

2.1

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch
before him*

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?¹

FLEANCE The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO [*giving FLEANCE his sword*] Hold, take my sword.

There's husbandry^o in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that,² too.

A heavy summons^o lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,³

Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter MACBETH, and a servant with a torch

Give me my sword. Who's there?

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesse^o to your offices.⁴

This diamond he greets your wife withal

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up^o

In measureless content.

MACBETH Being unprepared

Our will became the servant to defect,^o

Which else should free have wrought.⁵

BANQUO All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.

To you they have showed some truth.

thrift

summons to sleep

gifts

concluded

2. Alembic, the upper part of a still to which fumes rise. The wine will make the memory a fume that will fill and cloud the brain, the "receptacle of reason."

2.1 Location: The courtyard of Macbeth's castle.

1. How much of the night has passed?

2. Some article of clothing or armor.

3. Angels invoked as protection against demons.

4. Household departments.

5. *Being . . . wrought*: Our desire to entertain the King liberally was constrained by the fact that we were unprepared. *defect*: deficiency. *free*: freely.

- 20 MACBETH 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.
- BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.
- MACBETH If you shall cleave to my consent when 'tis,⁶
 It shall make honour for you.
- 25 BANQUO So° I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchisèd° and allegiance clear,^o
 I shall be counselled.^o *Provided*
guiltless / unstained
receptive
- MACBETH Good repose the while.
- 30 BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you.
Exeunt BANQUO [and FLEANCE]
- MACBETH [*to the Servant*] 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.
 35 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-oppressèd° brain? *perceptible*
- 40 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. *guide*
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 45 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
 50 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse°
 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings,⁷ and withered murder,
 Alarumèd° by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch,^o thus with his stealthy pace,
 55 With Tarquin's⁸ 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 whereabouts,
 And take the present horror° from the time,
 60 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*

6. If you will support my opinion or my cause when the time comes.

7. Sacrificial rites offered to Hecate, Greek goddess of witchcraft and of the moon.

8. A Roman prince who ravished the chaste matron Lucrece. Shakespeare tells the story in *The Rape of Lucrece*.

2.2

Enter LADY [MACBETH]

LADY MACBETH That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.

What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark, peace!—

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman^oWhich gives the stern'st good-night.¹ He is about it.5 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms^oDo mock their charge^o with snores. I have drugged their
possets^o

That death and nature do contend about them

Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH [*above*]MACBETH Who's there? What ho? [*Exit*]

LADY MACBETH Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

10 And 'tis not done. Th'attempt and not the deed

Confounds^o 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 *below*]

My husband!

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

15 LADY MACBETH I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark!—Who lies i'th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH [*looking at his hands*] This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

20 MACBETH 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 addressed them^o

Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.

MACBETH One cried 'God bless us' and 'Amen' the other,

As^o they had seen me with these hangman's² hands.

List'ning 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'

Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought^o

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,

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve^o of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

*night watchman**attendants**duty**mulled milk and wine**Ruins**settled themselves**As if**thought on**tangled skein*

2.2 Location: Scene continues with only a brief pause.
1. A bell was rung outside the cells of condemned prisoners the night before they were to be executed.

2. Bloodstained. The hangman had to disembowel and quarter his victims.

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,³
 Chief nourisher in life's feast—

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH Still it cried 'Sleep no more' to all the house,
 'Glamis hath murdered 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^o your noble strength to think
 So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water
 And wash this filthy witness^o 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.

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
 Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
 I'll gild⁴ the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

Knock within

Exit

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
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,^o
 Making the green one red.⁵

Enter LADY [MACBETH]

LADY MACBETH My hands are of your colour, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white.

Knock [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.⁶

Knock [within]

Hark, more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
 And show us to be watchers.⁷ Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.⁸

Knock [within]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst.

Exeunt

3. Second, and most nourishing, course of a meal; second, or alternative, habit or practice.

4. Coat as if with gold leaf. Gold was often called red; compare 2.3.109.

5. *one red*: entirely red.

