

**Original Text**

**Modern Text**

**MACBETH**

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

**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 weird sisters.  
140 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.  
145 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

**MACBETH**

What do you think about the fact that Macduff  
refuses to come to me when I command him?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send for him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I've heard about this indirectly, but I will send for  
him. In every one of the lords' households I have  
a servant paid to spy for me. Tomorrow, while it's  
still early, I will go see the witches. They will tell  
me more, because I'm determined to know the  
worst about what's going to happen. My own  
safety is the only important thing now. I have  
walked so far into this river of blood that even if I  
stopped now, it would be as hard to go back to  
being good as it is to keep killing people. I have  
some schemes in my head that I'm planning to  
put into action. I have to do these things before I  
have a chance to think about them.

Macduff  
Spies  
Future  
Plans  
Not used to  
being bad

**Act 3, Scene 4, Page 8**

**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.  
150 We are yet but young in deed.

*Exeunt*

**LADY MACBETH**

You haven't slept.

**MACBETH**

Yes, let's go to sleep. My strange self-delusions  
just come from inexperience. We're still just  
beginners when it comes to crime.

*They exit.*

**Act 3, Scene 5**

*Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES meeting HECATE*

*Thunder. The three WITCHES enter, meeting HECATE.*

**FIRST WITCH**

Why, how now, Hecate! You look angrily.

**HECATE**

Have I not reason, beldams as you are?  
Saucy and overbold, how did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
5 In riddles and affairs of death,  
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?  
10 And, which is worse, all you have done  
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,  
15 And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels and your spells provide,

**FIRST WITCH**

What's wrong, Hecate? You look angry.

**HECATE**

Don't I have a reason to be angry, you  
disobedient hags? How dare you give Macbeth  
riddles and prophecies about his future without  
telling me? I am your boss and the source of your  
powers. I am the one who secretly decides what  
evil things happen, but you never called me to  
join in and show off my own powers. And what's  
worse, you've done all this for a man who  
behaves like a spoiled brat, angry and hateful.  
Like all spoiled sons, he chases after what he  
wants and doesn't care about you. But you can  
make it up to me. Go away now and in the  
morning meet me in the pit by the river in hell.  
Macbeth will go there to learn his destiny. You  
bring your cauldrons, your spells, your charms,  
and everything else. I'm about to fly away. I'll  
spend tonight working to make something horrible

unhappy that they  
gave prophecies  
doesn't let

**Original Text**

Your charms and everything beside.  
 20 I am for the air. This night I'll spend  
 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.  
 25 I'll catch it ere it come to ground.  
 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.

**Modern Text**

happen. I have a lot to do before noon. An important droplet is hanging from the corner of the moon. I'll catch it before it falls to the ground. When I work it over with magic spells, the drop will produce magical spirits that will trick Macbeth with illusions.

*Magic*  
*Plan to trick Macbeth*

**Act 3, Scene 5, Page 2**

30 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.  
 And you all know, security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c*

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

**FIRST WITCH**

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

*Exeunt*

He will be fooled into thinking he is greater than fate, he will mock death, and he will think he is above wisdom, grace, and fear. As you all know, overconfidence is man's greatest enemy.

*Music plays offstage, and voices sing a song with the words "Come away, come away."*

Listen! I'm being called. Look, my little spirit is sitting in a foggy cloud waiting for me.

**FIRST WITCH**

Come on, let's hurry. She'll be back again soon.

**HECATE** exits.

*They all 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  
 5 Was pitied of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.  
 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.  
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
 10 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
 To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact!  
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight  
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear  
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
 15 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,  
 For 'twould have angered any heart alive  
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well. And I do think  
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key—  
 20 As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should  
 find  
 What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.  
 But, peace! For from broad words, and 'cause he

*LENNOX and another LORD enter.*

**LENNOX**

What I've already said shows you we think alike, so you can draw your own conclusions. All I'm saying is that strange things have been going on. Macbeth pitied Duncan—after Duncan was dead. And Banquo went out walking too late at night. If you like, we can say that Fleance must have killed him, because Fleance fled the scene of the crime. Clearly, men should not go out walking too late! And who can help thinking how monstrous it was for Malcolm and Donalbain to kill their gracious father? Such a heinous crime—how it saddened Macbeth! Wasn't it loyal of him to kill those two servants right away, while they were still drunk and asleep? That was the right thing to do, wasn't it? Yes, and it was the wise thing, too, because we all would have been outraged to hear those two deny their crime. Considering all this, I think Macbeth has handled things well. If he had Duncan's sons in prison—which I hope won't happen—they would find out how awful the punishment is for those who kill their fathers, and so would Fleance. But enough of that. I hear that Macduff is out of favor with the king because he

*Gossip about the murders & praise Macbeth*

**Original Text**

**Modern Text**

failed  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

**LORD**

The son of Duncan—  
25 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth—  
Lives in the English court and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
30 Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,  
That by the help of these—with Him above  
To ratify the work—we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
35 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honors.  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperated the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Spying*

speaks his mind too plainly, and because he  
failed to show up at Macbeth's feast. Can you tell  
me where he's hiding himself?

**LORD**

Duncan's son Malcolm, whose birthright and  
throne Macbeth has stolen, lives in the English  
court. There, the saintly King Edward treats  
Malcolm so well that despite Malcolm's  
misfortunes, he's not deprived of respect.  
Macduff went there to ask King Edward for help.  
He wants Edward to help him form an alliance  
with the people of Northumberland and their lord,  
Siward. Macduff hopes that with their help—and  
with the help of God above—he may once again  
put food on our tables, bring peace back to our  
nights, free our feasts and banquets from violent  
murders, allow us to pay proper homage to our  
king, and receive honors freely. Those are the  
things we pine for now. Macbeth has heard this  
news and he is so angry that he's preparing for  
war.

*Should be to go England Scotland*

**Act 3, Scene 6, Page 2**

**LENNOX**

40 Sent he to Macduff?

**LORD**

He did, and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"  
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  
45 Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance  
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  
50 Under a hand accursed!

**LORD**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

**LENNOX**

Did he tell Macduff to return to Scotland?

**LORD**

He did, but Macduff told the messenger, "No  
way." The messenger scowled and rudely turned  
his back on Macduff, as if to say, "You'll regret  
the day you gave me this answer."

**LENNOX**

That might well keep Macduff away from  
Scotland. Some holy angel should go to the court  
of England and give Macduff a message. He  
should return quickly to free our country, which is  
suffering under a tyrant!

**LORD**

I'll send my prayers with him.

*They exit.*

**Act 4, Scene 1**

*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder.  
Enter the three WITCHES.*

**FIRST WITCH**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

**SECOND WITCH**

Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

**THIRD WITCH**

*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.  
Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.*

**FIRST WITCH**

The tawny cat has meowed three times.

**SECOND WITCH**

Three times. And the hedgehog has whined once.

**THIRD WITCH**

## Original Text

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

**FIRST WITCH**

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

**ALL**

- 10 Double, double toil and trouble,  
 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,  
 15 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

- 20 Double, double toil and trouble,  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

## Act 4, Scene 1, Page 2

**THIRD WITCH**

- Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark,  
 25 Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of goat and slips of yew  
 Slivered in the moon's eclipse,  
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
 30 Finger of birth-strangled babe  
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab.  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

**ALL**

- 35 Double, double toil and trouble,  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

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

*Enter HECATE and the other three WITCHES*

**HECATE**

- Oh well done! I commend your pains,  
 40 And every one shall share i' th' gains.  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,

## Modern Text

My spirit friend, Harpier, is yelling, "It's time, it's time!"

