

Editor's Note:

Legendary playwright and poet William Shakespeare was known for his crafting of rich, complicated characters that act as pieces in the larger narratives of his plays. Though these plays abound with interesting characters of both sexes, the focus of many plays, especially Macbeth, are the male characters. Because of the focus of the storylines upon these male characters, many strong and multifaceted female characters are essentially sidelined in their parts as supporting characters in the larger scheme of the play. However, by selecting out the parts of the play that focus the attention upon the male characters, in this case Macbeth, the strength and complicated nature of Shakespeare's female characters become evident. With minimal changes to Shakespeare's original language, Lady Macbeth can be painted as the protagonist in the play and serves to be an example of the kind of strong female characters that appear throughout Shakespeare's works. I have taken the liberty of simply blacking out sections of the play to illustrate the strength of the Lady Macbeth character, and have made simple edits now and again to improve the flow of the language. As someone who has read many of Shakespeare's plays, I have found myself disappointed time and time again with the lack of focus that his female characters are given in these plays. Through this piece I would like to introduce a fresh take on a classic play, and hope that those who read it can find a female character who is strong, lively, and deeply compelling.

Chloe David

Edited Text	Original Text
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b></p> <p> ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ I ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ stood rapt ██████████  ████████████████████ the king, ██████████  █████████ hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor; ██████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ king that  shalt be!' This ██████████ I thought ██████████  ████████████████████  █████████ not ████████████████████  █████████ of ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ thy nature;  █████████ too full o' the milk of human kindness  ████████████████████ thou wouldst be great;  ████████████████████ without  The illness ████████████████████ thou ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ have, ██████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ thou dost fear to ██████████  ████████████████████ undo ████████████████████  ████████████████████  ████████████████████ </p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b></p> <p> '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 <u>have</u> 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  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 </p>

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?

**Messenger**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] spirits

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty! [REDACTED]

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?

**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

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;

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Come [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] your sightless substances  
[REDACTED] wait on nature's mischief! [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] my [REDACTED] knife [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] peep through the blanket of the dark,  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

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.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] be the serpent [REDACTED] that [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] in [REDACTED] my dispatch;  
[REDACTED] shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give [REDACTED] masterdom.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
Leave all the rest to me.

Scene VII:

**LADY MACBETH**

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] From this time  
[REDACTED] I [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Wouldst [REDACTED] have that  
Which thou esteem'st [REDACTED]

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.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

Scene VII:

**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 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,

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] not' wait upon 'I would,'  
[REDACTED]

# MACBETH

Prithee, peace

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

[REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED] i [REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED]  
 Be so much more the man. [REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED] you would [REDACTED]

now

unmake you. I know

How tender 'tis to love

I would [REDACTED]

Have [REDACTED]

dash'd brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

# MACBETH

If we should fail?

# LADY MACBETH

fail!

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

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,

we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--

with wine so convince

the warder

in sleep

What cannot I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan?

His officers, shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

### MACBETH

thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males

### LADY MACBETH

we shall make our griefs

Upon his death?

### MACBETH

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

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?

### 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.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*

## Scence II

# 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,  
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.

# MACBETH

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

## LADY MACBETH

██████████ I am afraid ██████████

'tis

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

done

*Enter MACBETH*

My husband!

# MACBETH

I \_\_\_\_\_ Didst \_\_\_\_\_ hear a noise \_\_\_\_\_

**LADY MACBETH**

the owl scream and the crickets cry.

*Exeunt*

## Scence II

# 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,  
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.

# 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;

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?

## LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**MACBETH**

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

Did not you speak?

**MACBETH**

When?

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*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:

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 [REDACTED] hangman's hands.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

Consider it not so deeply.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

These deeds must not be thought

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

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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 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

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 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?

**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

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?

MACBETH

Look on't I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures:

he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt.

*Exit. Knocking within*

MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

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;

How easy is it, !

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 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  
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.

*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

[REDACTED]  
*Knocking within*

[REDACTED]  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
**MACBETH**

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

*Exeunt*

scene III

**MACBETH LENNOX**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

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.

**MACBETH**

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

*Knocking within*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst!

