

Lady Macbeth: Fie, for shame!

Macbeth: The time has been that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end. But now they rise again and push us from our chairs.

Lady Macbeth: My worthy lord, your noble friends do miss you.

Macbeth: I do forget. (To guests.) I have a strange infirmity which is nothing serious. Come, love and health to all. Give me some wine, fill full. (Banquo's ghost returns to Macbeth's chair.) I drink to the general joy of the whole table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. Would he were here. To him we drink.

All the Guests: To Banquo!

(Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost.)

Macbeth: 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 Macbeth: Think of this, good peers, but as a thing of custom. Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth: What any man dare, I dare! Take any shape but this, and my firm nerves shall never tremble. Away horrible shadow! (Banquo's ghost vanishes.) It is gone! I am a man again. Pray you, sit still!

Lady Macbeth: You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting.

Macbeth: How can you behold such sights and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine is blanched with fear?

Ross: What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth: I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse. Questions enrage him. At once, good night. Don't stand on ceremony, but go at once.

Lennox: Good night and better health attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth: A kind good night to all.

(All exit except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.)

Macbeth: What is the hour of the night?

Lady Macbeth: It is almost morning.

Macbeth: Why do you think MacDuff did not come?

Lady Macbeth: Did you send for him?

Macbeth: No, but I've heard it said he would not come, but I will send for him. In his home I keep a spy. Tomorrow I will know the worst for mine own good.

Lady Macbeth: You need sleep, my lord.

Macbeth: Come, to sleep if my strange fear will allow me to sleep.

**Scene 6: The Heath the Following Night**  
(The three witches are dancing around a cauldron.)

First Witch: Thrice the black cat has mewed.

Second Witch: Thrice and once the hedge-hog whined.

Third Witch: 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch: Round about the cauldron go . . . in the poisoned entrails throw.

All the Witches: Double, double toil and trouble . . . fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: Fillet of a fenny snake, in the cauldron boil and bake.

Third Witch: 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 owlet's wing, for a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell broth boil and bubble.

All the Witches: Cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good.

First Witch: By the picking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.

(Enter Macbeth.)

Macbeth: How now, you secret, midnight hags. What is it you do?

All the Witches: A deed without a name.

Macbeth: Answer me to what I ask!

First Witch: Speak!

Second Witch: Demand!

Third Witch: We'll answer!

First Witch: Would you rather hear it from our mouths, or from our masters?

Macbeth: Call them, let me see them!

All the Witches: Come, high or low, thyself to show!

First Spirit: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware MacDuff!

Macbeth: Whatever thou art, for thy good caution, thanks. MacDuff, thou shalt not live.

All the Witches: Listen, but speak not to it!

Second Spirit: Be brave and proud for Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood shall move to high Dunsinane Hill!

Macbeth: That will never be, for how can a forest move its earth bound roots! Yet my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, shall Banquo's children ever reign in this kingdom?

All the Witches: Seek to know more!

Second Spirit: Seek to know no more!

Macbeth: I will be satisfied! Deny me this and an eternal curse fall on you!

First Witch: Show!

Second Witch: Show!

Third Witch: Show!

All the Witches: Show his eyes and grieve his heart. Come like shadows, so depart.

(Ghost of Banquo appears with a crown on his head.)

Macbeth: Thou art like the spirit of Banquo! Down! Thy crown doth sear my eyeballs. Why do you show me this? I'll see no more! Horrible sight! (The three witches vanish.) Where

are they? Gone! Let this pernicious hour stand accursed  
in the calendar! Servant!

(Servant enters.)

Servant: What is your grace's will?

Macbeth: Saw you the weird sisters?

Servant: No, my lord.

Macbeth: Came they not by you?

Servant: No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth: I heard the galloping horses. Who was it came by?

Servant: 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word that  
MacDuff is fled to England.

Macbeth: Fled to England?

