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

LADY MACBETH 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 thou dost fear to undo

Edited Text

Original Text

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 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

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,

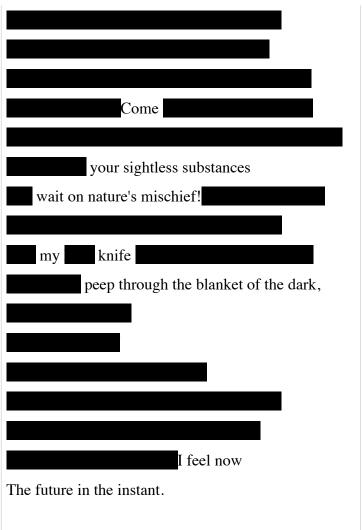
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

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

All that impedes thee from the golden round, All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal. Enter a Messenger Enter a Messenger What is your tidings? What is your tidings? Messenger Messenger The king comes here to-night. The king comes here to-night. LADY MACBETH **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** LADY MACBETH Give him tending; He brings great news. Exit Messenger The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan spirits Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, fill me from the crown to the toe top-full And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full Of direst cruelty! Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;



My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

Ο,

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?

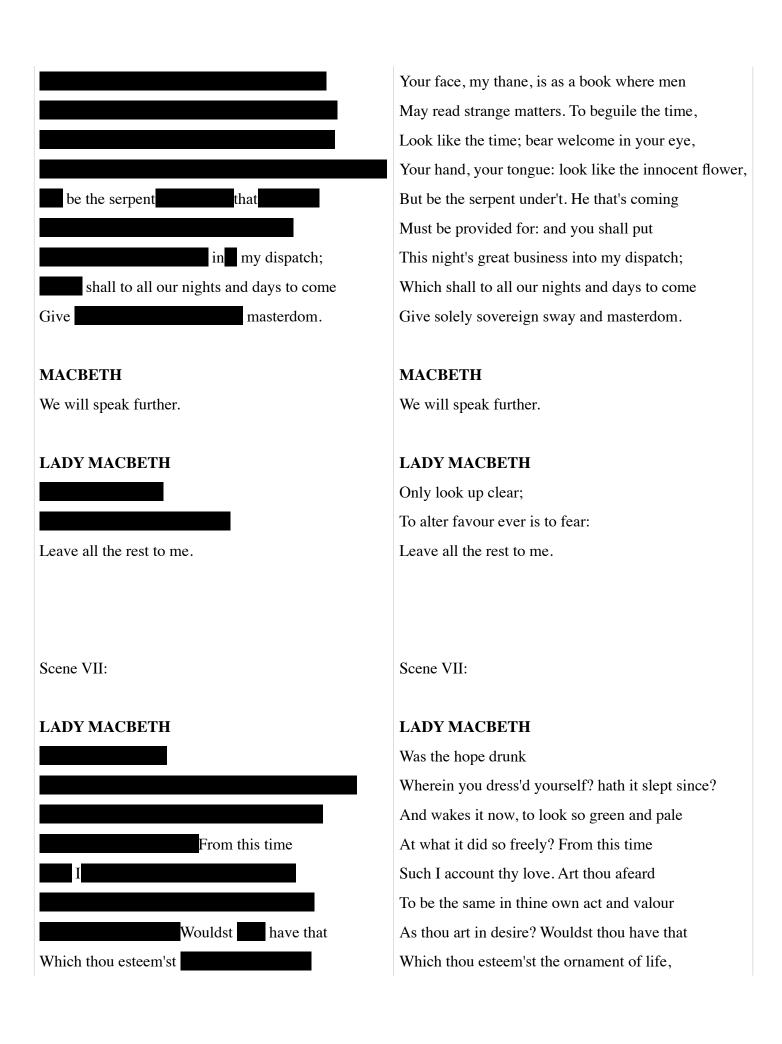
MACBETH

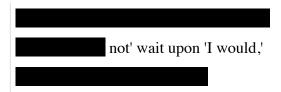
To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!



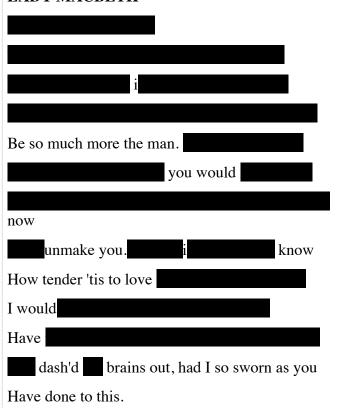


Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH



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.

