

## Original Text

## Modern Text

## Act 1, Scene 1

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES*

**FIRST WITCH**

When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**SECOND WITCH**

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

**THIRD WITCH**

5 That will be ere the set of sun.

**FIRST WITCH**

Where the place?

**SECOND WITCH**

Upon the heath.

**THIRD WITCH**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**FIRST WITCH**

I come, Graymalkin!

**SECOND WITCH**

10 Paddock calls.

**THIRD WITCH**

Anon.

**ALL**

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

*Exeunt*

*Thunder and lightning. Three WITCHES enter*

**FIRST WITCH**

When should the three of us meet again? Will it  
be in thunder, lightning, or rain?

**SECOND WITCH**

We'll meet when the noise of the battle is over,  
when one side has won and the other side has  
lost.

**THIRD WITCH**

That will happen before sunset.

**FIRST WITCH**

Where should we meet?

**SECOND WITCH**

Let's do it in the open field.

**THIRD WITCH**

We'll meet Macbeth there.

*The WITCHES hear the calls of their spirit friends  
or "familiar," which look like animals—one is a  
cat and one is a toad.*

**FIRST WITCH**

*(calling to her cat)* I'm coming, Graymalkin!

**SECOND WITCH**

My toad, Paddock, calls me.

**THIRD WITCH**

*(to her spirit)* I'll be right here!

**ALL**

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Let's fly away through  
the fog and filthy air.

*They exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

*Alarum within. Enter KING  
DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with  
attendants, meeting a bleeding CAPTAIN*

**DUNCAN**

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

**MALCOLM**

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

**CAPTAIN**

Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together

*Sounds of a trumpet and soldiers fighting  
offstage. KING DUNCAN enters with his  
sons MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, LENNOX,  
and a number of attendants. They meet a  
wounded and bloody CAPTAIN.*

**DUNCAN**

Who is this bloody man? Judging from his  
appearance, I bet he can tell us the latest news  
about the revolt.

**MALCOLM**

This is the brave sergeant who fought to keep me  
from being captured. Hail, brave friend! Tell the  
king what was happening in the battle when you  
left it.

**CAPTAIN**

For a while you couldn't tell who would win. The  
armies were like two exhausted swimmers

## Original Text

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
 10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
 The multiplying villanies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles  
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,  
 And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,  
 15 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak,  
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
 Which smoked with bloody execution,  
 Like valor's minion carved out his passage  
 20 Till he faced the slave;  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseamed him from the navel to th' chops,  
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

## Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

**CAPTAIN**

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

**DUNCAN**

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and  
 Banquo?

**CAPTAIN**

35 Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks,  
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
 40 Or memorize another Golgotha,  
 I cannot tell—  
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

**DUNCAN**

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

*Exit CAPTAIN with attendants*

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS*

45 Who comes here?

**MALCOLM**

The worthy thane of Ross.

**LENNOX**

## Modern Text

clinging to each other and struggling in the water,  
 unable to move. The villainous rebel Macdonwald  
 was supported by foot soldiers and horsemen  
 from Ireland and the Hebrides, and Lady Luck  
 was with him, smiling cruelly at his enemies as if  
 she were his whore. But Luck and Macdonwald  
 together weren't strong enough. Brave Macbeth,  
 laughing at Luck, chopped his way through to  
 Macdonwald, who didn't even have time to say  
 good-bye or shake hands before Macbeth split  
 him open from his navel to his jawbone and stuck  
 his head on our castle walls.

**DUNCAN**

My brave relative! What a worthy man!

**CAPTAIN**

But in the same way that violent storms always  
 come just as spring appears, our success against  
 Macdonwald created new problems for us. Listen  
 to this, King: as soon as we sent those Irish  
 soldiers running for cover, the Norwegian king  
 saw his chance to attack us with fresh troops and  
 shiny weapons.

**DUNCAN**

Didn't this frighten our captains, Macbeth and  
 Banquo?

**CAPTAIN**

The new challenge scared them about as much  
 as sparrows frighten eagles, or rabbits frighten a  
 lion. To tell you the truth, they fought the new  
 enemy with twice as much force as before; they  
 were like cannons loaded with double  
 ammunition. Maybe they wanted to take a bath in  
 their enemies' blood, or make that battlefield as  
 infamous as Golgotha, where Christ was  
 crucified, I don't know. But I feel weak. My  
 wounds must be tended to.

