

The Tragedy of Macbeth

By William Shakespeare

Characters in the Play

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, his Son.

DONALBAIN, his Son.

MACBETH, General in the King's Army.

BANQUO, General in the King's Army.

MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland.

LENNOX, Nobleman of Scotland.

ROSS, Nobleman of Scotland.

MENTEITH, Nobleman of Scotland.

ANGUS, Nobleman of Scotland.

CAITHNESS, Nobleman of Scotland.

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

BOY, Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

ACT 1

Act 1 Scene 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

5

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

「SECOND WITCH」 Paddock calls.

10

「THIRD WITCH」 Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 2

*Alarum within. Enter King「Duncan,」
Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captain.*

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

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.

5

CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that

10

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of kerns and ¶gallowglasses¶ is supplied; 15
And Fortune, on his damnèd ¶quarrel¶ smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution, 20
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 unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements. 25

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders ¶break,¶
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to
come 30
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men, 35
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?

CAPTAIN

Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were 40
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds

Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell— 45
But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:
They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.

¶The Captain is led off by Attendants.¶

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

MALCOLM The worthy Thane of Ross. 50

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

ROSS God save the King.

DUNCAN Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane? 55

ROSS From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor, 60

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. And to conclude, 65
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN Great happiness!

ROSS That now Sweno,

The Norways' king, craves composition.
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 70

Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present
death,

75

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap
And munched and munched and munched. "Give
me," quoth I.

5

"Aroint thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,

10

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th' art kind.

THIRD WITCH

And I another.

FIRST WITCH

I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow;
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay.

15

Sleep shall neither night nor day 20
 Hang upon his penthouse lid.
 He shall live a man forbid.
 Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
 Though his bark cannot be lost, 25
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
 Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.
 FIRST WITCH
 Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wracked as homeward he did come. *Drum within.* 30

THIRD WITCH
 A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

ALL, *["dancing in a circle"]*
 The Weïrd Sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about, 35
 Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace, the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

MACBETH
 So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO
 How far is 't called to *["Forres?"]*—What are these, 40
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth
 And yet are on 't?—Live you? Or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me 45
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you? 50

FIRST WITCH
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH
All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH
All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO
Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth, 55
Are you fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly you show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. 60
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH Hail! 65

SECOND WITCH Hail!

THIRD WITCH Hail!

FIRST WITCH
Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

SECOND WITCH
Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH
Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. 70
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH
Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis.

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives 75
A prosperous gentleman, and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way 80
With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

MACBETH

Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted,
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed! 85

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO You shall be king. 90

MACBETH

And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO

To th' selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

ROSS

The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success, and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 95
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale [Came] post with post, and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense, And poured them down before him.	100
ANGUS We are sent To give thee from our royal master thanks, Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.	105
ROSS And for an earnest of a greater honor, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor, In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, For it is thine.	110
BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?	
MACBETH The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes?	115
ANGUS Who was the Thane lives yet, But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labored in his country's wrack, I know not; But treasons capital, confessed and proved, Have overthrown him.	120
MACBETH, [aside] Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus.] Thanks for your pains. [Aside to Banquo.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me Promised no less to them?	125 130

BANQUO That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, 135
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you *They step aside.*

MACBETH, *Aside* Two truths are told 140
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
Aside. This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success 145
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature? Present fears 150
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man
 That function is smothered in surmise,
 And nothing is but what is not. 155

BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH, *Aside*
 If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me
 Without my stir.

BANQUO New honors come upon him, 160
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
 But with the aid of use.

MACBETH, *Aside* Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO
 Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. 165

MACBETH
 Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registered where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
 ¶*Aside to Banquo.* ¶Think upon what hath chanced, 170
 and at more time,
 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH Till then, enough.—Come, friends. 175

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 4

Flourish. Enter King ¶*Duncan,* ¶
Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Attendants.

DUNCAN
 Is execution done on Cawdor? ¶*Are* ¶not
 Those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report 5
 That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
 Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it. He died
 As one that had been studied in his death 10
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face.
 He was a gentleman on whom I built 15
 An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow 20
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe 25
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honor. 30

DUNCAN Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee and will labor
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee 35
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO There, if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves 40
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must 45
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

The rest is labor which is not used for you. 50
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach.
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor.

MACBETH, *[aside]*

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step 55
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. 60

He exits.

DUNCAN

True, worthy Banquo. He is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed:
It is a banquet to me.—Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. 65

Flourish. They exit.

Act 1 Scene 5

Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone, with a letter.

LADY MACBETH, *[reading the letter]* *They met me in the*
day of success, and I have learned by the perfect'st
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. 5
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 10
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou

*might'st 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 15

What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' th' 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 20

highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'dst have, great

Glamis,

That which cries "Thus thou must do," if thou have it, 25

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 valor of my tongue 30

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crowned withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight. 35

LADY MACBETH Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,

Would have informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him, 40

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH Give him tending.

He brings great news.

Messenger exits.

The raven himself is hoarse 45

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. 50

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers, 55

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 60

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 65

The future in the instant.

MACBETH My dearest love,

Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH

Tomorrow, as he purposes. 70

LADY MACBETH O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye, 75
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' 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, 80
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 favor ever is to fear. 85
Leave all the rest to me.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 6

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King
[Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo,
Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, 5
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here. No jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have 10
observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

DUNCAN See, see our honored hostess!—

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you 15

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH All our service,
In every point twice done and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend 20
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 25
We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath helped him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, 30
We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own. 35

DUNCAN Give me your hand.

「Taking her hand.」

Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 7

*Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers
Servants with dishes and service over the stage.
Then enter Macbeth.*

MACBETH
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5

But here, upon this bank and 'shoal' of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice 10
 Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked newborn babe
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped. Why have you left the 30
chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought 35

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? 40

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 valor

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that 45

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life

And live a coward in thine own esteem,

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"

Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

MACBETH Prithee, peace. 50

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? 55

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 60

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 plucked my nipple from his boneless gums 65

And dashed 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 70

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, 75

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep

Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon 80

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, 85

When we have marked 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 clamor roar 90

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 95

know.

They exit.

ACT 2

Act 2 Scene 1

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

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

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take 't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

Hold, take my sword. *「He gives his sword to Fleance.」* 5

There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature 10

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—Who's

there?

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed. 15

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up

In measureless content. 20

「He gives Macbeth a jewel.」

MACBETH Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three Weïrd Sisters. 25

To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH I think not of
 them.
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that 30
 business,
 If you would grant the time.

BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH
 If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
 It shall make honor for you. 35

BANQUO So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counseled.

MACBETH Good repose the while. 40

BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you.
Banquo and *Fleance* exit.

