights including Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Jonson.

Best Wishes & Regards

Dr. Nabil Abdel Fattah

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Renaissance: Elizabethan and Jacobean period

The period known as the English Renaissance, approximately 1500–1660, saw a flowering of the drama and all the arts. The two candidates for the earliest comedy in English Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* (c. 1552) and the anonymous *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (c. 1566), belong to the 16th century.

During the reign of Elizabeth I (1558–1603) and then James I (1603–25), in the late 16th and early 17th century, a London-centred culture, that was both courtly and popular, produced great poetry and drama. The English playwrights were intrigued by Italian model: a conspicuous community of Italian actors had settled in London. The linguist and lexicographer John Florio (1553–1625), whose father was Italian, was a royal language tutor at the Court of James I, and a possible friend of and influence on William Shakespeare, had brought much of the Italian language and culture to England. He was also the translator of Montaigne into English. The earliest Elizabethan plays include *Gorboduc* (1561) by Sackville and Norton and Thomas Kyd's (1558–94) revenge tragedy *The Spanish Tragedy* (1592), that influenced Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

William Shakespeare stands out in this period as a poet and playwright as yet unsurpassed. Shakespeare was not a man of letters by profession, and probably had only some grammar school education. He was neither a lawyer, nor an aristocrat as

the "university wits" that had monopolised the English stage when he started writing. But he was very gifted and incredibly versatile, and he surpassed "professionals" as Robert Greene who mocked this "shake-scene" of low origins. He was himself an actor and deeply involved in the running of the theatre company that performed his plays. Most playwrights at this time tended to specialise in, either histories, or comedies, or tragedies. but Shakespeare is remarkable in that he produced all three types. His 38 plays include tragedies, comedies, and histories. In addition, he wrote his so-called "problem plays", or "bitter comedies", that includes, amongst others, Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida, A Winter's Tale and All's Well that Ends Well.^[7]

His early classical and Italianate comedies, like A Comedy of Errors, containing tight double plots and precise comic sequences, give way in the mid-1590s to the romantic atmosphere of his greatest comedies,^[8] A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night. After the lyrical Richard II, written almost entirely in verse, Shakespeare introduced prose comedy into the histories of the late 1590s, Henry IV, parts 1 and 2, and Henry V. This period begins and ends with two tragedies: Romeo and Juliet, and Julius Caesar, based on Sir Thomas North's 1579 translation of Plutarch's Parallel Lives, which introduced a new kind of drama.^[9]

Though most of his plays met with success, it was in his later years, that Shakespeare wrote what have been considered his greatest plays: Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra. In his final period, Shakespeare turned to romance or tragicomedy and completed three more major plays: Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest, as well as the collaboration, Pericles, Prince of

Tyre. Less bleak than the tragedies, these four plays are graver in tone than the comedies of the 1590s, but they end with reconciliation and the forgiveness of potentially tragic errors.^[10] Shakespeare collaborated on two further surviving plays, Henry VIII and The Two Noble Kinsmen, probably with John Fletcher.^[11]

Other important playwrights of this period include Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Dekker, John Fletcher Francis Beaumont, Ben Jonson, and John Webster.

Other important figures in Elizabethan theatre include Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593), Thomas Dekker (c. 1572 – 1632), John Fletcher (1579–1625) and Francis Beaumont (1584–1616). Marlowe (1564–1593) was born only a few weeks before Shakespeare and must have known him. Marlowe's subject matter is different from Shakespeare's as it focuses more on the moral drama of the renaissance man than any other thing. Marlowe was fascinated and terrified by the new frontiers opened by modern science. Drawing on German lore, he introduced the story of Faust to England in his play Doctor Faustus (c. 1592), a scientist and magician who is obsessed by the thirst of knowledge and the desire to push man's technological power to its limits. At the end of a twenty-four years' covenant with the devil he has to surrender his soul to him. Beaumont and Fletcher are less-known, but they may have helped Shakespeare write some of his best dramas, and were popular at the time. One of Beaumont and Fletcher's chief merits was that of realising how feudalism and chivalry had turned into snobbery and make-believe and that new social classes were on the rise. Beaumont's comedy, The Knight of the Burning Pestle (1607), satirises the rising middle class and especially of those nouveaux riches who pretend to dictate literary taste without knowing much literature at all.

Ben Jonson (1572/3-1637) is best known for his satirical plays, particularly *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*.^[12] He was also often engaged to write courtly masques, ornate plays where the actors wore masks. Ben Jonson's aesthetics have roots in the Middle Ages as his characters are based on the theory of humours. However, the stock types of Latin literature were an equal influence.^[13] Jonson therefore tends to create types or caricatures. However, in his best work, characters are "so vitally rendered as to take on a being that transcends the type".^[14] He is a master of style, and a brilliant satirist. Jonson's famous comedy *Volpone* (1605 or 1606) shows how a group of scammers are fooled by a top con-artist, vice being punished by vice, virtue meting out its reward. Others who followed Jonson's style include Beaumont and Fletcher, whose comedy, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (c. 1607–08), satirizes the rising middle class and especially of those *nouveaux riches* who pretend to dictate literary taste without knowing much about literature at all. In the story, a grocer and his wife wrangle with the professional actors to have their illiterate son play a leading role in the play.

A popular style of theatre during Jacobean times was the revenge play, which had been popularised earlier in the Elizabethan era by Thomas Kyd (1558–94), and then subsequently developed by John Webster (1578–1632) in the 17th century.

Webster's major plays, *The White Devil* (c. 1609 – 1612) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (c. 1612/13), are macabre, disturbing works. Webster has received a reputation for being the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatist with the most unsparingly dark vision of human nature. Webster's tragedies present a horrific vision of mankind and in his poem "Whispers of Immortality," T. S. Eliot memorably says, that Webster always saw "the skull beneath the skin". While Webster's drama was generally dismissed in

the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there has been "a strong revival of interest" in the 20th century.^[15]

Other revenge tragedies include *The Changeling* written by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, *The Atheist's Tragedy* by Cyril Tourneur, first published in 1611, Christopher Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* by George Chapman, *The Malcontent* (c. 1603) of John Marston and John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Besides *Hamlet*, other plays of Shakespeare's with at least some revenge elements, are *Titus Andronicus*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Macbeth*.

George Chapman (?1559-?1634) was a successful playwright who produced comedies (his collaboration on *Eastward Hoe* led to his brief imprisonment in 1605 as it offended the King with its anti-Scottish sentiment), tragedies (most notably *Bussy D'Ambois*) and court masques (*The Memorable Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn*), but who is now remembered chiefly for his translation in 1616 of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The Tragedy of Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry, a closet drama written by Elizabeth Tanfield Cary (1585–1639) and first published in 1613, was the first original play in English known to have been written by a woman.

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare (bapt.^[a] baptised 26^[a] April 1564 – 23 April 1616)^[b] was an English playwright, poet and actor. He is widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist.^{[3][4][5]} He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon" (or simply "the Bard"). His extant works, including collaborations, consist of some 39 plays, 154 sonnets, three long narrative poems, and a few other verses, some of uncertain authorship. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.^[6] Shakespeare remains arguably the most influential writer in the English language, and his works continue to be studied and reinterpreted.

Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Sometime between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part-owner (sharer) of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. At age 49 (around 1613), he appears to have retired to Stratford, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive; this has stimulated considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, his sexuality, his religious beliefs and whether the works attributed to him were written by others.^{[7][8][9]}

Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613.^{[10][11]} His early plays were primarily comedies and histories and are regarded as some of the best works produced in these genres. He then wrote mainly tragedies until 1608, among them *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, all considered to be among the finest works in the English language.^{[3][4][5]} In the last phase of his life, he wrote tragicomedies (also known as romances) and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of Shakespeare's plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. However, in 1623, John Heminges and Henry Condell, two fellow actors and friends of Shakespeare's, published a more definitive text known as the First Folio, a posthumous collected edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works that includes 36 of his plays. Its Preface was a prescient poem by Ben Jonson, a former rival of Shakespeare, that hailed Shakespeare with the now famous epithet: "not of an age, but for all time".^[12]

Shakespeare was the son of John Shakespeare, an alderman and a successful glover (glove-maker) originally from Snitterfield in Warwickshire, and Mary Arden, the daughter of an affluent landowning family.^[13] He was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was baptised on 26 April 1564. His date of birth is unknown, but is traditionally observed on 23 April, Saint George's Day.^[11] This date, which can be traced to William Oldys and George Steevens, has proved appealing to biographers because Shakespeare died on the same date in 1616.^{[14][15]} He was the third of eight children, and the eldest surviving son.^[16]

Although no attendance records for the period survive, most biographers agree that Shakespeare was probably educated at the King's New School in Stratford,^{[17][18][19]} a free school chartered in 1553,^[20] about a quarter-mile (400 m) from his home. Grammar schools varied in quality during the Elizabethan era, but grammar school curricula were largely similar: the basic Latin text was standardised by royal decree,^{[21][22]} and the school would have provided an intensive education in grammar based upon Latin classical authors.^[23]

At the age of 18, Shakespeare married 26-year-old Anne Hathaway. The consistory court of the Diocese of Worcester issued a marriage licence on 27 November 1582. The next day, two of Hathaway's neighbours posted bonds guaranteeing that no lawful claims impeded the marriage.^[24] The ceremony may have been arranged in some haste since the Worcester chancellor allowed the marriage banns to be read once instead of the usual three times,^{[25][26]} and six months after the marriage Anne gave birth to a daughter, Susanna, baptised 26 May 1583.^[27] Twins, son Hamnet and daughter Judith, followed almost two years later and were baptised 2 February 1585.^[28] Hamnet died of unknown causes at the age of 11 and was buried 11 August 1596.^[29]

After the birth of the twins, Shakespeare left few historical traces until he is mentioned as part of the London theatre scene in 1592. The exception is the appearance of his name in the "complaints bill" of a law case before the Queen's Bench court at Westminster dated Michaelmas Term 1588 and 9 October 1589.^[30] Scholars refer to the years between 1585 and 1592 as Shakespeare's "lost years".^[31] Biographers attempting to account for this period have reported many apocryphal stories. Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer, recounted a Stratford legend

that Shakespeare fled the town for London to escape prosecution for deer poaching in the estate of local squire Thomas Lucy. Shakespeare is also supposed to have taken his revenge on Lucy by writing a scurrilous ballad about him.^{[32][33]} Another 18th-century story has Shakespeare starting his theatrical career minding the horses of theatre patrons in London.^[34] John Aubrey reported that Shakespeare had been a country schoolmaster.^[35] Some 20th-century scholars suggested that Shakespeare may have been employed as a schoolmaster by Alexander Hoghton of Lancashire, a Catholic landowner who named a certain "William Shakeshafte" in his will.^{[36][37]} Little evidence substantiates such stories other than hearsay collected after his death, and Shakeshafte was a common name in the Lancashire area.^{[38][39]}

London and theatrical career

It is not known definitively when Shakespeare began writing, but contemporary allusions and records of performances show that several of his plays were on the London stage by 1592.^[40] By then, he was sufficiently known in London to be attacked in print by the playwright Robert Greene in his *Groats-Worth of Wit*:

... there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapped in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.^[41]

Scholars differ on the exact meaning of Greene's words,^{[41][42]} but most agree that Greene was accusing Shakespeare of reaching above his rank in trying to match such university-educated writers as Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Nashe, and

Greene himself (the so-called "University Wits").^[43] The italicised phrase parodying the line "Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide" from Shakespeare's *Henry VI, Part 3*, along with the pun "Shake-scene", clearly identify Shakespeare as Greene's target. As used here, *Johannes Factotum* ("Jack of all trades") refers to a second-rate tinkerer with the work of others, rather than the more common "universal genius".^{[41][44]}

Greene's attack is the earliest surviving mention of Shakespeare's work in the theatre. Biographers suggest that his career may have begun any time from the mid-1580s to just before Greene's remarks.^{[45][46][47]} After 1594, Shakespeare's plays were performed only by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, a company owned by a group of players, including Shakespeare, that soon became the leading playing company in London.^[48] After the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, the company was awarded a royal patent by the new King James I, and changed its name to the King's Men.^[49]

In 1599, a partnership of members of the company built their own theatre on the south bank of the River Thames, which they named the Globe. In 1608, the partnership also took over the Blackfriars indoor theatre. Extant records of Shakespeare's property purchases and investments indicate that his association with the company made him a wealthy man,^[51] and in 1597, he bought the second-largest house in Stratford, New Place, and in 1605, invested in a share of the parish tithes in Stratford.^[52]

Some of Shakespeare's plays were published in quarto editions, beginning in 1594, and by 1598, his name had become a selling point and began to appear on the title

pages.^{[53][54][55]} Shakespeare continued to act in his own and other plays after his success as a playwright. The 1616 edition of Ben Jonson's Works names him on the cast lists for Every Man in His Humour (1598) and Sejanus His Fall (1603).^[56] The absence of his name from the 1605 cast list for Jonson's Volpone is taken by some scholars as a sign that his acting career was nearing its end.^[45] The First Folio of 1623, however, lists Shakespeare as one of "the Principal Actors in all these Plays", some of which were first staged after Volpone, although one cannot know for certain which roles he played.^[57] In 1610, John Davies of Hereford wrote that "good Will" played "kingly" roles.^[58] In 1709, Rowe passed down a tradition that Shakespeare played the ghost of Hamlet's father.^[59] Later traditions maintain that he also played Adam in As You Like It, and the Chorus in Henry V,^{[60][61]} though scholars doubt the sources of that information.^[62]

Throughout his career, Shakespeare divided his time between London and Stratford. In 1596, the year before he bought New Place as his family home in Stratford, Shakespeare was living in the parish of St Helen's, Bishopsgate, north of the River Thames.^{[63][64]} He moved across the river to Southwark by 1599, the same year his company constructed the Globe Theatre there.^{[63][65]} By 1604, he had moved north of the river again, to an area north of St Paul's Cathedral with many fine houses. There, he rented rooms from a French Huguenot named Christopher Mountjoy, a maker of women's wigs and other headgear.^{[66][67]}

Nicholas Rowe was the first biographer to record the tradition, repeated by Samuel Johnson, that Shakespeare retired to Stratford "some years before his death".^{[68][69]} He was still working as an actor in London in 1608; in an answer to the sharers' petition in 1635, Cuthbert Burbage stated that after purchasing the lease of the