*Exeunt*

scene III

**MACBETH LENNOX**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the 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: 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*

**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,  
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 MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

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*

**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,  
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 MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS*

**MACBETH**

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*

**DONALBAIN**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

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.

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX****BANQUO**

Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS*

**MACBETH**

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*

**DONALBAIN**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

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.

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**MACDUFF**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
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?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition 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 MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

*LADY MACBETH is carried out*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Look to the lady.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our  
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

**DONALBAIN**

[Aside to MALCOLM] 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.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

**BANQUO**

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.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*Exeunt*

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i' the hall together.

**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

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

**MALCOLM**

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*

## ACT III

### SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

*Enter BANQUO*

#### BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY  
MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords,  
Ladies, and Attendants*

#### MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

#### LADY MACBETH

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
  
[REDACTED]

## ACT III

### SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

*Enter BANQUO*

#### BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'st 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*

#### MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

#### LADY MACBETH

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

#### MACBETH

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

**BANQUO**

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

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

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?

**BANQUO**

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.

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**MACBETH**

[REDACTED]

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

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?

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

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

**ATTENDANT**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

[REDACTED]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

[REDACTED] There is none but he

Whose being I do fear [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the sisters

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Upon my head [REDACTED] 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. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*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 Caesar. He 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?

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**First Murderer**

It was, so please your highness.

**MACBETH**

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 instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

**First Murderer**

You made it known to us.

**MACBETH**

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 Murderer**

We are men, my liege.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

## MACBETH

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.

## Second Murderer

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 Murderer

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,

That I would set my lie on any chance,

To mend it, or be rid on't.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

### MACBETH

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
[REDACTED] sweep him from my sight  
[REDACTED] I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
[REDACTED]

### Second Murderer

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

### First Murderer

Though our lives--

### MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at  
most

### MACBETH

Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

### Both Murderers

True, my lord.

### MACBETH

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.

### Second Murderer

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

### First Murderer

Though our lives--

### MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at  
most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I require a clearness: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] leave no rubs nor botches in the work--

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 Murderers**

We are resolved, my lord.

### **MACBETH**

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 II. The palace.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant*

### **LADY MACBETH**

Is Banquo gone from court?

### **Servant**

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

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--

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 Murderers**

We are resolved, my lord.

### **MACBETH**

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 II. The palace.**

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant*

### **LADY MACBETH**

Is Banquo gone from court?

### **Servant**

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Servant**

Madam, I will.

*Exit*

**LADY MACBETH**

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.

**MACBETH**

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] i [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] will eat our meal in fear and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**Servant**

Madam, I will.

*Exit*

**LADY MACBETH**

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.

**MACBETH**

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,

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] 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 MACBETH**

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

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**MACBETH**

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

**LADY MACBETH**

But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

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 MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

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,  
Disguising what they are.

**LADY MACBETH**

You must leave this.

**MACBETH**

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

**LADY MACBETH**

But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

# MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

\_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

██████night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

# LADY MACBETH

## What's to be done?

# MACBETH

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!

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

■■■■■ 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 IV. The same. Hall in the palace.**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

# MACBETH

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 MACBETH

## What's to be done?

# MACBETH

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;  
While 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 IV. The same. Hall in the palace.**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

### MACBETH

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 MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door*

### MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

[REDACTED]

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

The table round.

*Approaching the door*

There's blood on thy face.

### First Murderer

Tis Banquo's then.

### MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first

And last the hearty welcome.

### Lords

Thanks to your majesty.

### MACBETH

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 MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*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.

*Approaching the door*

There's blood on thy face.

### First Murderer

Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

[REDACTED]

Is he dispatch'd?

**First Murderer**

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

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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  
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:

**MACBETH**

Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

**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,  
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  
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:

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

From thence the ceremony;  
were bare without it.

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

*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  
Than pity for mischance!

**ROSS**

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;  
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.

*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  
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.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

**LADY MACBETH**

His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

**MACBETH**

The table's full.

**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?

**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;  
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  
Which might appal the devil.

**LADY MACBETH**

O proper stuff!

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
[REDACTED] Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

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?

**MACBETH**

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
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,  
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.

**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  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

Blood hath been shed ere now, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED];

[REDACTED] murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] but now they rise again,

[REDACTED]

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

[REDACTED]

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**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,

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.