MACBETH
 Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
Servant exits.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch 45
 thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation 50
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw. *He draws his dagger.*
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use. 55
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs 60
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf, 65
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,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear 70
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.

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me. 75
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

He exits.

Act 2 Scene 2

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me
bold.
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark!—Peace.
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman, 5
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 drugged
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them 10
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. Th' attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready; 15
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth ["with bloody daggers."]

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. 20
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay. 25

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

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 30
"Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard
them.
But they did say their prayers and addressed them
Again to sleep. 35

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried "God bless us" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear. I could not say "Amen"
When they did say "God bless us."

40

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

45

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 raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

50

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house.
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore
Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more."

55

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.

60

MACBETH I'll go no more. 65
 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 70
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.
She exits ¶ *with the daggers.* ¶ *Knock within.*

MACBETH Whence is that
 knocking? 75
 How is 't with me when every noise appalls me?
 What hands are here! Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine, 80
 Making the green one red.
Enter Lady ¶ *Macbeth.* ¶

LADY MACBETH
 My hands are of your color, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. *Knock.*
 I hear a knocking
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. 85
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy is it, then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. *Knock.*
 Hark, more knocking.
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 90
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH
 To know my deed 'twere best not know myself. *Knock*
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou
 couldst. 95
They exit.

Act 2 Scene 3

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the
key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'
th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged
himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! 5
Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat
for 't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'
other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator
that could swear in both the scales against either
scale, who committed treason enough for God's 10
sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,
equivocator. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for
stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here
you may roast your goose. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock! 15
Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had
thought to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*)
Anon, anon! 20

¶The Porter opens the door to Macduff and Lennox.

I pray you, remember the porter.

MACDUFF

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

PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three 25
things.

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially
provoke?

PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes 30

the desire, but it takes away the performance.
Therefore much drink may be said to be an
equivocator with lechery. It makes him, and it
mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it
persuades him and disheartens him; makes him
stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates
him in a sleep and, giving him the lie, leaves
him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I
requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too
strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,
yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

Porter exits.

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him.

I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

I know this is a joyful trouble to you,

But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH

The labor we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

Macduff exits.

LENNOX Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH He does. He did appoint so. 60

LENNOX

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
 Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
 Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of
 death,
 And prophesying, with accents terrible, 65
 Of dire combustion and confused events
 New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird
 Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth
 Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night. 70

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!
 Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH AND LENNOX What's the matter? 75

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

What is 't you say? The life? 80

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.

Macbeth and Lennox exit.

Awake, awake! 85

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, 90
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror.—Ring the bell.

Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak! 95

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, 100

Our royal master's murdered.

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself 105
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and 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. 110
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 115
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM O, by whom?

LENNOX

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

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood. 120

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. 125

MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

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

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.

Th' expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, 130

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain 135

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.

MALCOLM, [¶]*aside to Donaldbain* ¶ Why do we hold our 140
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 brewed. 145

MALCOLM, *aside to Donalbain*

Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO Look to the lady.

Lady Macbeth is assisted to leave.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet

And question this most bloody piece of work 150

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretense I fight

Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF And so do I. 155

ALL So all.

MACBETH

Let's briefly put on manly readiness

And meet i' th' hall together.

ALL Well contented.

All but Malcolm and Donalbain exit.

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not consort with them. 160

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, 165

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 170

But shift away. There's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

They exit.

Act 2 Scene 4

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

OLD MAN

Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night
Hath trifled former knowings.

5

ROSS Ha, good father,

Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

10

OLD MAN 'Tis unnatural,

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

15

ROSS

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

20

OLD MAN 'Tis said they eat each
other.

ROSS

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

25

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good
 Macduff.—
 How goes the world, sir, now?
 MACDUFF Why, see you not? 30
 ROSS
 Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
 MACDUFF
 Those that Macbeth hath slain.
 ROSS Alas the day,
 What good could they pretend?
 MACDUFF They were suborned. 35
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.
 ROSS 'Gainst nature still!
 Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up 40
 Thine own lives' means. Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
 MACDUFF
 He is already named and gone to Scone
 To be invested.
 ROSS Where is Duncan's body? 45
 MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
 And guardian of their bones.
 ROSS Will you to Scone?
 MACDUFF
 No, cousin, I'll to Fife. 50
 ROSS Well, I will thither.
 MACDUFF
 Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.
 ROSS Farewell, father.

OLD MAN

God's benison go with you and with those 55
That would make good of bad and friends of foes.
All exit.

ACT 3

Act 3 Scene 1

Enter Banquo.

BANQUO

Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the Weird Women promised, and I fear
Thou played'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father 5
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. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King,
Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Lords,
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

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, 15
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO Let your Highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit. 20

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 tomorrow.

25

Is 't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twillt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.

30

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed

In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

35

With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,

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.

40

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

Banquo exits.

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night. To make society

45

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supertime alone. While then, God be with you.

Lords and all but Macbeth and a Servant exit.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

SERVANT

They are, my lord, without the palace gate. 50

MACBETH

Bring them before us. *Servant exits.*

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 feared. 'Tis much he
dares, 55

And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
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 60

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 hailed him father to a line of kings. 65

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; 70

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,
Put rancors 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 seeds of Banquo kings. 75

Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance.—Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

「*To the Servant.*」 Now go to the door, and stay there
till we call. *Servant exits.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together? 80

「MURDERERS,」

It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been 85

Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might 90

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 95

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave 100

And beggared yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue you go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs, 105

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleft

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 110
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' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't, 115
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. 120

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another 125
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

MACBETH Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy. 130

「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 135
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, 140
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—

145

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,

The moment on 't, for 't must be done tonight

150

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

155

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart.

I'll come to you anon.

「MURDERERS」 We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

160

「Murderers exit.」

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

「He exits.」

Act 3 Scene 2

Enter Macbeth's Lady 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.

SERVANT Madam, I will. *He exits.*

5

LADY MACBETH Naught'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, 10
 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 scorched the snake, not killed it. 15
 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. 25
 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, 30
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial
 Among your guests tonight.

MACBETH So shall I, love,
 And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance
 Apply to Banquo; present him eminence 35
 Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
 Must lave our honors in these flattering streams
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH You must leave this. 40

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.

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 45

His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-born 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? 50

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 55

Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow

Makes wing to th' rooky wood.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do

rouse.— 60

Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So prithee go with me.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 3

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER, *to the First Murderer*¹
 He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices and what we have to do
 To the direction just. 5

FIRST MURDERER Then stand with us.—
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
 Now spurs the lated traveler apace
 To gain the timely inn, *and*¹ near approaches
 The subject of our watch. 10

THIRD MURDERER Hark, I hear horses.
 BANQUO, *within* Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER Then 'tis he. The rest
 That are within the note of expectation
 Already are i' th' court. 15

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.
 THIRD MURDERER
 Almost a mile; but he does usually
 (So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light! 20

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.
 FIRST MURDERER Stand to 't.
 BANQUO, *to Fleance*¹ It will be rain tonight.
 FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!