Blackfriars Theatre in 1608 from Henry Evans, the King's Men "placed men players" there, "which were Heminges, Condell, Shakespeare, etc.". ^[70] However, it is perhaps relevant that the bubonic plague raged in London throughout 1609. ^{[71][72]} The London public playhouses were repeatedly closed during extended outbreaks of the plague (a total of over 60 months closure between May 1603 and February 1610), ^[73] which meant there was often no acting work. Retirement from all work was uncommon at that time. ^[74] Shakespeare continued to visit London during the years 1611–1614. ^[68] In 1612, he was called as a witness in *Bellott v Mountjoy*, a court case concerning the marriage settlement of Mountjoy's daughter, Mary. ^{[75][76]} In March 1613, he bought a gatehouse in the former Blackfriars priory; ^[77] and from November 1614, he was in London for several weeks with his son-in-law, John Hall. ^[78] After 1610, Shakespeare wrote fewer plays, and none are attributed to him after 1613. ^[79] His last three plays were collaborations, probably with John Fletcher, ^[80] who succeeded him as the house playwright of the King's Men. He retired in 1613, before the Globe Theatre burned down during the performance of *Henry VIII* on 29 June. ^[79]

Shakespeare died on 23 April 1616, at the age of 52. ^[d] He died within a month of signing his will, a document which he begins by describing himself as being in "perfect health". No extant contemporary source explains how or why he died. Half a century later, John Ward, the vicar of Stratford, wrote in his notebook: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted", ^{[82][83]} not an impossible scenario since Shakespeare knew Jonson and Drayton. Of the tributes from fellow

authors, one refers to his relatively sudden death: "We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon / From the world's stage to the grave's tiring room."^{[84][e]}

He was survived by his wife and two daughters. Susanna had married a physician, John Hall, in 1607,^[85] and Judith had married Thomas Quiney, a vintner, two months before Shakespeare's death.^[86] Shakespeare signed his last will and testament on 25 March 1616; the following day, his new son-in-law, Thomas Quiney was found guilty of fathering an illegitimate son by Margaret Wheeler, who had died during childbirth. Thomas was ordered by the church court to do public penance, which would have caused much shame and embarrassment for the Shakespeare family.^[86]

Shakespeare bequeathed the bulk of his large estate to his elder daughter Susanna^[87] under stipulations that she pass it down intact to "the first son of her body".^[88] The Quineys had three children, all of whom died without marrying.^{[89][90]} The Halls had one child, Elizabeth, who married twice but died without children in 1670, ending Shakespeare's direct line.^{[91][92]} Shakespeare's will scarcely mentions his wife, Anne, who was probably entitled to one-third of his estate automatically.^[f] He did make a point, however, of leaving her "my second best bed", a bequest that has led to much speculation.^{[94][95][96]} Some scholars see the bequest as an insult to Anne, whereas others believe that the second-best bed would have been the matrimonial bed and therefore rich in significance.^[97]

Most playwrights of the period typically collaborated with others at some point, as critics agree Shakespeare did, mostly early and late in his career.^[106]

The first recorded works of Shakespeare are *Richard III* and the three parts of *Henry VI*, written in the early 1590s during a vogue for historical drama.

Shakespeare's plays are difficult to date precisely, however,^{[107][108]} and studies of the texts suggest that *Titus Andronicus*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* may also belong to Shakespeare's earliest period.^{[109][107]} His first histories, which draw heavily on the 1587 edition of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*,^[110] dramatise the destructive results of weak or corrupt rule and have been interpreted as a justification for the origins of the Tudor dynasty.^[111] The early plays were influenced by the works of other Elizabethan dramatists, especially Thomas Kyd and Christopher Marlowe, by the traditions of medieval drama, and by the plays of Seneca.^{[112][113][114]} *The Comedy of Errors* was also based on classical models, but no source for *The Taming of the Shrew* has been found, though it is related to a separate play of the same name and may have derived from a folk story.^{[115][116]} Like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which two friends appear to approve of rape,^{[117][118][119]} the *Shrew*'s story of the taming of a woman's independent spirit by a man sometimes troubles modern critics, directors, and audiences.^[120]

Shakespeare's early classical and Italianate comedies, containing tight double plots and precise comic sequences, give way in the mid-1590s to the romantic atmosphere of his most acclaimed comedies.^[121] *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a witty mixture of romance, fairy magic, and comic lowlife scenes.^[122] Shakespeare's next comedy, the equally romantic *Merchant of Venice*, contains a portrayal of the vengeful Jewish moneylender Shylock, which reflects dominant Elizabethan views but may appear derogatory to modern audiences.^{[123][124]} The wit and wordplay of

Much Ado About Nothing,^[125] the charming rural setting of *As You Like It*, and the lively merrymaking of *Twelfth Night* complete Shakespeare's sequence of great comedies.^[126] After the lyrical *Richard II*, written almost entirely in verse, Shakespeare introduced prose comedy into the histories of the late 1590s, *Henry IV, parts 1* and *2*, and *Henry V*. His characters become more complex and tender as he switches deftly between comic and serious scenes, prose and poetry, and achieves the narrative variety of his mature work.^{[127][128][129]} This period begins and ends with two tragedies: *Romeo and Juliet*, the famous romantic tragedy of sexually charged adolescence, love, and death;^{[130][131]} and *Julius Caesar*—based on Sir Thomas North's 1579 translation of Plutarch's *Parallel Lives*—which introduced a new kind of drama.^{[132][133]} According to Shakespearean scholar James Shapiro, in *Julius Caesar*, "the various strands of politics, character, inwardness, contemporary events, even Shakespeare's own reflections on the act of writing, began to infuse each other.

In the early 17th century, Shakespeare wrote the so-called "problem plays" *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *All's Well That Ends Well* and a number of his best known tragedies.^{[135][136]} Many critics believe that Shakespeare's greatest tragedies represent the peak of his art. The titular hero of one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, *Hamlet*, has probably been discussed more than any other Shakespearean character, especially for his famous soliloquy which begins "To be or not to be; that is the question".^[137] Unlike the introverted Hamlet, whose fatal flaw is hesitation, the heroes of the tragedies that followed, Othello and King Lear, are undone by hasty errors of judgement.^[138] The plots of Shakespeare's tragedies often hinge on such fatal errors or flaws, which overturn order and destroy the hero

and those he loves.^[139] In *Othello*, the villain Iago stokes Othello's sexual jealousy to the point where he murders the innocent wife who loves him.^{[140][141]} In *King Lear*, the old king commits the tragic error of giving up his powers, initiating the events which lead to the torture and blinding of the Earl of Gloucester and the murder of Lear's youngest daughter Cordelia. According to the critic Frank Kermode, "the play...offers neither its good characters nor its audience any relief from its cruelty".^{[142][143][144]} In *Macbeth*, the shortest and most compressed of Shakespeare's tragedies,^[145] uncontrollable ambition incites Macbeth and his wife, Lady Macbeth, to murder the rightful king and usurp the throne until their own guilt destroys them in turn.^[146] In this play, Shakespeare adds a supernatural element to the tragic structure. His last major tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, contain some of Shakespeare's finest poetry and were considered his most successful tragedies by the poet and critic T. S. Eliot.^{[147][148][149]}

In his final period, Shakespeare turned to romance or tragicomedy and completed three more major plays: *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, as well as the collaboration, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. Less bleak than the tragedies, these four plays are graver in tone than the comedies of the 1590s, but they end with reconciliation and the forgiveness of potentially tragic errors.^[150] Some commentators have seen this change in mood as evidence of a more serene view of life on Shakespeare's part, but it may merely reflect the theatrical fashion of the day.^{[151][152][153]} Shakespeare collaborated on two further surviving plays, *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, probably with John Fletcher.