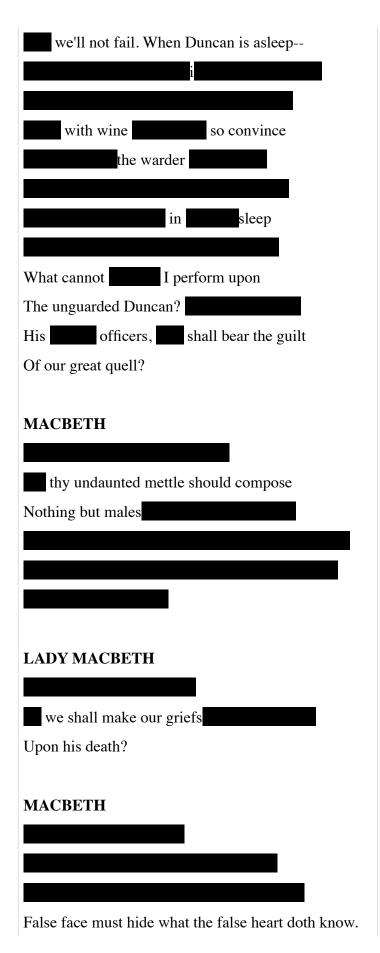
MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,



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

Didst hear a noise

LADY MACBETH

the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Exeunt

Scence II

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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

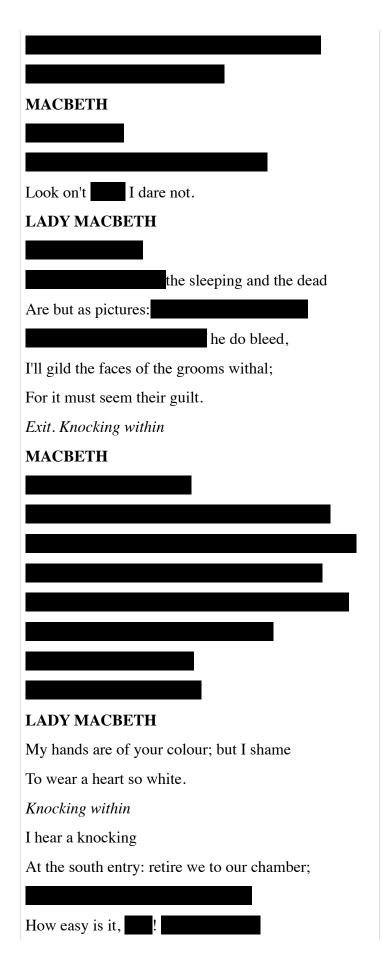
I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak? 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 MACBETH** This is a sorry sight. This is a sorry sight. Looking on his hands **LADY MACBETH LADY MACBETH** A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. 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 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep. LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together. **MACBETH MACBETH** One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other; One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen hangman's hands. 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 LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply. 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 These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad. 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?



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

Knocking within

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

MACBETH

Exeunt

MACBETH LENNOX

What's the matter.

MACDUFF

scene III

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

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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?

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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

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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.

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

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

Upon their pillows:

