

William Shakespeare - *Macbeth*

Inhoudsopgave

Drie heksenscènes:

I.1 De heksen op de hei. 'Fair is foul and foul is fair.' Aankondiging van alle onheil.
([pagina 2](#))

I.3 De heksen doen hun voorspellingen aan Macbeth en Banquo. Twee van Duncans mannen komen aan en de eerste voorspelling komt uit. Zal Macbeth dan ook ... koning worden?

([pagina 3](#))

3. IV.1 Macbeth bezoekt de heksen. Hun verschijningen waarschuwen Macbeth voor Macduff, maar zeggen ook dat hij niets te vrezen heeft van een man die uit een vrouw geboren is en dat hij veilig is zolang het woud van Birnam niet naar zijn kasteel Dunsinane oprukt.

([pagina 9](#))

Drie Lady Macbeth-scènes:

1. I.5 Waarin Lady Macbeth eerst zichzelf opjut ('unsex me here and fill me with direst cruelty') en dan haar man.

([pagina 16](#))

2. I.7 Vanaf de opkomst van Lady Macbeth; Macbeth twijfelt aan het moordplan; zij haalt hem over.

([pagina 19](#))

3. V.1 Lady Macbeth draait door. Met de beroemde 'out damned spot!' monoloog.

([pagina 23](#))

Een massa/groepsscène:

III.4 Het banket, waarop de geest van Banquo verschijnt voor het geestesoog van Macbeth, die net

tot koning gekroond is.

([pagina 26](#))

Een slecht-nieuwsscène:

IV.3 Vanaf de opkomst van Ross die Macduff moet vertellen dat diens vrouw en kind zijn vermoord.

([pagina 32](#))

Een vechtsce

V.8 (34 regels) Macduff en Macbeth: het duel. Laatste momenten van Macbeth in zijn gevecht met

Macduff, die wraak neemt voor zijn omgebrachte gezin.

([pagina 42](#))

	Wreck'd as homeward he did come.	30
	<i>Drum within.</i>	
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. <i>Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.</i>	35
MACBETH	So foul and fair a day I have not seen.	
BANQUO	How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these 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 That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.	40 45
MACBETH	Speak, if you can: what are you?	
First Witch	All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!	50
Second Witch	All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!	
Third Witch	All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!	
BANQUO	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,	55

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time, 60
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!

Second Witch Hail! 65

Third Witch Hail!

First Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! 70

First Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH 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 75
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. 80

Witches vanish.

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

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

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

MACBETH Your children shall be kings.

With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH

Aside.

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.

To ROSS and ANGUS.

Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO.

125

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

BANQUO

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.

135

MACBETH

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:

140

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
 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.

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

[Enter HECATE to the other three Witches]

HECATE O well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' the gains; 40
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Live elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c]

[HECATE retires]

Second Witch By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks!

[Enter MACBETH]

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

ALL A deed without a name.

MACBETH I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
 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.

60

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch

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*]

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch

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

70

First Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

[*Descends*]

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder*. Second Apparition: A bloody Child]

Second Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

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

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

80

[*Descends*]

MACBETH 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 Apparition Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

90

[*Descends*]

MACBETH 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

100

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.

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

[*Hautboys*]

First Witch Show!

Second Witch Show!

Third Witch Show!

ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

[*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following*]

MACBETH Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, 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 120
That two-fold balls and treble scepters 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: 130
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE*]

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

[*Enter LENNOX*]

LENNOX What's your grace's will?

MACBETH Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX No, my lord.

MACBETH Came they not by you?

LENNOX No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

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

MACBETH Fled to England!

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
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*]

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

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter (Why the letter is in prose...)

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

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without 20
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 30
 To have thee crown'd withal.
Enter a Messenger.
 What is your tidings?
 Messenger The king comes here to-night.
 LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it:
 Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.
 Messenger So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.
 LADY MACBETH Give him tending;
 He brings great news.
Exit Messenger.
 The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
 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 50
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

MACBETH My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence? 60

MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE VII

The same. A room in Macbeth's castle.

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

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here;

that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor:

this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredience 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 th'other.

10

20

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

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

MACBETH Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has? 30

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,
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
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
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?

MACBETH Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

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 50
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 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,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH We fail!

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

60

70

MACBETH Bring forth men-children only;
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 MACBETH Who dares receive it other,
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.

80

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gentlewoman Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to 20
confirm my speech.

[*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*]

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

Doctor How came she by that light?

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

Doctor You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 30

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

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

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

[Exit]

Doctor Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman Directly.

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

80

Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt]

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

100

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 OF BANQUO vanishes*]

Why, so: being gone,

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

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,

110

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 blanched with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health

120

Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*]

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM 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, 30
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not cheque 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.

MALCOLM 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 40
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.

MACDUFF What should he be?

MALCOLM It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50

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.

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

MALCOLM I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, 60
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.

MACDUFF 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 70
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.

MALCOLM With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such

A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
 Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
 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.

MACDUFF 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. 90

MALCOLM 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,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland! 100

MALCOLM If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF 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, 110
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!

MALCOLM

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 120
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 130
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?

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

[Enter a Doctor]

MALCOLM Well; more anon.--Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

Doctor 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.

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor]

MACDUFF What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
 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]

MACDUFF See, who comes here?

MALCOLM My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

MACDUFF My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

ROSS Sir, amen.

MACDUFF 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 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM What's the newest grief?

ROSS That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF How does my wife?

ROSS Why, well.

MACDUFF And all my children?

ROSS Well too.

MACDUFF The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

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

MACDUFF But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't? 180

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.

MALCOLM Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

ROSS Would I could answer
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.

MACDUFF 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.

MACDUFF If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

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

MACDUFF 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.

MALCOLM 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. 210

MACDUFF My children too?

ROSS Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

MACDUFF And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

ROSS I have said.

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

MACDUFF 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?

MALCOLM Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF I shall do so; 220
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!

MALCOLM Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF O, I could play the woman with mine eyes 230
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!

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth

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.

240

[Exeunt]

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

[Enter MACBETH]

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

[Enter MACDUFF]

MACDUFF Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
 With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF I have no words:
 My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out!

[*They fight*]

MACBETH Thou lovest labour:
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
 To one of woman born.

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

MACBETH Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
 And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense; 20
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums]

Bron: <http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbethscenes.html>