Shakespeare's works include the 36 plays printed in the First Folio of 1623, listed according to their folio classification as comedies, histories, and tragedies.^[155] Two

plays not included in the First Folio,^[121] *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, are now accepted as part of the canon, with today's scholars agreeing that Shakespeare made major contributions to the writing of both.^{[156][157]} No Shakespearean poems were included in the First Folio.

In the late 19th century, Edward Dowden classified four of the late comedies as romances, and though many scholars prefer to call them *tragicomedies*, Dowden's term is often used.^{[158][159]} In 1896, Frederick S. Boas coined the term "problem plays" to describe four plays: *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Hamlet*.^[160] "Dramas as singular in theme and temper cannot be strictly called comedies or tragedies", he wrote. "We may, therefore, borrow a convenient phrase from the theatre of today and class them together as Shakespeare's problem plays."^[161] The term, much debated and sometimes applied to other plays, remains in use, though *Hamlet* is definitively classed as a tragedy.^{[162][163][164]}

It is not clear for which companies Shakespeare wrote his early plays. The title page of the 1594 edition of *Titus Andronicus* reveals that the play had been acted by three different troupes.^[165] After the plagues of 1592–93, Shakespeare's plays were performed by his own company at The Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch, north of the Thames.^[166] Londoners flocked there to see the first part of *Henry IV*, Leonard Digges recording, "Let but Falstaff come, Hal, Poins, the rest ... and you scarce shall have a room".^[167] When the company found themselves in dispute with their landlord, they pulled The Theatre down and used the timbers to construct the Globe Theatre, the first playhouse built by actors for actors, on the south bank of the Thames at Southwark.^{[168][169]} The Globe opened in autumn 1599, with *Julius*

Caesar one of the first plays staged. Most of Shakespeare's greatest post-1599 plays were written for the Globe, including *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*.

After the Lord Chamberlain's Men were renamed the King's Men in 1603, they entered a special relationship with the new King James. Although the performance records are patchy, the King's Men performed seven of Shakespeare's plays at court between 1 November 1604, and 31 October 1605, including two performances of *The Merchant of Venice*.^[61] After 1608, they performed at the indoor Blackfriars Theatre during the winter and the Globe during the summer.^[172] The indoor setting, combined with the Jacobean fashion for lavishly staged masques, allowed Shakespeare to introduce more elaborate stage devices. In *Cymbeline*, for example, Jupiter descends "in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees."

The actors in Shakespeare's company included the famous Richard Burbage, William Kempe, Henry Condell and John Heminges. Burbage played the leading role in the first performances of many of Shakespeare's plays, including *Richard III*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*.^[175] The popular comic actor Will Kempe played the servant Peter in *Romeo and Juliet* and Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, among other characters.^{[176][177]} He was replaced around 1600 by Robert Armin, who played roles such as Touchstone in *As You Like It* and the fool in *King Lear*.^[178] In 1613, Sir Henry Wotton recorded that *Henry VIII* "was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and ceremony".^[179] On 29 June, however, a cannon set fire to the thatch of the Globe and burned the theatre to the ground, an event which pinpoints the date of a Shakespeare play with rare precision.

Macbeth

By

William Shakespeare

Synopsis:

Macbeth, set primarily in Scotland, mixes witchcraft, prophecy, and murder. Three “Weird Sisters” appear to Macbeth and his comrade Banquo after a battle and prophesy that Macbeth will be king and that the descendants of Banquo will also reign. When Macbeth arrives at his castle, he and Lady Macbeth plot to assassinate King Duncan, soon to be their guest, so that Macbeth can become king.

After Macbeth murders Duncan, the king’s two sons flee, and Macbeth is crowned. Fearing that Banquo’s descendants will, according to the Weird Sisters’ predictions, take over the kingdom, Macbeth has Banquo killed. At a royal banquet that evening, Macbeth sees Banquo’s ghost appear covered in blood. Macbeth determines to consult the Weird Sisters again. They comfort him with ambiguous promises.

Another nobleman, Macduff, rides to England to join Duncan's older son, Malcolm. Macbeth has Macduff's wife and children murdered. Malcolm and Macduff lead an army against Macbeth, as Lady Macbeth goes mad and commits suicide.

Macbeth confronts Malcolm's army, trusting in the Weïrd Sisters' comforting promises. He learns that the promises are tricks, but continues to fight. Macduff kills Macbeth and Malcolm becomes Scotland's king.

ACT 1

Scene 1

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND WITCH Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Scene 2

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

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.

CAPTAIN 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 damnèd quarrel smiling,

Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like Valor's minion, carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to
come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?

CAPTAIN

Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,

So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell—

But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

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

The Captain is led off by Attendants.

Enter Ross and Angus.

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.

ROSS God save the King.

DUNCAN Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped 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 disbursèd 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.
They exit.

Scene 3

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 munched and munched and munched. "Give

me,” quoth I.

“Aroint thee, witch,” the rump-fed runnion cries.

Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ th’ Tiger;

But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

SECOND WITCH

I’ll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th’ 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’ th’ shipman’s card.

I’ll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid.

He shall live a man forbid.

Weary sev’nnights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a pilot’s thumb,

Wracked as homeward he did come.Drum within.

THIRD WITCH

A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

ALL, dancing in a circle

The Weïrd 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 called to Forres?—What are these,

So withered, 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 quThat man may question? You seem to understand

me

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,
Are you fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly you 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 vanished?

MACBETH

Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted,
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

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 th' selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

ROSS

The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success, and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured 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 borrowed robes?

ANGUS Who was the Thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH, aside Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. To Ross and Angus. Thanks
for your pains.

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

BANQUO That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you. They step aside.

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 smothered 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 mold

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 registered where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.

Aside to Banquo. Think upon what hath chanced,

and at more time,

The interim having weighed it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

They exit.

Scene 4

Flourish. Enter King

Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm,

Donalbain, and Attendants.

DUNCAN

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not

Those in commission yet returned?

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 confessed his treasons,

Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth

A deep repentance. Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it. He died

As one that had been studied in his death

To throw away the dearest thing he owed

As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin,

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

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should by doing 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 deserved nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO There, if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fullness, 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 used 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.
He exits.

DUNCAN

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

It is a peerless kinsman.

Flourish. They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone, with a letter.

LADY MACBETH, reading the letter They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge.

When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.

Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives from the King, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor," by which title, before, these Weïrd 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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,

Art not without ambition, but without

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

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 crowned withal.
Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

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 informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH Give him tending.

He brings great news. Messenger exits.

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

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

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent
flower,

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

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.

To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

They exit.

Scene 6

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King

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 loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

DUNCAN See, see our honored 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 honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursed 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 helped
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.

Taking her hand.

Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly
And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess.

They exit.

Scene 7

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers Servants
with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter
Macbeth.

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned 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 newborn babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped. Why have you left the
chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honored me of late, and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

At what it did so freely? From this time

Such I account thy love. Art thou 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' th' adage?

MACBETH Prithee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man.

Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH What beast was 't,

then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.

They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail—

LADY MACBETH We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' 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 received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and 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.
They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

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

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take 't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

Hold, take my sword. He gives his sword to Fleance.

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 cursèd thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—Who's

there?

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

He gives Macbeth a jewel.

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

BANQUO All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three Weïrd Sisters.
To you they have showed 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 franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.

MACBETH Good repose the while.

BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you.

Banquo and Fleance exit.

MACBETH

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Servant exits.

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-oppresdèd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw. He draws his dagger.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,

Alarumed 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 whereabouts
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
A bell rings.
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me
bold.
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark!—Peace.
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged

their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them

Whether they live or die.

MACBETH, within Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

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

Enter Macbeth with bloody daggers.

My husband?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark!—Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry sight.

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 addressed them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried "God bless us" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning 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

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

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

MACBETH

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

“Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore
Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done.

Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH 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.

She exits with the daggers. Knock within.

MACBETH Whence is that

knocking?

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

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your color, but I shame

To wear a heart so white. Knock.

I hear a knocking

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed.

How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. Knock.

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.

Knock.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou
couldst.

They exit.

Scene 3

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

PORTER

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the

key. (Knock.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'
th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged
himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time!
Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat
for 't. (Knock.) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'
other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator
that could swear in both the scales against either
scale, who committed treason enough for God's
sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,
equivocator. (Knock.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for
stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here
you may roast your goose. (Knock.) Knock, knock!
Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had
thought to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (Knock.)
Anon, anon!

The Porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox.

I pray you, remember the porter.

MACDUFF

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

That you do lie so late?

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

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' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

Porter exits.

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 slipped 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 labor we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. Macduff exits.

LENNOX Goes the King hence today?

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' th' air, strange screams of
death,

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird

Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth

Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!

Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH AND 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' th' 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.

Macbeth and Lennox exit.

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.—Ring the bell.

Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
MACDUFF O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered.

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

BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

MACBETH
Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessèd 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 stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX

Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood.
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

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, amazed, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

MALCOLM, aside to Donalbain Why do we hold our
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN, aside to Malcolm

What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?
Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM, aside to Donalbain

Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO Look to the lady.

Lady Macbeth is assisted to leave.

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 undivulged 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' th' hall together.

ALL Well contented.

All but Malcolm and Donalbain exit.

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.
They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

OLD MAN

Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS Ha, good father,

Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling 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, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned 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 th' amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good

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 suborned.

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 will ravin up
Thine own lives' means. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF

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

ROSS Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,
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.

All exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Banquo.

BANQUO

Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all

As the Weïrd Women promised, and I fear

Thou played'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father

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, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'xt 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 bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
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. Banquo exits.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone. While then, God be with you.

Lords and all but Macbeth and a Servant exit.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men

Our pleasure?

SERVANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us. Servant exits.

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 feared. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuked, 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 hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance.—Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

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

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS

It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH Well then, now

Have you considered 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, passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

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 gospelled

To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave

And beggared yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue you 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 valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him closed; 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' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another
So weary with disasters, tugged 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.

MURDERERS True, my lord.

MACBETH
So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
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' th' time,

The moment on 't, for 't must be done tonight

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.

MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

Murderers exit.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant.

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Say to the King I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

SERVANT Madam, I will. He exits.

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 scorched the snake, not killed 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, gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial
Among your guests tonight.

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 cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born 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 th' rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.—
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So prithee go with me.
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER, to the First 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 traveler 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' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

Almost a mile; but he does usually

(So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate

Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to 't.

BANQUO, to Fleance It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!

The three Murderers attack.

BANQUO

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

Thou mayst revenge—O slave!

He dies. Fleance exits.

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.

They exit.

Scene 4

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. They sit.

LORDS Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

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

Enter First Murderer to the door.

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.

Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. He approaches the Murderer. There's
blood upon thy face.

MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats,

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.

If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH, aside

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

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air.

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER

Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenchèd 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 th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves again. Murderer exits.

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold

That is not often vouched, 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.

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

MACBETH, to Lady Macbeth Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite

And health on both!

LENNOX May 't please your Highness sit.

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honor roofed,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present,

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

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 reserved, 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, to the Ghost

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. Drawing Macbeth aside.
Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall 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,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there. Behold, look! To the Ghost. 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 exits.

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
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.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

Would he were here! To all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.

They raise their drinking cups.

MACBETH, to the Ghost

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, to the Ghost What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The armed rhinoceros, or th' 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 mock'ry, hence! Ghost exits.
Why so, being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

LADY MACBETH

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

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

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.
Lords and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth exit.

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 maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

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

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

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

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow

(And betimes I will) to the Weïrd 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

Stepped 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 scanned.

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.
They exit.

Scene 5

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 called 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' th' morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for th' 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 vap'rous drop profound.
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that, distilled 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 a song.
Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. Hecate exits.
Sing within "Come away, come away," etc.

FIRST WITCH
Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be back again.
They exit.

Scene 6

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
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? Damnèd 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 angered 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
failed
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 received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid
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 honors,
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 t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed.

LORD

I'll send my prayers with him.

They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH

Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' th' charmèd pot.

The Witches circle the cauldron.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH

Fillet of a fenny snake

In the cauldron boil and bake.

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witch's mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-delivered by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab.

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron

For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH

Cool it with a baboon's blood.

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

HECATE

O, well done! I commend your pains,

And everyone shall share i' th' gains.

And now about the cauldron sing

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: "Black Spirits," etc. Hecate exits.

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 yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up,
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down,
Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the
treasure
Of nature's germens 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 th' hadst 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 murderers' gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL Come high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH He knows thy
thought.

Hear his speech but say thou naught.

FIRST APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!

Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.

He descends.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.

Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more—

FIRST WITCH

He will not be commanded. Here's another

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

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

SECOND APPARITION

Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth. He descends.

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure

And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder.

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

What is this

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

ALL Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him. He descends.

MACBETH That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
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!

Cauldron sinks. Hautboys.

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

FIRST WITCH Show.

SECOND WITCH Show.

THIRD WITCH Show.

ALL

Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows; so depart.

A show of eight kings, the eighth king with a glass in his hand, and Banquo last.

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags,

Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to th' 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 scepters carry.

Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me

And points at them for his.

The Apparitions disappear.

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 vanish.

MACBETH

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

Enter Lennox.

LENNOX What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weïrd 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 damned 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, aside

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

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

The castle of Macduff I will surprise,

Seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Macduff's Wife, 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' th' season. I dare not speak much
further;

But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
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

Fathered 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. Ross exits.

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 pitfall nor the gin.

SON

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

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF

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

SON Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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

LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit,

And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

SON Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.

SON And be all traitors that do so?

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

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 enough to beat the honest
men and hang up them.

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

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

LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of 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. Messenger exits.

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 defense
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

MURDERER Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

MURDERER He's a traitor.

SON

Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

MURDERER What, you egg?

Stabbing him. Young fry of treachery!

SON He has killed
me, mother.

Run away, I pray you.

Lady Macduff exits, crying "Murder!" followed by the
Murderers bearing the Son's body.

Scene 3

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 downfall'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 yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

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 touched you yet. I am young, but
something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb

T' 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 affeered.—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 opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
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
Th' 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 inclined.

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

MACDUFF This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear.
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

MALCOLM

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I 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-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,

Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From overcredulous 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.

Doctor exits.

MACDUFF

What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis called the evil:

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

Enter Ross.

MACDUFF See who comes here.

MALCOLM

My countryman, but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

I know him now.—Good God betimes remove

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 called 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 marked; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell

Is there scarce asked 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 battered 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 rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
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 howled 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 forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS

Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
Were on the quarry of these murdered 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'erfraught 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 killed too?

ROSS I have said.

MALCOLM Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines 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 eyes

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission! Front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.

Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too.

MALCOLM This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may.

The night is long that never finds the day.

They exit.

ACT 5

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 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumb'ry 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 anyone, having no

witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise and,
upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by
her continually. 'Tis her command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are 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. O, O, O!

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. Lady Macbeth exits.

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR

Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all. Look after her.

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

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

They exit.

