

Macbeth : Act 1, Scene 3

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

108 The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me

[109](#) In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet;

[110](#) But under heavy judgment bears that life

[111](#) Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined

[112](#) With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

113 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both

[114](#) He labor'd in his country's wrack, I know not;

[115](#) But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,

116 Have overthrown him.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!

[117](#) The greatest is behind.

[*To ROSS and ANGUS.*]

Thanks for your pains.

[*Aside to BANQUO.*]

118 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

119 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me

[120](#) Promised no less to them?

BANQUO [*Aside.*]

That trusted home

[121](#) Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

122 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;

123 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

124 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

[125](#) Win us with honest trifles, to betray's

126 In deepest consequence.—

[*To ROSS and ANGUS.*]

[127](#) Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

Two truths are told,

[128](#) As happy prologues to the swelling act

129 Of the imperial theme.—

I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside.*]

[130](#) This supernatural soliciting

131 Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

[132](#) Why hath it given me earnest of success,

133 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.

134 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

[135](#) Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

[136](#) And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

[137](#) Against the use of nature? Present fears

138 Are less than horrible imaginings:

[139](#) My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

[140](#) Shakes so my single state of man that function

[141](#) Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

142 But what is not.

Act I, Scene 3

[Macbeth.](#) [*Aside.*] Two truths are told, **240**

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, **245**

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 **250**

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

Act I, Scene 7

Macbeth's castle.

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

- [Macbeth](#). If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination **475**
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases **480**
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust; **485**
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 **490**
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 **495**
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 **500**
And falls on the other.
[Enter LADY MACBETH]
How now! what news?

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

- Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?**505**
- Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?

Macbeth. 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, **510**
Not cast aside so soon.

- Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time **515**
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, **520**
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
- Macbeth. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.**525**
- Lady Macbeth. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place **530**
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness 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, **535**
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

- [Macbeth](#). If we should fail?
- [Lady Macbeth](#). We fail! **540**
 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 **545**
 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 **550**
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?
- [Macbeth](#). Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose **555**
 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 Macbeth](#). Who dares receive it other, **560**
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?
- [Macbeth](#). I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show: **565**
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 2

The same.

[Enter LADY MACBETH]

- Lady Macbeth. 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, **650**
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, **655**
Whether they live or die.
- Macbeth. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!
- Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready; **660**
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.
[Enter MACBETH]
My husband!
- Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise? **665**
- Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
- Macbeth. When?
- Lady Macbeth. Now.
- Macbeth. As I descended? **670**
- Lady Macbeth. Ay.
- Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
- Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

- **Macbeth**. This is a sorry sight.**675**

[Looking on his hands]

- **Lady Macbeth**. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
- **Macbeth**. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: **680**
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
- **Lady Macbeth**. There are two lodged together.
- **Macbeth**. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. **685**
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
- **Lady Macbeth**. Consider it not so deeply.
- **Macbeth**. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' **690**
Stuck in my throat.
- **Lady Macbeth**. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
- **Macbeth**. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep, **695**
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 Macbeth**. What do you mean?**700**
- **Macbeth**. 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 Macbeth**. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think **705**
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.**710**

- **Macbeth.** I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
- **Lady Macbeth.** Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead **715**
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within]

- **Macbeth.** Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather **725**
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[Re-enter LADY MACBETH]

- **Lady Macbeth.** My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. **730**
[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 **735**
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 **740**
So poorly in your thoughts.
- **Macbeth.** To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[Knocking within]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! *[Exeunt]*

Act III, Scene 4 , Hall in the palace

[First Murderer appears at the door]

- **Macbeth.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. **1285**
[Approaching the door]
There's blood on thy face.
- **First Murderer.** 'Tis Banquo's then.
- **Macbeth.** 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?**1290**
- **First Murderer.** My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
- **Macbeth.** Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
- **First Murderer.** Most royal sir, **1295**
Fleance is 'scaped.
- **Macbeth.** 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 **1300**
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
- **First Murderer.** Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
- **Macbeth.** Thanks for that: **1305**
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

[Exit Murderer]

- [Lady Macbeth](#). My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: 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 meat is ceremony; **1315**
Meeting were bare without it.
- [Macbeth](#). Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
- [Lennox](#). May't please your highness sit. **1320**
[*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in*
MACBETH's place]
- [Macbeth](#). Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness **1325**
Than pity for mischance!
- [Ross](#). His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
- [Macbeth](#). The table's full. **1330**
- [Lennox](#). Here is a place reserved, sir.
- [Macbeth](#). Where?
- [Lennox](#). Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
- [Macbeth](#). Which of you have done this?
- [Lords](#). What, my good lord? **1335**
- [Macbeth](#). Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
- [Ross](#). Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.
- [Lady Macbeth](#). Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; **1340**
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

- [Macbeth](#). Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that **1345**
Which might appal the devil.
- [Lady Macbeth](#). 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, **1350**
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. **1355**
- [Macbeth](#). 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 **1360**
Shall be the maws of kites.

[GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes]

- [Lady Macbeth](#). What, quite unmann'd in folly?
- [Macbeth](#). If I stand here, I saw him.
- [Lady Macbeth](#). Fie, for shame! **1365**
- [Macbeth](#). Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die, **1370**
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 Macbeth](#). My worthy lord, **1375**
Your noble friends do lack you.

- [Macbeth](#). I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; **1380**
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. **1385**
- [Lords](#). Our duties, and the pledge.

[Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO]

- [Macbeth](#). 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 **1390**
Which thou dost glare with!
- [Lady Macbeth](#). Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
- [Macbeth](#). What man dare, I dare: **1395**
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; **1400**
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
[GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes]
Why, so: being gone, **1405**
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
- [Lady Macbeth](#). You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
- [Macbeth](#). Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, **1410**
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 blanched with fear.**1415**

- [Ross](#). What sights, my lord?
- [Lady Macbeth](#). I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.**1420**
- [Lennox](#). Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
- [Lady Macbeth](#). A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH]

- [Macbeth](#). It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood: **1425**
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
- [Lady Macbeth](#). Almost at odds with morning, which is which.**1430**
- [Macbeth](#). How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
- [Lady Macbeth](#). Did you send to him, sir?
- [Macbeth](#). I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house **1435**
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 **1440**
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
- [Lady Macbeth](#). You lack the season of all natures, sleep.**1445**

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

[Exeunt

Act V, Scene 5

- **Macbeth.** I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd **2365**
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. **2370**
[Re-enter SEYTON]
Wherefore was that cry?
- **Seyton.** The queen, my lord, is dead.
- **Macbeth.** She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. **2375**
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! **2380**
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. **2385**
[Enter a Messenger]
Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
- **Messenger.** Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it. **2390**
- **Macbeth.** Well, say, sir.
- **Messenger.** As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
- **Macbeth.** Liar and slave! **2395**
- **Messenger.** Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

- [Macbeth](#). If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, **2400**
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 **2405**
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, **2410**
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]

Lady Macbeth; Act 1, scene 5, lines 36–52,

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

Lady Macbeth; Act 5, scene 1, lines 30–34,

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?