

Macbeth

Act I, scene 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

First Witch

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

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

- 5 That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

- 6 Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

- 7 There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

- 8 I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

- 9 Paddock calls.

Third Witch

- 10 Anon.

ALL

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

*Exeunt. **Act I, scene 3***

MACBETH

- 38 So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch

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

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

50 All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

[51](#) Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
[52](#) Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
[53](#) Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
[54](#) Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
[55](#) You greet with present grace and great prediction
[56](#) Of noble having and of royal hope,
[57](#) That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
[58](#) If you can look into the seeds of time,
[59](#) And say which grain will grow and which will not,
[60](#) Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
[61](#) Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch

62 Hail!

Second Witch

63 Hail!

Third Witch

64 Hail!

First Witch

65 Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

[66](#) Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

[67](#) Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
[68](#) So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch

69 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

[70](#) Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
[71](#) By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
[72](#) But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,
[73](#) A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
[74](#) Stands not within the prospect of belief,
[75](#) No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
[76](#) You owe this strange intelligence, or why
[77](#) Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
[78](#) With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

BANQUO

79 The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
80 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH

81 Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
82 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO

83 Were such things here as we do speak about?
84 Or have we eaten on the insane root
85 That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

86 Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

87 And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

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

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

ROSS

89 The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
90 The news of thy success; and when he reads
91 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
92 His wonders and his praises do contend
93 Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
94 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
95 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
96 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
97 Strange images of death. As thick as tale
98 Came post with post; and every one did bear
99 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
100 And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS

We are sent

101 To give thee from our royal master thanks;
102 Only to herald thee into his sight,
103 Not pay thee.

ROSS

104 And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
105 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
106 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
107 For it is thine.

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

108 The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
109 In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;

110 But under heavy judgment bears that life
111 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
112 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
113 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
114 He labor'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
115 But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
116 Have overthrown him.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!

117 The greatest is behind.

[*To ROSS and ANGUS.*]

Thanks for your pains.

[*Aside to BANQUO.*]

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

BANQUO [*Aside.*]

That trusted home

121 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
122 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
123 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
124 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
125 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
126 In deepest consequence.—

[*To ROSS and ANGUS.*]

127 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

Two truths are told,

128 As happy prologues to the swelling act
129 Of the imperial theme.—

I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside.*]

130 This supernatural soliciting
131 Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
132 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
133 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
134 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
135 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
136 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
137 Against the use of nature? Present fears
138 Are less than horrible imaginings:

[139](#) My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
[140](#) Shakes so my single state of man that function
[141](#) Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
[142](#) But what is not.

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

[143](#) If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
[144](#) Without my stir.

BANQUO

New honors come upon him,

[145](#) Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
[146](#) But with the aid of use. **Act I, scene 5**

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

LADY MACBETH [*Reads.*]

[1](#) "They met me in the day of success: and I have
[2](#) learned by the perfect'st report, they have more in
[3](#) them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire
[4](#) to question them further, they made themselves air,
[5](#) into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in
[6](#) the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
[7](#) all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title,
[8](#) before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
[9](#) me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that
[10](#) shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver
[11](#) thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
[12](#) mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
[13](#) ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it
[14](#) to thy heart, and farewell."

[15](#) Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
[16](#) What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
[17](#) It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
[18](#) To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
[19](#) Art not without ambition, but without
[20](#) The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
[21](#) That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
[22](#) And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou dost have, great Glamis,
[23](#) That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";
[24](#) And that which rather thou dost fear to do
[25](#) Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
[26](#) That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
[27](#) And chastise with the valour of my tongue
[28](#) All that impedes thee from the golden round,
[29](#) Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
[30](#) To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger

[31](#) The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it!

- 32 Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
33 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger

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

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;

- 38 He brings great news.

Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse

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

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

- 55 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
56 Thy letters have transported me beyond
57 This ignorant present, and I feel now
58 The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,

- 59 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

- 60 To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never

- 61 Shall sun that morrow see!
62 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
63 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

64 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
65 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
66 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
67 Must be provided for: and you shall put
68 This night's great business into my dispatch;
69 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
70 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH

71 We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;

72 To alter favour ever is to fear:

73 Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt. **Act I, scene 7**

*Hoboyes, torches. Enter a SEWER, and divers
SERVANTS with dishes and service, and pass
over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.*

MACBETH

1 If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
2 It were done quickly: if th' assassination
3 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
4 With his surcease success; that but this blow
5 Might be the be-all and the end-all — here,
6 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
7 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
8 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
9 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
10 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
11 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
12 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
13 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
14 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
15 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
16 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
17 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
18 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
19 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
20 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
21 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
22 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubins, horsed
23 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
24 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
25 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
26 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
27 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
28 And falls on the other —

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

How now? what news?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

30 Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

31 We will proceed no further in this business:
32 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
33 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
34 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
35 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk

36 Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
37 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
38 At what it did so freely? From this time
39 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
40 To be the same in thine own act and valour
41 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
42 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
43 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
44 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
45 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace!

46 I dare do all that may become a man;
47 Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,

48 That made you break this enterprise to me?
49 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
50 And, to be more than what you were, you would
51 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
52 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
53 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
54 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
55 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
56 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
57 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
58 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
59 Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

60 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
61 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
62 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
63 Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
64 Will I with wine and wassail so convince
65 That memory, the warder of the brain,
66 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
67 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep

68 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
69 What cannot you and I perform upon
70 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
71 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
72 Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;

73 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
74 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
75 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
76 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
77 That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,

78 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
79 Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up

80 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
81 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
82 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt. **Act II, scene 1**

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

A bell rings.

- 62 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
63 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
64 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. **Act II, scene 2**

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH [*Within.*]

Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

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

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

- 15 I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
16 Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

- 17 Ay.

MACBETH

Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

- 18 Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]

LADY MACBETH

19 A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

20 There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
21 That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
22 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
23 Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought

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

MACBETH

32 Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
33 Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
34 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
35 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
36 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
37 Chief nourisher in life's feast—

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

38 Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
39 "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
40 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

I'll go no more:

- 48 I am afraid to think what I have done;
49 Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!

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

Exit. Knock within.

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?

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

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

LADY MACBETH

- 61 My hands are of your colour; but I shame
62 To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking
63 At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
64 A little water clears us of this deed:
65 How easy is it, then! Your constancy
66 Hath left you unattended. (*Knock.*) Hark! more knocking.
67 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
68 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
69 So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

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

Knock.

- 71 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*Exeunt. **Act III, scene 4***

*Enter the GHOST OF BANQUO and sits
in Macbeth's place.*

MACBETH

- 39 Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
40 Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
41 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
42 Than pity for mischance!

ROSS

His absence, sir,

- 43 Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
44 To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH

45 The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

46 Where?

LENNOX

[47](#) Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH

[48](#) Which of you have done this?

Lords

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

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

ROSS

51 Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

52 Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
53 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
[54](#) The fit is momentary; upon a thought
55 He will again be well. If much you note him,
[56](#) You shall offend him and extend his passion.
57 Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

MACBETH

58 Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
[59](#) Which might appall the devil.

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!

60 This is the very painting of your fear:
61 This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
[62](#) Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
[63](#) (Impostors to true fear) would well become
64 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
[65](#) Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
66 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
67 You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!

68 Behold! look! lo! how say you?
69 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
70 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
[71](#) Those that we bury back, our monuments
72 Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Exit GHOST.*]

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly? **Act IV, scene 1**

Thunder. FIRST APPARITION, *an armed Head.*

MACBETH

69 Tell me, thou unknown power—

First Witch

He knows thy thought:

70 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition

71 Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

72 Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

** *He descends.*

MACBETH

73 Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;

74 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

First Witch

75 He will not be commanded. Here's another,

76 More potent than the first.

** *Thunder.* SECOND APPARITION, *a bloody Child.*

Second Apparition

77 Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

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

Second Apparition

79 Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

80 The power of man, for none of woman born

81 Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends.

MACBETH

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

83 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

84 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;

85 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

86 And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. THIRD APPARITION,

** *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this

87 That rises like the issue of a king,

88 And wears upon his baby-brow the round

89 And top of sovereignty?

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition

90 Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
91 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
92 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
93 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
94 Shall come against him. **Act V, scene 1**

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

4 Since his majesty went into the field, I have
5 seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown
6 upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold
7 it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
8 return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor

9 A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once
10 the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
11 watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her
12 walking and other actual performances, what, at any
13 time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

15 You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
16 should.

Gentlewoman

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

Enter LADY [MACBETH], with a taper.

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

Doctor

21 How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman

22 Why, it stood by her. She has light by her
23 continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor

24 You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

25 Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

LADY MACBETH

31 Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

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

LADY MACBETH

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

Doctor

41 Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

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

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

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

LADY MACBETH

50 Here's the smell of the blood still. All the
51 perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
52 little hand. O, O, O!

Doctor

53 What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
54 charg'd.

Gentlewoman

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

Doctor

57 Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman

58 Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor

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

LADY MACBETH

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

Doctor

65 Even so?

LADY MACBETH

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

Exit Lady.

Doctor

69 Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman

70 Directly.

Doctor

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

Gentlewoman

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt. **Act V, scene 5***

SEYTON

16 The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

17 She should have died hereafter;
18 There would have been a time for such a word.
19 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
20 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
21 To the last syllable of recorded time,
22 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
23 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