**FIRST WITCH**

Dance around the cauldron and throw in the poisoned entrails. (*holding up a toad*) You'll go in first—a toad that sat under a cold rock for a month, oozing poison from its pores.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble,  
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

(*holding something up*) We'll boil you in the cauldron next—a slice of swamp snake. All the rest of you in too: a newt's eye, a frog's tongue, fur from a bat, a dog's tongue, the forked tongue of an adder, the stinger of a burrowing worm, a lizard's leg, an owl's wing. (*speaking to the ingredients*) Make a charm to cause powerful trouble, and boil and bubble like a broth of hell.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble,  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**THIRD WITCH**

Here come some more ingredients: the scale of a dragon, a wolf's tooth, a witch's mummified flesh, the gullet and stomach of a ravenous shark, a root of hemlock that was dug up in the dark, a Jew's liver, a goat's bile, some twigs of yew that were broken off during a lunar eclipse, a Turk's nose, a Tartar's lips, the finger of a baby that was strangled as a prostitute gave birth to it in a ditch. (*to the ingredients*) Make this potion thick and gluey. (*to the other WITCHES*) Now let's add a tiger's entrails to the mix.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble,  
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

We'll cool the mixture with baboon blood. After that the charm is finished.

*HECATE enters with three other WITCHES.*

**HECATE**

Well done! I admire your efforts, and all of you will share the rewards. Now come sing around the cauldron like a ring of elves and fairies, enchanting everything you put in.

**Original Text**

Enchanting all that you put in.

*Music and a song: "Black spirits," &c. **HECATE** retires*

**SECOND WITCH**

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

**Modern Text**

*Music plays and the six **WITCHES** sing a song called "Black Spirits." **HECATE** leaves.*

**SECOND WITCH**

I can tell that something wicked is coming by the tingling in my thumbs. Doors, open up for whoever is knocking!

**Act 4, Scene 1, Page 3**

*Enter **MACBETH***

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

A deed without a name.

**MACBETH**

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

**FIRST WITCH**

Speak.

**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.

**FIRST WITCH**

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

***MACBETH** enters.*

**MACBETH**

What's going on here, you secret, evil, midnight hags? What are you doing?

**ALL**

Something there isn't a word for.

**MACBETH**

I don't know how you know the things you do, but I insist that you answer my questions. I command you in the name of whatever dark powers you serve. I don't care if you unleash violent winds that tear down churches, make the foamy waves overwhelm ships and send sailors to their deaths, flatten crops and trees, make castles fall down on their inhabitants' heads, make palaces and pyramids collapse, and mix up everything in nature. Tell me what I want to know.

**FIRST WITCH**

Speak.

**SECOND WITCH**

Demand.

**THIRD WITCH**

We'll answer.

**FIRST WITCH**

Would you rather hear these things from our mouths or from our master's?

**MACBETH**

Call them. Let me see them.

**FIRST WITCH**

Pour in the blood of a sow who has eaten her nine offspring. Take the sweat of a murderer on the gallows and throw it into the flame.

**Act 4, Scene 1, Page 4****ALL**

Come, high or low;

**ALL**

Come, high or low spirits. Show yourself and

## Original Text

70 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 nought.

**FIRST APPARITION**

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

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

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

**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**

80 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 Macbeth.

*Descends*

## Act 4, Scene 1, Page 5

**MACBETH**

85 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,  
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*

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

**ALL**

Listen but speak not to 't.

**THIRD APPARITION**

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

95 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.

## Modern Text

what you do.

*Thunder. The FIRST APPARITION appears,  
looking like a head with an armored helmet.*

**MACBETH**

Tell me, you unknown power—

**FIRST WITCH**

He can read your thoughts. Listen, but don't  
speak.

**FIRST APPARITION**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff.  
Beware the thane of Fife. Let me go. Enough.

*The FIRST APPARITION descends.*

**MACBETH**

Whatever you are, thanks for your advice. You  
have guessed exactly what I feared. But one  
word more—

**FIRST WITCH**

He will not be commanded by you. Here's  
another, stronger than the first.

*Thunder. The SECOND APPARITION appears,  
looking like a bloody child.*

**SECOND APPARITION**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

If I had three ears I'd listen with all three.

**SECOND APPARITION**

Be violent, bold, and firm. Laugh at the power of  
other men, because nobody born from a woman  
will ever harm Macbeth.

*The SECOND APPARITION descends.*

**MACBETH**

Then I don't need to kill Macduff. I have no  
reason to fear him. But even so, I'll make doubly  
sure. I'll guarantee my own fate by having you  
killed, Macduff. That way I can conquer my own  
fear and sleep easy at night.

*Thunder. The THIRD APPARITION appears, in  
the form of a child with a crown on his head and  
a tree in his hand.*

What is this spirit that looks like the son of a king  
and wears a crown on his young head?

**ALL**

Listen but don't speak to it.

**THIRD APPARITION**

Be brave like the lion and proud. Don't even  
worry about who hates you, who resents you,

*Kill Macduff even though Macduff is son?  
he is no threat*

## Original Text

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
110 Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements! Good!  
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  
115 Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

## Modern Text

and who conspires against you. Macbeth will  
never be defeated until Birnam Wood marches to  
fight you at Dunsinane Hill.

*The **THIRD APPARITION** descends.*

**MACBETH**

That will never happen. Who can command the  
forest and make the trees pull their roots out of  
the earth? These were sweet omens! Good! My  
murders will never come back to threaten me  
until the forest of Birnam gets up and moves, and  
I will be king for my entire natural life. But my  
heart is still throbbing to know one thing. Tell me,  
if your dark powers can see this far: will  
Banquo's sons ever reign in this kingdom?

## Act 4, Scene 1, Page 6

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied. Deny me this,  
110 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

*Hautboys*

**ALL**

Don't try to find out more.

**MACBETH**

I demand to be satisfied. If you refuse, let an  
eternal curse fall on you. Let me know. Why is  
that cauldron sinking? And what is that music?

*Hautboys play music for a ceremonial  
procession.*

**FIRST WITCH**

Show.

**SECOND WITCH**

Show.

**THIRD WITCH**

Show.

**ALL**

115 Show his eyes and grieve his heart.  
Come like shadows; so depart!

*A show of eight kings, the last with a glass in his  
hand, followed by **BANQUO***

**FIRST WITCH**

Show.

**SECOND WITCH**

Show.

**THIRD WITCH**

Show.

**ALL**

Show him and make him grieve. Come like  
shadows and depart in the same way!

*Eight kings march across the stage, the last one  
with a mirror in his hand, followed by the **GHOST  
OF BANQUO**.*

**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.  
120 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!  
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  
125 Which shows me many more, and some I see  
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.

**MACBETH**

You look too much like the ghost of Banquo. Go  
away! *(to the first)* Your crown hurts  
my eyes. *(to the second)* Your blond hair, which  
looks like another crown underneath the one  
you're wearing, looks just like the first king's hair.  
Now I see a third king who looks just like the  
second. Filthy hags! Why are you showing me  
this? A fourth! My eyes are bulging out of their  
sockets! Will this line stretch on forever? Another  
one! And a seventh! I don't want to see any  
more. And yet an eighth appears, holding a  
mirror in which I see many more men. And some  
are carrying double balls and triple scepters,  
meaning they're kings of more than one country!

## Original Text

## Modern Text

## Act 4, Scene 1, Page 7

*Apparitions vanish**The spirits of the kings and the **GHOST OF BANQUO** vanish.*

What, is this so?

What? Is this true?

**FIRST WITCH****FIRST WITCH**

130 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 th' air to give a sound,  
 135 While you perform your antic round.  
 That this great king may kindly say,  
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

Yes, this is true, but why do you stand there so  
 dumbfounded? Come, sisters, let's cheer him up  
 and show him our talents. I will charm the air to  
 produce music while you all dance around like  
 crazy, so this king will say we did our duty and  
 entertained him.

*Music. The **WITCHES** dance and then vanish**Music plays. The **WITCHES** dance and then  
 vanish.***MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
 Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!