*The three Murderers attack.*¹

BANQUO
 O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
 Thou mayst revenge—O slave! 25

*He dies. Fleance exits.*¹

THIRD MURDERER
 Who did strike out the light?
 FIRST MURDERER Was 't not the way?
 THIRD MURDERER There's but one down. The son is
 fled. 30

SECOND MURDERER We have lost best half of our
affair.

FIRST MURDERER

Well, let's away and say how much is done.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 4

*Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome. *They sit.*

LORDS Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host. 5
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.

Enter First Murderer to the door.

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. 10
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. *He approaches the Murderer.* There's
blood upon thy face.

MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then. 15

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats,
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance. 20
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH, *[aside]*

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. 25
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER

Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature. 30

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 th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again. *Murderer exits.* 35

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony; 40
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

MACBETH, *[to Lady Macbeth]* Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both!

LENNOX May 't please your Highness sit. 45

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
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?	50
MACBETH The table's full.	
LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.	55
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?	60
MACBETH, <i>['to the Ghost']</i> 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. <i>['Drawing Macbeth aside.']</i> Are you a man?	65 70
MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appall the devil.	
LADY MACBETH O, proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear. This is the air-drawn dagger which you said	75

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, 80
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there. Behold, look! *〔To the Ghost.〕* Lo,
how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel houses and our graves must send 85
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. *〔Ghost exits.〕*

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame! 90

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The *〔time〕* has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die, 95
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.

LADY MACBETH My worthy lord, 100

Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to 105
all.
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine. Fill full.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here! To all, and him we thirst, 110
And all to all.

LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.

They raise their drinking cups.

MACBETH, *to the Ghost*

Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee.
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 115
Which thou dost glare with.

LADY MACBETH Think of this, good

peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. 120

MACBETH, *to the Ghost* What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again 125
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! *Ghost exits.*
Why so, being gone, 130
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH Can such things be 135

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe

When now I think you can behold such sights
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks 140
 When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS What sights, my
 lord?

LADY MACBETH
 I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.
 Question enrages him. At once, good night. 145
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

LENNOX Good night, and better health
 Attend his Majesty.

LADY MACBETH A kind good night to all. 150
Lords ¶ and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth ¶ exit.

MACBETH
 It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to
 speak.
 Augurs and understood relations have
 By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought 155
 forth
 The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY MACBETH
 Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH
 How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding? 160

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH
 I hear it by the way; but I will send.
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow
 (And betimes I will) to the Weïrd Sisters. 165
 More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know
 By the worst means the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er. 170
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use. 175
We are yet but young in deed.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 5

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

FIRST WITCH

Why, how now, Hecate? You look angerly.

HECATE

Have I not reason, beldams as you are?
Saucy and overbold, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death, 5
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron 15
Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and everything beside.
I am for th' air. This night I'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound.
I'll catch it ere it come to ground, 25
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song.

Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. 35

「Hecate exits.」

Sing within "Come away, come away," etc.

FIRST WITCH

Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be back again.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 6

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead. 5
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

LENNOX Sent he to Macduff?

LORD

He did, and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 45
The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums, as who should say "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

LENNOX And that well might

Advise him to a caution "t' hold" what distance 50
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed. 55

LORD I'll send my prayers with him.

They exit.

ACT 4

Act 4 Scene 1

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH

Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

FIRST WITCH

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw. 5
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

"The Witches circle the cauldron."

ALL	
Double, double toil and trouble;	10
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.	
SECOND WITCH	
Fillet of a fenny snake	
In the cauldron boil and bake.	
Eye of newt and toe of frog,	
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,	15
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,	
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,	
For a charm of powerful trouble,	
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.	
ALL	
Double, double toil and trouble;	20
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.	
THIRD WITCH	
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,	
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf	
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,	
Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,	25
Liver of blaspheming Jew,	
Gall of goat and slips of yew	
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,	
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,	
Finger of birth-strangled babe	30
Ditch-delivered by a drab,	
Make the gruel thick and slab.	
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron	
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.	
ALL	
Double, double toil and trouble;	35
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.	
SECOND WITCH	
Cool it with a baboon's blood.	

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

HECATE

O, well done! I commend your pains,
And everyone shall share i' th' gains. 40
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," etc. Hecate exits.

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. 45
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH

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

ALL A deed without a name. 50

MACBETH

I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up, 55
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down,

Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the 60
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak. 65

SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH

Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths
Or from our masters'.

MACBETH Call 'em. Let me see 'em. 70

FIRST WITCH

Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderers' gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL Come high or low; 75

Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH He knows thy

thought.

Hear his speech but say thou naught. 80

FIRST APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.

He descends.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more— 85

FIRST WITCH

He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

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

SECOND APPARITION

Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm. *⌈He⌋descends.* 90

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live, 95
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king
And wears upon his baby brow the round 100
And top of sovereignty?

ALL Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until 105
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him. *⌈He⌋descends.*

MACBETH That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good! 110
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art 115
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know! 120
⌈Cauldron sinks.⌋ Hautboys.

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

FIRST WITCH Show.

SECOND WITCH Show.

THIRD WITCH Show.

ALL

Show his eyes and grieve his heart. 125
Come like shadows; so depart.
*A show of eight kings, ⌈the eighth king⌋ with a glass
in his hand, and Banquo last.*

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags, 130
Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass
Which shows me many more, and some I see 135
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.
⌈The Apparitions disappear.⌋

What, is this so? 140

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound 145
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance and vanish.

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!— 150
Come in, without there.

Enter Lennox.

LENNOX What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you? 155

LENNOX No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word 160
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England?

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH, *[aside]*

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 165

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done: 170

The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool. 175
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

They exit.

Act 4 Scene 2

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

LADY MACDUFF

What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF He had none.

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. 5

ROSS You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not; 10
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight 15
So runs against all reason.

ROSS My dearest coz,

I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much 20
further;

But cruel are the times when we are traitors
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent sea 25
 Each way and move—I take my leave of you.
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
 Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you. 30

LADY MACDUFF

Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. *Ross exits.*

LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead. 35
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF What, with worms and flies?

SON

With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, 40
 The pitfall nor the gin.

SON

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set
 for.
 My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father? 45

SON Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee. 50

SON Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.

SON And be all traitors that do so? 55

LADY MACDUFF Every one that does so is a traitor
and must be hanged.

SON And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF Every one.

SON Who must hang them? 60

LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.