Scene 2

Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox,
and Soldiers.

MENTEITH

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

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 distempered 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 pestered 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 owed.
Meet we the med'cine 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.
They exit marching.

Scene 3

Enter Macbeth,
the Doctor, and Attendants.

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.

Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"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 Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose-look?

SERVANT There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine

Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence. Servant exits.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough. My way of life

Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,

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

Enter Seyton.

SEYTON

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armor.

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
armor.—

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 diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuffed 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 armor on. Give me my staff.

Attendants begin to arm him.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo

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.

DOCTOR, aside

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

They exit.

Scene 4

Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,

Siward's son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, 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.

SOLDIER 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.

They exit marching.

Scene 5

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.

The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie

Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forced with those that should be

ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women.

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord. He exits.

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

The time has been my senses would have cooled

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 supped full with horrors.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

Cannot once start me.

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.

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

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 't.

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought

The Wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

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

Within this three mile may you see it coming.

I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall 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 th' 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 aweary of the sun
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now
undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!—Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
They exit.

Scene 6

Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and
their army, with boughs.

MALCOLM

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

SIWARD Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,

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.

They exit.

Alarums continued.

Scene 7

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, abhorrèd tyrant. With my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight, and young Siward is slain.

MACBETH Thou wast born of
woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.
He exits.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou beest 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 unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. He exits. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

SIWARD

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
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.

They exit. Alarum.

Scene 8 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, hellhound, turn!

MACBETH

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

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

MACBETH Thou losest labor.
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 served
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

MACBETH

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
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' th' 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 opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries "Hold! Enough!"
They exit fighting. Alarums.

They enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain. Macduff
exits carrying off Macbeth's body. Retreat and flourish.
Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, Siward, Ross,
Thanes, and Soldiers.

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD

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

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.

He only lived but till he was a man,

The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed

In the unshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he died.

SIWARD Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured 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 knolled.

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.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

MACDUFF

Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands

Th' usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.

I see thee compassed 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 honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
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 crowned at Scone.
Flourish. All exit.

Plot Summary

Macbeth is a tragedy telling the story of the Scottish nobleman by the same name, consumed by his own ambition to become king and by the consequences of the acts he commits in order to achieve his goal.

At the beginning of the play, after a victorious battle, Macbeth and fellow general Banquo meet three witches in a heath, and they deliver prophecies to both of them: Macbeth would become king of Scotland, and Banquo will father a line of kings while not becoming king himself. Encouraged by Lady Macbeth, his ruthless wife, Macbeth plans to kill King Duncan. After his murder, since his heir Malcolm and his brother Donalbain promptly flee to England and Ireland, respectively, Macbeth is crowned king.

Consumed by guilt and paranoia, he becomes more and more of a tyrant as the play progresses. First he has Banquo killed, and his ghost visits him during a banquet. After consulting the witches again, who tell him to beware of Macduff and that he won't be vanquished by anyone "of woman born," he tries to have Macduff's castle seized and everyone inside killed. However, since Macduff had gone to England to join forces with Malcolm, Macbeth only succeeds in having Macduff's family

killed. This prompts Macduff and Malcolm to raise an army aimed at dethroning Macbeth.

Meanwhile, Lady Macbeth, who initially was more assertive than her husband, has become consumed by guilt to the point of insanity and eventually kills herself. The Scottish generals rally against Macbeth, and Macduff manages to vanquish him—he was not “of woman born” but “from his mother's womb untimely ripped.” The play ends with Malcolm being crowned king of Scotland.

Major Characters

Macbeth. Macbeth is initially presented as a Scottish nobleman and a valiant warrior. However, after listening to the prophecy delivered by the Three Witches in which he is told he would be king, he is overcome by blind ambition, and, strongly encouraged by his wife, he kills the king to usurp the throne. His thirst for power is counterbalanced by paranoia, which leads to his downfall.

Lady Macbeth. Macbeth's wife, she thinks her husband's nature is too full of kindness. She is the one who devises the plot for her husband to murder King Duncan, and is initially less fazed by the deed than her husband. However, she eventually unravels too, and commits suicide.

The Three Witches. Whether they control fate or are merely its agents, the Three Witches set the tragedy in motion: they deliver Macbeth and his companion Banquo with a prophecy that the former shall be king, and the latter shall generate a line of kings. These prophecies have a great influence on Macbeth, who decides to usurp the throne of Scotland.

Banquo. Banquo is another Scottish thane who was with Macbeth when the witches delivered their prophecy. He is told that he will father a line of kings while not becoming king himself. After the king's murder, Macbeth feels threatened by Banquo and has him murdered by hired assassins. Yet, Banquo returns as a ghost at a banquet, visibly startling Macbeth, who is the only one who can see him.

Macduff. Macduff finds King Duncan's body after he was murdered and immediately suspects Macbeth. Eventually, he murders Macbeth.

King Duncan. The wise and firm king of Scotland at the beginning of the play, he is murdered by Macbeth so he can usurp the throne. He represents moral order in the play, which Macbeth destroys and Macduff restores.

Main Themes

Ambition. Macbeth's ambition is devoid of any morality and is the cause of Macbeth's downfall. After becoming king of Scotland, Macbeth's ambition turns him into a tyrant, and he has his suspected enemies murdered. Ambition is a trait his wife Lady Macbeth shares, and she, too, succumbs to it.

Loyalty. At the beginning of the play, King Duncan rewards Macbeth with the title "Thane of Cawdor" because the original Thane of Cawdor was actually a traitor, but Macbeth betrays the king in order to usurp the throne. Macduff, who suspects Macbeth once he sees the king's corpse, flees to England to join Duncan's son Malcolm, and together they plan the downfall of Macbeth and restore the moral order.

Fate and free will. The witches do show Macbeth his future and his fate, but Macbeth's actions are arbitrary and not pre-ordained.

Appearance and reality. "Fair is foul and foul is fair," is one of the famous quotes in Macbeth, and appearance and reality intermingle in the play: the witches give out paradoxical prophecies and characters hide their true intentions. For example, Macbeth seems honorable but actually plans to murder King Duncan. Malcolm soon flees Scotland after his father's murder, which seems suspicious at first, but it's actually a way for him to protect himself.

Literary Style

The language used by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth evolves throughout the play. At first, they're both characterized by a fluent and energetic style, but, as their ambition gradually overtakes them, their speech becomes fragmented. For instance, while prose in Shakespeare's plays is reserved to characters of low social orders, once Lady Macbeth is overcome by madness, she utters her lines in prose too. By contrast, the witches speak in enigmatic riddles interposed with grotesque elements.

Macbeth' Summary

William Shakespeare's *Macbeth* takes place in Scotland in the 11th century AD, and it tells the story of Macbeth, thane of Glamis, and of his ambition to become king. This Shakespearian tragedy is loosely based on historical sources, namely Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and there is historical documentation on several characters, including Macbeth, Duncan, and Malcolm. It's unclear whether the character of Banquo really existed. While the *Chronicles* depict him as an accomplice to Macbeth's murderous actions, Shakespeare portrays him as an innocent character. Overall, *Macbeth* is not known for its historical accuracy, but for the portrayal of the effects of blind ambition in people.

Act I

Scottish generals Macbeth and Banquo have just defeated the allied forces of Norway and Ireland, which were led by the traitorous Macdonwald. As Macbeth and Banquo wander onto a heath, they are greeted by the Three Witches, who offer them prophecies. Banquo challenges them first, so they address Macbeth: they hail him as "Thane of Glamis," his current title and then "Thane of Cawdor," adding that he will also be king. Banquo then asks of his own fortunes, the witches respond enigmatically, saying that he will be less than Macbeth, yet happier, less successful, yet more. Most importantly, they tell him that he will father a line of kings, though he himself will not be one.