140 Come in, without there.

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Let this evil hour be  
 marked forever in the calendar as cursed. (*calls  
 to someone offstage*) You outside, come in!

*Enter **LENNOX******LENNOX** enters.***LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**LENNOX**

What does your grace want?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird sisters?

**MACBETH**

Did you see the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**MACBETH**

Didn't they pass by you?

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
 And damned all those that trust them! I did hear

145 The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by?

**MACBETH**

The air on which they ride is infected. Damn all  
 those who trust them! I heard the galloping of  
 horses. Who was it that came here?

## Act 4, Scene 1, Page 8

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Fled to England?

**LENNOX**

Two or three men, my lord, who brought the  
 message that Macduff has fled to England.

**MACBETH**

Fled to England?

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**LENNOX**

Yes, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

150 Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.

**MACBETH**

Time, you thwart my dreadful plans. Unless a



## Original Text

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
 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,  
 155 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
 done:  
 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  
 160 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool.  
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
 Come, bring me where they are.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

person does something the second he thinks of  
 it, he'll never get a chance to do it. From now on,  
 as soon as I decide to do something I'm going to  
 act immediately. In fact, I'll start following up my  
 thoughts with actions right now. I'll raid Macduff's  
 castle, seize the town of Fife, and kill his wife, his  
 children, and anyone else unfortunate enough to  
 stand in line for his inheritance. No more foolish  
 talk. I will do this deed before I lose my sense of  
 purpose. But no more spooky visions!—Where  
 are the messengers? Come, bring me to them.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, 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.

**ROSS**

You know not

5 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;  
 He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,

10 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  
 So runs against all reason.

**ROSS**

My dearest coz,

15 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 further;  
 But cruel are the times when we are traitors  
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor  
 20 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
 But float upon a wild and violent sea  
 Each way and none. 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  
 25 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
 Blessing upon you.

*LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSS enter.***LADY MACDUFF**

What did he do that made him flee this land?

**ROSS**

You have to be patient, madam.

**LADY MACDUFF**

He had no patience. He was crazy to run away.  
 Even if you're not a traitor, you're going to look  
 like one if you run away.

**ROSS**

You don't know whether it was wisdom or fear  
 that made him flee.

**LADY MACDUFF**

How could it be wisdom! To leave his wife, his  
 children, his house, and his titles in a place so  
 unsafe that he himself flees it! He doesn't love us.  
 He lacks the natural instinct to protect his family.  
 Even the fragile wren, the smallest of birds, will  
 fight against the owl when it threatens her young  
 ones in the nest. His running away has everything  
 to do with fear and nothing to do with love. And  
 since it's so unreasonable for him to run away, it  
 has nothing to do with wisdom either.

**ROSS**

My dearest relative, I'm begging you, pull yourself  
 together. As for your husband, he is noble, wise,  
 and judicious, and he understands what the times  
 require. It's not safe for me to say much more  
 than this, but times are bad when people get  
 denounced as traitors and don't even know why.  
 In times like these, we believe frightening rumors  
 but we don't even know what we're afraid of. It's  
 like being tossed around on the ocean in every  
 direction, and finally getting nowhere. I'll say  
 good-bye now. It won't be long before I'm back.  
 When things are at their worst they have to stop,  
 or else improve to the way things were before. My

## Original Text

## Modern Text

young cousin, I put my blessing upon you.

## Act 4, Scene 2, Page 2

**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.

30 I take my leave at once.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Sirrah, your father's dead.  
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**

35 Poor bird! Thou 'dst never fear the net nor lime,  
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?

**SON**

40 Nay, how will you do for a husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

**LADY MACDUFF**

He has a father, and yet he is fatherless.

**ROSS**

I have to go. If I stay longer, I'll embarrass you  
and disgrace myself by crying. I'm leaving now.

*Exit*

*ROSS exits.*

**LADY MACDUFF**

Young man, your father's dead. What are you  
going to do now? How are you going to live?

**SON**

I will live the way birds do, Mother.

**LADY MACDUFF**

What? Are you going to start eating worms and  
flies?

**SON**

I mean I will live on whatever I get, like birds do.

**LADY MACDUFF**

You'd be a pitiful bird. You wouldn't know enough  
to be afraid of traps.

**SON**

Why should I be afraid of them, Mother? If I'm a  
pitiful bird, like you say, hunters won't want me.  
No matter what you say, my father is not dead.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Yes, he is dead. What are you going to do for a  
father?

**SON**

Maybe you should ask, what will you do for a  
husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Oh, I can buy twenty husbands at any market.

## Act 4, Scene 2, Page 3

**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.

**SON**

45 Was my father a traitor, Mother?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Ay, that he was.

**SON**

What is a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF****SON**

If so, you'd be buying them to sell again.

**LADY MACDUFF**

You talk like a child, but you're very smart  
anyway.

**SON**

Was my father a traitor, Mother?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Yes, he was.

**SON**

What is a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF**

## Original Text

Why, one that swears and lies.

**SON**

And be all traitors that do so?

**LADY MACDUFF**

50 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?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, the honest men.

**SON**

55 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 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!

## Modern Text

Someone who makes a promise and breaks it.

**SON**

And is everyone who swears and lies a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Everyone who does so is a traitor and should be hanged.

**SON**

And should everyone who makes promises and breaks them be hanged?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Everyone.

**SON**

Who should hang them?

**LADY MACDUFF**

The honest men.

**SON**

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

**LADY MACDUFF**

*(laughing)* Heaven help you for saying that, boy!*(sad again)* But what will you do without a father?

**SON**

If he were dead, you'd be weeping for him. If you aren't weeping, it's a good sign that I'll soon have a new father.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Silly babbler, how you talk!

## Act 4, Scene 2, Page 4

*Enter a MESSENGER*

**MESSENGER**

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
60 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.  
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;  
65 To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer.

*Exit*

**LADY MACDUFF**

Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
70 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?

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Bless you, fair lady! You don't know me, but I know you're an important person. I'm afraid something dangerous is coming toward you. If you'll take a simple man's advice, don't be here when it arrives. Go away and take your children. I feel bad for scaring you like this, but it would be much worse for me to let you come to harm. And harm is getting close! Heaven keep you safe!

*The MESSENGER exits.*

**LADY MACDUFF**

Where should I go? I haven't done anything wrong. But I have to remember that I'm here on Earth, where doing evil is often praised, and doing good is sometimes a stupid and dangerous mistake. So then why should I offer this womanish defense that I'm innocent?

**Original Text**

**Modern Text**

Enter **MURDERERS**

The **MURDERERS** enter.

What are these faces?

Who are these men?

**FIRST MURDERER**

**FIRST MURDERER**

75 Where is your husband?

Where is your husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

**LADY MACDUFF**

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

I hope he's not anywhere so disreputable that  
thugs like you can find him.

**FIRST MURDERER**

**FIRST MURDERER**

He's a traitor.

He's a traitor.

**SON**

**SON**

Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

You're lying, you shaggy-haired villain!

**Act 4, Scene 2, Page 5**

**FIRST MURDERER**

**FIRST MURDERER**

(*Stabbing him*)

What, you egg?

What's that, you runt? (*stabbing him*) Young son  
of a traitor!

Young fry of treachery!

**SON**

**SON**

80 He has killed me, mother.  
Run away, I pray you!

He has killed me, Mother. Run away, I beg you!

*He dies. Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder!"  
followed by MURDERERS*

*The SON dies. LADY MACDUFF exits, crying  
"Murder!" The MURDERERS exit, following her.*

**Act 4, Scene 3**

Enter **MALCOLM** and **MACDUFF**

**MALCOLM** and **MACDUFF** enter.

**MALCOLM**

**MALCOLM**

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

Let's seek out some shady place where we can  
sit down alone and cry our hearts out.