SON Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF Now God help thee, poor monkey! But 65
how wilt thou do for a father?

SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you would
not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a
new father.

LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! 70

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones! 75

To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. 80

Messenger exits.

LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense
To say I have done no harm?

85

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

MURDERER Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

90

MURDERER He's a traitor.

SON

Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

MURDERER What, you egg?

⌈*Stabbing him.*⌋ Young fry of treachery!

95

SON He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you.

⌈*Lady Macduff*⌋ *exits, crying "Murder!"* ⌈*followed by the Murderers bearing the Son's body.*⌋

Act 4 Scene 3

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MALCOLM

Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,
Bestride our ⌈*downfall'n*⌋ birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

5

As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

MALCOLM What I believe, I'll wail; 10

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well. 15

He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but
something

You may 'deserve' of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb

T' appease an angry god. 20

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon. 25

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so. 30

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you, 35

Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF	Bleed, bleed, poor country!	
	Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,	40
	For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy wrongs;	
	The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord.	
	I would not be the villain that thou think'st	
	For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,	45
	And the rich East to boot.	
MALCOLM	Be not offended.	
	I speak not as in absolute fear of you.	
	I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.	
	It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash	50
	Is added to her wounds. I think withal	
	There would be hands uplifted in my right;	
	And here from gracious England have I offer	
	Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,	
	When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head	55
	Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country	
	Shall have more vices than it had before,	
	More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,	
	By him that shall succeed.	
MACDUFF	What should he be?	60
MALCOLM		
	It is myself I mean, in whom I know	
	All the particulars of vice so grafted	
	That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth	
	Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state	
	Esteem him as a lamb, being compared	65
	With my confineless harms.	
MACDUFF	Not in the legions	
	Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned	
	In evils to top Macbeth.	
MALCOLM	I grant him bloody,	70
	Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,	
	Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin	

That has a name. But there's no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters, Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up The cistern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth Than such an one to reign.	75
MACDUFF Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny. It hath been Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours. You may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty And yet seem cold—the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough. There cannot be That vulture in you to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined.	80 85 90
MALCOLM With this there grows In my most ill-composed affection such A stanchless avarice that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, Desire his jewels, and this other's house; And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.	95
MACDUFF This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear. Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will Of your mere own. All these are portable, With other graces weighed.	100 105

MALCOLM

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, 110
I have no relish of them but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound 115
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

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

MACDUFF Fit to govern? 120

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands ¹accursed 125
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself 130
Hath banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,

Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts 135
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me

From overcredulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now 140
I put myself to thy direction and
Unspeaking mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn, 145
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly 150
Is thine and my poor country's to command—
Whither indeed, before [¶]thy here-approach,[¶]
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness 155
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

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

Enter a Doctor.

MALCOLM Well, more anon.—

Comes the King forth, I pray you? 160

DOCTOR

Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art, but at his touch
(Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand)
They presently amend. 165

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.

[¶]*Doctor*[¶]*exits.*

MACDUFF

What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis called the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king,
 Which often since my here-remain in England 170
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven
 Himself best knows, but strangely visited people
 All swoll'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, 175
 Put on with holy prayers; and, 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne 180
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

MACDUFF See who comes here.

MALCOLM

My countryman, but yet I know him ¶not. ¶

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

I know him now.—Good God betimes remove 185
 The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS Alas, poor country,

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot 190
 Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing
 But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
 Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell 195
 Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF

O relation too nice and yet too true!

MALCOLM What's the newest grief? 200

ROSS

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.

Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF How does my wife?

ROSS Why, well.

MACDUFF And all my children? 205

ROSS Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes 't?

ROSS

When I came hither to transport the tidings 210

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor

Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witnessed the rather

For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.

Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland 215

Would create soldiers, make our women fight

To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM Be 't their comfort

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 220

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out.

ROSS Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words

That would be howled out in the desert air, 225
 Where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF What concern
 they—
 The general cause, or is it a fee-grief
 Due to some single breast? 230

ROSS No mind that's honest
 But in it shares some woe, though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it. 235

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

MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS
 Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes 240
 Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
 Were on the quarry of these murdered deer
 To add the death of you.

MALCOLM Merciful heaven!—
 What, man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows. 245
 Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

MACDUFF My children too?

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

MACDUFF
 And I must be from thence? My wife killed too? 250

ROSS I have said.

MALCOLM Be comforted.
 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge
 To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF	
He has no children. All my pretty ones?	255
Did you say “all”? O hell-kite! All?	
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam	
At one fell swoop?	
MALCOLM	Dispute it like a man.
MACDUFF	I shall do so, 260
But I must also feel it as a man.	
I cannot but remember such things were	
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on	
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,	
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,	265
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,	
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.	
MALCOLM	
Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief	
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.	
MACDUFF	
O, I could play the woman with mine eyes	270
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,	
Cut short all intermission! Front to front	
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.	
Within my sword’s length set him. If he ‘scape,	
Heaven forgive him too.	275
MALCOLM	This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;	
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth	
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above	
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you	280
may.	
The night is long that never finds the day.	
	<i>They exit.</i>

ACT 5

Act 5 Scene 1

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

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

GENTLEWOMAN Since his Majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown 5
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast
sleep.

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

GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report after 15
her.

DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no 20
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

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

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by 25
her continually. 'Tis her command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are 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 an hour. 30

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. 35

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two.
 Why then, '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? 40

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

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. 45

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. Heaven knows what she has
 known. 50

LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still. All
 the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
 hand. O, O, O! 55

DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
 charged.

GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my
 bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR Well, well, well. 60

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have
 known those which have walked in their sleep,
 who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. 65

Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

DOCTOR Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the
gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your 70
hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to
bed, to bed.

Lady Macbeth exits.

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR

Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds 75
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all. Look after her.

Remove from her the means of all annoyance 80
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN Good night, good doctor.

They exit.

Act 5 Scene 2

Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

MENTEITH

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man. 5

ANGUS Near Birnam Wood

Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

CAITHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file

Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son 10

And many unrough youths that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

MENTEITH What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him 15

Do call it valiant fury. But for certain

He cannot buckle his distempered cause

Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands. 20

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief. 25

MENTEITH Who, then, shall blame

His pestered senses to recoil and start

When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS Well, march we on 30

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.

Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we in our country's purge

Each drop of us.

LENNOX Or so much as it needs 35

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

They exit marching.

Act 5 Scene 3

Enter Macbeth, [the Doctor, and Attendants.

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5
"Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false
thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear 10
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

SERVANT There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain? 15

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face? 20

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

[Servant exits.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or [disseat] me now. 25
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead 30
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare
not.—
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

SEYTON
What's your gracious pleasure? 35

MACBETH What news more?

