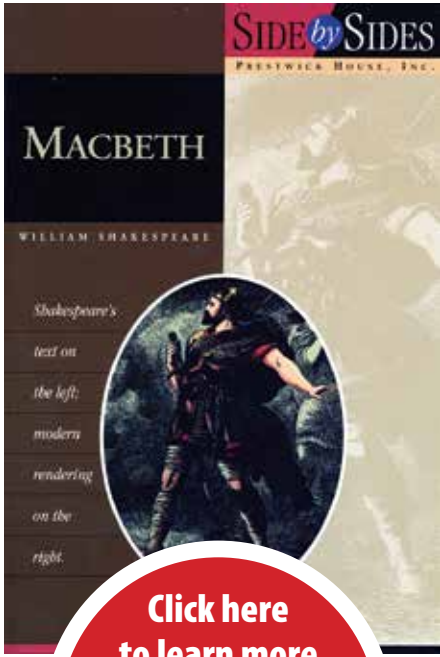




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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland
 MACBETH, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, a general in the King's army
 LADY MACBETH, his wife
 MACDUFF, Thane of Fife, a nobleman of Scotland
 LADY MACDUFF, his wife
 MALCOLM, elder son of Duncan
 DONALBAIN, younger son of Duncan
 BANQUO, Thane of Lochaber, a general in the King's army
 FLEANCE, his son
 LENNOX, nobleman of Scotland
 ROSS, nobleman of Scotland
 MENTEITH, nobleman of Scotland
 ANGUS, nobleman of Scotland
 CAITHNESS, nobleman of Scotland
 SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces
 YOUNG SIWARD, his son
 SEYTON, attendant to Macbeth
 HECATE, Queen of the Witches
 The Three Witches
 Boy, Son of Macduff
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth
 An English Doctor
 A Scottish Doctor
 A Sergeant
 A Porter
 An Old Man
 The Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
 and Messengers

SCENE: Scotland and England

SCENE 2

A camp near Forres. Alarum within.

[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.]

DUNCAN: What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM: This is the sergeant,
5 Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

SERGEANT: Doubtful it stood,
10 As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
15 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore, but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
20 Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave,
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
25 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN: O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT: As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,

SCENE 2

A camp near Forres. Bell within.

[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding sergeant.]

DUNCAN: What bloody man is this? By his looks he can report the current
news of the revolt.

MALCOLM: This is the sergeant who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
against my capture. Hail, brave friend! Tell the King your knowledge
of the fight as you left it.

SERGEANT: *It was in a deadlock, like two tired swimmers that clutch each other, unable to swim together. The merciless Macdonwald—well-suited to be a rebel, in whom the multiplying evils of nature swarm, is supplied from Ireland with foot soldiers and heavy infantry. And Fortune seemed to smile on his rebel's cause. But to no avail; for brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—disdaining Fortune, with his shining sword, which smoked with bloody execution, like Valor's favorite carved out his path until he faced Macdonwald. Without shaking hands or bidding him farewell, Macbeth cut him from the belly button to the chin and placed his severed head over our battlements.*

DUNCAN: O, valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT: *As from the east, where the sun rises but where shipwrecking storms and fearful thunders also begin, so also that*

MESSENGER: The king comes here tonight.

30 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,
35 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
40 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,
45 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,
50 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
55 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
60 The future in the instant.

MESSENGER: *The king comes here tonight.*

LADY MACBETH: *You are mad to say it! Is your master not with him? If it were the case, he would have told us to prepare.*

MESSENGER: *If it please you, it is true; our lord is coming. One of my men was quicker and almost out of breath. He scarcely had enough to give this message.*

LADY MACBETH: *Tend to him; he brings great news.*
[Exit Messenger.]

The raven himself croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, spirits who tend on murderous thoughts, make me feel unsympathetic and fill me from head to toe with desperate cruelty! Make thick my blood; and stop up all access and passage to remorse so that no compassion will shake my savage purpose nor come between my intentions and their actions. Come to my woman's breasts and take my milk for vinegar, you murdering ministers, from wherever it is you wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, and wrap me in the murkiest smoke of hell so that my keen knife does not see the wound it makes, nor may heaven peep through the blanket of darkness to cry, "Stop, stop!"

