

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH

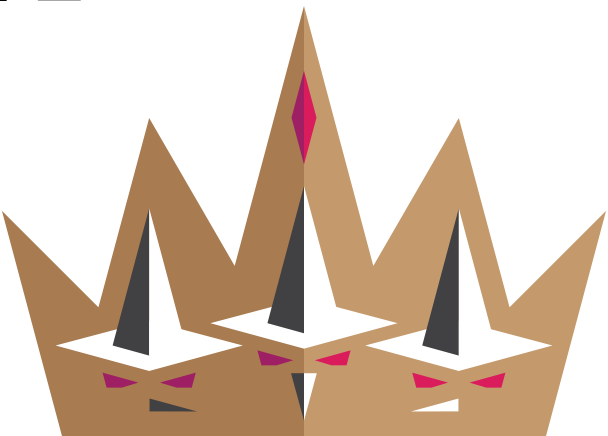


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-DUNCAN, *King of Scotland*

HIS SONS

- MALCOLM
- DONALBAIN

GENERALS OF THE KING'S
ARMY

- MACBETH
- BANQUO

SCOTTISH NOBLES

- MACDUFF
- LENNOX
- ROSS
- MENTEITH
- CAITHNESS

-FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*
-SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*

-YOUNG SIWARD, *Siward's son*
-SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*
-Boy, *son to Macduff*

-An English Doctor
-A Scotch Doctor
-A Soldier
-A Porter
-An Old Man

-HECATE
-Three Witches
-Apparitions

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

-Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers

Scene: Scotland; England

ACT IV

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

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

SECOND WITCH - Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH - Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH - Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed 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 blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

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

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

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

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

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

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' 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?

ACT IV

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

MACBETH - Call 'em; let me see 'em.

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

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

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

MACBETH - Tell me, thou unknown power,--

SCENE I

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

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 harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

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

Thunder. 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,

ACT IV

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 vanquish'd 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 earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! Good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
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!

SCENE I

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; Ghost of
Banquo following.*

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

[Apparitions vanish.]

What, is this so?

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

[Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with Hecate.]

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

ACT IV

Enter LENNOX.

LENNOX - What's your grace's will?

MACBETH - Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX - No, my lord.

MACBETH - Came they not by you?

LENNOX - No, indeed, my lord.

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

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

MACBETH - Fled to England!

LENNOX - Ay, my good lord.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.

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

ROSS - You must have patience, madam.

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

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

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

ROSS - My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak
much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea

ACT IV

Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

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

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

[Exit.]

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

SON - As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF - What, with worms and flies?

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

LADY MACDUFF - Poor bird! thou'ldst 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.

SCENE II

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 enow to beat
the honest men and hang up them.

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER - Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

ACT IV

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 defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

FIRST MURDERER - Where is your husband?

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

FIRST MURDERER - He's a traitor.

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

FIRST MURDERER - What, you egg!

[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

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

SCENE II

[Dies]

*[Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" followed by the Murderers
bearing the Son's body.]*