SEYTON
All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.

SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet. 40

MACBETH I'll put it on.
Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armor.—

How does your patient, doctor? 45

DOCTOR Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH Cure ^{her} of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 50
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart? 55

DOCTOR Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.

Attendants begin to arm him.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.— 60

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo 65

That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation 70

Makes us hear something.

MACBETH Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR, *aside*

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, 75

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

They exit.

Act 5 Scene 4

*Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,
Siward's son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers,
marching.*

MALCOLM

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

MENTEITH We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH The Wood of Birnam. 5

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear 't before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

SOLDIER It shall be done. 10

SIWARD

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope;

For, where there is advantage to be given, 15
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on 20
Industrious soldiership.

SIWARD The time approaches

That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, 25
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.

They exit marching.

Act 5 Scene 5

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and
Colors.*

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forced with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.	5
<i>A cry within of women.</i>	
What is that noise?	
SEYTON It is the cry of women, my good lord. <i>「He exits.」</i>	10
MACBETH I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been my senses would have cooled To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors. Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.	15
<i>「Enter Seyton.」</i>	
Wherefore was that cry?	
SEYTON The Queen, my lord, is dead.	
MACBETH She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time, And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more. It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.	20 25 30
<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

MESSENGER Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do 't.

35

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought

The Wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

40

MESSENGER

Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming.

I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive

45

Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution and begin

To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth. "Fear not till Birnam Wood

50

Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—

If this which he avouches does appear,

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun

55

And wish th' estate o' th' world were now

undone.—

Ring the alarum bell!—Blow wind, come wrack,

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

They exit.

Act 5 Scene 6

Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army, with boughs.

MALCOLM

Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do, 5
According to our order.

SIWARD Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, 10
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

They exit.

Alarums continued.

Act 5 Scene 7

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name? 5

MACBETH Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear. 10

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant. With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight, and young Siward is slain.

MACBETH Thou wast born of
woman. 15

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

He exits.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine, 20
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 25

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.

He exits. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

SIWARD

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight, 30
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

MALCOLM We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

35

SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle.

They exit. Alarum.

Act 5 [Scene 8]

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool and die

On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes

Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF Turn, hellhound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee.

5

But get thee back. My soul is too much charged

With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF I have no words;

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out. *Fight. Alarum.*

10

MACBETH Thou losest labor.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield

15

To one of woman born.

MACDUFF Despair thy charm,

And let the angel whom thou still hast served

Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripped.

20

MACBETH

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cowed my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believed

That palter with us in a double sense,

That keep the word of promise to our ear 25
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit 30
 "Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH I will not yield
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane 35
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damned be him that first cries "Hold! Enough!"

They exit fighting. Alarums.
¶They¶enter fighting, and Macbeth ¶is¶slain. ¶Macduff
exits carrying off Macbeth's body. ¶Retreat and flourish.
Enter, with Drum and Colors, Malcolm, Siward, Ross,
Thanes, and Soldiers.

MALCOLM
 I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 40

SIWARD
 Some must go off; and yet by these I see
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM
 Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS
 Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 He only lived but till he was a man, 45
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

SIWARD Then he is dead?

ROSS
 Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow 50
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

SIWARD Had he his hurts before?

ROSS
 Ay, on the front.

SIWARD Why then, God's soldier be he! 55
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death;
 And so his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM
 He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for
 him. 60

SIWARD He's worth no more.
 They say he parted well and paid his score,
 And so, God be with him. Here comes newer
 comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

MACDUFF
 Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands 65
 Th' usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds,
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
 Hail, King of Scotland! 70

ALL Hail, King of Scotland! *Flourish.*

MALCOLM
 We shall not spend a large expense of time
 Before we reckon with your several loves
 And make us even with you. My thanes and
 kinsmen, 75
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honor named. What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, 80
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands,
Took off her life)—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace, 85
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. All exit.

The Prince

By Niccolò Machiavelli

THE PRINCE translated by Bondanella (2005) pp. 57–62. By permission of Oxford University Press.

XVII

[57]

Of cruelty and mercy, and whether it is better to be loved than to be feared or the contrary

[De crudelitate et pietate; et an sit melius amari quam timeri, vel e contra]

[page 57] TURNING to the other qualities mentioned above, let me say that every prince must desire to be considered merciful and not cruel; nevertheless, he must take care not to use such mercy badly. Cesare Borgia was considered cruel, nonetheless, this cruelty of his brought order to the Romagna, unified it, and restored it to peace and loyalty. If we examine this carefully, we shall see that he was more merciful than the Florentine people, who allowed the destruction of Pistoia in order to avoid being considered cruel. Therefore, a prince must not worry about the infamy of being considered cruel when it is a matter of keeping his subjects united and loyal. With a very few examples of cruelty, he will prove more compassionate than those who, out of excessive mercy, permit disorders to continue from which arise murders and plundering, for these usually injure the entire community, while the executions ordered by the prince injure specific individuals. Of all the types of princes, the new prince cannot escape the reputation for cruelty, since new states are full of dangers. Thus Virgil, through the mouth of Dido, declares: 'Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt moliri et late fines custode tueri' ['The harshness of things and the newness of my rule make me act in such a manner and to set guards over my land on all sides']. Nevertheless, a prince must be cautious in believing accusations and in acting against individuals, nor should he be afraid of his own shadow. He should proceed in such a manner, tempered by prudence and humanity, that too much trust may not render him incautious, nor too much suspicion render him insufferable.

From this arises an argument: whether it is better to be loved than to be feared or the contrary. The answer is that one would [page 58] like to be both one and the other. But since it is difficult to be both together, it is much safer to be feared than to be loved, when one of the two must be lacking. For one can generally say this about men: they are ungrateful, fickle, simulators, and deceivers, avoiders of danger, and greedy for gain. While you work for their benefit they are completely yours, offering you their blood, their property, their lives, and their sons, as I said above, when the need to do so is far away. But when it draws nearer to you, they turn away. The prince who relies entirely upon their words comes to ruin, finding himself stripped naked of other preparations. For friendships acquired by a price and not by greatness and nobility of spirit are purchased but are not owned, and at the proper time cannot be spent. Men are less hesitant about injuring someone who makes himself loved than one who makes himself feared, because love is held together by a chain of obligation that, since men are a wretched lot,

is broken on every occasion for their own self-interest; but fear is sustained by a dread of punishment that will never abandon you.

A prince must nevertheless make himself feared in such a way that he will avoid hatred, even if he does not acquire love; since one can very easily be feared and yet not hated. This will always be the case when he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects, and from their women. If he must spill someone's blood, he should do this when there is proper justification and manifest cause. But above all else, he should abstain from seizing the property of others, for men forget the death of their father more quickly than the loss of their patrimony. Moreover, reasons for taking their property are never lacking, and he who begins to live by stealing always find a reason for taking what belongs to others; reasons for spilling blood, on the other hand, are rarer and more fleeting.