**DUNCAN**

Your words, like your wounds, bring you honor.  
 Take him to the surgeons.

*The CAPTAIN exits, helped by attendants.*

*ROSS and ANGUS enter.*

Who is this?

**MALCOLM**

The worthy Thane of Ross.

**LENNOX**

### Original Text

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

### Modern Text

His eyes seem frantic! He looks like someone  
with a strange tale to tell.

## Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

**ROSS**

God save the king.

**DUNCAN**

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norway banners flout the sky  
50 And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,  
55 Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!

**ROSS**

That now  
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition.  
60 Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

**DUNCAN**

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,  
65 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

**ROSS**

I'll see it done.

**DUNCAN**

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

**ROSS**

God save the king!

**DUNCAN**

Where have you come from, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

Great king, I've come from Fife, where the  
Norwegian flag flies, mocking our country and  
frightening our people. Leading an enormous  
army and assisted by that disloyal traitor, the  
thane of Cawdor, the king of Norway began a  
bloody battle. But outfitted in his battle-weathered  
armor, Macbeth met the Norwegian attacks shot  
for shot, as if he were the goddess of war's  
husband. Finally he broke the enemy's spirit, and  
we were victorious.

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!

**ROSS**

So now Sweno, the Norwegian king, wants a  
treaty. We told him we wouldn't even let him bury  
his men until he retreated to Saint Colme's Inch  
and paid us ten thousand dollars.

**DUNCAN**

The thane of Cawdor will never again betray me.  
Go announce that he will be executed, and tell  
Macbeth that Cawdor's titles will be given to him.

**ROSS**

I'll get it done right away.

**DUNCAN**

The thane of Cawdor has lost what the noble  
Macbeth has won.

*Exeunt*

*They all exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

*Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES*

**FIRST WITCH**

Where hast thou been, sister?

**SECOND WITCH**

Killing swine.

**THIRD WITCH**

Sister, where thou?

**FIRST WITCH**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

*Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.*

**FIRST WITCH**

Where have you been, sister?

**SECOND WITCH**

Killing pigs.

**THIRD WITCH**

And you, sister?

**FIRST WITCH**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and

**Original Text**

5 And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me,"

quoth I.

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed runnion cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

10 And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

**SECOND WITCH**

I'll give thee a wind.

**FIRST WITCH**

Thou 'rt kind.

**THIRD WITCH**

And I another.

**FIRST WITCH**

I myself have all the other,

15 And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' th' shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

20 Hang upon his penthouse lid.

He shall live a man forbid.

Weary sev'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

**Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2**

Though his bark cannot be lost,

25 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

Look what I have.

**SECOND WITCH**

Show me, show me.

**FIRST WITCH**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come.

*Drum within*

**THIRD WITCH**

30 A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

**ALL**

*(dancing together in a circle)* The weird sisters, hand  
in

hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

35 Thus do go about, about,

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! The charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**Modern Text**

munched away at them. "Give me one," I said.

"Get away from me, witch!" the fat woman cried.

Her husband has sailed off to Aleppo as master of a ship called the *Tiger*. I'll sail there in a kitchen strainer, turn myself into a tailless rat, and do things to him—

**SECOND WITCH**

I'll give you some wind to sail there.

**FIRST WITCH**

How nice of you!

**THIRD WITCH**

And I will give you some more.

**FIRST WITCH**

I already have control of all the other winds, along with the ports from which they blow and every direction on the sailor's compass in which they can go. I'll drain the life out of him. He won't catch a wink of sleep, either at night or during the day. He will live as a cursed man. For eighty-one weeks he will waste away in agony.

Although I can't make his ship disappear, I can still make his journey miserable. Look what I have here.

**SECOND WITCH**

Show me, show me.

**FIRST WITCH**

Here I have the thumb of a pilot who was

drowned while trying to return home.

*A drum sounds offstage.*

**THIRD WITCH**

A drum, a drum! Macbeth has come.