**MACDUFF**

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather

Instead of crying, let's keep hold of our swords  
and defend our fallen homeland like honorable  
men. ~~Each day new widows howl, new orphans~~  
cry, and new sorrows slap heaven in the face,  
until it sounds like heaven itself feels Scotland's  
anguish and screams in pain.

5 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  
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out  
Like syllable of dolor.

**MALCOLM**

**MALCOLM**

What I believe I'll wail;

I will avenge whatever I believe is wrong. And I'll  
believe whatever I'm sure is true. And I'll put right  
whatever I can when the time comes. What you  
just said may perhaps be true. This tyrant, whose  
mere name is so awful it hurts us to say it, was  
once considered an honest man. You were one of  
his favorites. He hasn't done anything to harm  
you yet. I'm inexperienced, but maybe you're  
planning to win Macbeth's favor by betraying me  
to him. It would be smart to offer someone poor  
and innocent like me as a sacrificial lamb to  
satisfy an angry god like Macbeth.

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.  
He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but  
15 something  
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb  
T' appease an angry god.

**MACDUFF**

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

I am not treacherous.

*things are bad in Scotland,*

*disturb*

*is not*

**Original Text**

**Modern Text**

**MALCOLM**  
 But Macbeth is.  
 20 A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon.  
 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,  
 25 Yet grace must still look so.

**MALCOLM**  
 But Macbeth is. Even someone with a good and  
 virtuous nature might give way to a royal  
 command. But I beg your pardon. My fears can't  
 actually make you evil. Angels are still bright even  
 though Lucifer, the brightest angel, fell from  
 heaven. Even though everything evil wants to  
 look good, good still has to look good too.

**Act 4, Scene 3, Page 2**

**MACDUFF**  
 I have lost my hopes.

**MACDUFF**  
 I have lost my hope of convincing you to fight  
 against Macbeth.

**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,  
 30 Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,  
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
 Whatever I shall think.

**MALCOLM**  
 Maybe you lost your hopes about me where I  
 found my doubts about you. Why did you leave  
 your wife and child vulnerable—the most precious  
 things in your life, those strong bonds of love?  
 How could you leave them behind? But I beg you,  
 don't interpret my suspicions as slander against  
 you. You must understand that I want to protect  
 myself. You may really be honest, no matter what  
 I think.

*Mistrust*

*Why did  
 Macduff  
 run?*

**MACDUFF**  
 Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
 For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy  
 35 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,  
 And the rich East to boot.

**MACDUFF**  
 Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyrant, go  
 ahead and build yourself up, because good  
 people are afraid to stand up to you. Enjoy  
 everything you stole, because your title is safe!  
 Farewell, lord. I wouldn't be the villain you think I  
 am even if I were offered all of Macbeth's  
 kingdom and the riches of the East too.

*To Macbeth  
 Everyone  
 is afraid*

**MALCOLM**  
 Be not offended.  
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
 40 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.  
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal  
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
 And here from gracious England have I offer  
 45 Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
 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,  
 50 By him that shall succeed.

**MALCOLM**  
 Don't be offended. I don't completely distrust you.  
 I do think Scotland is sinking under Macbeth's  
 oppression. Our country weeps, it bleeds, and  
 each day a fresh cut is added to her wounds. I  
 also think there would be many people willing to  
 fight for me. The English have promised me  
 thousands of troops. But even so, when I have  
 Macbeth's head under my foot, or stuck on the  
 end of my sword, then my poor country will be  
 plagued by worse evil than it was before. It will  
 suffer worse and in more ways than ever under  
 the reign of the king who follows Macbeth.

*Macbeth's  
 death won't  
 help*

**MACDUFF**  
 What should he be?

**MACDUFF**  
 Who are you talking about?

**Act 4, Scene 3, Page 3**

**MALCOLM**  
 It is myself I mean, in whom I know

**MALCOLM**  
 I'm talking about myself. I know I have so many

**Original Text**

**Modern Text**

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  
 55 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
 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,  
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
 60 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  
 65 All continent impediments would o'erbear  
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth  
 Than such an one to reign.

**MACDUFF**

Boundless intemperance  
 In nature is a tyranny. It hath been  
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
 70 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  
 75 That vulture in you to devour so many  
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
 Finding it so inclined.

vices that when people see all of them exposed,  
 evil Macbeth will seem as pure as snow in  
 comparison, and poor Scotland will call him a  
 sweet lamb when they compare him to me and  
 my infinite evils.

**MACDUFF**

Even in hell you couldn't find a devil worse than  
 Macbeth.

**MALCOLM**

I admit that he's murderous, lecherous, greedy,  
 lying, deceitful, violent, malicious, and guilty of  
 every sin that has a name. But there is no end,  
 absolutely none, to my sexual desires. Your  
 wives, your daughters, your old women, and your  
 young maids together could not satisfy my lust.  
 My desire would overpower all restraints and  
 anyone who stood in my way. It would be better  
 for Macbeth to rule than someone like me.

**MACDUFF**

Endless greed and lust in a man's nature is a kind  
 of tyranny. It has caused the downfall of many  
 kings. But don't be afraid to take the crown that  
 belongs to you. You can find a way to satisfy your  
 desires in secret, while still appearing virtuous.  
 You can deceive everyone. There are more than  
 enough willing women around. Your lust can't  
 possibly be so strong that you'd use up all the  
 women willing to give themselves to the king  
 once they find out he wants them.

*Malcolm  
has flaws*

*Pervet*

*Last is  
not as  
bad as  
murder*

**Act 4, Scene 3, Page 4**

**MALCOLM**

With this there grows  
 In my most ill-composed affection such  
 80 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  
 85 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
 Destroying them for wealth.

**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;  
 90 Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
 With other graces weighed.

**MALCOLM**

**MALCOLM**

Along with being full of lust, I'm also incredibly  
 greedy. If I became king, I would steal the  
 nobles' lands, taking jewels from one guy and  
 houses from another. The more I had, the  
 greedier I would grow, until I'd invent false  
 quarrels with my good and loyal subjects,  
 destroying them so I could get my hands on their  
 wealth.

**MACDUFF**

The greed you're talking about is worse than lust  
 because you won't outgrow it. Greed has been  
 the downfall of many kings. But don't be afraid.  
 Scotland has enough treasures to satisfy you out  
 of your own royal coffers. These bad qualities  
 are bearable when balanced against your good  
 sides.

**MALCOLM**

*A. I. ...  
I know Macbeth's more bad*

## Original Text

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
95 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
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  
100 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

**MACDUFF**

O Scotland, Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

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

## Modern Text

But I don't have any good sides. I don't have a trace of the qualities a king needs, such as justice, truth, moderation, stability, generosity, perseverance, mercy, humility, devotion, patience, courage, and bravery. Instead, I overflow with every variation of all the different vices. No, if I had power I would take world peace and throw it down to hell.

**MACDUFF**

Oh Scotland, Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

If someone like me is fit to be king, let me know. I really am exactly as I have described myself to you.

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 5

**MACDUFF**

Fit to govern?

105 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 accursed,  
110 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
115 Have 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  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth  
120 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  
I put myself to thy direction and  
125 Unspeak 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,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
130 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,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command.

**MACDUFF**

(to MALCOLM) Fit to be king? You're not fit to live!—Oh miserable nation, ruled by a usurping, murderous tyrant, when will you see peaceful days again? The man who has a legal right to the throne is, by his own admission, a cursed man and a disgrace to the royal family.—Your royal father Duncan was a virtuous king. Your mother spent more time on her knees in prayer than she did standing up, and she lived a life of absolute piety. Good-bye. The evils you have described inside yourself have driven me out of Scotland forever. Oh my heart, your hope is dead!