The witches vanish soon after, and the two men wonder at these pronouncements. Then, however, another thane, Ross, arrives and informs Macbeth that he has been

bestowed the title of Thane of Cawdor. This means that the first prophecy is fulfilled, and Macbeth's initial skepticism turns into ambition.

King Duncan welcomes and praises Macbeth and Banquo, and declares that he will spend the night at Macbeth's castle at Inverness; he also names his son Malcolm as his heir. Macbeth sends a message ahead to his wife, Lady Macbeth, telling her about the witches' prophecies. Lady Macbeth unwaveringly wishes for her husband to murder the king so he can usurp the throne, to the point that she answers his objections by casting doubts on his manhood. Eventually, she manages to convince him to kill the king that same night. The two get Duncan's two chamberlains drunk so that the next morning they can easily blame the chamberlains for the murder.

Act II

Still plagued by doubts and by hallucinations, including a bloody dagger, Macbeth stabs King Duncan in his sleep. He is so upset that Lady Macbeth has to take charge, and frames Duncan's sleeping servants for the murder by placing bloody daggers on them. The following morning, Lennox, a Scottish nobleman, and Macduff, the loyal Thane of Fife, arrive at Inverness, and Macduff is the one who discovers Duncan's body. Macbeth murders the guards so they cannot profess their innocence, but claims he did so in a fit of anger over their misdeeds. Duncan's sons Malcolm and Donalbain flee to England and Ireland, respectively, fearing they might be targets too, but their flight frames them as suspects. As a consequence, Macbeth assumes the throne as the new King of Scotland

as a kinsman of the dead king. On this occasion, Banquo recalls the witches' prophecy about how his own descendants would inherit the throne. This makes him suspicious of Macbeth.

Act III

Meanwhile Macbeth, who remembers the prophecy concerning Banquo, remains uneasy, so he invites him to a royal banquet, where he discovers that Banquo and his young son, Fleance, will be riding out that night. Suspecting Banquo of being suspicious of him, Macbeth arranges to have him and Fleance murdered by hiring assassins, who succeed in killing Banquo, but not Fleance. This enrages Macbeth, as he fears that his power won't be safe as long as a heir of Banquo lives. At a banquet, Macbeth is visited by Banquo's ghost who sits in Macbeth's place.

Macbeth's reaction startles the guests, as the ghost is only visible to him: they see their king panicking at an empty chair. Lady Macbeth has to tell them that her husband is merely afflicted with a familiar and harmless malady. The ghost departs and returns once more, causing the same riotous anger and fear in Macbeth. This time, Lady Macbeth tells the lords to leave, and they do so.

Act IV

Macbeth pays visits to the witches again in order to learn the truth of their prophecies to him. In response to that, they conjure horrible apparitions: an armored head, which tells him to beware of Macduff; a bloody child telling him that no one born of a woman will be able to harm him; next, a crowned child holding a tree stating that Macbeth will be safe until Great Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane

Hill. Since all men are born from women and forests cannot move, Macbeth is initially relieved.

Macbeth also asks whether Banquo's sons will ever reign in Scotland. The witches conjure a procession of eight crowned kings, all similar in appearance to Banquo, the last one carrying a mirror reflecting even more kings: they are all Banquo's descendants having acquired kingship in numerous countries. After the witches leave, Macbeth learns that Macduff has fled to England, and so Macbeth orders Macduff's castle be seized, and also sends murderers to slaughter Macduff and his family. Although Macduff is no longer there, Lady Macduff and his family are murdered

Act V

Lady Macbeth becomes overcome with guilt for the crimes she and her husband committed. She has taken to sleepwalking, and after entering the stage holding a candle, she laments the murders of Duncan, Banquo, and Lady Macduff, while also trying to wash off imaginary bloodstains from her hands.

In England, Macduff learns of the slaughtering of his own family, and, stricken with grief, vows revenge. Together with Prince Malcolm, Duncan's son, who raised an army in England, he rides to Scotland to challenge Macbeth's forces against Dunsinane Castle. While encamped in Birnam Wood, the soldiers are ordered to cut down and carry tree limbs to camouflage their numbers. Part of the witches' prophecy comes true. Before Macbeth's opponents arrive, he learns that Lady Macbeth has killed herself, causing him to sink into despair.

He eventually faces Macduff, initially without fear, since he cannot be killed by any man born of woman. Macduff declares that he was "from his mother's womb / Untimely ripp'd" (V 8.15–16). The second prophecy is thus fulfilled, and Macbeth is eventually killed and beheaded by Macduff. The order is restored and Malcolm is crowned King of Scotland. As for the Witches' prophecy concerning Banquo's descendants, it is true in that James I of England, previously James VI of Scotland, descended from Banquo.

Macbeth' Characters

The characters in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* are, in large part, Scottish noblemen and thanes that Shakespeare lifted from Holinshed's *Chronicles*. In the tragedy, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's ruthless ambition contrasts with the moral righteousness of King Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff. The Three Witches, evil characters at first glance, act both as agents and witnesses of fate, setting the actions in motion.

Macbeth

The thane of Glamis at the beginning of the play, Macbeth is the protagonist of the eponymous tragedy. He is initially presented as a Scottish nobleman and a valiant warrior, but his thirst for power and subsequent fear lead to his undoing. After he and Banquo listen to a prophecy delivered by the Three Witches, who proclaim him thane of Cawdor and, subsequently, king, he becomes corrupt.

Macbeth's wife persuades him to kill Duncan, the king of the Scots, during a visit to their castle in Inverness. He proceeds with the plan despite his doubts and fears and becomes king. However, his actions cause him to fall into a state of constant paranoia, to the point that he has his ally Banquo and MacDuff's family murdered. After seeking the witches' advice, they tell him that no man "of woman born" will ever be able to slay him. He is eventually beheaded by Macduff, who was "from his mother's womb untimely ripped."

Macbeth's characterization can be described as anti-heroic: on one hand, he behaves like a ruthless tyrant, on the other, he does show remorse.

Lady Macbeth

Macbeth's wife, Lady Macbeth, is a driving force in the play. She first appears on stage reading a letter from her husband, who details the prophecy delivered by the witches predicting that he would become king of Scotland. She thinks her husband's nature is "too full o' the milk of human kindness" (act I, scene 5) and belittles his manhood. As a consequence, she pushes her husband to murder King Duncan and do whatever it takes to be crowned king of the Scots.

The deed leaves Macbeth so shaken that she has to take command, telling him how to lay out the crime scene and what to do with the daggers. Then, she mostly recedes as Macbeth turns into a paranoid tyrant, if not to remark to their guests that his hallucinations are nothing but a longtime ailment. However, in act V, she becomes unraveled, too, having succumbed to delusions, hallucinations, and sleepwalking. Eventually, she dies, presumably by suicide.

Banquo

A foil to Macbeth, Banquo starts off as an ally—both are generals under King Duncan's rule—and they meet the Three Witches together. After prophesying that Macbeth will become king, the witches tell Banquo that he will not be king himself, but that his descendants will be. While Macbeth is enthralled by the prophecy, Banquo dismisses it, and, overall, displays a pious attitude—by praying to heaven for help, for example—as opposed to Macbeth's attraction to darkness. After the

king's murder, Macbeth starts seeing Banquo as a threat to his kingdom and has him killed.