O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

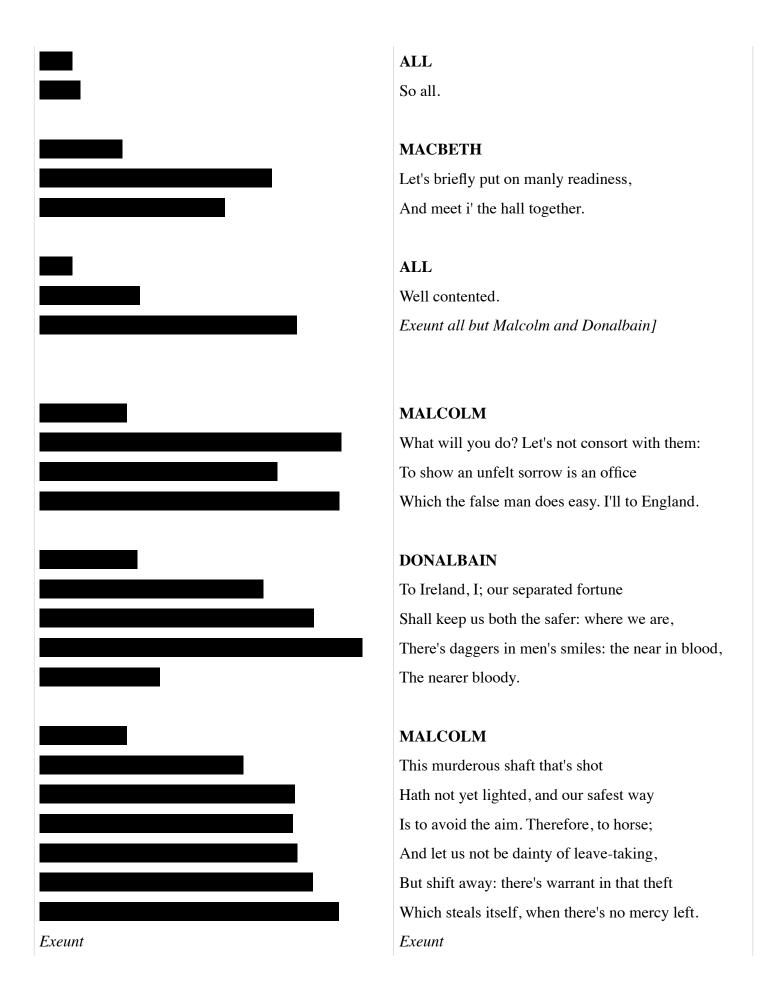
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the 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 kno wn?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady. 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 BANQUO** Look to the lady: Look to the lady: LADY MACBETH is carried out 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.



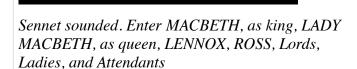
ACT III

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'dst most foully for't: yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity,



MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH



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Enter BANQUO

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

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

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 **MACBETH** Bring them before us.

	Exit Attendant
To be thus is nothing;	To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thusOur fears in Banquo	But to be safely thusOur fears in Banquo
Stick deep;	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	He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
There is none but he	To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear the sisters	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 placed a fruitless crown,	Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,	And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,	Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.	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?



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.

every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life: and though I could

sweep him from my sight

I must not,

For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop,

thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love,

Masking the business from the common eye

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;

I require a clearness:

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,

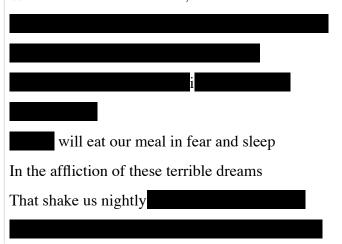
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

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:



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,

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,

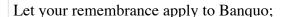
Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.



Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

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.

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



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.

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.

Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer

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

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, His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness To grace us with your royal company. To grace us with your royal company. **MACBETH MACBETH** The table's full. 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** ROSS Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. LADY MACBETH **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!

these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces?

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!

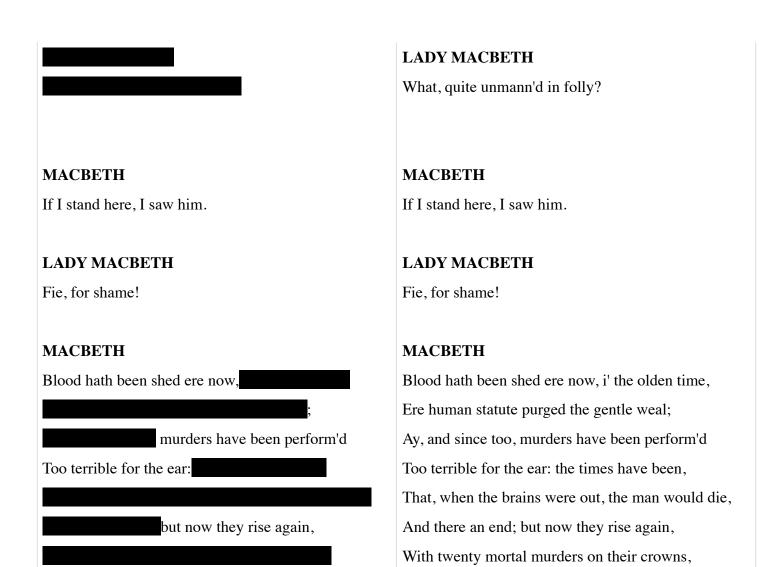
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

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



And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

And push us from our stools: this is more strange