**MALCOLM**

Macduff, this passionate outburst, which proves your integrity, has removed my doubts about you and made me realize that you really are trustworthy and honorable. That devil Macbeth has tried many times to trick me and lure me into his power, and prudence prevents me from believing people too quickly. But with God as my witness, I will let myself be guided by you, and I take back my confession. I take back all the bad things I said about myself, because none of those flaws are really part of my character. I'm still a virgin. I have never told a lie. I barely care about what I already own, let alone feel jealous of another's possessions. I have never broken a promise. I wouldn't betray the devil himself. I love truth as much as I love life. The lies I told about my character are actually the first false words I have ever spoken. The person who I really am is ready to serve you and our poor country.

Now  
hates  
Malcolm

Don't let Macduff

## Original Text

## Modern Text

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 6

135 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  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

**MACDUFF**

140 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?

**DOCTOR**

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

**MALCOLM**

I thank you, doctor.

*Exit DOCTOR***MACDUFF**

What's the disease he means?

**MALCOLM**

'Tis called the evil.  
A most miraculous work in this good king,  
150 Which often since my here-remain in England  
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,  
155 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers. And, 'tis spoken,

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 7

To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
160 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
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.

Indeed, before you arrived here, old Siward, with  
ten thousand soldiers already prepared for battle,  
was making his way here. Now we will fight  
Macbeth together, and may the chances of our  
success be as great as the justice of our cause!  
Why are you silent?

**MACDUFF**

It's hard to make sense of such different stories.

*A DOCTOR enters.***MALCOLM**

Well, we'll speak more soon. *(to the DOCTOR)*Is  
King Edward coming out?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, sir. A crowd of sick people is waiting for him  
to heal them. Their illness confounds the most  
advanced techniques of modern medicine, but  
when he touches them, they heal immediately  
because of the power granted to him by heaven.

**MALCOLM**

Thank you, doctor.

*The DOCTOR exits.***MACDUFF**

What disease is he talking about?

**MALCOLM**

It's called the evil. Edward's healing touch is a  
miracle that I have seen him perform many times  
during my stay in England. How he receives  
these gifts from heaven, only he can say. But he  
cures people with strange conditions—all  
swollen, plagued by ulcers, and pitiful to look at,  
patients who are beyond the help of surgery—by  
placing a gold coin around their necks and  
saying holy prayers over them.

King Edward  
a healer.

They say that he bequeaths this ability to heal to  
his royal descendants. Along with this strange  
power, he also has the gift of prophecy and  
various other abilities. All of these signs mark  
him as a man graced by God.

*ROSS enters.***MACDUFF**

Who's that coming over here?

**MALCOLM**

By his dress I can tell he's my countryman, but I  
don't recognize him.

**MACDUFF**

My noble kinsman, welcome.



## Original Text

**MALCOLM**

I know him now.—Good God, betimes remove

165 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

Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

170 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air

Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell

Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives

175 Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

**MACDUFF**

Oh, relation

Too nice and yet too true!

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 8

**MALCOLM**

What's the newest grief?

**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?

**ROSS**

Well too.

**MACDUFF**

180 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,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor

185 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

## Modern Text

**MALCOLM**

I recognize him now. May God alter the

circumstances that keep us apart!

**ROSS**

Hello, sir.

**MACDUFF**

Is Scotland the same as when I left it?

**ROSS**

Alas, our poor country! It's too frightened to look

at itself. Scotland is no longer the land where we

were born; it's the land where we'll die. Where no

one ever smiles except for the fool who knows

nothing. Where sighs, groans, and shrieks rip

through the air but no one notices. Where violent

sorrow is a common emotion. When the funeral

bells ring, people no longer ask who died. Good

men die before the flowers in their caps wilt.

They die before they even fall sick.

**MACDUFF**

Oh, your report is too poetic, but it sounds so

true!

**MALCOLM**

What is the most recent news?

**ROSS**

Even news an hour old is old news. Every minute

another awful thing happens.

**MACDUFF**

How is my wife?

**ROSS**

She's well.

**MACDUFF**

And all my children?

**ROSS**

They're well too.

**MACDUFF**

Macbeth hasn't attacked them?

**ROSS**

They were **at peace** when I left them.

**MACDUFF**

Don't be stingy with your words. What's the news?

**ROSS**

While I was coming here to tell you my sad

news, I heard rumors that many good men are

arming themselves to rebel against Macbeth.

When I saw Macbeth's army on the move, I knew

the rumors must be true. Now is the time when

we need your help. Your presence in Scotland

*Dramatic Irony*

## Original Text

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
190 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;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 9

**ROSS**

Would I could answer  
195 This comfort with the like. But I have words  
That would be howled out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

**MACDUFF**

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

**ROSS**

No mind that's honest  
200 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.

**ROSS**

Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
205 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  
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer  
210 To add the death of you.

**MALCOLM**

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

**MACDUFF**

My children too?

**ROSS**

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

## Modern Text

would inspire people to fight. Even the women  
would fight to rid themselves of Macbeth's  
oppression.

**MALCOLM**

Let them be comforted—I'm returning to  
Scotland. Gracious King Edward has sent us  
noble Siward and ten thousand soldiers. There is  
no soldier more experienced or successful than  
Siward in the entire Christian world.

**ROSS**

I wish I could repay this happy news with good  
news of my own. But I have some news that  
should be howled in a barren desert where  
nobody can hear it.

**MACDUFF**

What is this news about? Does it affect all of us?  
Or just one of us?

**ROSS**

No decent man can keep from sharing in the  
sorrow, but my news affects you alone.

**MACDUFF**

If it's for me, don't keep it from me. Let me have  
it now.

**ROSS**

I hope you won't hate me forever after I say  
these things, because I will soon fill your ears  
with the most dreadful news you have ever  
heard.

**MACDUFF**

I think I can guess what you're about to say.

**ROSS**

Your castle was attacked. Your wife and children  
were savagely slaughtered. If I told you how they  
were killed, it would cause you so much pain that  
it would kill you too, and add your body to the pile  
of murdered corpses.

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven! (*to MACDUFF*) Come on, man,  
don't keep your grief hidden. Put your sorrow into  
words. The grief you keep inside you will whisper  
in your heart until it breaks.

**MACDUFF**

They killed my children too?

**ROSS**

They killed your wife, your children, your  
servants, anyone they could find.

## Original Text

## Modern Text

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 10

**MACDUFF**

And I must be from thence!  
My wife killed too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

**MALCOLM**

Be comforted.

220 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

**MACDUFF**

He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam

225 At one fell swoop?

**MALCOLM**

Dispute it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I shall do so,  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were  
230 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,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

**MALCOLM**

235 Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief  
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**

Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission. Front to front

240 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too.

**MACDUFF**

And I had to be away! My wife was killed too?

**ROSS**

I said she was.

**MALCOLM**

Take comfort. Let's cure this awful grief by taking  
revenge on Macbeth.

**MACDUFF**

He doesn't have children. All my pretty little  
children? Did you say all? Oh, that bird from hell!  
All of them? What, all my children and their  
mother dead in one fell swoop?

**MALCOLM**

Fight it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I will. But I also have to feel it like a man. I can't  
help remembering the things that were most  
precious to me. Did heaven watch the slaughter  
and not send down any help? Sinful Macduff,  
they were killed because of you! As wicked as I  
am, they were slaughtered because of me, not  
because of anything they did. May God give their  
souls rest.

**MALCOLM**

Let this anger sharpen your sword. Transform  
your grief into anger. Don't block the feelings in  
your heart; let them loose as rage.

**MACDUFF**

I could go on weeping like a woman and  
bragging about how I will avenge them! But  
gentle heavens, don't keep me waiting. Bring me  
face to face with Macbeth, that devil of Scotland.  
Put him within the reach of my sword, and if he  
escapes, may heaven forgive him as well!

## Act 4, Scene 3, Page 11

**MALCOLM**

This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
245 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
may.  
The night is long that never finds the day.

