Macbeth

SCENES FOR FINAL PERFORMANCE.

The following *Macbeth* scenes are recommended for a final acting performance by student acting companies. Look at them carefully and choose the best scene for your group. If you have more actors than parts, divide one or more of the parts. If you have fewer actors than parts, combine two or more parts. If your group wishes to perform a scene not listed here, clear this with your teacher

**Here are some issues to consider when choosing a scene:**

\* All students must have a significant part

\* Memorizing lines is encouraged but not required.

\* Actors will design costumes, make a script, and analyze the characters they are playing.

\* Your performance will be graded on written work, careful reading and rehearsal, understanding of charac­ters, understanding of plot, understanding of language, ability to use language to portray character, well-planned movements, well-planned use of props and costumes, and anything extra you add to the production.

\* Scenes can be cut/compacted but should retain the original content

\* Scenes should be a minimum of 50 and a maximum of 100 lines long.

\* Students wishing to work individually rather than as part of a group may choose one of the Dramatic Monologues.

**Each student will complete a Performance Notebook containing the following:**

1. Write a line-by-line paraphrase of the selection in modern English (not to be used for performance) to be turned in to the tray between October 30 and November 4.
2. Choose **ONE** of the following. It should be turned in to turnitin.com between October 30 and November 4.
3. Write one well-developed paragraph discussing the relationship and importance of the scene to the rest of the play.
4. Write one well-developed paragraph discussing the scene’s contribution to one of the themes of the play.
5. Write a well-developed paragraph discussing the personality and motivation of the character you will portray.
6. Portray your character in your group’s presentation of the scene on October 30.

YOU WILL HAVE CLASS TIME ON OCTOBER 21, 23, AND 27 TO WORK ON YOUR PERFORMANCE. I STRONGLY ENCOURAGE YOU TO PREPARE OUTSIDE OF CLASS AS WELL. YOU MAY SCHEDULE TIME WITH ME TO PRACTICE IN MY ROOM BEFORE OR AFTER SCHOOL.

**Suggested Scenes for Presentation:**

* 1. Soon after the three witches prophesy that Macbeth will be the thane of Cawdor, Ross and Angus arrive with the news of Macbeth's new title. Macbeth then contemplates the witches' other prophecies: that Banquo will be the father of kings, and that Macbeth will be king.

Lines: First Witch, 35; Second Witch, 12; Third Witch, 14; Macbeth, 50; Banquo, 42; Ross, 16; Angus, 12

1.5 Lady Macbeth reads the letter from Macbeth and plots murder.  
 Lines: Lady Macbeth, 77; Messenger, 5; Macbeth, 4

1.6-7 Duncan's visit to Macbeth's castle is followed by Macbeth's second thoughts about doing the deed.

Lines: Duncan, 19; Banquo, 9; Lady Macbeth, 54; Macbeth, 50

2.2 Macbeth murders Duncan.

Lines: Lady Macbeth, 52; Macbeth, 43

* 1. Macduff discovers Duncan's murder.

Lines: Porter, 38; Macduff, 41; Lennox, 20; Macbeth, 33; Lady Macbeth, 6; Banquo, 11; Donalbain, 8; Malcolm, 14

3.4 The banquet scene. Macbeth sees Banquo's bloody ghost while entertaining the court.  
Lines: Macbeth, 111; Lords, 3; Lady Macbeth, 43; Murderer, 6; Lennox, 6; Ross, 7

4.1 The witches cook up a charmed pot of hell-broth. Macbeth consults with the three witches.  
Lines: First Witch, 41; Second Witch, 28; Third Witch, 29; Hecate, 5; Macbeth, 81; First Apparition, 2; Second Apparition, 4; Third Apparition, 5; Lennox, 6

4.2 Macbeth's murderers kill Macduff's family.  
Lines: Lady Macduff, 42; Ross, 20; Macduff's son, 22; Messenger, 10; Murderer, 4

5.1 Lady Macbeth sleepwalks.  
 Lines: Doctor, 37; Gentlewoman, 26; Lady Macbeth, 21

* 1. Macbeth meets Macduff. Certain he will win and wanting no more of Macduff's blood on him, Macbeth is reluctant to fight Macduff. But when Macduff tells Macbeth that he was early ripped from his mother's womb, Macbeth knows he is done for. Macduff brings Malcolm Macbeth's head, and all hail the new king of Scotland.  
     Lines: Macbeth, 26; Macduff, 20; Malcolm, 21; Siward, 13; Ross, 10

**Dramatic Monologues for Individual Performance**

1.5 Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her husband (can be continued after the interruption by the messenger. After she is informed of Duncan’s upcoming visit to the castle, she her plans for him.