**ALL**

*(dancing together in a circle)* We weird sisters, hand in hand, swift travelers over the sea and land, dance around and around like so. Three times to yours, and three times to mine, and three times again, to add up to nine. Enough! The charm is ready.

*MACBETH and BANQUO enter.*

**MACBETH**

*(to BANQUO)* I have never seen a day that was so good and bad at the same time.

## Original Text

**BANQUO**

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

## Act 1, Scene 3, Page 3

**MACBETH**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

**FIRST WITCH**

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

**SECOND WITCH**

50 All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

**THIRD WITCH**

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

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

**FIRST WITCH**

Hail!

**SECOND WITCH**

Hail!

**THIRD WITCH**

65 Hail!

**FIRST WITCH**

Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

**SECOND WITCH**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**THIRD WITCH**

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

## Modern Text

**BANQUO**

How far is it supposed to be to Forres? (*he sees the WITCHES*) What are these creatures? They're so withered-looking and crazily dressed. They don't look like they belong on this planet, but I see them standing here on Earth. (*to the WITCHES*) Are you alive? Can you answer questions? You seem to understand me, because each of you has put a gruesome finger to her skinny lips. You look like women, but your beards keep me from believing that you really are.

**MACBETH**

Speak, if you can. What kind of creatures are you?

**FIRST WITCH**

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Glamis!

**SECOND WITCH**

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Cawdor!

**THIRD WITCH**

All hail, Macbeth, the future king!

**BANQUO**

My dear Macbeth, why do you look so startled and afraid of these nice things they're saying? (*to the WITCHES*) Tell me honestly, are you illusions, or are you really what you seem to be? You've greeted my noble friend with honors and talk of a future so glorious that you've made him speechless. But you don't say anything to me. If you can see the future and say how things will turn out, tell me. I don't want your favors and I'm not afraid of your hatred.

**FIRST WITCH**

Hail!

**SECOND WITCH**

Hail!

**THIRD WITCH**

Hail!

**FIRST WITCH**

You are lesser than Macbeth but also greater.

**SECOND WITCH**

You are not as happy as Macbeth, yet much happier.

**THIRD WITCH**

Your descendants will be kings, even though you will not be one. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

## Act 1, Scene 3, Page 4

**Original Text****FIRST WITCH**

70 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**MACBETH**

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis.  
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman, and to be king  
75 Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence, or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

*WITCHES vanish*

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Into the air, and what seemed corporal  
Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had  
stayed.

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS*

**Modern Text****FIRST WITCH**

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**MACBETH**

Wait! You only told me part of what I want to know. Stay and tell me more. I already know I am the thane of Glamis because I inherited the position when my father, Sinel, died. But how can you call me the thane of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor is alive, and he's a rich and powerful man. And for me to be the king is completely impossible, just as it's impossible for me to be thane of Cawdor. Tell me where you learned these strange things, and why you stop us at this desolate place with this prophetic greeting? Speak, I command you.

*The WITCHES vanish.*

**BANQUO**

The earth has bubbles, just like the water, and these creatures must have come from a bubble in the earth. Where did they disappear to?

**MACBETH**

Into thin air. Their bodies melted like breath in the wind. I wish they had stayed!

**BANQUO**

Were these things we're talking about really here? Or are we both on drugs?

**MACBETH**

Your children will be kings.

**BANQUO**

You will be the king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too. Isn't that what they said?

**BANQUO**

That's exactly what they said. Who's this?

*ROSS and ANGUS enter.*

**Act 1, Scene 3, Page 5****ROSS**

90 The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success, and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
95 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Can post with post, and every one did bear  
100 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,

**ROSS**

The king was happy to hear of your success, Macbeth. Whenever he hears the story of your exploits in the fight against the rebels, he becomes so amazed it makes him speechless. He was also shocked to learn that on the same day you fought the rebels you also fought against the army of Norway, and that you weren't the least bit afraid of death, even as you killed everyone around you. Messenger after messenger delivered news of your bravery to the king with praise for how you defended his

## Original Text

And poured them down before him.

**ANGUS**

We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks,  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

**ROSS**

105 And, for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,  
For it is thine.

**BANQUO**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me  
110 In borrowed robes?

**ANGUS**

Who was the thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
115 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labored in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

## Modern Text

country.