*Exeunt*

**MALCOLM**

Now you sound like a man. Come on, let's go  
see King Edward. The army is ready. All we have  
to do now is say goodbye to the king. Macbeth is  
ripe for the picking. We'll be acting as God's  
agents. Cheer up as much as you can. A new  
day will come at last.

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

*What is man?*

*revenge!*

*Man!*

*gulf*

## Original Text

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 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 once the benefit of sleep, and do the line>effects of watching. In this slumbry 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 her.

**DOCTOR**

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

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Neither to you nor any one, having no 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**

15 How came she by that light?

## Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

**DOCTOR**

You see her eyes are open.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**DOCTOR**

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

**GENTLEWOMAN**

20 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.

**LADY MACBETH**

## Modern Text

A **DOCTOR** and a waiting-  
**GENTLEWOMAN** enter.

**DOCTOR**

I've stayed up with you for two nights now, and I haven't seen any evidence of what you were talking about. When was the last time you saw her sleepwalking?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Since Macbeth went to war, I have seen her rise from her bed, put on her nightgown, unlock her closet, take out some paper, fold it, write on it, read it, seal it up, and then return to bed, remaining asleep the entire time.

**DOCTOR**

It's unnatural to be asleep and act as if you're awake. When she is like this, besides walking and performing various activities, have you heard her say anything?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

She says something, sir, but I will not repeat it to you.

**DOCTOR**

You can tell me. You really should.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

I will not confess it to you nor to anyone else, because there was no one else to witness her speech.

**LADY MACBETH** enters, holding a candle.

Look, here she comes! This is exactly how she always looks, and—I swear it—she is fast asleep. Watch her. Keep hidden.

**DOCTOR**

How did she get that candle?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

It stands by her bedside. She always has to have a light next to her. Those are her orders.

**DOCTOR**

You see, her eyes are open.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Yes, but they don't see anything.

**DOCTOR**

What's she doing now? Look how she rubs her hands.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

She often does that. She looks like she's washing her hands. I've seen her do that before for as long as fifteen minutes.

**LADY MACBETH**

Lady  
is odd

light

→ blood

clean walking

## Original Text

Yet here's a spot.

**DOCTOR**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**DOCTOR**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

- 30 The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

**DOCTOR**

Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

## Act 5, Scene 1, Page 3

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**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.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Pray God it be, sir.

**DOCTOR**

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

## Modern Text

There's still a spot here.

**DOCTOR**

Listen! She's talking. I'll write down what she says, so I'll remember it better.

**LADY MACBETH**

*(rubbing her hands)* Come out, damned spot! Out, I command you! One, two. OK, it's time to do it now.—Hell is murky!—Nonsense, my lord, nonsense! You are a soldier, and yet you are afraid? Why should we be scared, when no one can lay the guilt upon us?—But who would have thought the old man would have had so much blood in him?

**DOCTOR**

Did you hear that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will my hands never be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more of that. You'll ruin everything by acting startled like this.

**DOCTOR**

Now look what you've done. You've heard something you shouldn't have.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

She said something she shouldn't have said, I'm sure of that. Heaven knows what secrets she's keeping.

**LADY MACBETH**

I still have the smell of blood on my hand. All the perfumes of Arabia couldn't make my little hand smell better. Oh, oh, oh!

**DOCTOR**

What a heavy sigh! Her heart is carrying a heavy weight.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

I wouldn't want a heart like hers even if you made me queen.

**DOCTOR**

Well, well, well.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

I hope what she's saying is well, sir!

**DOCTOR**

This disease is beyond my medical skills. But I have known people who sleepwalked and weren't guilty of anything.

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Don't look so frightened. I tell you again, Banquo is buried. He cannot come out of his grave.

blood.  
Talking to self  
guilt

## Original Text

**DOCTOR**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

45 To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**DOCTOR**

Will she go to bed now?

## Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Directly.

**DOCTOR**

Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds  
50 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,  
55 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.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

**DOCTOR**

Is this true?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! There's a knocking at the gate.  
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.  
What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed,  
to bed!

*LADY MACBETH exits.*

**DOCTOR**

Will she go to bed now?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Yes, right away.

**DOCTOR**

Evil rumors are going around. Unnatural acts will  
cause **supernatural** things to happen. People with  
guilty and deranged minds will confess their  
secrets to their pillows as they sleep. This woman  
needs a priest more than a doctor. God forgive us  
all! (*to the waiting-* GENTLEWOMAN) Look after  
her. Remove anything she might hurt herself with.  
Watch her constantly. And now, good-night. She  
has bewildered my mind and amazed my eyes. I  
have an opinion, but I don't dare to say it out  
loud.

**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.  
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
5 Excite the mortified man.

**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, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX,  
and soldiers enter with a drummer and flag.*

**MENTEITH**

The English army is near, led by Malcolm, his  
uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. They burn  
for revenge. The wrongs they have suffered  
would make dead men rise up and fight.

**ANGUS**

We'll meet them near Birnam Wood. They are  
coming that way.

**CAITHNESS**

Does anyone know if Donalbain is with his  
brother?

**LENNOX**

He is definitely not there, sir. I have a list of all the  
important men. Siward's son is there, as well as  
many boys too young to have beards who will  
become men by joining in this battle.

## Original Text

**MENTEITH**

What does the tyrant?

**CAITHNESS**

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,  
15 He cannot buckle his distempered cause  
Within the belt of rule.

**ANGUS**

Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands.  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.  
Those he commands move only in command,  
20 Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

## Act 5, Scene 2, Page 2

**MENTEITH**

Who then shall blame  
His pestered senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
25 Itself for being there?

**CAITHNESS**

Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the medicine 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,  
30 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

*Exeunt, marching*

## Modern Text

**MENTEITH**

What is the tyrant Macbeth doing?

**CAITHNESS**

He is fortifying his castle at Dunsinane with heavy defenses. Some say he's insane. Those who hate him less call it brave anger. One thing is certain: he's out of control.

**ANGUS**

Now Macbeth feels the blood of his murdered enemies sticking to his hands. Now, rebel armies punish him every minute for his treachery. The soldiers he commands are only following orders. They don't fight because they love Macbeth. Now he seems too small to be a great king, like a midget trying to wear the robes of a giant.

**MENTEITH**

Who can blame him for acting crazy, when inside he condemns himself for everything he's done?

**CAITHNESS**

Well, let's keep marching and give our loyalty to someone who truly deserves it. We're going to meet Malcolm, the doctor who will cure our sick country. We'll pour out our own blood to help him.

**LENNOX**

However much blood we need to give to water the royal flower and drown the weeds—to make Malcolm king and get rid of Macbeth. Let's proceed on our march to Birnam.

*They exit, marching.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

*Enter MACBETH, 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  
5 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
"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.  
10 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a SERVANT*

*MACBETH, a DOCTOR, and attendants enter.*

**MACBETH**

Don't bring me any more reports. I don't care if all the thanes desert me. Until Birnam Wood gets up and moves to Dunsinane, I won't be affected by fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Wasn't he born from a woman? The spirits that know the future have told me this: "Don't be afraid, Macbeth. No man born from a woman will ever defeat you." So get out of here, disloyal thanes, and join the weak and decadent English! My mind and courage will never falter with doubt or shake with fear.

*A SERVANT enters.*

## Original Text

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

**SERVANT**

There is ten thousand—

**MACBETH**

Geese, villain?

**SERVANT**

15 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, why-face?

**SERVANT**

20 The English force, so please you.

**MACBETH**

Take thy face hence.

*Exit* **SERVANT**

## Modern Text

May the devil turn you black, you white-faced  
fool! Why do you look like a frightened goose?

**SERVANT**

There are ten thousand—

**MACBETH**

Geese, you idiot?

**SERVANT**

Soldiers, sir.

**MACBETH**

Go pinch your cheeks and bring some color back  
into your face, you cowardly boy. What soldiers,  
fool? Curse you! That pale face of yours will  
frighten the others as well. What soldiers, milk-  
face?