Banquo's ghost returns in a later scene, causing Macbeth to react with alarm during a public feast, which Lady Macbeth chalks up to a long-term mental ailment. When Macbeth returns to the witches in act IV, they show him an apparition of eight kings all bearing a strong resemblance to Banquo, one of them holding a mirror. The scene carries deep significance: King James, on the throne when *Macbeth* was written, was believed to be a descendant from Banquo, separated from him by nine generations.

Three Witches

The Three Witches are the first characters to appear on stage, as they announce their agreement to meet with Macbeth. Soon after, they greet Macbeth and his companion Banquo with a prophecy: that the former shall be king, and the latter shall generate a line of kings. The witches' prophecies have a great influence on Macbeth, who decides to usurp the throne of Scotland.

Then, sought by Macbeth in act IV, the Witches follow Hecate's orders and conjure visions for Macbeth that announce his impending demise, ending with a procession of kings bearing a strong resemblance to Banquo.

Although during Shakespeare's time witches were seen as worse than rebels, as political and spiritual traitors, in the play they're amusing and confusing figures. It's also unclear whether they control fate, or whether they are merely its agents.

Macduff

Macduff, the thane of Fife, also acts as a foil to Macbeth. He discovers the corpse of the murdered King Duncan in Macbeth's castle and raises the alarm. He immediately suspects Macbeth of regicide, so he does not attend the crowning ceremony and instead flees to England to join Malcolm, King Duncan's eldest son, to convince him to return to Scotland and reclaim the throne. Macbeth wants him murdered, but the hired assassins take his wife and his young children instead. Eventually, Macduff manages to slay Macbeth. Even though nobody "of woman born" could murder him, Macduff was actually born via caesarean section, which made him the exception to the witches' prophecies.

Duncan

The King of Scotland, he symbolizes moral order within the play, whose values are destroyed and restored as the tragedy progresses. While trusting and generous in nature (his virtues / Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd I 7.17–19) especially towards Macbeth, he is firm in his punishment of the original thane of Cawdor.

Malcolm

Duncan's eldest son, he flees to England when he finds out his father was murdered. This makes him look guilty, but in reality he sought to avoid becoming another target. At the end of the play, he is crowned king of Scotland.

Fleance

Banquo's son, he is ambushed by Macbeth's assassins alongside his father, but manages to escape. Even though he does not become king at the end of the play, we know that the current English monarchy during Shakespeare's time descends from Banquo.

Macbeth': Themes and Symbols

As a tragedy, *Macbeth* is a dramatization of the psychological repercussions of unbridled ambition. The play's main themes—loyalty, guilt, innocence, and fate—all deal with the central idea of ambition and its consequences. Similarly, Shakespeare uses imagery and symbolism to illustrate the concepts of innocence and guilt.

Ambition

Macbeth's ambition is his tragic flaw. Devoid of any morality, it ultimately causes Macbeth's downfall. Two factors stoke the flames of his ambition: the prophecy of the Three Witches, who claim that not only will he be thane of Cawdor, but also king, and even more so the attitude of his wife, who taunts his assertiveness and manhood and actually stage-directs her husband's actions.

Macbeth's ambition, however, soon spirals out of control. He feels that his power is threatened to a point where it can only be preserved through murdering his suspected enemies. Eventually, ambition causes both Macbeth's and Lady Macbeth's undoing. He is defeated in battle and decapitated by Macduff, while Lady Macbeth succumbs to insanity and commits suicide.

Loyalty

Loyalty plays out in many ways in *Macbeth*. At the beginning of the play, King Duncan rewards Macbeth with the title of thane of Cawdor, after the original thane betrayed him and joined forces with Norway, while Macbeth was a valiant general.

However, when Duncan names Malcolm his heir, Macbeth comes to the conclusion that he must kill King Duncan in order to become king himself.

In another example of Shakespeare's loyalty and betrayal dynamic, Macbeth betrays Banquo out of paranoia. Although the pair were comrades in arms, after he becomes king, Macbeth remembers that the witches predicted that Banquo's descendants would ultimately be crowned kings of Scotland. Macbeth then decides to have him killed.

Macduff, who suspects Macbeth once he sees the king's corpse, flees to England to join Duncan's son Malcolm, and together they plan Macbeth's downfall.

Appearance and Reality

“False face must hide what the false heart doth know,” Macbeth tells Duncan, when he already has intentions to murder him near the end of act I.

Similarly, the witches utterances, such as “fair is foul and foul is fair”, subtly play with appearance and reality. Their prophecy, stating that Macbeth can't be vanquished by any child “of woman born” is rendered vain when Macduff reveals that he was born via a caesarean section. In addition, the assurance that he would not be vanquished until “Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill Shall come against him” is at first deemed an unnatural phenomenon, as a forest would not walk up a hill, but in reality meant that soldiers were cutting up trees in Birnam Wood to get closer to Dunsinane Hill.

Fate and Free Will

Would Macbeth have become king had he not chosen his murderous path? This question brings into play the matters of fate and free will. The witches predict that he would become thane of Cawdor, and soon after he is anointed that title without any action required of him. The witches show Macbeth his future and his fate, but Duncan's murder is a matter of Macbeth's own free will, and, after Duncan's assassination, the further assassinations are a matter of his own planning. This also applies to the other visions the witches conjure for Macbeth: he sees them as a sign of his invincibility and acts accordingly, but they actually anticipate his demise.

Symbolism of Light and Darkness

Light and starlight symbolize what is good and noble, and the moral order brought by King Duncan announces that “signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine / On all deservers” (I 4.41-42).”

By contrast, the three witches are known as “midnight hags,” and Lady Macbeth asks the night to cloak her actions from the heaven. Similarly, once Macbeth becomes king, day and night become indistinguishable from one another. When Lady Macbeth displays her insanity, she wants to carry a candle with her, as a form of protection.

Symbolism of Sleep

In *Macbeth*, sleep symbolizes innocence and purity. For instance, after murdering King Duncan, Macbeth is in such distress that he believes he heard a voice saying

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." He goes on to compare sleep to a soothing bath after a day of hard work, and to the main course of a feast, feeling that when he murdered his king in his sleep, he murdered sleep itself.

Similarly, after he sends killers to murder Banquo, Macbeth laments being constantly shaken by nightmares and by "restless ecstasy," where the word "ectstasy" loses any positive connotations.

When Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost at the banquet, Lady Macbeth remarks that he lacks "the season of all natures, sleep." Eventually, her sleep becomes disturbed as well. She becomes prone to sleepwalking, reliving the horrors of Duncan's murder.

Symbolism of Blood

Blood symbolizes murder and guilt, and imagery of it pertains to both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. For example, before killing Duncan, Macbeth hallucinates a bloody dagger pointing towards the king's room. After committing the murder, he is horrified, and says: "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No."

Banquo's ghost, who appears during a banquet, exhibits "gory locks." Blood also symbolizes Macbeth's own acceptance of his guilt. He tells Lady Macbeth, "I am in blood / Step't in so far that, should I wade no more, / Returning were as tedious as go o'er".

Blood eventually also affects Lady Macbeth, who, in her sleepwalking scene, wants to clean blood from her hands. For Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, blood shows that their guilt trajectory runs in opposite directions: Macbeth turns from being guilty into a ruthless murderer, whereas Lady Macbeth, who starts off as more assertive than her husband, becomes ridden with guilt and eventually kills herself.

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