

SIDE 1

MACBETH, BANQUO AND 3 WITCHES

MacBeth and Banquo encounter the Witches

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?
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 *to Banquo*

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!

WITCHES

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.

SIDE 2

KING DUNCAN AND MACBETH

King Duncan greets a victorious MacBeth after battle. Macbeth has heard the prophecy of the witches.

DUNCAN

O worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. 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.

SIDE 3

LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth is given news via a letter of her husband's encounter with the witches

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.

SIDE 4

LADY MACBETH

Lady Macbeth's ambition begins as she learns the King will come to her castle that night...

LADY MACBETH,

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

SIDE 5

MACBETH

Macbeth contemplates his next move, now that he has heard the prophecy and the King is in his home.

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.

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 against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity 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

SIDE 6

MACBETH and LADY MACBETH argue and plot over what is to be done.

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.

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? Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?

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.

MACBETH

If we should fail—

LADY MACBETH

We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail.

SIDE 7

MACBETH resolves himself to act to kill Duncan

MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

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

And such an instrument I was to use.

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

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

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

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

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.

Whiles I threat, he lives.

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

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.

SIDE 8

MACBETH has just killed the King, and he appears with the bloody daggers in hand very disturbed, and LADY MACBETH tries to calm him and finish the conspiracy.

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"—

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

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.

SIDE 9

LADY MACBETH, MACDUFF, BANQUO, MACBETH, MALCOM and LENNOX

The King has just been discovered dead and the house is woken up for the grave news

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

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

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

Enter Malcolm

MALCOM

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?

SIDE 10

3 WITCHES meet to conjure a spell

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.

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.

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,
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL

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

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SIDE 11

LADY MACDUFF and ROSS

Ross comes to give the news to Lady MacDuff that her husband has left her alone in the middle of his "rebellion"

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;
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;—

SIDE 12

DOCTOR, GENTLEWOMAN and LADY MACBETH

Lady MacBeth's Lady in Waiting talks with the Doctor about Lady MacBeth's sleepwalking.
Lady MacBeth appears and we see her madness

DOCTOR

When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN

I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown
upon her; yet all this while in a most fast
sleep.

[Enter Lady MacBeth]

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

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.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Hark, she speaks.

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

This disease is beyond my practice.

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.

SIDE 13

MACBETH and MACDUFF finally confront one another

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.

MACBETH

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!
I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
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. Lay on, Macduff, And damned be him that first cries "Hold!"

SIDE 14

MACDUFF, MALCOM and ROSS meet to discuss the news of the rebellion, and Ross is trying to deliver the bad news to MacDuff that his family has been killed.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave

MALCOLM

What's the newest grief?

MACDUFF

How does my wife?
The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

ROSS

Would I could answer. But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF

The general cause, or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

ROSS

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,
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
I have said.

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

MACDUFF
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.
Our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking-