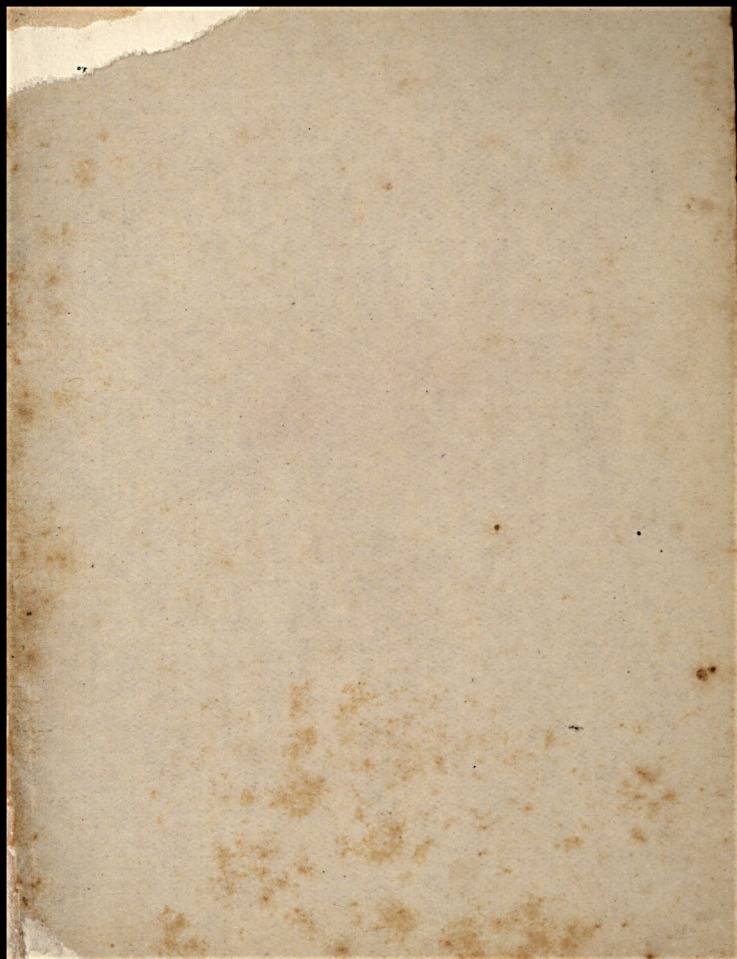


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*From the drawing by Wat. Bromley.*

Sir Henry Irving as Macbeth.

*Macbeth.* "Is this a dagger which I see before me." Act II., Sc. I.



The Stage Shakespeare

# Macbeth

*Lino Xavier.*  
*Rio-918-I*

Introduction

by

Austin Brereton

6 Pages of Illustrations,  
Glossary, Etc.

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## HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

"MACBETH," which has been described as Shakespeare's "great epic drama," was written in 1606, although it was not printed until 1623. The date of composition was fixed by Malone, who based his belief mainly on two passages in the Porter's soliloquy in the third scene of Act II.:—"Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty"; and, "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." The extreme cheapness of corn, as evinced by the audit book of Eton College for the year 1606, is alluded to in the first passage, while the second, he contends, is a marked reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed by Henry Garnet, Superior of the Order of the Jesuits, when on his trial for the Gunpowder treason in the same year. More convincing evidence, however, that the tragedy was written early in the reign of James I. is discovered in the allusion to the union of the three kingdoms in 1604, in Macbeth's vision of kings who "two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry." Be this as it may—and general opinion points to 1606 as the date when the play was completed—the earliest reliable information that we have concerning the chronology of "Macbeth" is found in the diary of Dr. Simon Forman (*Mus. Ashmol, Oxon.*), which



caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England, to the king's son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the meantime, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

Shakespeare found the story of his play in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. The historical incidents of the tragedy were first related in the *Scotorum Historiæ* of Boetius, printed at Paris in 1526, and then, in 1541, translated by Bellenden into the Scottish dialect, whence it was copied by Holinshed. But, according to Charles Knight, the interest of "Macbeth" "is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call 'Lear' or 'Hamlet' historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. That Shakespeare found sufficient material for this



contains the following details of the plot:—"In 'Macbeth' ca  
at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there wa ni  
to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two nobleme a  
of Scotland. riding through a wood, there stood before them to  
three women, fairies or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying as  
three times unto him, 'Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor! for gh  
thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings,' etc. Ther A  
said Banquo, 'What! all to Macbeth and nothing to me? B  
'Yes,' said the nymphs. 'Hail to thee, Banquo! thou shalt of  
beget kings, yet be no king.' And so they departed, and w  
came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan, King of Scots, su  
and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And th  
Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth th  
forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to A  
his own castle; and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, w  
for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so. a

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the in  
persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his d  
own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies  
seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth C  
had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be r  
washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which F  
handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means i  
they became both much amazed and affronted. The murder H  
being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the  
other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were a  
supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was t  
nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he, for fear t  
of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but  
be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and





great drama in Holinshed's 'History of Scotland' is a fact that renders it quite unnecessary for us to enter into any discussion as to the truth of this portion of the history. Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell; in the same way, after a long rule, was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies."

There was no indebtedness on Shakespeare's part to "The Witch" of Thomas Middleton (1610). On the contrary, Middleton plagiarised portions of "Macbeth" for his play. The great difference between the witches of the two writers has been described by Charles Lamb:—"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in 'Macbeth' and the incantations in this play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakespeare. His Witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first met with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul. Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakespeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning



or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to aery music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The names, and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life."

#### THE CHARACTERS.

Dr. Johnson's opinion of "Macbeth" is rather amusing. It possessed "no nice discrimination of character," according to the great lexicographer, who went on to say that "a poet who should now make the whole action of his drama depend on enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, and be banished from the theatre to the nursery." On the other hand, the play has been eulogised by all the great Shakespearean commentators of later date than Johnson. "The tragedy," says Hazlitt, "is alike distinguished for the lofty imagination it displays, and for the tumultuous vehemence of the action; and the one is made the moving principle of the other. The overwhelming pressure of preternatural agency urges on the tide of human passion with redoubled force. Macbeth himself appears driven along by the violence of his fate like a vessel drifting before a storm: he reels to and fro like a drunken man; he staggers under the weight of his own purposes and the



suggestions of others ; he stands at bay with his situation and from the superstitious awe and breathless suspense into which the communications of the Weird Sisters throw him, is hurried on with daring impatience to verify their predictions, and with impious and bloody hand to tear aside the veil which hides the uncertainty of the future. He is not equal to the struggle with fate and conscience. He now 'bends up each corporal agent to this terrible feat,' at other times his heart misgives him, and he is cowed and abashed by his success. 'The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.' His mind is assailed by the stings of remorse, and full of 'preternatural solicitings.' His speeches and soliloquies are dark riddles on human life, baffling solution, and entangling him in their labyrinths. In thought he is absent and perplexed, sudden and desperate in act, from a distrust of his own resolution. His energy springs from the anxiety and agitation of his mind. His blindly rushing forward on the objects of his ambition and revenge, or his recoiling from them, equally betrays the harassed state of his feelings. This part of his character is admirably set off by being brought in connection with that of Lady Macbeth, whose obdurate strength of will and masculine firmness give her the ascendancy over her husband's faltering virtue. She at once seizes the opportunity that offers for the accomplishment of all their wished-for greatness, and never flinches from her object till all is over. The magnitude of her resolution almost covers the magnitude of her guilt. She is a great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate. She does not excite our loathing and abhorrence like Regan and Goneril. She is only wicked to gain a great end, and is perhaps more distinguished by her commanding presence of mind and inexorable self-will,





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which do not suffer her to be diverted from a bad purpose, when once formed, by weak and womanly regrets, than by the hardness of her heart or want of natural affections. The impression which her lofty determination of character makes on the mind of Macbeth is well described where he exclaims,

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

Nor do the pains she is at to ‘screw his courage to the sticking-place,’ the reproach to him, not to be ‘lost so poorly in himself,’ the assurance that ‘a little water clears them of this deed,’ show anything but her greater consistency in depravity. Her strong-nerved ambition furnishes ribs of steel to ‘the sides of his intent,’ and she is herself wound up to the execution of her baneful project with the same unshrinking fortitude in crime, that in other circumstances she would probably have shown patience in suffering. The deliberate sacrifice of all considerations to the gaining ‘for their future days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom,’ by the murder of Duncan, is gorgeously expressed in her invocation on hearing of ‘his fatal entrance under her battlements.’”

### STAGE HISTORY.

“Macbeth,” like the majority of the Shakespearean plays, has suffered much mangling on the stage. Soon after the Restoration, Sir William Davenant paid attention to what he considered the imperfections of the tragedy, and produced at Lincoln’s Inn Fields, in 1665, an “improved version,” with the great actor, Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), as Macbeth. Davenant endeavoured to conform, as far as possible, to the theatrical taste of the day, and, by converting the tragedy into



an opera, to recompense himself for a considerable outlay in new scenery and costumes. For the music, he had the assistance of Matthew Lock, whose compositions still survive. Dances of furies were arranged for the incantation scene of the fourth act, and until a hundred and fifty years ago, the best dancers were employed to enliven this scene. Had Sir William stopped here it would have been well, but he went a step further and altered the design of the play, and, moreover, provided it with a good deal of jingling rhyme which, in later days, was not to be tolerated. To Macklin's credit, be it said, he was the first actor to dress Macbeth in a fitting costume. He wore an old-fashioned Scottish dress of a semi-military character. Garrick dressed Macbeth as a Scottish sergeant-major of his own day. The ladies' dress of this period was marked by much incongruity. Mrs. Pritchard, for instance, instead of wearing a long robe girdled round the waist, and a full, flowing mantle, appeared as Lady Macbeth in a court skirt over huge hoops, and a train tucked up to the waist, with powdered hair surmounted by a forest of feathers ; while Ann Crouch, as one of the witches, wore an elaborate fancy hat, cunningly calculated by a chronicler as "killing" in effect, her hair superbly powdered, rouge delicately and effectively laid on, and her whole precious person enveloped in a perfect cloud of point lace and the finest of fine linen !

"Macbeth" was restored to the stage by Garrick, who abolished the Davenant alterations. One or two scenes from Shakespeare were omitted by him, others were cut down, and "Davy" made fewer additions than was his usual custom in dealing with the Bard. He did compose a long dying speech for Macbeth ; but, then, was he not the manager ? And Garrick excelled in the expression of convulsive throes and dying



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agonies, and would not lose any opportunity that offered of displaying his skill in this respect. Garrick's first scene in "Macbeth" was animated and consistent. He admirably expressed the awe-struck feelings of Macbeth on meeting the Witches and hearing their dread prophecy; and, in the scene with Duncan, his mind appeared, to the audience, to be still agitated. For his murder scene, in the second act, we must go to the author of the "Dramatic Miscellanies," who says:—"The representation of this terrible part of the play by Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard can no more be described than, I believe, it can be equalled. I will not separate these performers, for the merits of both were transcendent. His distraction of mind and agonising horror were finely contrasted by her seeming apathy, tranquillity, and confidence. The beginning of the scene after the murder ~~was~~ conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and actions supplied the place of words. You heard what they spoke, but you learned more from the agitation of mind displayed in their actions and deportment. The poet here gives only an outline to the consummate actor: 'I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?' 'Did not you speak?' 'When?' The dark colouring given by the actor to these speeches makes the scene awful and tremendous to the auditor. The wonderful expression of heartfelt horror which Garrick felt when he showed his bloody hands can be conceived and described only by those who saw him." The banquet scene of the third act, where most Macbeths fail, was grandly supported by the speaking terrors of Garrick's look and action. Mrs. Pritchard showed admirable art in endeavouring to hide Macbeth's frenzy from the observation of her guests by drawing their attention towards herself. She smiled on one, whispered to





another, and distantly saluted a third. In short, she practised every conceivable artifice to hide Macbeth's disturbed state of mind from the knowledge of her guests. Her reproving and angry looks, directed at Macbeth, were also mixed with marks of inward agitation and vexation. When at last, as if unable to support her feelings any longer, she rose from her seat and seized his arm with a half-whisper of terror as she said, "Are you a man?" she assumed such a look of anger, indignation, and contempt as has not since been equalled, much less surpassed. Her effort in this scene is the more remarkable when we recall to mind Dr. Johnson's strictures on the actress:—"Her playing was quite mechanical. It is wonderful how little mind she had. Sir, she had never read the tragedy of 'Macbeth' all through. She no more thought of the play out of which her part was taken, than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut."

James Quin's figure and countenance stood him in good stead in the character of Macbeth; but he was deficient in animated utterance, and wanted flexibility of tone. He could assume neither the strong agitation of mind before the murder of Duncan, nor the remorse and anguish in consequence of it. Much less could he assume that mixture of despair, rage, and frenzy which mark the last scenes in the tragedy. During the whole representation, he hardly ever deviated from a dull, heavy monotony. Henry Mossop commanded attention and applause, thanks to his power of expression, in several of the situations, but he lacked variety of action and an easy carriage. Spranger Barry was not formed to express the terror of Macbeth, and he failed in the part. Kemble looked well as Macbeth, but he did not impress the spectator with



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the anguish and remorse of the character. He cut out Garrick's "dying speech," and published, in 1803, an acting version of "Macbeth."

It was on February 2, 1785, that Sarah Siddons appeared for the first time as Lady Macbeth at Drury Lane, a character in which she created the greatest impression of her life. Other parts in the cast in this memorable performance were taken by Smith as Macbeth, Brereton as Macduff, Bensley as Banquo, and Parsons, Moody, and Baddeley as the Witches. Mrs. Siddons imagined Lady Macbeth to be a delicate blonde, who ruled by her intellect and subdued by her beauty, but to whom no one feeling of common, general nature was congenial; a woman prompt for wickedness, but speedily possessed with remorse; one who is horror-stricken for herself and her husband, who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime, and is less moved by any sense of compassion or sorrow than she. Mrs. Siddons fairly dethroned the older actress, Mrs. Pritchard, as Lady Macbeth, but not without hard striving against prejudice. Here, for instance, is Lord Harcourt's judgment of her:—"To say Mrs. Siddons, in one word, is superior to Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth, would be talking nonsense, because I don't think that it is possible; but, on the other hand, I will not say with those impartial judges, Mr. Whitehead and Miss Fauquier, that she does not play near so well. That she has much more expression of countenance, and can assume parts with a spirit, cannot be denied; but she wants the dignity and, above all, the unequalled compass of Mrs. Pritchard. I thought her wonderful and very fine in the murder scene. She throws a degree of proud and filial tenderness into this speech: 'Had he not resembled my father,' etc., which is new, and of great



effect. Her 'Are you a man?' in the banquet scene, I thought inferior to Mrs. Pritchard's, and for the parts spoken at a great distance, her voice wanted power. Her countenance, aided by a studious and judicious choice of head-dress, was a true picture, in the sleeping scene, of a mind diseased, and made one shudder; and the effect in that was better than it had ever been with a taper (Mrs. Pritchard always carried a candlestick in her hand in the sleep-walking scene), because it allows of a variety in the actress, of washing her hands; but the sigh was not so horrid, nor was the voice so sleepy, nor yet quite so articulate, as Mrs. Pritchard's." Later on, a greater critic wrote:—"If we have seen Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth* only once, it is enough. The impression is stamped there for ever, and any after experiments and critical enquiries only serve to fritter away and tamper with the sacredness of the early recollection. We see into the details of the character—its minute excellence or defects—but the great masses, the gigantic proportions, are in some degree lost upon us by custom and familiarity. It is the first blow that staggers us; by gaining time we recover our self-possession. Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Macbeth* is little less appalling in its effects than the apparition of a preternatural being; but if we were accustomed to seeing a preternatural being constantly, our astonishment would diminish."

Stephen Kemble was asked what was the special attraction of his sister in the sleep-walking scene! "Never moved, sir; never moved," was his laconic but expressive reply. It was the still, statuesque figure of *Lady Macbeth*, her horror-struck eyes staring into vacancy, her terrible incapacity for action, which was the great feature of Mrs. Siddons' interpretation of this scene, in which she thrilled every spectator.





Two notable actors who played Macduff to the gratification of their audience should not be forgotten here. In the touches of domestic woe which require the feelings of the tender father and the affectionate husband, Wilks had no equal. His skill in exhibiting the emotions of the heart with appropriate look and gesture was universally admired. Lacy Ryan, in Macduff, had nothing against him but the harshness of his voice. He assumed such genuine terror and amazement in the second act, as became the man who had seen his royal master murdered; and, in the fourth act, his pathos moved the house to tears.

Macready, who excelled in the banquet scene, made his first appearance as Macbeth on June 9, 1820, at Covent Garden. He was then, be it remembered, but twenty-seven years old, yet he created a most favourable impression. "His air of bewildered agitation," according to a criticism which appeared the next morning, "upon coming on the stage after the interview with the Weird Sisters, was a most judicious and effective innovation upon the style of his predecessors. In the banquet scene, too, he made an original and admirable effect. Instead of intimidating the Ghost into a retreat, he fell back, sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands; then looked again, perceived the Ghost had disappeared, and upon being relieved from the fearful vision, recovered once more the spring of his soul and body. The effect was powerful. His expression of terror after the murder produced a long-continued stillness. The pathos which he infused into Macbeth was a principal merit of his delineation." Macready played the character frequently until the end of his career.

Another Macbeth of note of the last century was Samuel Phelps, who played the part to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs.



Warner in 1844. Phelps, during his fourth season at Sadler's Wells, revived the tragedy on September 27, 1847. He cut out the singing witches, but he restored to the stage the character of Lady Macduff, together with the scene in which she and her children are murdered. Charles Kean acted Macbeth at the Haymarket in the season of 1840-41, and, on February 4, 1853, he produced the play at Windsor Castle, before Queen Victoria. On the 14th of the same month he revived the tragedy at the Princess's Theatre. Kean, be it noted, used all of Lock's music.

The most remarkable revivals of "Macbeth" in modern times were those associated with the Lyceum Theatre. On September 18, 1875, the appearance of Henry Irving as the Thane provoked one of the fiercest storms of controversy which have ever been associated with an actor. The tragedy was, however, acted for eighty nights. "Macbeth" was chosen for the re-opening of the theatre on December 16, 1876, and again on December 29, 1888, the play was staged at the Lyceum with all the poetic feeling which has distinguished the Shakespearean productions of Henry Irving. It was found that the Macbeth of 1888 was "much stronger physically, as well as mentally, than it was in 1875." Great excitement was aroused by the appearance of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The revival was so successful that "Macbeth" was played for one hundred and fifty-one consecutive times. Another revival of "Macbeth," with Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth respectively, took place at the Lyceum on September 17, 1898. The late Robert Taber was the Macduff.

AUSTIN BRERETON.



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### THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE TRAGEDY.

"The King got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awakened them out of their drunken sleep.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet, through instigation of his wife, he called four of his servants unto him (whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts), and now, declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they entered the chamber (in which the King lay) a little before cock's-crow, where they secretly cut his throat, as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all ; and immediately, by a postern gate, they carried forth the dead body into the fields. . . . Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the King's chamber how the King was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he, with the watch, ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and, breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous





murder. . . . For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm ; but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction.”—*Holinshed's History of Scotland.*

“Macbeth, or Macbeathad MacFinlegh, as he is called in contemporary chronicles, was a king of Scotland. From his father, Finlegh, the son of Ruadhri, he inherited the rule of the province of Moray, and he became allied with the royal line by his marriage with Gruoch Mac-Boedhe, the granddaughter of King Kenneth MacDuff. In the year 1039 he headed an attack upon King Duncan MacCrinan at a place called Bothgouanan (the Smith's Bothy), where the King was mortally wounded, but survived to be carried to Elgin, in Moray. Macbeth now ascended the throne, and his reign of seventeen years is commemorated in the chronicles as a time of plenty. He made grants to the Culdees of Loch Leven, and in the year 1050 went in pilgrimage to Rome. Malcolm MacDuncan, or Ceanmore, the eldest son of King Duncan MacCrinan, had fled to England on his father's death ; and in the summer of 1054, his kinsman, Siward, Earl of Northumberland, led an English army into Scotland against Macbeth. That King was defeated with great slaughter, but escaped from the field, and still kept the throne. Four years afterwards he was again defeated by Malcolm MacDuncan, and fleeing northwards across the mountain-range, since called the Grampians, he was slain at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, on the 5th of December, 1056. His followers



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were able to place his nephew, or step-son, Lulach, on the throne, and his defeat and death at Essie, in Strathbogie, on the 3rd of April, 1057, opened the succession to Malcolm, who, three weeks afterwards, was crowned at Scone. This is all that is certainly known of the history of Macbeth. The fables which gradually accumulated round his name were systematized in the beginning of the fifteenth century by the historian Hector Boerce, from whose pages they were transferred to the chronicle of Holinshed, where they met the eye of Shakespeare. Nearly half a century before his great play was written, Buchanan had remarked how well the legend of Macbeth was fitted for the stage."—*Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

### THE THEME OF THE PLAY.

"The theme of the drama is the gradual ruin, through yielding to evil within and evil without, of a man who, though from the first tainted by base and ambitious thoughts, yet possessed elements in his nature of possible honour and loyalty. The contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, united by their affections, their fortunes, and their crime, is made to illustrate the character of each. Macbeth has physical courage, but moral weakness, and is subject to excited, imaginative fears. His faint and intermittent loyalty embarrasses him—he would have the gain of crime without its pains. But when once his hands are dyed in blood, he hardly cares to withdraw them, and the same fears which had tended to hold him back from murder, now urge him on to double and treble murders, until slaughter, almost reckless, becomes the habit of his reign. At last, the gallant soldier of the opening of the play fights for his life with a wild and



brute-like force. His whole existence has become joyless and loveless, and yet he clings to existence. Lady Macbeth is of a finer and more delicate nature. Having fixed her eyes upon an end—the attainment for her husband of Duncan's crown—she accepts the inevitable means; she nerves herself for the terrible night's work by artificial stimulants; yet she cannot strike the sleeping King, who resembles her father. Having sustained her weaker husband, her own strength gives way; and in sleep, when her will cannot control her thoughts, she is piteously afflicted by the memory of one stain of blood upon her little hand. At last her thread of life snaps suddenly. Macbeth, whose affection for her was real, has sunk too far into the apathy of joyless crime to feel deeply her loss. Banquo, the loyal soldier, praying for restraint of evil thoughts which enter his mind as they had entered that of Macbeth, but which work no evil there, is set over against Macbeth, as virtue is set over against disloyalty. The Witches are the supernatural beings of terror, in harmony with Shakespeare's tragic period, as the fairies of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' are the supernatural beings of his days of fancy and frolic, and as Ariel is the supernatural genius of his latest period. There is at once a grossness, a horrible reality about the Witches, and a mystery and grandeur of evil influence."—*Edward Dowden.*

"In consequence of the Fall, and man's universal sinfulness, his power to will and to do is, by nature, tainted; it is powerless for good, and strong only for evil, so long as he refuses, not only to acknowledge or regret, but to atone for his otherwise incurable corruption, by becoming a partaker in the divine grace. And not only is the human mind thus





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given over to evil ; but, inasmuch as man is the organic centre and culminating point of the whole earthly creation, even the powers of nature—between which and himself an intimate and essential connection subsists of action and re-action—must, of necessity, proceed with him in the same course. The evil which has struck so deep a root within himself meets him again from without, in the powers and elements of nature, with a tempting and seductive attraction. And again, the undeniable though dark and mysterious connection between this life and the next, constrains us to ascribe to the spiritual world a certain influence on the spirits as yet embodied on this earth. In this truth lies the profound meaning of the Christian doctrine of devils and evil spirits. . . . Shakespeare's Witches are a hybrid progeny : partly rulers of nature, and belonging to the nocturnal body of this earthly creation ; partly human spirits, fallen from their original innocence, and deeply sunk in evil. They are the fearful echo which the natural and spiritual world gives back to the evil which sounds forth from the human breast itself—eliciting it, helping it to unfold and mature itself into the evil purpose and the wicked deed.”—*Ulrici*.

### LADY MACBETH.

“The crime of Lady Macbeth terrifies us in proportion as we sympathize with her ; and this sympathy is in proportion to the degree of pride, passion, and intellect we may ourselves possess. It is good to behold and to tremble at the possible result of the noblest faculties uncontrolled or perverted. The obdurate inflexibility of purpose with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated



disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself, than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper. She is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common. . . . She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex and with humanity.”—*Mrs. Jameson.*

“When Lady Macbeth’s passion is satisfied and the action committed, then only will the other consequences be revealed to her as a novelty of which she previously had not the slightest anticipation. Those fears, and that necessity for new crimes, which her husband had foreseen at the outset, she has never thought of. . . . Macbeth has become hardened in crime, after having hesitated to commit it, because he knew its character; but we shall see his wife, succumbing beneath the knowledge which she has acquired too late, substitute one fixed idea for another, die to deliver herself from its influence, and punish by the madness of despair the crime which she was led to commit by the madness of ambition. The other personages, introduced merely to fill up this great picture of the progress and destiny of crime, have no other colour than that of the position given them by history.”—*Guizot.*

“The real wife of Macbeth—she who lives only in the obscure record of an obscure age—bore the very unmusical appellation of Gruoch, and was instigated to the murder of



# Macbeth.

## Introduction.

Duncan, not only by ambition, but by motives of vengeance. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II., the father of Duncan."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

### MACBETH.

"Macbeth's passions are imperious, but no series of reasonings and projects determines and governs them; they form a lofty tree, but one devoid of roots, which the least breeze may shake, and the fall of which is a disaster. Hence arises his tragic grandeur; it resides in his destiny more than in his character."—*Guizot.*

### PLACES OF THE ACTION OF "MACBETH."

THE HEATH.—A wild and dreary plain, called the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, is assigned as the place of the meeting of Macbeth and the Weird Sisters. It is about six miles west of Forres, and is intersected by the high road between Forres and Nairn. The scene is made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. It is at all times bleak and lonely; but in storms, or when the fogs trail over its pathless waste, it must be unspeakably desolate.

FORRES.—This is a royal burgh, in the county of Elgin, or Moray, and was such in the reign of King David I. (1124-1153), and, presumably, earlier. It lies at the foot of the Cluny Hills, on an old sea-terrace, not far from the mouth of the river Findhorn.

INVERNESS.—This also is a royal burgh, and is the capital of the Highlands of Scotland. Its surroundings are beautiful.





Its first charter was granted by King William the Lion (1165-1214). Boece declares that "Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an eminence to the south-west of the town." Duncan's son Malcolm razed that castle to the ground, and built another on a different part of the hill. This also has disappeared. Knight says that the forts and castles of Macbeth's time were built of timber and sods, which crumbled away, ages ago.

GLAMIS AND CAWDOR.—Glamis Castle is about five miles from Forfar, within view of Birnam Hill. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn. Poetic superstition, of course, connects the name of Macbeth with both of them.

ST. COLMES' INCH.—Meaning St. Columba's Island. It lies in the Firth of Forth, off the coast of Fife. A monastery was founded there by Alexander I.

COLMES' KILL.—Meaning St. Columba's Cell. This is in the Island of Iona, off the west coast of Argyll. It was the burial-place of many ancient Scottish kings. A monastery was established there about 563, but was devastated in 1561. Tradition says that both Duncan and Macbeth were buried at Iona.

SCONE.—This, from 973 to 1040, was a residence of the kings of Scotland, who, indeed, were crowned there, on a sacred stone—now in the seat of a chair in Westminster Abbey, whither it was brought by Edward I., in 1296—which is said to have been the pillow of Jacob, when he dreamed, and beheld the angels, on the plain of Luz. This stone is still



# Macbeth.

## Introduction.

used in British coronation ceremonials. Scone was situated two miles north of Perth. Nothing of it remains but an aisle of its ruined abbey, founded in 838, and a few crumbling houses.

DUNSINANE.—One of the Sidlaw Hills, situated in the eastern part of Perthshire. It is 1114 feet high. On the top of it are the remains of an ancient fortification, popularly called Macbeth's Castle. Dunsinane is seven miles from Perth.

BIRNAM is another of the Sidlaws, and is twelve miles distant from Dunsinane. It is near Dunkeld, and it commands a fine view of the valley of the Tay. In former times it was covered by an ancient royal forest.—*Compiled by William Winter.*



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } *his sons.*  
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *generals of the king's army.*  
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, } *noblemen of Scotland.*  
ROSS, }  
MENTEITH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Boy, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

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

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

xxviii



# Macbeth.

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## Act First.

### Scene 1.

*A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. 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?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

*Sec. Witch.* Paddock calls.

*Third Witch.* Anon.

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. *[Exit.]*



## Scene 2.

*A camp near Forres.**Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt *enter*  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil *battle*  
As thou didst leave it.

*Ser.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together *consume*  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave;

# Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 2.

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell.  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.  
[Exit Sergeant, attended.]

Who comes here?



*Enter Ross.*

*Mal.*

The worthy thane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he  
look

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.*

God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

*Ross.*

From Fife, great king

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

*Dun.*

Great happiness!

*Ross.*

That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.



Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 3.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3.

*A heath near Forres.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. 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 *down*  
me," quoth I :

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries. *away*

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, *penicill*

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Sec. 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 ; *eyelid*

He shall live a man forbid : *recommenced*

Act 1., Sc. 3.

Macbeth.

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.

*weeks  
enough*

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

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

*folger*  
[*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.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these

*inad.* So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught *alg. con*  
That man may question? You seem to understand  
me,

*can't* By each at once her choppy finger laying *rechar*  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret



# Macbeth.

Act 1., Sc. 3.

That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can : what are you ?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter !

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair ? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal : to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail !

*Sec. Witch.* Hail !

*Third Witch.* Hail !

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[ *Witches vanish.*

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

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

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so?

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

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success ; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,

# Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 3.

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

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

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks  
for your pains.



[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

*Ban.*

That trusted home

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

Win us with honest trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.*

[*Aside*] Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 4.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 4.

*Forres. The Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Lennox, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die : who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth  
A deep repentance : nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it ; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face :  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*

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

*Macb.* 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 every thing



Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.*

Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.*

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

*Dun.*

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not used for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.*

My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed ;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :  
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

## Scene 5.

*Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* "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."



# Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 5.

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?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.*

Thou'rt mad to say it :

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

*Mess.* 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 M.*

He brings great news.

Give him tending ;

[*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.

*Macb.*

My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night

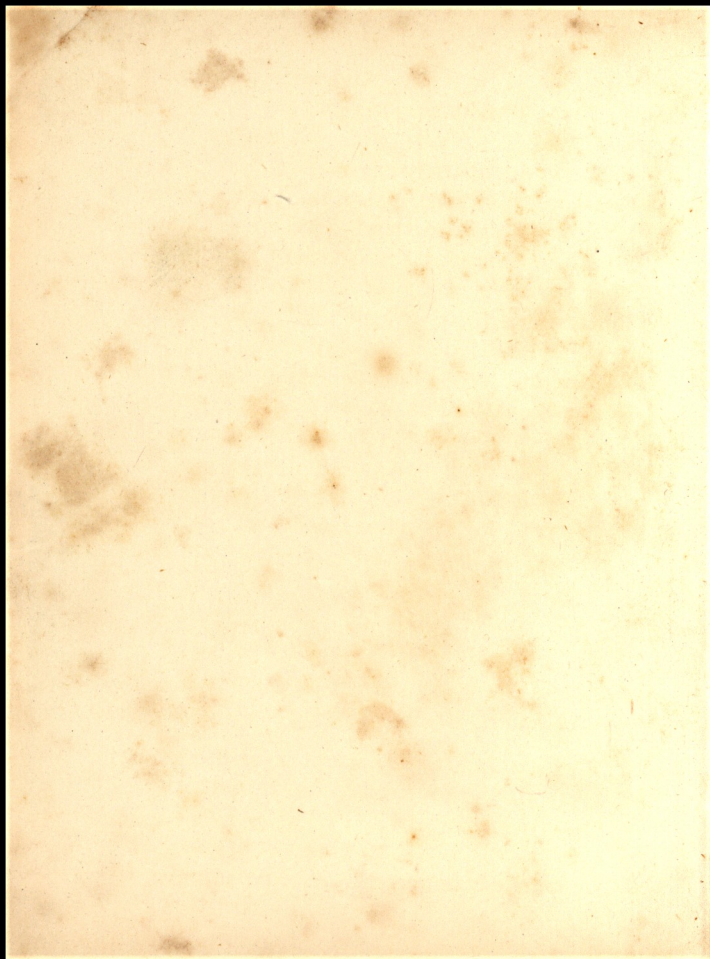


*From the painting by Frank Dicksee.*

*Reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of Liverpool Corporation.*

*Lady Macbeth.* "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised." Act I., Sc. v.







# Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 6.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Mach.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* 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.

*Mach.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 6.

### *Before Macbeth's Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

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

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Dun.* 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 M.* All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Where poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* *Where's the thane of Cawdor?*  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,

# Macbeth.

Act I., Sc. 1.

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.*

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 7.

### *Macbeth's Castle.*

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

*Macb.* 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 judgement here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
Comments 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.*

How now ! what news ?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd : why have you left the  
chamber ?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has ?

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

*Lady M.* 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? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.*

Prithee, peace:

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

*Lady M.*

What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
 They have made themselves, and that their fit ess  
 now

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

*Macb.*

If we should fail?

*Lady M.*

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 *overcome*  
 { 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 ? *murder*

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only ;

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

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other, *otherwise*  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
 Upon his death ?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up *determined*  
 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.*]



## Act Second.

## Scene I.

*Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

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

*Ban.* All 's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them :  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while !

*Ban.* Thanks, sir : the like to you !

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

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-oppress'd 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 half-world  
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.

[*Exit.*]



## Scene 2.

*The same.**Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark !  
Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :  
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

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

*Lady M.* 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 !

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

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak ?



Macbeth.

Act II., Sc. 2.

*Macb.*

When?

*Lady M.*

Now.

*Macb.*

As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.*

Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard  
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* 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 M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.*

These deeds must not be thought

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

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

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

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

*Lady M.* 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.

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

*Lady M.* 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.

Act II., Sc. 2.

*Macb.*

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? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear  
a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!  
more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

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

[*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst!

[*Exeunt.*



## Scene 3.

*The same.**Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

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

Macbeth.

Act II., Sc. 3.

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

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

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* 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 dis-  
heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to;  
in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving  
him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* 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.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter Macbeth.*

Our knocking has awakened him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him : *betime*



I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

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

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

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does : he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly : where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee !

*Macb.* }  
*Len.* } What's the matter ?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece !

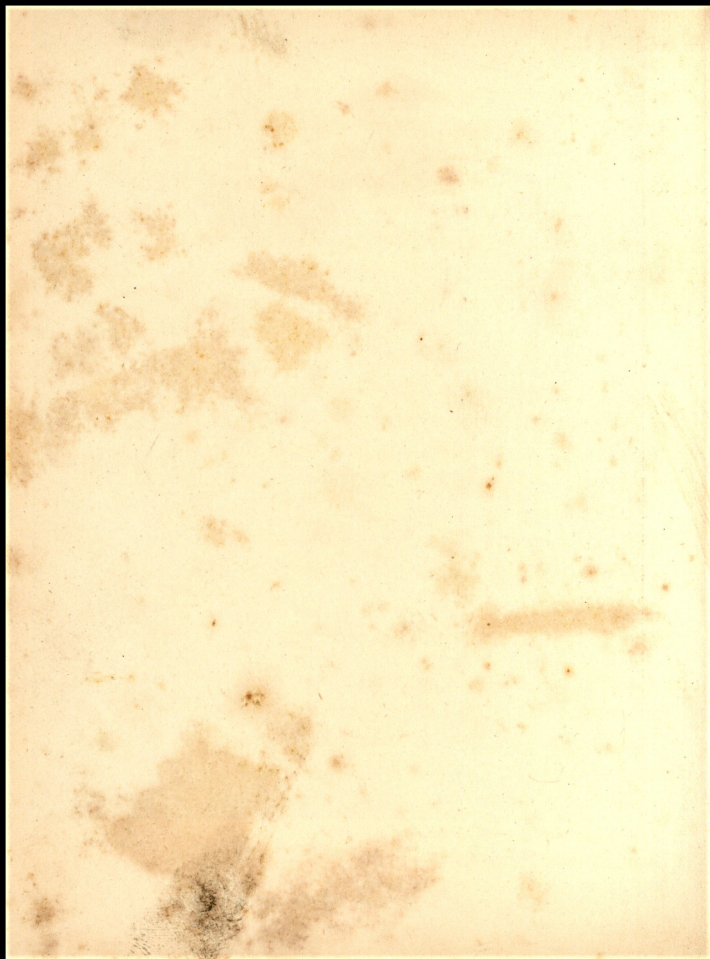


*Photo: Window & Grove, London.*

Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.

*Lady Macbeth.* "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Act V., Sc. I.







# Macbeth.

Act II., Sc. 3.

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

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* 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 M.* What 's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak !

*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter Banquo*

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

*Lady M.* Woe, alas !

What, in our house ?

*Ban.* Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.*

*Macb.* 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 and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss ?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't :  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom ?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, 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

# Macbeth.

Act II., Sc. 3.

Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man :  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known ?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho !

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

*Don.* [*Aside to Mal.*] 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.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady :

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]





And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :  
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

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

*All.* Well contended.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them :  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* 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.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]



## Scene 4.

*Outside Macbeth's Castle.**Enter Ross and an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well :  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it ?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and  
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter Macduff.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.*

Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.*

Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.*

They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.*

'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

*Ross.*

Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.*

Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.*

Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!



Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. I.

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you ; and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*

Act Third.

Scene I.

*Forres. The Palace.*

*Enter Banquo.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now : king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't : yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? But hush ! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth,  
as queen, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.



*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.

# Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. i.

Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night : to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men  
Our pleasure ?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*

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 Cæsar. Hé 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 ?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

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

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self : this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instru-  
ments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say " Thus did Banquo."

*First Mur.*

You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find



Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

*First Mur.*

We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept  
All by the name of dogs : the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't ;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

*Sec. Mur.*

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*First Mur.*

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.*

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.*

True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life : and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down ; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.*

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.*

Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour  
at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace ; always thought  
That I require a clearness : and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—



# Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 2.

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :  
I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.*

We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

## Scene 2.

*The Palace.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court ?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without all  
remedy

Should be without regard : what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds  
suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Lady M.* Come on ;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,



Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 2

Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]





Scene 3.

*A park near the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho !

*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he : the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light !

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.*

*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.

*First Mur.* Stand to't.

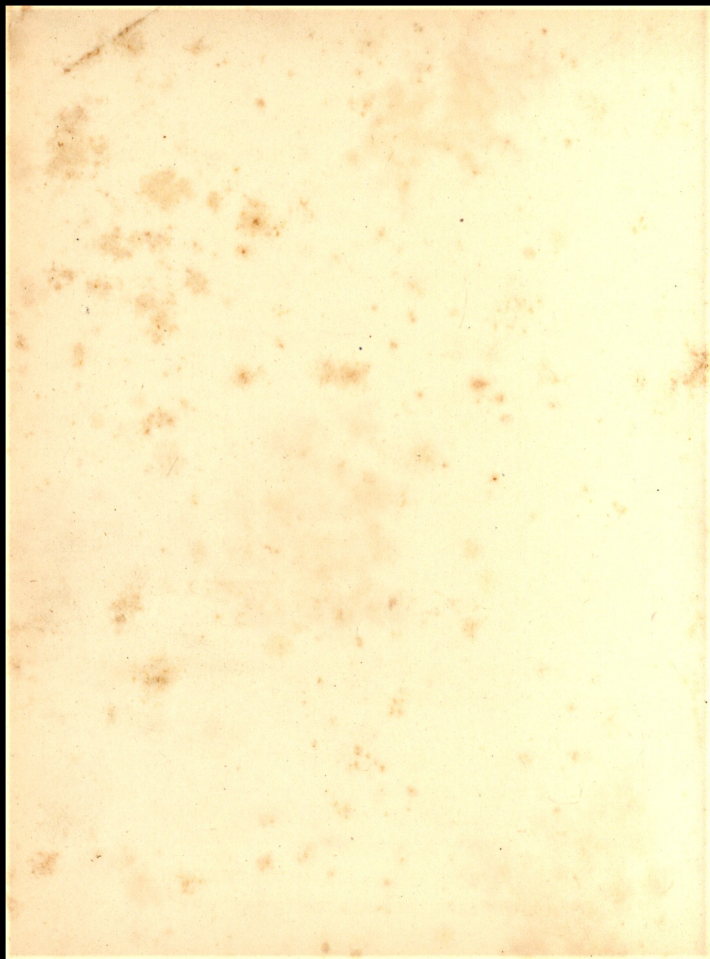


*Photo: Guy & Co., Cork.*

Mrs. F. R. Benson as Lady Macbeth.

*Lady Macbeth.* "Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome." Act III., Sc. IV.







# Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 4.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.*

Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.*

Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

*Sec. Mur.*

We have lost

Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene 4.

*The same. Hall in the Palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,  
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

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

*Lords.*

Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.



*First Murderer appears at the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :

Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's  
blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd ?

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

*Macb.* 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.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air :  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* 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.*

Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 4.

*Lady M.*

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;  
From thence the sauce to meet is ceremony ;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.*

Sweet remembrancer !

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Len.*

May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

*Macb.* 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.

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.*

Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where ?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your  
highness ?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.*

What, my good lord ?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it : never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.



*Lady M.* 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 ?

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

*Lady M.* O proper stuff !  
This is the very painting of your fear :  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !  
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ?  
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly ?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame !

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

Too terrible for the ear : the time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end ; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools : this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full.  
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.*

*Macb.* Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide  
thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with !

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.



*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !  
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost vanishes.*

Why, so : being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke the good  
meeting,

With most admired disorder.

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

*Ross.* What sights, my lord ?

*Lady M.* 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.

*Len.* Good night ; and better health



# Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 4.

Attend his majesty !

*Lady M.*

A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

*Macb.* 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 M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding ?

*Lady M.*

Did you send to him, sir ?

*Macb.* 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 M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* 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.*

## Scene 5.

*A Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death ;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art ?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now : get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning : thither he  
Will come to know his destiny :  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and everything beside.  
I am for the air ; this night I 'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :  
Great business must be wrought ere noon :  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;



# Macbeth.

Act III., Sc. 6.

I'll catch it ere it come to ground :  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion :  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear :  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within* : "Come away, come  
away," &c.

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*  
*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back  
again. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene 6.

*Forres. The Palace.*

*Enter Lennox and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further : only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead :  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;  
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous





It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—  
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should  
find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these—with Him above  
To ratify the work—we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,



# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 1.

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honours :  
All which we pine for now : and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did : and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say "You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed !

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act Fourth.

Scene 1.

*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*Sec. 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.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,



Make the gruel thick and slab :  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.*

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

*[Music and a song : " Black spirits," &c.  
[Hecate retires.]*

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks !

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !  
What is 't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure,  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken ; answer me  
To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters ?

*Macb.* Call 'em ; let me see 'em.

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

*All.* Come, high or low ;  
Thyself and office deftly show !

*Thunder.* *First Apparition : an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought :  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*First App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
Macduff ;

# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. i.

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* 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.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition : a Child crowned,  
with a tree in his hand.*

What is this

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

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*Third App.* 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.

*Macb.* That will never be :  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much : shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* 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?  
[Hautboys

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show!

*Third Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;  
Come like shadows, so depart !

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in  
his hand ; Banquo's Ghost following.*

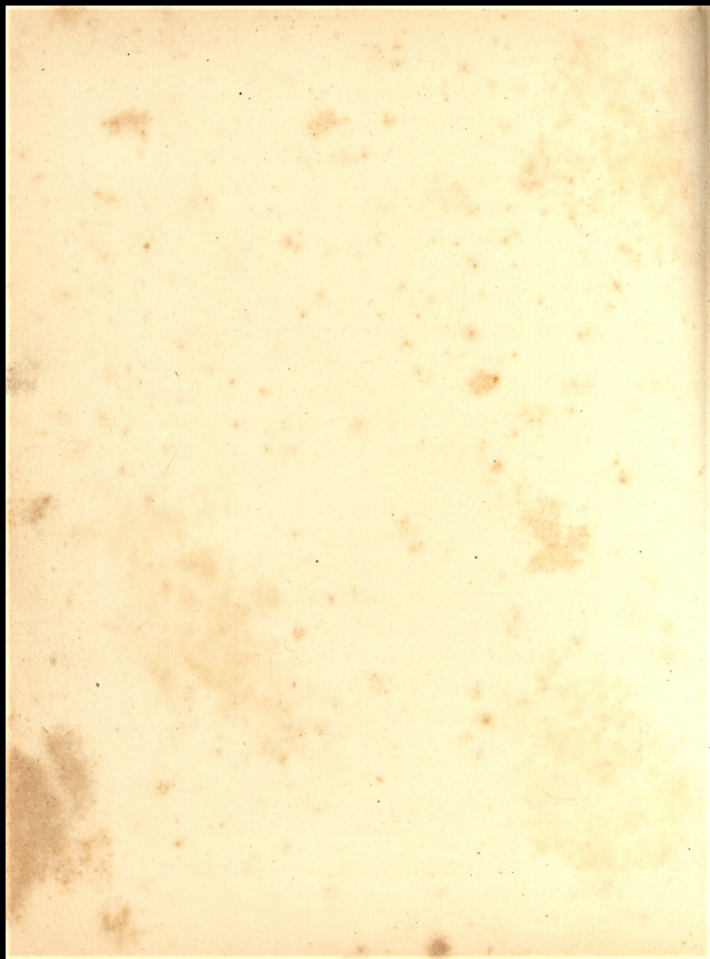


*Photo: Caswell Smith, London.*

“Macbeth” (Mr. Robert Taber as Macduff).

*Macduff.* “Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall’n birthdom.” Act IV., Sc. III.







# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. I.

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

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

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

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

*Enter Lennox.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* 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?

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

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

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

## Scene 2.

*Fife. Macduff's Castle.**Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* 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 !

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead :  
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies ?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a father ?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i' faith,  
With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother ?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor ?

# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 2.

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* 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.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* 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.*

*L. Macd.*

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 Mur.* Where is your husband?*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.*First Mur.*

He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !*First Mur.*

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.*]

Scene 3.

*England. Before the King's Palace.**Enter Malcolm and Macduff.**Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.



# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

*Macd.*

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.*

What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well :  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but some-  
thing  
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.*

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.*

I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy  
wrongs;  
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean : in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink  
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many





As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

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

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own : all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none : the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uprouse the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :

I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !

No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste : but God above  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet



Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow and delight  
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself : what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command :  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray  
you ?

*Doct.* Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure : their malady convinces  
The great assay of art ; but at his touch—  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil :  
A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,



# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 3

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers !

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Ross.* Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker :

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Ross.* No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't?

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer

# Macbeth.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

This comfort with the like ! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast ?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum ! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven !  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;  
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too ?

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence !  
My wife kill'd too ?





*Ross.*

I have said.

*Mal.*

Be comforted :

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

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.*Macd.*

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!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief  
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission ; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!*Mal.*

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth



*Photo. Window & Grove, London.*

Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.

*Lady Macbeth.*

"Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear." Act I., Sc. v.







# Macbeth.

Act V., Sc. 1.

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
may :

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

## Act Fifth.

### Scene 1.

*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the Castle.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gent.* 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.

*Doct.* How came she by that light ?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Aye, but their sense is shut.

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

*Gent.* 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 M.* Yet here's a spot.

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

*Lady M.* 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.

*Doct.* Do you mark that ?

*Lady M.* 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.

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



Macbeth.

Act V., Sc. 1.

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

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

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

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

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

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

*Lady M.* 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.

*Doct.* Even so ?

*Lady M.* 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.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed ?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* 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.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,  
Lennox, and Soldiers.*

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

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

# Macbeth.

Act V., Sc. 3.

Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there ?

*Caith.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

Scene 3.

*Dunsinane. A room in the Castle.*

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall ere have power upon thee." Then fly, false  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Mach.*

Geese, villain?

*Serv.*

Soldiers, sir.

*Mach.* Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Mach.* Take thy face hence.

[*Exit Servant.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,



I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton !

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure ?

*Macb.* What news more ?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses ; skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor ?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.



*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.

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

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

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord : your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Doct.* [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Country near Birnam wood.*

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his  
Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross,  
and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.*

We doubt it nothing.

# Macbeth.

Act V., Sc. 4.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.*

The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host and make discovery

Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.*

It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

Our setting down before't.

*Mal.*

'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,

Both more and less have given him the revolt,

And none serve with him but constrained things

Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.*

Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrial soldiership.

*Siw.*

The time approaches

That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]



## Scene 5.

*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.**Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum  
and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;  
The cry is still " They come : " our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up :  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

*[A cry of women within.*  
What is that noise ?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. *[Exit.*

*Macb.* 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.

*Re-enter Seyton.*

Wherefore was that cry ?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She 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.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave !

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :  
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane : " and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 6.

*Dunsinane. Before the Castle.*

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward,  
Macduff, and their army, with boughs.*

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

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt.*]



## Scene 7.

*Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[They fight and young Siward is slain.]*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!



If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be ;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !  
And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarums.]*

*Enter Malcolm and old Siward.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ; the castle's gently render'd :  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
*[Exeunt. Alarums.]*

Scene 8.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* 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.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn !

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :

But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words :

My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! *[They fight.]*

*Macb.* 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.

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

*Macb.* 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.

*Macd.* 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 upon a pole, and underwrit,





"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.*

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!"  
[*Excunt, fighting. Alarums.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,  
Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

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

*Mal.* 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.

*Siw.* 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.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

# Macbeth.

Act V., Sc. 8.

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* 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.

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

*Siw.* 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.*

*Macd.* 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.]*

*Mal.* 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 kins-  
men,  
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.*





# Glossary.

- Absolute**, decided, III. vi.  
**Abuse**, impair, II. i.  
**Acheron**, a river of the infernal regions, (mythology), III. v.  
**Adder's fork**, the forked tongue of the adder (*cf.* "yon spotted snakes with double tongue," in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), IV. i.  
**Addition**, added title, I. iii.  
**Address'd them**, settled themselves, II. ii.  
**Adhere**, accord, I. vii.  
**Admired**, astonishing, III. iv.  
**Advise**, inform, direct, III. i.  
**Afear'd**, used by Shakespeare for "afraid;" properly the past participle of *afear*=to frighten, I. iii.  
**Affection**, frame of mind, IV. iii.  
**Affee'd**, confirmed, IV. iii.  
**Alarm**, call to arms, V. ii.  
**Alarum'd**, alarmed, aroused (poetical form), II. i.  
**All**, "all to all"=all (pledge) to all, III. iv.  
**All-thing**, utterly, III. i.  
**A-making**, in progress, III. iv.  
**Angel**, genius, spirit—evil or good, V. viii.  
**Angerly**, angrily, III. v.  
**Annoyance**, harm, hurt (generally used by Shakespeare in this strong sense), V. i.  
**Anon**, forthwith, I. i.  
**Anon, anon**, "coming, coming;" an answer common among waiters, II. iii.  
**An't**, if it, *an* being an Elizabethan form of *if*, III. vi.  
**Antic**, antique, fantastic, IV. i.  
**Anticipatest**, dost hinder, IV. i.  
**Apply**, "let your remembrance apply to Banquo," remember to treat him with special honour, III. ii.  
**Approve**, demonstrate, I. vi.  
**Argument**, theme, II. iii.  
**Aroint thee**, avaunt, away, I. iii.  
**Assay of art**, effort of (medical) skill, IV. iii.  
**Attend**, await, III. ii.  
**Augurs**, auguries, divinations, III. iv.  
**Authorized by**, on the authority of, III. iv.  
**Avouch it**, be responsible for the act, III. i.  
**Baby**, "the baby of a girl," that is, a doll: hence a puppet and weakling, III. iv.  
**Badged**, stained, marked as with a badge, II. iii.  
**Bane**, destruction, V. iii.  
**Battle**, division (of an army), V. vi.  
**Beguile**, cheat, I. v.  
**Bellona's bridegroom**, that is, Macbeth. Bellona was the Roman goddess of war, I. ii.  
**Bend up**, strain (metaphor of bending a bow), I. vii.



- Bent**, resolved, III. iv.  
**Best**, "in best time," in the most fitting time, III. iv.  
**Bestow'd**, lodged, stowed away, III. i.  
**Bestows himself**, is living, III. vi.  
**Bestrider**, defend (metaphorical), IV. iii.  
**Bides**, lies, III. iv.  
**Bill**, descriptive catalogue, III. i.  
**Birnam**, a high hill 12 miles distant from Dunsinane, IV. i.  
**Birthdom**, mother-land, IV. iii.  
**Bladed**, "bladed corn," corn in the blade, IV. i.  
**Blind-worm**, slow-worm: really a harmless reptile, but once thought to be noxious, IV. i.  
**Blood-bolter'd**, having the hair matted with clots of blood, IV. i.  
**Blow**, blow upon, I. iii.  
**Bodements**, forebodings, IV. i.  
**Boot**, "to boot," into the bargain, in addition, IV. iii.  
**Borne**, managed, III. vi.  
**Borne in hand**, duped with false hopes, III. i.  
**Bosom interest**, close affection for him, I. ii.  
**Brainsickly**, madly, II. ii.  
**Break**, disclose, I. vii.  
**Breech'd** (with gore), up to the hilt in gore, II. iii.  
**Breed**, parentage, IV. iii.  
**Brinded**, an old form of "brindled," IV. i.  
**Bring you**, accompany you, conduct you, II. iii.  
**Broad**, free-spoken, III. vi.  
**Broil**, battle, I. ii.  
**Bruited**, proclaimed, v. vii.  
**By**, "came they not by you," past, IV. i.  
**By the way**, casually, III. iv.  
**Cabin'd**, cribb'd, cramped in a small space, III. iv.  
**Captains** (trisyllable), I. ii.  
**Careless**, uncared for, I. iv.  
**Casing**, encircling, III. iv.  
**'Cause**, contraction of because, III. vi.  
**Censures**, opinions, v. iv.  
**Champion me**, fight with me in single combat, III. i.  
**Chanced**, occurred, I. iii.  
**Chaps**, jaws, I. ii.  
**Charge**, "in an imperial charge," in executing an imperial command, IV. iii.  
**Charged**, burdened, v. i.  
**Chaudron**, or **Chawdron**, entrails, IV. i.  
**Children**, (trisyllabic), IV. iii.  
**Choke their art**, nullify their skill as swimmers, I. ii.  
**Choppy**, cracked with chops, I. iii.  
**Chough**, then applied to any sort of crow, especially the jackdaw, III. iv.  
**Chuck**, a term of endearment, III. ii.  
**Clear**, frankly, I. v.; guileless, I. vii.; unstained, II. i.  
**Clearness**, that is, from all suspicion, III. i.  
**Clept**, called, III. i.



**Cling**, wither, v. v.  
**Close**, join, III. ii.; secret, III. v.  
**Closed**, enclosed, III. i.  
**Cloudy**, angry, III. vi.  
**Cock**, cock-crow; "the second cock," about 3 a.m., II. iii.  
**Coign**, corner, I. vi.  
**Colmekill**, or **Icolmkill** = the cell of St. Columba; identical with Iona, one of the Western Isles, II. iv.  
**Command upon me**, entrust me with your commands, III. i.  
**Commends**, offers, I. vii.  
**Commission**, "those in commission," those deputed to execute Cawdor, I. iv.  
**Composition**, terms of peace, I. ii.  
**Compt**, account, I. vi.  
**Compunctious**, causing compunction, I. v.  
**Concluded**, determined, III. i.  
**Confineless**, without confine or limit, IV. iii.  
**Confounds us**, is our ruin, II. ii.  
**Confusion**, destruction, II. iii.  
**Consent**, proposal, II. i.  
**Consequences**, "mortal consequences," the end resulting from a man's acts, v. iii.  
**Constancy**, firmness of mind, II. ii.  
**Continent**, repressing, IV. iii.  
**Convert**, give place, IV. iii.  
**Convey**, indulge stealthily, IV. iii.  
**Convince**, overcome, I. vii.  
**Convinces**, overpowers, IV. iii.  
**Copy**, probably *copyhold* or terminable lease of life (legal metaphor), III. ii.

**Corporal**, corporeal, I. iii.; "each corporal agent," each faculty of the body, I. vii.  
**Countenance**, match with, II. iii.  
**Crack of doom**, "thunder-peal of the day of judgment," IV. i.  
**Cracks**, charges, I. ii.  
**Cyme**, probably *senna*, which is the reading of the Fourth Folio, v. iii.  
**Dainty of**, particular about, II. iii.  
**Dear**, heart-felt, v. ii.  
**Degrees**, degrees, that is, of precedence, III. iv.  
**Delivers**, communicates to us, III. iii.  
**Deliver thee**, impart to thee, I. v.  
**Demi-wolves**, a cross-breed between dogs and wolves, III. i.  
**Denies**, refuses, III. iv.  
**Detraction**, "unspeak mine own detraction," retract what I have said against myself, IV. iii.  
**Devil** (monosyllabic), I. iii.  
**Dew**, bedew, v. ii.  
**Disjoint**, fall to pieces, III. ii.  
**Displaced**, banished, III. iv.  
**Dispute it**, fight against it, IV. iii.  
**Disseat**, unthroned, v. iii.  
**Distance**, enmity, III. i.  
**Doff**, put off, IV. iii.  
**Doubt**, suspect, IV. ii.  
**Drink**, night-cup or posset, II. i.  
**Drowse**, grow drowsy, III. ii.  
**Dudgeon**, haft or handle of a dagger, II. i.  
**Dunnett**, murkiest, I. v.





**Earnest**, pledge; literally, money paid beforehand as a pledge, I. iii.

**Easy**, easily, II. iii.

**Ecstasy**, a state of being outside oneself; violent emotion, III. ii.

**Effects**, deeds (of her waking hours), v. i.

**Egg**, a term of contempt, IV. ii.

**Eminence**, distinguished honour, III. ii.

**England**, the King of England, IV. iii.

**Enkindle**, incite, I. iii.

**Enow**, enough, II. iii.

**Entrance** (trissyllabic), I. v.

**Equivocate to heaven**, get to heaven by equivocating, II. iii.

**Equivocator**; a direct allusion to the Jesuit doctrine of *equivocation* avowed by Henry Garnet (Superior of the Order of Jesuits in England) when on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, in March, 1606, II. iii.

**Estate**, royal succession, I. iv.

**Eternal jewel**, immortal soul, III. i.

**Eterne**, unending, III. ii.

**Evil**, the king's evil; scrofula, IV. iii.

**Exasperate**, exasperated, III. vi.

**Expedition**, haste, II. iii.

**Extend**, prolong, III. iv.

**Fact**, evil deed, III. vi.

**Faculties**, prerogatives, I. vii.

**Fain**, gladly, v. iii.

**Fantastical**, unreal, imaginary, I. iii.

**Farrow**, litter of pigs, IV. i.

**Favour**, pardon, I. iii.; countenance, I. v.

**Fee-grief**, a personal sorrow; literally, "a grief held 'in fee' by a single owner" (Herford), IV. iii.

**Fell**, dire, fierce, IV. ii.; scalp; a skin with hair or wool on, v. v.

**Fellow**, match, II. iii.

**File**, list, v. ii.; "valued file," list that is of practical value (because based on the relative merit of the dogs), III. i.

**Filed**, defiled, III. i.

**First**, "at first and last," at the beginning and throughout the banquet, III. iv.

**Fits**, crises, IV. ii.

**Flaws**, violent outbreaks, III. iv.

**Flighty**, fleeting, IV. i.

**Flout**, mock, I. ii.

**Foisons**, abundance, IV. iii.

**Follows**, attends, I. vi.

**For**, "for certain friends," on account of, III. i.; "but for," as regards, IV. ii.

**Forbid**, cursed, perhaps *excommunicated*, I. iii.

**Forced**, enforced, strengthened, v. v.

**Forge**, fabricate, IV. iii.

**Founded**, firm, III. iv.

**Frame of things**, the universe, heaven and earth, III. ii.

**Franchised**, free (from stain), II. i.

**Free**, remove, III. vi.; "free honours," honourable, III. vi.



**French hose**; these were of two kinds—one long and full, the other tight and short, II. iii.

**Fright**, frighten, IV. ii.

**Fry**, the young of fishes at an early stage; here used to express contempt, IV. ii.

**Function**, acting power, I. iii.

**Furbish'd**, burnished, I. ii.

**Gallowglasses**, ancient heavy-armed foot-soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles, I. ii.

**General cause**, common weal, IV. iii.

**Genius**, controlling spirit or demon—evil or good, III. i.

**Gentle my lord**, adjective transposed, III. ii.

**Gentle senses**, senses made gentle or composed by the air, I. vi.

**Gentle weal**, “purged the gentle weal,” *i.e.*, purged the violence of the time, thus making it gentle, III. iv.

**Germens**, germs or seeds of life, IV. i.

**Get**=beget, I. iii.

**Gild**, redden; gold was popularly styled red, hence the idea of gilding with blood, II. ii.

**'Gins**, contraction of *begins*, I. ii.

**Gives out**, proclaims, IV. iii.

**Give the cheer**, make the guests welcome, III. iv.

**God 'ild us**=God yield (or reward) us, I. vi.

**Good**, brave, IV. iii.

**Go off**, be killed, v. viii.

**Goose**, a tailor's smoothing iron, II. iii.

**Gorgon**; the allusion is to the Gorgon Medusa, whose frightful head turned all who beheld it into stone, II. iii.

**Gospell'd**, imbued with the teaching of the gospel, III. i.

**Go to, go to**, an expression of rebuke. Here synonymous with *for shame*, v. i.

**Gouts**, thick drops or clots, II. i.

**Graced**, gracious, III. iv.

**Graymalkin**, or **Grimalkin**=a gray cat. *Malkin* is a diminutive of *Mary*, I. i.

**Gripe**, grip, grasp, III. i.

**Grooms**, servants of any class, II. ii.

**Gulf**, gullet, IV. i.

**Hail** (dissyllabic), I. ii.

**Harbinger**, used in its strict sense—the officer appointed to go before an army or prince to provide for the night's shelter, I. iv.

**Hardly**, with difficulty, v. iii.

**Hardy**, brave (Fr. *hardi*), I. ii.

**Harms**, injuries, IV. iii.

**Harness**, armour, v. v.

**Harp'd**, touched aright, hit off, IV. i.

**Harpier**, no doubt a corruption of *harpy* (Lat. *harpyia*), IV. i.

**Having**, possessions, I. iii.

**Heavily**, sadly, IV. iii.

**Hecate**, goddess of the infernal regions, and patroness of magicians and witches, II. i.



**Hedge-pig**, hedge-hog, IV. i.

**Hermits**, beadsmen; "we rest your hermits," *i.e.*, we remain your debtors, and therefore are bound to remember you in our prayers, I. vi.

**Hie thee**, haste thee, I. v.

**His**, its; "treason has done his worst," III. ii.; "desire his jewels," desire this man's jewels, IV. iii.

**Holds**, withholds, III. vi.

**Help**, the old preterite of *help*; here used instead of the past participle, *holpen*, I. vi.

**Home**, to the full, thoroughly, I. iii.

**Homely**, humble, IV. ii.

**Horses** (monosyllabic), II. iv.

**Housekeeper**, watch-dog, III. i.

**Howlet's**, owl's, IV. i.

**How say'st thou**, what do you think! III. iv.

**Humane**=human (the distinction between these two words evidently did not exist in Shakespeare's time), III. iv.

**Hurlyburly**, uproar, I. i.

**Husbandry**, economy, II. i.

**Hyrcan**=Hyrcanian. Hyrcania was a province of the ancient Persian Empire, on the southern shores of the Caspian or Hyrcanian Sea. It was famed as a breeding-place for tigers, III. iv.

**Ignorant**, "ignorant present;" ignorant, that is, of the future, I. v.

**Ill-composed**, agitated, inordinate, IV. iii.

**Illness**, evil qualities, I. v.

**Impress**, press or force, IV. i.

**In**, "in an imperial charge," under the weight of, IV. iii.

**Incarnadine**, make red, II. ii.

**Inform**, takes form or shape, II. i.

**Initiate**, initiatory, III. iv.

**Insane**, "the insane root," the root that produces insanity—probably the mandrake, I. iii.

**Instant**, present moment, I. v.

**Instruments**, "their instruments," Malcolm and his supporters IV. iii.

**Interdiction**, exclusion, IV. iii.

**Intermission**, delay, IV. iii.

**Intrenchant**, uncuttable, v. viii.

**Jealousies**, suspicions, IV. iii.

**Jump**, risk, stake, I. vii.

**Just**, exactly, III. iii.

**Jutty**, projection, part that *juts* out, I. vi.

**Kerns**, light-armed foot soldiers of ancient Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, I. ii.; used here as a term of contempt indicating boors, v. vii.

**Knell**, passing-bell, which used to be tolled as the person was dying, II. i.

**Knowings**, knowledge, recollections, II. iv.

**Knowledge**, "the knowledge," all you know about it (the broil), I. ii.





- Laced**, "his silver skin laced with his golden blood," alluding to the then prevalent fashion of lacing cloth of silver with gold, II. iii.
- Lack**, miss, III. iv.; "our lack," all that we need, IV. iii.
- Lapp'd**, wrapped, I. ii.
- Large**, free, III. iv.
- Largess**, bounty, II. i.
- Latch**, catch, IV. iii.
- Lated**, belated, III. iii.
- Lave**, keep clear, III. ii.
- Lavish**, unrestrained, I. ii.
- Lay**, were lodging, II. iii.
- Lease of nature**, allotted term of life, IV. i.
- Leave**, cease, III. ii.
- Leavy**=leafy, V. vi.
- Left you unattended**, deserted you, II. ii.
- Lesser**=less, V. ii.
- Liege**, lord—properly lord of a free band, I. iv.
- Lighted**, alighted, descended, II. iii.
- Like**, the same, II. i.; IV. iii.; likely, II. iv.
- Lily-liver'd**, cowardly. Courage was formerly localised in the liver, and a white, bloodless liver was considered a sign of cowardice, V. iii.
- Limbeck** (identical with alembic), a vessel for distilling, I. vii.
- Limited**, appointed, II. iii.
- Line**, support, I. iii.
- List**=lists, the inclosed space in which a combat took place, III. i.
- Lives**, living men, V. viii.
- Lo**, "lo you," look you, V. i.
- Lodged**, beaten down, laid, IV. i.
- Look**, expect, V. iii.
- Loon**, base fellow, V. iii.
- Luxurious**, lustful, IV. iii.
- Macdonwald**, the *Macdowald* of Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, from which Shakespeare derived his plot, I. ii.
- Magot-pies**, magpies, III. iv.
- Mansionry**, haunt, abode, I. vi.
- Mark**, listen, I. ii.; observe, V. i.
- Marry**, a mild oath; a corruption of *Mary*, the Virgin Mary, and identical with "by Our Lady," III. vi.
- Martlet**, diminutive of *martin*, I. vi.
- Masking**, concealing, III. i.
- Mated**, bewildered, confused, V. i.
- Maws**, stomachs, III. iv.
- May I=I can**, III. iv.
- Medicine**, physician, V. ii.
- Meek**, meekly, I. vii.
- Memorize**, make memorable, I. ii.
- Mere**, absolute, IV. iii.
- Metaphysical**, supernatural, I. v.
- Mettle**, disposition, I. vii.
- Minion**, favourite, darling, I. ii.; II. iv.
- Minutely**, continual, occurring every minute, V. ii.
- Missives**, messengers, I. v.
- Mistrust**, "he needs not our mistrust," we need not mistrust him, III. iii.

- Modern**, trite, commonplace, IV. iii.
- Moe**, more, V. iii.
- Monstrous**, (trisyllabic), III. vi.
- Mortal**, murderous, I. v.; "mortal murders," deadly wounds, III. iv.; "mortal consequences," events that befall mankind during the course of time, V. iii.
- Mortality**, human life, II. iii.
- Mortified**, "mortified man," man dead or insensible to all human passions, V. ii.
- Motives**, influences, IV. iii.
- Move**, "each way and move," variously interpreted—perhaps, "whichever way we move," IV. ii.
- Multitudinous**, infinite, innumerable, II. ii.
- Mummy**, a preparation for magical purposes, made from dead bodies, IV. i.
- Munch'd**, chewed, I. iii.
- Muse**, wonder, III. iv.
- Must be**, "and I must be from thence," *i.e.*, and must needs be absent, or was fated to be away, IV. iii.
- Napkins**, handkerchiefs, II. iii.
- Nature's mischief**, all that is cruel and destructive in Nature's workings, I. v.
- Naught**, bad, good for nothing, IV. iii.
- Nave**, navel (diminutive of nave), middle, I. ii.
- Near**, nearer (old comparative), II. iii.
- Near'st of life**, vital parts, III. i.
- Nerves**, sinews, III. iv.
- Nice**, precise, IV. iii.
- Nightgown**, dressing-gown, II. ii.
- Noise**, music (often so used by Elizabethan writers), IV. i.
- Nonpareil**, *i.e.*, equal with him—the unequalled, III. iv.
- Norways'**, Norwegians', I. ii.
- Norwegian**, Norwegian, I. ii.
- Note**, notoriety, III. ii.; "note of expectation," list of those expected, III. iii.; notice, III. iv.
- Nothing**, not in the least, I. iii.; no one, IV. iii.
- Notion**, mind, intellect, III. i.
- Oblivious**, causing forgetfulness, V. iii.
- Obscure**, "obscure bird," the owl, which loves the gloom of night, II. iii.
- Odds**, "at odds with," at variance with, III. iv.
- O'er-fraught**, overburdened, IV. iii.
- Offices**, the servants' hall, store-rooms, larders, etc., II. i.; duties, service, III. iii.
- Old**, a colloquial use; here it denotes no stint of, II. iii.
- On**, "eaten on," eaten of, I. iii.
- Once**, ever, IV. iii.
- One**, "one red," *i.e.*, one mass of red, II. ii.
- On's**, of his, V. i.
- Open'd**, revealed, IV. iii.
- Or ere**, before (a poetical use), IV. iii.



- Other**, "on the other," on the other side, I. vii.; otherwise, I. vii.
- Other's**, "this other's," *i.e.*, that man's, IV. iii.
- Ourselves**, one another, III. iv.
- Out**, in the field, IV. iii.
- Outrun**, outran, II. iii.
- Overcome**, overshadow, III. iv.
- Over-red**, reddened over (with blood), V. iii.
- Owe**, come by, possess, I. iii.
- Owed**, owned, I. iv.
- Paddock**, toad or frog (the second witch's familiar), I. i.
- Pall**, wrap, as in a pall, I. v.
- Passion**, any strong emotion, III. iv.
- Patch**, fool, simpleton (from the motley *patch*-like dress worn by jesters), V. iii.
- Peak**, waste away, I. iii.
- Pent-house lid**, eyelids. Pent-house is a corruption of *pentise* or *pentice*, a sloping roof, I. iii.
- Perfect**, fully informed, IV. ii.
- Pester'd**, disturbed, V. ii.
- Place**, pitch, the highest point of a hawk's soaring (falconry), II. iv.
- Play the Roman fool**, that is, commit suicide rather than submit to capture, V. viii.
- Point**, "at a point," in readiness for action, IV. iii.
- Poorly**, miserably, dejectedly, II. ii.
- Portable**, bearable, IV. iii.
- Possess**, fill, IV. iii.
- Possets**, hot drinks taken at bedtime. A posset is thus described in *The Academy of Armourie*: "Hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which all goes to a curd," II. ii.
- Posters**, swift messengers, I. iii.
- Power**, army (usually *powers*), IV. iii.
- Predominance**, superior influence (astrology), II. iv.
- Present**, instant, I. ii.; offer, III. ii.
- Presently**, at once, IV. iii.
- Pretence**, aims, designs, II. iii.
- Pretend**, intend, II. iv.
- Probation**, "pass'd in probation," proved one by one each detail, III. i.
- Profound**, possessing mysterious qualities, III. v.
- Proof**, proved armour, I. ii.
- Proper**, fine (used ironically), III. iv.
- Protest**, declare in public, V. ii.
- Purged**, purified, III. iv.
- Purveyor**, forerunner; literally, the officer sent on in advance to provide food for the King and his retinue, (trisyllabic), I. vi.
- Push**, attack, V. iii.
- Put on**, encourage, IV. iii.
- Quarry**, a heap of slaughtered game (hunting), IV. iii.
- Quell**, murder, I. vii.
- Quiet**, "at quiet," still, at peace, II. iii.





- Rapt**, transported, I. iii.  
**Ravell'd**, entangled, II. ii.  
**Ravin'd**, ravenous, IV. i.  
**Ravin up**, devour greedily like an animal, II. iv.  
**Rawness**, thoughtless haste, IV. iii.  
**Readiness**, "put on manly readiness," equip and make ready for battle, II. iii.  
**Receipt**, receptacle, I. vii.  
**Received**, believed, accepted, I. vii.  
**Recoil**, become degenerate, IV. iii.; "to recoil," *i.e.*, that they recoil, v. ii.  
**Relation**, account, narrative, IV. iii.  
**Relations**, "understood relations," *i.e.*, how things are related to each other (by augurs), III. iv.  
**Relish**, smack, smattering, IV. iii.  
**Remembrance** (quadrisyllabic), III. ii.  
**Remorse**, compassion, I. v.  
**Require**, "require her welcome," ask a welcome of her, III. iv.  
**Resolve**, make up your minds, III. i.  
**Return**, render, I. vi.  
**Ronyon**, a scurrilous term; literally, a mangy creature, I. iii.  
**Roof'd**, gathered together under one roof, III. iv.  
**Rooky**, "rooky wood," wood which is the haunt of rooks, III. ii.  
**Round**, crown, I. v.; IV. i.; dance, IV. i.  
**Rubs**, imperfections, bunglings, III. i.  
**Rump-fed**, fed on the best joints, I. iii.  
**Safe**, "safe toward," securely in regard to, I. iv.  
**Sag**, droop, v. iii.  
**Saint Colme's inch**, the island (*inch*) of St. Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, I. ii.  
**Saucy**, sharp, III. iv.  
**Say to**, recount to, I. ii.  
**'Scaped**, short for escaped, III. iv.  
**Scarf up**, hide as with a scarf, blindfold, III. ii.  
**Scone**, the place where Scots kings were crowned, II. iv.  
**Scotch'd**, scratched; *scotch* is merely a contraction of to *scotch* or *scarth*, meaning to scratch, III. ii.  
**Season**, seasoning, III. iv.  
**Seat**, situation, I. vi.  
**Seated**, firmly fixed, I. iii.  
**Security**, over-confidence, III. v.  
**Seeling**, closing, blinding (falconry), III. ii.  
**Self-abuse**, self-deception, III. iv.  
**Self-comparisons**, points of comparison between himself and the King of Norway, I. ii.  
**Sennet**, a set of notes on a trumpet or cornet sounded as a signal of entrance or exit, III. i.  
**Se'nnights**, weeks; contraction of *seven nights*, I. iii.  
**Sensible**, perceptible, II. i.  
**Sergeant** (trisyllabic), I. ii.



**Settled**, determined, I. vii.

**Sewer**, the servant in a royal household whose business it was to set the table and to taste the king's dishes lest they should contain poison, I. vii. (stage direction).

**Shag-hair'd**, shaggy-haired, IV. ii.

**Shame**, am ashamed, II. ii.

**Shard-borne**; a *shard* or *sherd* is strictly a fragment of pottery; hence, by metaphor, shiny and brittle, as the scaly wing-cases of a beetle, III. ii.

**Shift**, slink, II. iii.

**Shipman's card**, the compass-card, I. iii.

**Shoughs**, a shaggy kind of dog, III. i.

**Show**, appear to be, I. iii.; dumb-show, IV. i.

**Shut up**, *is* shut up or enveloped, II. i.

**Sicken**, be surfeited, IV. i.

**Sightless**, imperceptible, I. vii.

**Sinel**, Macbeth's father, in Holinshed's narrative, I. iii.

**Single**, slight (used disparagingly), I. vi.

**Single state of man**, individuality, I. iii.

**Sirrah**, generally a contemptuous form of address—here used playfully, IV. ii.

**Skirr**, scour, v. iii.

**Slab**, slimy, glutinous, IV. i.

**Sleave**, skein (of unspun or floss silk), II. ii.

**Sleek**, smooth, III. ii.

**Slipp'd**, let slip, II. iii.

**Sliver'd**, torn off, IV. i.

**So**, "yet grace must still look so," *i.e.*, gracious, IV. iii.; "so well," as well, I. ii.

**Sole**, mere, IV. iii.

**Solemn**, festal, III. i.

**Soliciting**, temptation, I. iii.

**Something**, some distance, III. i.

**Sometime**, sometimes, I. vi.

**Sorriest**, saddest, III. ii.

**Sorry**, sad, II. ii.

**Speak**, bespeak, IV. iii.

**Speculation**, intelligence, III. iv.

**Speed**, "had the speed of him," outstripped him, I. v.

**Spongy**, drenched with wine, I. vii.

**Sprites**, spirits, IV. i.

**Spy**, "the perfect spyo' the time," "the result of perfect spying" (Herford), III. i.

**Staff**, lance, v. iii.

**Stamp**, "golden stamp," a stamped gold coin given by the king to those he touched for the king's evil, IV. iii.

**Stanchless**, insatiable, IV. iii.

**Stand not upon**, do not stickle, III. iv.

**State**, *i.e.*, chair of State, III. iv.

**State of honour**, rank, IV. ii.

**Stay**, await, IV. iii.

**Sticking-place**, a musical metaphor; the sticking-place is the spot where the peg remains fast when stringed instruments have been screwed up to their right degree of tension, I. viii.

**Stir**, stirring, "my stir," *i.e.*, effort on my part, I. iii.



**Strange and self-abuse**, abuse of others and myself (?), III. iv.

**Strangely - visited**, *i.e.*, visited with strange maladies, IV. iii.

**Substances**, "sightless substances," *i.e.*, invisible forms, I. v.

**Sudden**, violent, IV. iii.

**Suffer**, perish, III. ii.

**Suffering**, "suffering country," country which suffers, III. vi.

**Summer - seeming**, short-lived and fierce, like the summer spell of heat, IV. iii.

**Sundry**, diverse, IV. iii.

**Surcease**, cessation, I. vii.

**Surveying**, perceiving, I. ii.

**Sway by**, am ruled by, v. iii.

**Swears**, swears allegiance, IV. ii.

**Taint**, be tainted, v. iii.

**Taking-off**, removal by murder, I. vii.

**Teems**, teems with, IV. iii.

**Tending**, attendance, service, I. v.

**Tend on**, wait on, I. v.

**That**, "to that," *i.e.*, to that end, I. ii.

**Things**, used for *people*, expressing deep contempt, v. iv.

**Thirst**, *i.e.*, thirst to toast, III. iv.

**Thought**, "always thought," it being understood or borne in mind, III. i.; "upon a thought," *i.e.*, instantly, III. iv.

**Thralls**, serfs; strictly, runners of messages, III. vi.

**Threat**, threaten, II. i.

**Timely**, betimes, III. iii.; (adj.) opportune, III. iii.

**Titles**, things which he is entitled to, belongings, IV. ii.

**To**, "to the direction," according to the direction, III. iii.; "impostors to," *i.e.*, compared with, III. iv.; "to friend," *i.e.*, as friend, friendly, IV. iii.

**Top**, overtop, IV. iii.

**Top-full**, brimful, I. v.

**Touch**, feeling of affection, IV. ii.

**Touch'd**, used in the sense of *injur'd*, IV. iii.

**Towering**, soaring, II. iv.

**Trace**, follow (as on a track), IV. i.

**Trains**, devices, IV. iii.

**Trammel up**, *i.e.*, be tied up with, I. vii.

**Transport**, convey, IV. iii.

**Treble sceptres**, denoting the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, IV. i.

**Trifled**, made trifling compared with, II. iv.

**Tugg'd**, "tugged with fortune," dragged hither and thither by fortune, III. i.

**Two-fold balls** may be either a reference to the double coronation of James at Scone and Westminster, or to the union of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, IV. i.

**Tyranny**, perhaps used in the Greek sense of "usurpation," IV. iii.

**Unfix**, make stand on end, I. iii.

**Unrough**, unbearded, v. ii.

**Unseam'd**, ripped open, I. ii.

**Unspeak**, withdraw, IV. iii.



# Macbeth.

## Glossary.

- Untitled**, unentitled, "a tyrant,"  
*i.e.*, a usurper; IV. iii.  
**Uproar**, *i.e.*, make an uproar of,  
 IV. iii.  
**Use**, experience, III. iv.  
**Using**, harbouring, III. ii.  
**Utterance**, "to the utterance," to  
 extremity (*Fr. à outrance*), III. i.  
**Vantage**, opportunity, advan-  
 tage, I. ii.  
**Verity**, veracity, IV. iii.  
**Wake**, call to arms, III. vi.  
**Want**, "cannot want the  
 thought," *i.e.*, can fail to think,  
 III. vi.  
**Wanton**, unrestrained, I. iv.  
**Wassail**, carousal, I. vii.  
**Watching**, waking, V. i.  
**Water-rugs**, a shaggy water-dog,  
 III. i.  
**When 'tis**, *i.e.*, when 'tis given,  
 II. i.  
**Whether** (monosyllabic), I. iii.  
**While then**, till then, III. i.  
**Without**, beyond, III. ii.  
**Witness**, evidence, II. ii.  
**Worm**, snake, III. iv.  
**Wrought**, racked, I. iii.  
**Yawning**, lulling, drowsy, III. ii.  
**Yesty**, frothy, IV. i.  
**Yet**, notwithstanding, IV. iii.



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