But when a prince is with his armies and has a multitude of soldiers under his command, then it is absolutely necessary that he should not worry about being considered cruel, for without that reputation he will never keep an army united or prepared for any action. Numbered among the remarkable deeds of Hannibal is this: that while he had a very large army made up of all kinds of [page 59] men that he commanded in foreign lands, there never arose the slightest dissention, either among themselves or against their leader, both during periods of good and bad luck. This could not have arisen from anything other than his inhuman cruelty, which, along with his many other virtues, made him always venerable and terrifying in the eyes of his soldiers. Without that quality, his other virtues would not have sufficed to attain the same effect. Having considered this matter very superficially, historians on the one hand admire these deeds of his, and on the other condemn the main cause of them.

That it is true that his other virtues would not have been sufficient can be seen from the case of Scipio, a most extraordinary man, not only of his own time but in all of recorded history, whose armies in Spain rebelled against him. This came about from nothing other than his excessive compassion, which gave his soldiers more licence than is suitable to military discipline. For this he was censured in the Senate by Fabius Maximus, who called him the corruptor of the Roman army. When Lorci was destroyed by one of his legates, the Locrians were not avenged by him, nor was the arrogance of the legate corrected, all this arising from his easygoing nature. Someone in the Senate who tried to excuse him declared that there were many men who knew how not to err better than they knew how to correct their mistakes. In time such a character would have damaged Scipio's fame and glory if he had long continued to command armies, but, living under the control of the Senate, this harmful quality of his was not only concealed but contributed to his glory.

Let me conclude, then—returning to the issue of being feared and loved—that since men love at their own pleasure and fear at the pleasure of the prince, the wise prince should build his foundation upon that which is his own, not upon that which belongs to others: only he must seek to avoid being hated, as I have said.

XVIII

How a prince should keep his word

[Quomodo fides a principibus sit servanda]

[page 60] HOW praiseworthy it is for a prince to keep his word and to live with integrity and not by cunning, everyone knows. Nevertheless, one sees from experience in our times that the princes who have accomplished great deeds are those who have thought little about keeping faith and who have known how cunningly to manipulate men's mind; and in the end they surpassed those who laid their foundations upon sincerity.

Therefore you must know that there are two modes of fighting: one in accordance with the laws, and the other with force. The first is proper to man, the second to beasts. But because the first, in many cases, is not sufficient, it becomes necessary to have recourse to the second: therefore, a prince must know how to make good use of the natures of both the beast and the man. This rule was taught to princes symbolically by the writers of antiquity: they recounted how Achilles and many others of those ancient princes were given to Chiron the centaur to be raised and cared for under his discipline. This can only mean that, having a half-beast and half-man as a teacher, a prince must know how to employ the nature of the one and the other; for the one without the other is not lasting.

Since, then, a prince must know how to make use of the nature of the beast, he should choose from among the beasts the fox and the lion; because the lion cannot defend itself from traps, while the fox cannot protect itself from the wolves. It is therefore necessary to be a fox, in order to recognize the traps, and a lion, in order to frighten the wolves: those who base their behaviour only on the lion do not understand things. A wise ruler, therefore, cannot and should not keep his word when such an observance would be to his disadvantage, and when the reasons that caused him to make a promise are removed. If men were all good, this precept would [page 61] not be good. But since men are a wicked lot and will not keep their promises to you, you likewise need not keep yours to them. A prince never lacks legitimate reasons to colour over his failure to keep his word. Of this, one could cite an endless number of modern examples to show how many pacts and how many promises have been made null and void because of the faithlessness of princes; and he who has known best how to use the ways of the fox has come out best. But it is necessary to know how to colour over his nature effectively, and to be a great pretender and dissembler. Men are so simple-minded and so controlled by their immediate needs that he who deceives will always find someone who will let himself to be deceived.

I do not wish to remain silent about one of these recent examples. Alexander VI never did anything else, nor thought about anything else, than to deceive men, and he always found someone to whom he could do this. There never has been a man who asserted anything with more effectiveness, nor whose affirmations rested upon greater oaths, who observed them less. Nevertheless, his deceptions always succeeded to his heart's desire, since he knew this aspect of the world very well.

Therefore, it is not necessary for a prince to possess all of the above-mentioned qualities, but it is very necessary for him to appear to possess them. Furthermore, I shall dare to assert this: that having them and always observing them is harmful, but appearing to observe them is useful: for instance, to appear merciful, faithful, humane, trustworthy, religious, and to be so; but with his mind disposed in such a way that, should it become necessary not to be so, he will be able and know how to change to the opposite. One must understand this: a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot observe all those things for which men are considered good, because in order to maintain the state he must often act against his

faith, against charity, against humanity, and against religion. And so it is necessary for he should have a mind ready to turn itself according to the way the winds of Fortune and the changing circumstances command him. And, as I have said above, he should not depart from the good if it is possible to do so, but he should know how to enter into evil when forced by necessity.

[page 62] Therefore, a prince must be very careful never to let anything fall from his lips that is not imbued with the five qualities mentioned above; to those seeing and hearing him, he should appear to be all mercy, all faithfulness, all integrity, all humanity, and all religion. And there is nothing more necessary than to be seen to possess this last quality. Men in general judge more by their eyes than their hands: everyone can see, but few can feel. Everyone sees what you seem to be, few touch upon what you are, and those few do not dare to contradict the opinion of the many who have the majesty of the state to defend them. In the actions of all men, and especially of princes, where there is no tribunal to which to appeal, one must consider the final result. Therefore, let a prince conquer and maintain the state, and his methods will always be judged honourable and praised by all. For ordinary people are always taken in by appearances and by the outcome of an event. And in the world there are only ordinary people; and the few have no place, while the many have a spot on which to lean. A certain prince of the present times, whom it is best not to name, preaches nothing but peace and faith, and to both one and the other he is extremely hostile. If he had observed both peace and faith, he would have had either his reputation or his state taken away from him many times over.

Short Response Rubric

Assessed Standard(s): _____

	2-Point Response	1-Point Response	0-Point Response
Inferences/ Claims	Includes valid inferences or claims from the text. Fully and directly responds to the prompt.	Includes inferences or claims that are loosely based on the text. Responds partially to the prompt or does not address all elements of the prompt.	Does not address any of the requirements of the prompt or is totally inaccurate.
Analysis	Includes evidence of reflection and analysis of the text.	A mostly literal recounting of events or details from the text(s).	The response is blank.
Evidence	Includes relevant and sufficient textual evidence to develop a response according to the requirements of the Quick Write.	Includes some relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, or other information from the text(s) to develop an analysis of the text according to the requirements of the Quick Write.	The response includes no evidence from the text.
Conventions	Uses complete sentences where errors do not impact readability.	Includes incomplete sentences or bullets.	The response is unintelligible or indecipherable.