Servant: Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth: The castle of MacDuff I will surprise and do away with  
all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line. This deed  
I'll do before this purpose cool. But where are these  
gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are.

### Scene 7: Several Nights Later in Macbeth's Castle

(The doctor and gentlewoman are standing on one side.)

Doctor: I have two nights watched with you, but cannot perceive  
any truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman: Since his majesty went into the field. I have seen her rise  
from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, take forth  
paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it,  
and again return to bed yet all this while in a most fast  
sleep.

Doctor: In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other  
actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard  
her say?

Gentlewoman: That, sir, which I will not repeat!

Doctor: You may tell me and you should.

(Enter Lady Macbeth with candle.)

Gentlewoman: Lo you, here she comes and, upon my life, fast asleep.  
Observe her.

Doctor: How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman: She has it lit by her continually. 'Tis her command.

Doctor: Her eyes are open!

Gentlewoman: Ay, but her senses are shut!

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

Gentlewoman: It is an accustomed action with her to be washing her hands. I have known her to continue this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth: Yet here's a spot!

Doctor: Hark, she speaks. I will write down what she says to satisfy my remembrance more strongly.

Lady Macbeth: Out, damned spot, out I say! Who would have thought the king to have so much blood in him!

Doctor: Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth: What, will these hands never be clean?

Doctor: We have heard what we should not!

Gentlewoman: She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has done!

Doctor: What a sigh! This disease is beyond my practice.

Lady Macbeth: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown! Look not so pale. I tell you again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out of his grave.

Doctor: Terrible!

Lady Macbeth: To bed . . . to bed! There's a knocking at the gate! Come! Come! Come! Give me your hand! What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

(Lady Macbeth exits.)

Doctor: Will she now to bed?

Gentlewoman: Directly.

Doctor: More needs she the divine than the physician. So good night. I think, but dare not speak!

Gentlewoman: Good night, good doctor.

**Scene 8: Macbeth's Castle a Few Weeks Later**  
(Macbeth is standing on the castle wall.)

Macbeth: Bring me no more reports. Till Birnam Woods move to Dunsinane Castle, Macbeth shall not vanquished be. The heart I bear shall never shake with fear! (Enter servant.) What is it? Where are you going with that goose look?

Servant: There is ten thousand . . .

Macbeth: Geese, villain?

Servant: Soldiers, sir!

Macbeth: Thou lily-livered boy, what soldiers?

Servant: The English soldiers!

Macbeth: Get thy face away! (Lady Macbeth screams within.) What was that noise?

Servant: It was the cry of a woman, my lord.  
(Lady Macbeth screams again.)

Macbeth: The scream again!  
(Doctor enters.)

Doctor: The Queen, my lord . . . is dead!

Macbeth: Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow 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 messenger.) What is thy message . . . quickly!

Messenger: I should report what I saw, but know not how to say it.

Macbeth: Well, say it!

Messenger: As I stood my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam Woods, and I thought the wood began to move.

Macbeth: Liar and slave!

Messenger: Let me endure your wrath, if it be not so! Within this three miles you may see it coming! A moving grove!

Macbeth: If thou speakest false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang. "Fear not till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane" . . . and now a wood comes toward Dunsinane! Ring the alarm bell! At least we will die with harness on our back.

(Enter MacDuff.)

MacDuff: Turn, turn!

Macbeth: Of all men else I have avoided thee! But get thee back! My soul is too charged with blood of thine already!

MacDuff: I have no words. My voice is in my sword!

Macbeth: I'll not fight with thee!

MacDuff: Then yield, coward, and live to be mocked! We'll have thee painted upon a pole and under it written, "Here may you see the tyrant!"

Macbeth: I will not yield! Lay on, MacDuff, and damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

(MacDuff kills Macbeth. Malcolm and his attendants enter.)

MacDuff: (To Malcolm.)  
Hail, king, for so thou art! The time is free. Hail, King of Scotland!

All the Cast: Hail, King of Scotland!