1.7 Macbeth is having second thoughts about murdering Duncan.

2.1 Macbeth Imagines a dagger is leading him to kill Duncan.

* 1. Macbeth has decided to eliminate Banquo.

5.2 Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep. (Perform her lines without the conversation between the Doctor and Gentlewoman)

5.5 Macbeth despairs: "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech.

1.5 Lady Macbeth reads the letter from Macbeth and plots murder.  
 Lines: Lady Macbeth, 77; Messenger, 5; Macbeth, 4

**SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire  
to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in  
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst 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 valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?

**Messenger**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Exit Messenger*

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

*Enter MACBETH*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my 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 favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

*Exeunt*

1.6-7 Duncan's visit to Macbeth's castle is followed by Macbeth's second thoughts about doing the deed.

Lines: Duncan, 19; Banquo, 9; Lady Macbeth, 54; Macbeth, 50

**SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle.**

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**DUNCAN**

See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house:

**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;

Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**DUNCAN**

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

*Exeunt*

**SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.**

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'ld 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, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! what news?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
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**

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.

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

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*

2.2 Macbeth murders Duncan.

Lines: Lady Macbeth, 52; Macbeth, 43

**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

**LADY MACBETH**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.

*Enter MACBETH*

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' the second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*Looking on his hands*

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

**LADY MACBETH**

These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

*Exit. Knocking within*

**MACBETH**

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand?

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.

*Knocking within*

Retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then!

*Knocking within*

Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers.

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

*Knocking within*

*Exeunt*

2.3 Macduff discovers Duncan's murder.

Lines: Porter, 38; Macduff, 41; Lennox, 20; Macbeth, 33; Lady Macbeth, 6; Banquo, 11; Donalbain, 8; Malcolm, 14

**SCENE III. The same.**

**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:

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter**

That it did, sir, i' the 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.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him.

*Exit*

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH** **LENNOX**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

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

*Enter BANQUO*

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS*

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time;

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

**DONALBAIN**

What is amiss?

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;

**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, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

**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 brew'd.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

Well contented.

*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

**MALCOLM**

What will you do?

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.

*Exeunt*

3.4 The banquet scene. Macbeth sees Banquo's bloody ghost while entertaining the court.  
Lines: Macbeth, 111; Lords, 3; Lady Macbeth, 43; Murderer, 6; Lennox, 6; Ross, 7

**SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

**Lords**

Thanks to your majesty.

**MACBETH**

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.

*First Murderer appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

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

*Approaching the door*

There's blood on thy face.

**First Murderer**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

**First Murderer**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**First Murderer**

Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

Then comes my fit again:

But Banquo's safe?

**First Murderer**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that:  
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow  
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

*Exit Murderer*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer:

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place*

**MACBETH**

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
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**

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

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**   
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
And push us from our stools:

**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.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

**Lords**

Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

**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**

Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence!

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

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.

**ROSS**

What sights, my lord?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**LENNOX**

Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

**LADY MACBETH**

A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*

*Could stop here.*

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

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

*Exeunt*

4.1 The witches cook up a charmed pot of hell-broth. Macbeth consults with the three witches.  
Lines: First Witch, 41; Second Witch, 28; Third Witch, 29; Hecate, 5; Macbeth, 81; First Apparition, 2; Second Apparition, 4; Third Apparition, 5; Lennox, 6

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I. 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.

**ALL**

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

**Second Witch**

Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

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

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.

**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  
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**

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.

*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!

**Second Apparition**

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

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

*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?