**SERVANT**

The English army, sir.

**MACBETH**

Get out of my sight.

*The* **SERVANT** *exits.*

## Act 5, Scene 3, Page 2

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough. My way of life  
25 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,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath  
30 Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.  
Seyton!

*Enter* **SEYTON**

**SEYTON**

What's your gracious pleasure?

**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**

35 'Tis not needed yet.

**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?

Seyton!—I'm sick at heart when I see—Seyton,  
come here!—This battle will either secure my  
reign forever or else topple me from the throne. I  
have lived long enough. The course of my life is  
beginning to wither and fall away, like a yellowing  
leaf in autumn. The things that should go along  
with old age, like honor, love, obedience, and  
loyal friends, I cannot hope to have. Instead, I  
have passionate but quietly whispered curses,  
people who honor me with their words but not in  
their hearts, and lingering life, which my heart  
would gladly end, though I can't bring myself to  
do it. Seyton!

*SEYTON* *enters.*

**SEYTON**

What do you want?

**MACBETH**

Is there more news?

**SEYTON**

All the rumors have been confirmed.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight until they hack the flesh off my bones.  
Give me my armor.

**SEYTON**

You don't need it yet.

**MACBETH**

I'll put it on anyway. Send out more cavalry.  
Scour the whole country and hang anyone  
spreading fear. Give me my armor. (*to*  
*the DOCTOR*) How is my wife, doctor?



## Original Text

**DOCTOR**

Not so sick, my lord,

- 40 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies  
That keep her from her rest.

## Act 5, Scene 3, Page 3

**MACBETH**

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain

- 45 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

**DOCTOR**

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

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

- 50 Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
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,  
55 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
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

- 60 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,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

**DOCTOR**

She is not sick, my lord, but she is troubled with  
endless visions that keep her from sleeping.

**MACBETH**

Cure her of that. Can't you treat a diseased  
mind? Take away her memory of sorrow? Use  
some drug to erase the troubling thoughts from  
her brain and ease her heart?

**DOCTOR**

For that kind of relief, the patient must heal  
herself.

**MACBETH**

Medicine is for the dogs. I won't have anything to  
do with it. *(to SEYTON)* Come, put my armor on  
me. Give me my lance. Seyton, send out the  
soldiers. *(to the DOCTOR)* Doctor, the thanes are  
running away from me. *(to SEYTON)* Come on,  
sir, hurry. *(to the DOCTOR)* Can you figure out  
what's wrong with my country? If you can  
diagnose its disease by examining its urine, and  
bring it back to health, I will praise you to the  
ends of the Earth, where the sound will echo back  
so you can hear the applause again.—  
*(to SEYTON)* Pull it off, I tell you. *(to  
the DOCTOR)* What drug would purge the English  
from this country? Have you heard of any?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, my good lord. Your preparation for war  
sounds like something.

**MACBETH**

*(to SEYTON)* Bring the armor and follow me. I will  
not be afraid of death and destruction until  
Birnam forest picks itself up and moves to  
Dunsinane.

**DOCTOR**

*(to himself)* I wish I were far away from  
Dunsinane. You couldn't pay me to come back  
here.

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 4

*Drum and colors.*

*Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF,  
Siward's SON, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,  
LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS, marching*

*MALCOLM, old SIWARD and  
his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGU  
S, LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS enter marching,  
with a drummer and flag.*

## Original Text

**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.

**MALCOLM**

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

**SOLDIERS**

It shall be done.

**SIWARD**

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

0

**MALCOLM**

'Tis his main hope:  
For, where there is advantage to be given,  
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  
1 Attend the true event, and put we on  
5 Industrious soldiership.

## Modern Text

**MALCOLM**

Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be  
safe in their own bedrooms.

**MENTEITH**

We don't doubt it.

**SIWARD**

What's the name of this forest behind us?

**MENTEITH**

Birnam Wood.

**MALCOLM**

Tell every soldier to break off a branch and hold it in  
front of him. That way we can conceal how many of us  
there are, and Macbeth's spies will give him inaccurate  
reports.

**SOLDIERS**

We'll do it.

**SIWARD**

We have no news except that the overconfident  
Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay  
siege to the castle.

**MALCOLM**

He wants us to lay siege. Wherever his soldiers have an  
opportunity to leave him, they do, whatever rank they  
are. No one fights with him except men who are forced  
to, and their hearts aren't in it.

**MACDUFF**

We shouldn't make any judgments until we achieve our  
goal. Let's go fight like hardworking soldiers.

## Act 5, Scene 4, Page 2

**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,  
20 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.  
Towards which, advance the war.

*Exeunt, marching*

**SIWARD**

Soon we'll find out what's really ours and what  
isn't. It's easy for us to get our hopes up just  
sitting around thinking about it, but the only way  
this is really going to be settled is by violence. So  
let's move our armies forward.

*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.  
5 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,

*MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS enter with  
a drummer and flag.*

**MACBETH**

Hang our flags on the outer walls. Everyone  
keeps yelling, "Here they come!" Our castle is  
strong enough to laugh off their seige. They can  
sit out there until they die of hunger and disease.  
If it weren't for the fact that so many of our

**Original Text**

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

*A cry within of women*

What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit*

**MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

- 10 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  
15 Cannot once start me.

*Enter SEYTON*

Wherefore was that cry?

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

**Modern Text**

soldiers revolted and joined them, we could have  
met them out in front of the castle, man to man,  
and beaten them back to England.

*A sound of women crying offstage.*

What's that noise?

**SEYTON**

It's women crying, my good lord.

*SEYTON exits.*

**MACBETH**

I've almost forgotten what fear feels like. There  
was a time when I would have been terrified by a  
shriek in the night, and the hair on my skin would  
have stood up when I heard a ghost story. But  
now I've had my fill of real horrors. Horrible things  
are so familiar that they can't startle me.

*SEYTON comes back in.*

What was that cry for?

**SEYTON**

The queen is dead, my lord.

**Act 5, Scene 5, Page 2**

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

- 20 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  
25 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.

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Thou comest to use

Thy tongue; thy story quickly.

**MESSENGER**

Gracious my lord,

- 30 I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do 't.

**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!

**MESSENGER**

**MACBETH**

She would have died later anyway. That news  
was bound to come someday. Tomorrow, and  
tomorrow, and tomorrow. The days creep slowly  
along until the end of time. And every day that's  
already happened has taken fools that much  
closer to their deaths. Out, out, brief candle. Life  
is nothing more than an illusion. It's like a poor  
actor who struts and worries for his hour on the  
stage and then is never heard from again. Life is  
a story told by an idiot, full of noise and emotional  
disturbance but devoid of meaning.

*A MESSENGER enters.*

You've come to tell me something. Tell me  
quickly.

**MESSENGER**

My gracious lord, I should tell you what I saw, but  
I don't know how to say it.

**MACBETH**

Just say it.

**MESSENGER**

As I was standing watch on the hill, I looked  
toward Birnam, and I thought I saw the forest  
begin to move.

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave!

**MESSENGER**

## Original Text

35 Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

## Act 5, Scene 5, Page 3

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive  
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,  
40 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  
Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood  
45 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,  
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.—  
50 Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! Come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

Punish me if it's not true. Three miles from here  
you can see it coming, a moving forest.

**MACBETH**

If you're lying, I'll hang you alive from the nearest  
tree until you die of hunger. If what you say is  
true, you can do the same to me. *(to himself)* My  
confidence is failing. I'm starting to doubt the lies  
the devil told me, which sounded like truth. "Don't  
worry until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane."  
And now a wood is coming to Dunsinane.  
Prepare for battle, and go! If what this messenger  
says is true, it's no use running away or staying  
here. I'm starting to grow tired of living, and I'd  
like to see the world plunged into chaos. Ring the  
alarms! Blow, wind! Come, ruin! At least we'll die  
with our armor on.