Short Response Checklist

Assessed Standard(s): _____

Does my writing . . .	Did I . . .	✓
Include valid inferences and/ or claims from the text(s)?	Closely read the prompt and address the whole prompt in my response?	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Clearly state a text-based claim that I want the reader to consider?	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Confirm that my claim is directly supported by what I read in the text?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Develop an analysis of the text(s)?	Consider the author’s choices, the impact of word choices, the text’s central ideas, and so on?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Include evidence from the text(s)?	Directly quote or paraphrase evidence from the text?	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Arrange my evidence in an order that makes sense and supports my claim?	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Reflect on the text to ensure that the evidence I used is the best evidence to support my claim?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Use complete sentences, correct punctuation, and spelling?	Reread my writing to ensure that it means exactly what I want it to mean?	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Review my writing for correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation?	<input type="checkbox"/>

10.4.1 End-of-Unit Assessment

Your Task: Rely on your close reading of “Death of a Pig” to write a well-crafted multiparagraph response to the following prompt:

How does White develop the idea “once in a while something slips” over the course of the text?

Your writing will be assessed using the 10.4.1 End-of-Unit Text Analysis Rubric.

Guidelines

Be sure to:

- Closely read the prompt.
- Respond directly to all parts of the prompt.
- Paraphrase, quote, and reference relevant evidence to support your analysis.
- Organize your ideas in a cohesive and coherent manner.
- Use precise language appropriate for your task.
- Follow the conventions of standard written English.

CCSS

RI.9-10.2, W.9-10.2.a-f, W.9-10.9.b, L.9-10.1.a, b, L.9-10.2

Commentary on the Task

This task measures RI.9-10.2 because it demands that students:

- Determine a central idea of a text and analyze its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.

This task measures substandards W.9-10.2.a-f because it demands that students:

- Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas, concepts, and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content.
 - Introduce a topic; organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; include formatting (e.g., headings), graphics (e.g., figures, tables), and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.
 - Develop the topic with well-chosen, relevant, and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience’s knowledge of the topic.

- o Use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts.
- o Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic.
- o Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.
- o Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented (e.g., articulating implications or the significance of the topic).

This task measures substandard W.9-10.9.b because it demands that students:

- Draw evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research.
 - o Apply *grades 9–10 Reading standards* to literary nonfiction (e.g., “Delineate and evaluate the argument and specific claims in a text, assessing whether the reasoning is valid and the evidence is relevant and sufficient; identify false statements and fallacious reasoning”).

This task measures substandards L.9-10.1.a, b because it demands that students:

- Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.
 - o Use parallel structure.
 - o Use various types of phrases (noun, verb, adjectival, adverbial, participial, prepositional, absolute) and clauses (independent, dependent; noun, relative, adverbial) to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations.

This task measures L.9-10.2 because it demands that students:

- Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling when writing.

10.4.1 End-of-Unit Text Analysis Rubric

(Total points)

Criteria	4 – Responses at This Level:	3 – Responses at This Level:	2 – Responses at This Level:	1 – Responses at This Level:
<p>Content and Analysis The extent to which the response determines a central idea of a text and analyzes its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provides an objective summary of a text. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.9-10.2</p> <p>Determine a central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.</p> <p>Command of Evidence and Reasoning The extent to which the response develops the topic with well-chosen, relevant, and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or</p>	<p>Precisely determine the central idea of a text and skillfully analyze its development by providing precise and sufficient examples of the central idea's emergence and refinement; (when necessary) provide a concise and accurate objective summary of a text.</p> <p>Thoroughly and skillfully develop the topic with well-chosen, relevant, and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete</p>	<p>Accurately determine the central idea of a text and analyze its development by providing relevant and sufficient examples of the central idea's emergence and refinement; (when necessary) provide an accurate objective summary of a text.</p> <p>Develop the topic with relevant and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information</p>	<p>Determine the central idea of a text and with partial accuracy analyze its development by providing relevant but insufficient examples of a central idea's emergence and refinement; (when necessary) provide a partially accurate and somewhat objective summary of a text.</p> <p>Partially develop the topic with weak facts, extended definitions, details, or other information and examples appropriate</p>	<p>Inaccurately determine the central idea of a text. Provide no examples or irrelevant and insufficient examples of the central idea's emergence and refinement; (when necessary) provide a lengthy, inaccurate, or subjective summary of a text.</p> <p>Minimally develop the topic, providing few or irrelevant facts, extended definitions, details, quotations, or other information</p>

<p>other relevant information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2 Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas, concepts, and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.b Develop the topic with well-chosen, relevant, and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic.</p> <p>Command of Evidence and Reasoning The extent to which the response draws evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, or research.</p>	<p>details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic. (W.9-10.2.b)</p>	<p>and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic. (W.9-10.2.b)</p>	<p>to the audience's knowledge of the topic. (W.9-10.2.b)</p>	<p>and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic. (W.9-10.2.b)</p>
	<p>Skillfully utilize textual evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, or research.</p>	<p>Accurately utilize textual evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, or research.</p>	<p>Somewhat effectively or with partial accuracy utilize textual evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, or research.</p>	<p>Ineffectively or inaccurately utilize textual evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, or research.</p>