6. *Your . . . unattended*: Your resolve has deserted you.

7. Those who have stayed awake.

8. It is better that I lose consciousness altogether than face my deed.

slacken

evidence

turn red

2.3

Enter a PORTER. Knocking within

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old^o turning the key.

Knock [within]

Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of Beelzebub?^o Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty.¹ Come in time!² Have napkins^o enough about you; here you'll sweat for't.

Knock [within]

Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator³ 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.

Knock [within]

Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose.⁴ Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose.⁵

Knock [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 th' everlasting bonfire.

Knock [within]

Anon, anon!

[He opens the gate]

I pray you remember the porter.

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed That you do lie so late?

PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock,^o and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER Marry,^o sir, nose-painting,⁶ 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 disheartens him, makes him stand to^o and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep,⁷ and, giving him the lie,⁸ leaves him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i'the very throat on me;⁹ but I requited

plenty of

name of a devil

handkerchiefs

3:00 A.M.

Indeed

maintain an erection

2.3 Location: Scene continues, perhaps after a short pause.

1. Here's . . . plenty: A farmer had hoarded grain to sell at high prices but was ruined by a crop surplus that forced prices down.

2. Good timing.

3. One who speaks ambiguously. An allusion to the Jesuit doctrine that a seemingly false statement was not a lie (and therefore not repugnant to God) if the speaker had in mind a different meaning in which the utterance was true. Possibly an allusion to the 1606 trial of the Jesuit Henry Garnet for involvement in the Gunpowder Plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament; Father Garnet had

written a treatise defending equivocation for Catholics being persecuted for their beliefs.

4. Tight-fitting breeches, which would easily reveal the tailor's attempt to skimp on the cloth supplied him for their manufacture. He had apparently been able to do so undetected when loose-fitting breeches were in fashion.

5. Heat your smoothing iron.

6. Reddening of the nose through drink.

7. Gives him an erotic experience in dreams only.

8. An elaborate pun: calling him a liar; laying him out flat; making him urinate ("lye," or urine).

9. i'the . . . me: provoking a duel by insulting me with a deliberate lie.

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.¹
MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him: here he comes. [*Exit PORTER*]

LENNOX [*to MACBETH*] Good morrow, noble sir.

40 MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF He did command me to call timely^o on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.

early

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you,

45 But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH The labour we delight in physics pain.²

This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited^o service.

Exit MACDUFF

appointed

LENNOX Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH He does; he did appoint so.

50 LENNOX The night has been unruly. Where we lay

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion^o and confused events

tumult

55 New-hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird³

Clamoured the livelong night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!

60 Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

MACBETH and LENNOX What's the matter?

MACDUFF Confusion^o now hath made his masterpiece.

Ruin

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple^o and stole thence

(*the King's body*)

65 The life o'th' building.

MACBETH What is't you say—the life?

LENNOX Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF Approach the chamber and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon.⁴ Do not bid me speak.

See, and then speak yourselves. *Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

70 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

75 The great doom's image.^o Malcolm, Banquo,

replica of Doomsday

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites

1. *being . . . cast him*: the effects of drunkenness are described in the language of a wrestling match. *cast*: throw off; vomit.

2. Pleasure in labor mitigates its laboriousness.

3. The owl, bird of darkness.

4. A mythical monster with a woman's figure and snakes for hair, the sight of whose face turned beholders to stone. Medusa was one of the three Gorgons.

To countenance^o this horror.

Bell rings: Enter LADY [MACBETH]

suit; behold

LADY MACBETH What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak.

MACDUFF O gentle lady,

80 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition^o in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

report

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas—

What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.

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

Enter MACBETH, LENNOX, and ROSS

MACBETH Had I but died an hour before this chance^o

occurrence

I had lived a blessed time, for from this instant

There's nothing serious in mortality.^o

90 All is but toys.^o Renown and grace is dead.

*worth living for
trifles*

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault^o to brag of.

wine vault; world

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

DONALBAIN What is amiss?