*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  
5 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
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**

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

*Exeunt*

*MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their  
army enter carrying branches, with a drummer  
and flag.*

**MALCOLM**

We're close enough now. Throw down these  
branches and show them who you really are.  
Uncle Siward, you and your son will lead the first  
battle. Brave Macduff and I will do the rest,  
according to our battle plan.

**SIWARD**

Good luck. If we meet Macbeth's army tonight, let  
us be beaten if we cannot fight.

**MACDUFF**

Blow all the trumpets. They loudly announce the  
news of blood and death.

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 7

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH***MACBETH**

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,  
But, bearlike, I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one

*Trumpets and the noise of  
battle. MACBETH enters.***MACBETH**

They have me tied to a stake. I can't run away. I  
have to stand and fight, like a bear. Where's the  
man who wasn't born from a woman? He's the

## Original Text

Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD*

**YOUNG SIWARD**

5 What is thy name?

**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**

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

**MACBETH**

No, nor more fearful.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

Thou liest, abhorred 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.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

15 Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

## Modern Text

only one I'm afraid of, nobody else.

*YOUNG SIWARD enters.*

**YOUNG SIWARD**

What's your name?

**MACBETH**

You'll be afraid to hear it.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

No I won't, even if you were one of the worst  
demons in hell.

**MACBETH**

My name's Macbeth.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

The devil himself couldn't say a name I hate  
more.

**MACBETH**

No, nor could the devil's name be more  
frightening.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

You lie, you disgusting tyrant. I'll prove with my  
sword that I'm not scared of you.

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is killed.*

**MACBETH**

You were born from a woman. Swords don't  
frighten me. I laugh at any weapon used by a  
man who was born from a woman.

## Act 5, Scene 7, Page 2

*Exit*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

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

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

20 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;

By this great clatter, one of the greatest note

Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,

25 And more I beg not.

*Exit. Alarums*

*Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD*

**SIWARD**

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,

The noble thanes do bravely in the war,

The day almost itself professes yours,

30 And little is to do.

**MALCOLM**

We have met with foes

*MACBETH exits.*

*Trumpets and battle sounds. MACDUFF enters.*

**MACDUFF**

The noise is coming from over there. Tyrant,  
show your face! If someone other than me kills  
you, the ghosts of my wife and children will haunt  
me forever. I can't be bothered to fight these lame

soldiers who only fight for money. I'll either fight

you, Macbeth, or else I'll put down my sword

unused. You must be over there. By the great

noise, it sounds like one of the highest-ranking

men is being announced. I hope I find him! I ask

for nothing more than that.

*MACDUFF exits. More battle noises.*

*MALCOLM and old SIWARD enter.*

**SIWARD**

Come this way, my lord. The castle has been

surrendered without a fight. Macbeth's soldiers

are fighting on both sides. Our noblemen are

battling bravely. The victory is almost yours, and

it seems like there's not much left to do.

**MALCOLM**

Our enemies fight as if they're trying not to hurt

## Original Text

That strike beside us.

**SIWARD**

Enter, sir, the castle.

*Exeunt. Alarums*

## Modern Text

us.

**SIWARD**

Sir, enter the castle.

*They exit. Battle noises continue.*

## 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!

*They fight*

**MACBETH**

Thou lovest labor.  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
10 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  
To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm,  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
15 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripped.

*MACBETH enters.*

**MACBETH**

Why should I commit suicide like one of the  
ancient Romans? As long as I see enemies of  
mine alive, I would rather see my sword wound  
them than me.

*MACDUFF enters.*

**MACDUFF**

Turn around, you dog from hell, turn around!

**MACBETH**

You are the only man I have avoided. But go  
away now. I'm already guilty of killing your whole  
family.

**MACDUFF**

I have nothing to say to you. My sword will talk for  
me. You are too evil for words!

*They fight.*

**MACBETH**

You're wasting your time trying to wound me. You  
might as well try to stab the air with your sword.  
Go fight someone who can be harmed. I lead a  
charmed life, which can't be ended by anyone  
born from a woman.

**MACDUFF**

You can forget about your charm. The evil spirit  
you serve can tell you that I was not born. They  
cut me out of my mother's womb before she  
could bear me naturally.

## Act 5, Scene 8, Page 2

**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,  
20 That palter with us in a double sense,  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
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.  
25 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,

**MACBETH**

Curse you for telling me this. You've frightened  
away my courage. I don't believe those evil  
creatures anymore. They tricked me with their  
wordgames, raising my hopes and then  
destroying them. I won't fight you.

**MACDUFF**

Then surrender, coward, and we'll put you in a  
freakshow, just like they do with deformed  
animals. We'll put a picture of you on a sign, right  
above the words "Come see the tyrant!"

## Original Text

“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.  
30 Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,  
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!”

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums. They enter fighting, and MACBETH slain. Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, THANES, and SOLDIERS*

**MALCOLM**

35 I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

**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.  
40 He only lived but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

## Act 5, Scene 8, Page 3

**SIWARD**

Then he is dead?

**ROSS**

Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow  
45 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!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.  
50 And so, his knell is knolled.

**MALCOLM**

He’s worth more sorrow,  
And that I’ll spend for him.

## Modern Text

**MACBETH**

I’m not going to surrender and have to kiss the ground in front of Malcolm, or be taunted by the common people. Even though Birnam Wood really did come to Dunsinane, and I’m fighting a man not of woman born, I’ll fight to the end. I’ll put up my shield and battle you. Come on, let’s go at it, Macduff, and damn the first man who cries, ‘Stop! Enough!’

*They exit fighting. Trumpets and battle noises. The trumpet of one army sounds a call to retreat. The other army’s trumpet sounds a call of victory. The victorious army enters, led by MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other THANES, and soldiers, with a drummer and flag.*

**MALCOLM**

I wish all of our friends could have survived this battle.

**SIWARD**

In every battle, some people will always be killed, but judging from the men I see around us, our great victory didn’t cost us very much.

**MALCOLM**

Macduff is missing, and so is your noble son.

**ROSS**

My lord, your son has paid the soldier’s price: death. He only lived long enough to become a man, and as soon as he proved that he was a man by fighting like one, he died.

**SIWARD**

So he’s dead?

**ROSS**

Yes, and he’s been carried off the field. Your grief should not be equal to his worth, because then your sorrow would never end.

**SIWARD**

Were his wounds on his front side?

**ROSS**

Yes, on his front.

**SIWARD**

Well then, he’s God’s soldier now! If I had as many sons as I have hairs on my head, I couldn’t hope that any of them would die more honorably than he did. And that’s all there is to it.

**MALCOLM**

He is worth more mourning than that, and I will mourn for him.

## Original Text

**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  
55 The 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!

## Act 5, Scene 8, Page 4

**ALL**

60 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,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
65 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,  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
70 Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike 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,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
75 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

## Modern Text

**SIWARD**

He is worth no more than that. They tell me he died well, and settled his scores. With that, I hope God is with him! Here comes better news.

*MACDUFF enters, carrying MACBETH's head.*

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! Because that's what you are now. Look, here I have Macbeth's cursed head. We are free from his tyranny. I see that you have the kingdom's noblemen around you, and they're thinking the same thing as me. I want them to join me in this loud cheer, Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

*Trumpets play.*

**MALCOLM**

It won't be long before I reward each of you as he deserves. My thanes and kinsmen, I name you all earls, the first earls that Scotland has ever had. We have a lot to do at the dawn of this new era. We must call home all of our exiled friends who fled from the grip of Macbeth's tyranny, and we must bring to justice all the evil ministers of this dead butcher and his demon-like queen, who, rumor has it, committed suicide. This, and whatever else we are called to do by God, we will do at the right time and in the right place. So I thank you all, and I invite each and every one of you to come watch me be crowned king of Scotland at Scone.

*Trumpets play. They all exit.*