<p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.9.b Draw evidence from informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research; apply <i>grades 9–10 Reading standards</i> to literary nonfiction.</p> <p>Coherence, Organization, and Style The extent to which the response introduces a topic, organizes complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; when useful to aiding comprehension, includes formatting, graphics, and multimedia.</p> <p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2 Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas, concepts, and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content.</p>	<p>Skillfully introduce a topic; effectively organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; when useful to aiding comprehension, skillfully include formatting, graphics, and multimedia. (W.9-10.2.a)</p> <p>Skillfully use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text,</p>	<p>Introduce a topic; organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; when useful to aiding comprehension, include formatting, graphics, and multimedia. (W.9-10.2.a)</p> <p>Effectively use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion,</p>	<p>Somewhat effectively introduce a topic; organize complex ideas, concepts, and information, making limited connections and distinctions; when useful to aiding comprehension, somewhat effectively include formatting, graphics, and multimedia. (W.9-10.2.a)</p> <p>Somewhat effectively use transitions, or use</p>	<p>Lack a clear topic; illogically arrange ideas, concepts, and information, failing to make connections and distinctions; when useful to aiding comprehension, ineffectively include formatting, graphics, and multimedia. (W.9-10.2.a)</p> <p>Ineffectively use transitions to link the major sections of the text, creating incoherent or unclear relationships</p>
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<p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.a Introduce a topic; organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; include formatting (e.g., headings), graphics (e.g., figures, tables), and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.</p> <p>The extent to which the response uses appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts.</p>	<p>create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Skillfully use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Skillfully establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that clearly follows from and skillfully supports the information</p>	<p>and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Establish a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>	<p>unvaried transitions to link the major sections of the text, creating limited cohesion or clarity in the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Inconsistently use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Establish but fail to maintain a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that does not follow from or support the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>	<p>among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Rarely or inaccurately use precise language or domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Lack a formal style and objective tone that adheres to the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that does not follow from or support the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>
<p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.c Use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts.</p> <p>The extent to which the response uses precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic.</p>	<p>Use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Establish but fail to maintain a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that clearly follows from and skillfully supports the information</p>	<p>and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Establish but fail to maintain a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that clearly follows from and skillfully supports the information</p>	<p>unvaried transitions to link the major sections of the text, creating limited cohesion or clarity in the relationships among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Inconsistently use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Establish but fail to maintain a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that does not follow from or support the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>	<p>among complex ideas and concepts. (W.9-10.2.c)</p> <p>Rarely or inaccurately use precise language or domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic. (W.9-10.2.d)</p> <p>Lack a formal style and objective tone that adheres to the norms and conventions of the discipline. (W.9-10.2.e)</p> <p>Provide a concluding statement or section that does not follow from or support the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>

<p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.d Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic.</p> <p>The extent to which the response establishes and maintains a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline.</p> <p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.e Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.</p> <p>The extent to which the response provides a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented (e.g., articulating implications or the significance of the topic).</p> <p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.9-10.2.f Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented (e.g., articulating implications or the significance of the topic).</p>	<p>or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>	<p>from and so ineffectively supports the information or explanation presented. (W.9-10.2.f)</p>	
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<p>Control of Conventions The extent to which the response uses parallel structure. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.9-10.1 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.9-10.1.a Use parallel structure.</p>	<p>Skillfully use parallel structure. (L.9-10.1.a)</p>	<p>Effectively use parallel structure. (L.9-10.1.a)</p>	<p>Somewhat effectively use parallel structure. (L.9-10.1.a)</p>	<p>Ineffectively use parallel structure. (L.9-10.1.a)</p>
<p>Control of Conventions The extent to which the response uses various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations. CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.9-10.1 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.</p>	<p>Skillfully use various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest when writing or speaking. (L.9-10.1.b)</p>	<p>Effectively use various types of phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest when writing or speaking. (L.9-10.1.b)</p>	<p>Somewhat effectively use various types of phrases or clauses or use unvaried phrases and clauses to convey specific meanings, adding limited variety and interest when writing or speaking. (L.9-10.1.b)</p>	<p>Ineffectively use various types of phrases or clauses to convey specific meanings, minimally adding variety or interest when writing or speaking. (L.9-10.1.b)</p>

<p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.9-10.1.b Use various types of phrases (noun, verb, adjectival, adverbial, participial, prepositional, absolute) and clauses (independent, dependent; noun, relative, adverbial) to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations.</p> <p>Control of Conventions The extent to which the response demonstrates command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling.</p> <p>CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.9-10.2 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling when writing.</p>	<p>Demonstrate skillful command of conventions with no capitalization, or punctuation, or spelling errors.</p>	<p>Demonstrate command of conventions with occasional capitalization, or punctuation, or spelling errors that do not hinder comprehension.</p>	<p>Demonstrate partial command of conventions with several capitalization, or punctuation, or spelling errors that hinder comprehension.</p>	<p>Demonstrate insufficient command of conventions with frequent capitalization, or punctuation, or spelling errors that make comprehension difficult.</p>
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A response that is a personal response and makes little or no reference to the task or text can be scored no higher than a 1.

A response that is totally copied from the text with no original writing must be given a 0.

A response that is totally unrelated to the task, illegible, incoherent, blank, or unrecognizable as English must be scored as a 0.

10.4.1 End-of-Unit Text Analysis Checklist

Assessed Standard(s): _____

	Does my writing . . .	✓
Content and Analysis	Identify a central idea from the text and analyze its development? (RI.9-10.2)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Provide examples to support analysis of the emergence and refinement of the central idea? (RI.9-10.2)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	If necessary, include a brief summary of the text to frame the development and refinement of the central idea? (RI.9-10.2)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Command of Evidence and Reasoning	Develop the topic with well-chosen and relevant textual evidence? (W.9-10.2.b)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Utilize textual evidence to support analysis, reflection, or research? (W.9-10.9.b)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Coherence, Organization, and Style	Introduce a topic? (W.9-10.2.a)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Organize complex ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions? (W.9-10.2.a)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	When useful to aiding comprehension, include formatting, graphics, and multimedia? (W.9-10.2.a)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts? (W.9-10.2.c)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Use precise language and domain-specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic? (W.9-10.2.d)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Establish a formal style and objective tone that is appropriate for the norms and conventions of the discipline? (W.9-10.2.e)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the explanation or analysis? (W.9-10.2.f)	<input type="checkbox"/>

Control of Conventions	Effectively use parallel structure? (L.9-10.1.a)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Use various types of phrases (noun, verb, adjectival, adverbial, participial, prepositional, absolute) and clauses (independent, dependent; noun, relative, adverbial) to convey specific meanings and add variety and interest to writing or presentations? (L.9-10.1.b)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling? (L.9-10.2)	<input type="checkbox"/>

Colons and Semicolons

Name: _____

Class: _____

Date: _____

Common and Proper Uses of the Colon

- Use a colon when introducing a quotation after an independent clause. An *independent clause* contains both a subject and a verb and can stand alone as a complete sentence.
 - Comparing the story to a “tragedy” on stage, White expands on this analogy and introduces his central idea: “Once in a while something slips—one of the actors goes up in his lines and the whole performance stumbles and halts” (section 1, paragraph 3).
- Use a colon when introducing a list.
 - White uses various types of phrases in “Death of a Pig”: noun, verb, adjectival, adverbial, and so on.

Common and Proper Uses of the Semicolon

- Use a semicolon to connect two *independent clauses* that are related to one another.
 - “This uncertainty afflicts me with a sense of personal deterioration; if I were in decent health I would know how many nights I had sat up with a pig.” (section 1, paragraph 1)

Further reference: The Purdue University Online Writing Lab (OWL): <http://owl.english.purdue.edu> (search terms: semicolons, colons, quotation marks).