MACBETH You are, and do not know't.

95 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF Your royal father's murdered.

100 MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.

Their hands and faces were all badged^o with blood,

100 So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found

marked

Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH O, yet I do repent me of my fury

That I did kill them.

MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?

105 MACBETH Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate and furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.

Th'expedition^o of my violent love

Outran the pauser,^o reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

110 And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful^o entrance; there the murderers,

Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breeched^o with gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

destructive

115 LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF Look to the lady.

MALCOLM [*aside to DONALBAIN*] Why do we hold our tongues,

5: Covered—as if with breeches—with blood.

That most may claim this argument⁶ for ours? subject
 DONALBAIN [*aside to MALCOLM*] What should be spoken here,
 where our fate,
 Hid in an auger-hole,⁶ may rush and seize us? in a cranny; in ambush
 Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.
 120 MALCOLM [*aside to DONALBAIN*] Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.⁶
 BANQUO Look to the lady;
 [*Exit LADY MACBETH, attended*]
 And when we have our naked frailties hid,⁶ clothed
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet
 And question⁶ this most bloody piece of work, discuss
 125 To know it further. Fears and scruples⁶ shake us. doubts
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
 Against the undivulged pretence I fight
 Of treasonous malice.⁷
 MACDUFF And so do I.
 ALL So all.
 MACBETH Let's briefly⁶ put on manly readiness,⁶ quickly / clothes; resolve
 And meet i'th' hall together.
 130 ALL Well contented.
 [*Exeunt [all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN]*]
 MALCOLM 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.
 DONALBAIN To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune
 135 Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are
 There's daggers in men's smiles. The nea'er in blood,
 The nearer bloody.⁸
 MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted,⁶ and our safest way fallen
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
 140 And let us not be dainty of⁶ leave-taking,
 But shift⁶ away. There's warrant⁶ in that theft polite about
 Which steals itself⁹ when there's no mercy left. slip / justification *Exeunt*

2.4

Enter ROSS with an OLD MAN

OLD MAN 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.¹
 ROSS Ha, good father,
 5 Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.⁶ sun
 Is't night's predominance⁶ or the day's shame ascendancy
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb
 When living light should kiss it?
 10 OLD MAN 'Tis unnatural,

6. *Nor . . . motion*: Nor has our strong sorrow yet begun to express itself.7. *Against . . . malice*: I will fight against the hidden purpose behind this treasonous act.8. *The nea'er . . . bloody*: The closer the kinship, the

nearer the danger of murder.

9. *Which steals itself*: Malcolm alludes to the fact that he and Donalbain intend to "steal" away from the castle.2.4 Location: Not far from Macbeth's castle.
1. Has made previous experiences seem trifling.

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,²
Was by a mousing owl³ hawked at and killed.

ROSS And Duncan's horses— a thing most strange and certain—
15 Beauteous and swift, the minions^o of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as^o they would
Make war with mankind.

darlings

as if

OLD MAN 'Tis said they ate each other.

ROSS They did so, to th'amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon't.

Enter MACDUFF

20 Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF Why, see you not?

ROSS Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?⁴

MACDUFF They were suborned.^o

bribed

25 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 will raven up^o

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like

devour

30 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF He is already named and gone to Scone⁵
To be invested.

ROSS Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,⁶

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

ROSS Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF No, cousin, I'll to Fife.⁷

ROSS Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

40 ROSS Farewell, father.

OLD MAN God's benison^o go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

blessing

Exeunt severally

3.1

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and I fear
Thou played'st most foully for't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,¹
5 But that myself should be the root and father

2. Mounting to her highest point in the sky before swooping down.

3. An owl that usually feeds on mice.

4. What good could they expect to gain from the murder?

5. Ancient royal city where Scottish Kings were invested

with the ceremonial symbols of authority.

6. Iona, the burial place of Scottish Kings.

7. Macduff is the Thane of Fife.

3.1 Location: The royal palace at Forres.

1. It should not pass to your descendants.