**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.

*Descends*

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

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

*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,

Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?   
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

*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:

*Music. The witches dance and then vanish, 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; t  
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

*Exeunt*

4.2 Macbeth's murderers kill Macduff's family.  
Lines: Lady Macduff, 42; Ross, 20; Macduff's son, 22; Messenger, 10; Murderer, 4

**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  
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.

**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:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer.

*Exit*

**LADY MACDUFF**

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

*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!

*Dies*

*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt Murderers, following her*

5.1 Lady Macbeth sleepwalks.  
 Lines: Doctor, 37; Gentlewoman, 26; Lady Macbeth, 21

**ACT V**

**SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.**

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman*

**Doctor**

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive  
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

**Gentlewoman**

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen  
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown 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 slumbery agitation, besides her  
walking and other actual performances, what, at any  
time, have you heard her say?

**Gentlewoman**

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

**Doctor**

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

**Gentlewoman**

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to  
confirm my speech.

*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 is shut.

**Doctor**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**Gentlewoman**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

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

**Gentlewoman**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

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

**Gentlewoman**

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

**Doctor**

Well, well, well,--

**Gentlewoman**

Pray God it be, sir.

**Doctor**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Doctor**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's  
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**Doctor**

Will she go now to bed?

**Gentlewoman**

Directly.

**Doctor**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

**Gentlewoman**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*

* 1. Macbeth meets Macduff. Certain he will win and wanting no more of Macduff's blood on him, Macbeth is reluctant to fight Macduff. But when Macduff tells Macbeth that he was early ripped from his mother's womb, Macbeth knows he is done for. Macduff brings Malcolm Macbeth's head, and all hail the new king of Scotland.  
     Lines: Macbeth, 26; Macduff, 20; Malcolm, 21; Siward, 13; Ross, 10

**SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.**

*Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

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

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much 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!

*They fight*

**MACBETH**

Thou losest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,  
To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more 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' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on 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 damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other 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 confirm'd  
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 knoll'd.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SIWARD**

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

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head*

**MACDUFF**

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

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

*Flourish*

**MALCOLM**

We shall not spend a large expense of time  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour 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 crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

**Dramatic Monologues for Individual Performance**

1.5 Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her husband (can be continued after the interruption by the messenger. After she is informed of Duncan’s upcoming visit to the castle, she her plans for him.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst 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 valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

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

1.7 Macbeth is having second thoughts about murdering Duncan.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'ld 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 the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, 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 the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

2.1 Macbeth Imagines a dagger is leading him to kill Duncan.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*A bell rings*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

* 1. Macbeth has decided to eliminate Banquo.

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is 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 hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

5.2 Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep. (Perform her lines without the conversation between the Doctor and Gentlewoman)

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

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.

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.

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

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.

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!

5.5 Macbeth despairs: "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" speech.

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.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.

[My lady] should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Porter scene

**Porter**

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

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged  
himself on the expectation of plenty: come in  
time; have napkins enow about you; here  
you'll sweat for't.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
swear in both the scales against either scale;  
who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an  
English tailor come hither, for stealing out of  
a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may  
roast your goose.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But  
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter  
it no further: I had thought to have let in  
some of all professions that go the primrose  
way to the everlasting bonfire.

*Knocking within*

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

*Opens the gate*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

**MACDUFF**

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

**Porter**

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

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink especially provoke?

**Porter**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes;  
it provokes the desire, but it takes  
away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:  
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets  
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,  
and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him  
in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter**

That it did, sir, i' the very throat 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.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**MACDUFF**

I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

**ACT I**

**SCENE I. A desert place.**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

**First Witch**

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

**Second Witch**

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

**Third Witch**

That will be ere the set of sun.

**First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**First Witch**

I come, Graymalkin!

**Second Witch**

Paddock calls.

**Third Witch**

Anon.

**ALL**

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

**SCENE III. A heath near Forres.**

*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 munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

**Second Witch**

I'll give thee a wind.

**First Witch**

Thou'rt kind.

**Third Witch**

And I another.

**First Witch**

I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary se'nnights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

**Second Witch**

Show me, show me.

**First Witch**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

*Drum within*

**Third Witch**

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

**ALL**

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