[Enter Macbeth.]

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor! Made greater than both by the "all-hail" yet to come. Your letters have carried me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the entire future in this instant.

MACBETH: Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 40 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.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 45 To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.

50 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 55 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
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

60 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 65 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,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

70 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.]

MACBETH: Go bid your mistress to strike upon the bell when my drink is
 ready. Then get to bed.

[Exit Servant.]

[His gaze suddenly arrested by a sight across the room.]
*Is this a dagger that I see in front of me with the handle toward my
 hand? Come, let me clutch you.* [Reaches for the dagger he imag-
 ines.] *I don't have you, and yet I still see you. Fatal vision, are you not
 as real to feeling as to sight? Or are you only an imaginary dagger, a
 false illusion coming from the heat-oppressed brain? I see you yet, in
 form as real as this one which I now draw. You lead me in the direc-
 tion that I was going, and such an instrument as this was I to use. My
 eyes are made the fool by the other senses. I see you still, and on my
 blade and hand are drops of blood which were not there before. This
 is not real. It is the murderous business which tricks my eyes. Now in
 one half the world nature seems dead, and while wicked dreams abuse
 sleep, witchcraft celebrates its queen's offerings; and withered Murder,
 alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf (whose howls mark his watch) moves
 with his silent pace, like a ghost, toward his purpose. You, firm earth,
 do not hear my steps nor the stealthy way in which I move, for fear the
 very stones will tell of my whereabouts and take the horror from this
 time, which now suits it perfectly. But while I threaten, Duncan lives;
 these too cold words delay me from my hot deeds.*

[A bell rings.]

*I go, and it is done; the bell invites me to the crime. Do not hear
 it, Duncan, for it is a sound that summons you to heaven, or to
 hell.*

[Exit.]

125 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors 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!

130 MACDUFF: 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,
135 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.

140 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:
145 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF: And so do I.

ALL: So all.

150 MACBETH: Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet i' the hall together.

could stop himself, if he had a heart to love, and in that heart the courage to make his love known?

LADY MACBETH: *Help me, please!*

MACDUFF: *Look after the lady.*

MALCOLM: *[Aside to Donalbain.]* *Why do we not speak, we, who should be doing most of the talking?*

DONALBAIN: *[Aside to Malcolm.]* *What can be spoken here, where our fate, which is still unclear, could rush in and seize us? Let's leave; our tears are not yet begun.*

MALCOLM: *[Aside to Donalbain.]* *Nor has our strong sorrow begun to correct this.*

BANQUO: *Look after the lady.*
[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]
And when we have clothed ourselves properly, let us meet and question this bloody piece of work in order to understand it better. Fears and doubts shake us. In the great hand of God I stand, and I fight against the secret reason for this treason.

MACDUFF: *And so do I.*

ALL: *So all.*

MACBETH: *Let's get dressed quickly and meet together in the great hall.*

SCENE 2
The palace.

[Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.]

LADY MACBETH: Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT: Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH: Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

5 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.]

10 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.

15 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
20 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,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

SCENE 2
The palace.

[Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.]

LADY MACBETH: Has Banquo left the court?

SERVANT: Yes, madam, but he returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH: Say to the king that I wish to speak a few words
with him.

SERVANT: Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

LADY MACBETH: All our efforts have been wasted if we can't be con-
tent in our new life. It is safer to be Duncan than to dwell in such
apprehension.

[Enter Macbeth.]

*What, my lord! Why do you keep by yourself, making strange fanta-
sies your companions and thinking those thoughts which should have
died with Duncan? Things without a cure should not be thought upon.
What's done is done.*

MACBETH: *We have cut the snake, not killed it; she'll heal and be whole
while our feeble attempt remains in danger of revenge. But let the
universe fall apart, both heaven and earth suffer, before we will
eat our meals in fear and sleep in the nightmares which shake us
nightly. It is better to be with the dead, whom we have sent to peace
to gain our peace, rather than lie here in wretched agony. Duncan is
in his grave; he sleeps well after life's fitful fever. Treason has done
his worst. No knife, poison, civil war, foreign invasion, nothing, can
touch him any further.*

20 ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
25 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
30 Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

35 ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

[Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.]

HECATE: O, well done! I commend your pains,
40 And everyone shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[Music and a song, "Black spirits." Hecate retires.]

SECOND WITCH: By the pricking of my thumbs,
45 Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH: A scale from a dragon, a wolf's tooth, a witch's mummy, the stomach and gullet from a ravenous shark from the sea, root of hemlock dug in the dark, the liver from a blaspheming Jew, gallbladder of goat and slips of evergreen slivered in the eclipse of the moon, nose of Turk and a Tartar's lips, a finger of a birth-strangled babe delivered in a ditch by a whore: make our gruel thick and sticky. Add to it a tiger's entrails for the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH: Cool it with a baboon's blood; now the charm is firm and good.

[Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.]

HECATE: O, well done! I commend your efforts, and everyone shall share in the gains. And now sing about the cauldron like elves and fairies in a ring, enchanting all that you have placed there.
[Music and a song, "Black spirits." Hecate retires.]

SECOND WITCH: By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes. Locks, open for whomever knocks!

DOCTOR: How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN: Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

20 DOCTOR: You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN: Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

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

LADY MACBETH: Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR: Hark, she speaks! I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH: Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One—two—why then
35 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR: Do you mark that?

35 LADY MACBETH: The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR: Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN: She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that.
40 Heaven knows what she has known.

DOCTOR: *How did she come by that light?*

GENTLEWOMAN: *Why, it stood by her. She has light by her at all times. It is her order.*

DOCTOR: *You see, her eyes are open.*

GENTLEWOMAN: *Yes, but they do not see.*

DOCTOR: *What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.*

GENTLEWOMAN: *It is an accustomed action with her, to pantomime washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this for a quarter of an hour.*

LADY MACBETH: *Yet here's a spot.*

DOCTOR: *Hark, she speaks! I will write down what she says to satisfy my memory.*

LADY MACBETH: *Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One—two—why then it is time to do it. Hell is murky. Shame, my lord, shame! A soldier, and afraid? Why do we fear who knows what we have done, when no one can equal our power? Yet who would have thought the old man would have had so much blood in him?*

DOCTOR: *Do you note that?*

LADY MACBETH: *The lord of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands never be clean again? No more of that, my lord, no more of that. You destroy the mood with this strange fit.*

DOCTOR: *Enough. Enough. You know what you should not.*

GENTLEWOMAN: *She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.*

STUDY GUIDE

Act I, Scene 1 - Three Witches

1. When are the three Witches to meet again, and for what purpose?
2. What do you suppose is suggested by the line, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair"?

Act I, Scene 2 - King Duncan and His Sons, Donalbain and Malcolm

1. What do we learn of Macbeth's courage and skill?
2. What is Macbeth's relationship to King Duncan?
3. Who have Macbeth and Banquo been fighting?
4. What does King Duncan tell Ross to do?

Act I, Scene 3 - Three Witches

1. As the scene begins, how does the conversation of the Witches strike you?
2. When Macbeth says, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen," to what is he referring? What could be the dramatic irony in this line?
3. Describe the physical appearance of the Witches.
4. What prophecies do the Witches make regarding Macbeth? How does he react?
5. What do the Witches see in the future for Banquo?
6. What does Banquo ask Macbeth about the experience?

7. As Banquo and Macbeth are discussing the prophecies, what news does Ross bring?
8. As the others talk, what does Macbeth's aside reveal about his thinking?
9. How does Banquo's comment support the "Fair is foul, foul is fair" theme?
10. What does Macbeth mean in his aside about two truths being prologue to the imperial theme?
11. What is Macbeth's emotional state when he hears the news?
12. To best understand Macbeth's feelings you must visualize what is happening on stage. What is happening?

Act I, Scene 4 - King Duncan and His Sons

1. Why was the old Thane of Cawdor executed?
2. What is the meaning of the plant metaphor?
3. What news does the King impart to Macbeth and what is Macbeth's reaction to the news?
4. In his last speech in this scene, what does Macbeth reveal?

Act I, Scene 5 - Lady Macbeth

1. After Lady Macbeth finishes reading the letter, what fear about her husband does she express?
2. When Lady Macbeth says, "Hie thee hither," what is it that she plans to do?
3. How does the news about King Duncan's expected arrival affect Lady Macbeth? What is she planning?