**ANGUS**

The king sent us to give you his thanks and to  
bring you to him. Your real reward won't come  
from us.

**ROSS**

And to give you a taste of what's in store for you,  
he told me to call you the thane of Cawdor. So  
hail, thane of Cawdor! That title belongs to you  
now.

**BANQUO**

*(shocked)* Can the devil tell the truth?

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor is still alive. Why are you  
putting his clothes on me?

**ANGUS**

The man who was the thane of Cawdor is still  
alive, but he's been sentenced to death, and he  
deserves to die. I don't know whether he fought  
on Norway's side, or if he secretly aided the  
rebels, or if he fought with both of our enemies.  
But his treason, which has been proven, and to  
which he's confessed, means he's finished.

## Act 1, Scene 3, Page 6

**MACBETH**

*(aside)* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is

120 behind. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Thanks for your  
pains.  
*(aside to BANQUO)* Do you not hope your children  
shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

**BANQUO**

That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.  
125 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.  
*(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS** move to one side

**MACBETH**

130 *(aside)* Two truths are told,

**MACBETH**

*(to himself)* It's just like they said—now I'm the  
thane of Glamis and the thane of Cawdor. And  
the best part of what they predicted is still to  
come. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Thank you for the  
news. *(speaking so that only BANQUO can  
hear)* Aren't you beginning to hope your children  
will be kings? After all, the witches who said I  
was thane of Cawdor promised them nothing  
less.

**BANQUO**

If you trust what they say, you might be on your  
way to becoming king, as well as thane of  
Cawdor. But this whole thing is strange. The  
agents of evil often tell us part of the truth in  
order to lead us to our destruction. They earn our  
trust by telling us the truth about little things, but  
then they betray us when it will damage us the  
most. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Gentlemen, I'd like  
to have a word with you, please.

**ROSS, ANGUS, and BANQUO** move to one  
side.

**MACBETH**

*(to himself)* So far the witches have told me two

## Original Text

As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* I  
thank you, gentlemen.  
*(aside)* This supernatural soliciting  
135 Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
140 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

## Act 1, Scene 3, Page 7

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man  
That function is smothered in surmise,  
145 And nothing is but what is not.

**BANQUO**

Look how our partner's rapt.

**MACBETH**

*(aside)* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me  
Without my stir.

**BANQUO**

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

**MACBETH**

*(aside)* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

**BANQUO**

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

**MACBETH**

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

**BANQUO**

Very gladly.

**MACBETH**

Till then, enough. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Come,  
friends.

## Modern Text

things that came true, so it seems like this will  
culminate in my becoming  
king. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Thank you,  
gentlemen. *(to himself)* This supernatural  
temptation doesn't seem like it can be a bad  
thing, but it can't be good either. If it's a bad  
thing, why was I promised a promotion that  
turned out to be true? Now I'm the thane of  
Cawdor, just like they said I would be. But if this  
is a good thing, why do I find myself thinking  
about murdering King Duncan, a thought so  
horrifying that it makes my hair stand on end and  
my heart pound inside my chest? The dangers  
that actually threaten me here and now frighten  
me less than the horrible things I'm imagining.

Even though it's just a fantasy so far, the mere  
thought of committing murder shakes me up so  
much that I hardly know who I am anymore. My  
ability to act is stifled by my thoughts and  
speculations, and the only things that matter to  
me are things that don't really exist.

**BANQUO**

Look at Macbeth—he's in a daze.

**MACBETH**

*(to himself)* If fate wants me to be king, perhaps  
fate will just make it happen and I won't have to  
do anything.

**BANQUO**

*(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Macbeth is not used to  
his new titles. They're like new clothes: they  
don't fit until you break them in over time.

**MACBETH**

*(to himself)* One way or another, what's going to  
happen is going to happen.

**BANQUO**

Good Macbeth, we're ready when you are.

**MACBETH**

I beg your pardon; I was distracted. Kind  
gentlemen, I won't forget the trouble you've  
taken for me whenever I think of this day. Let's  
go to the king. *(speaking so that  
only BANQUO can hear)* Think about what  
happened today, and when we've both had time  
to consider things, let's talk.

**BANQUO**

Absolutely.

**MACBETH**

Until then, we've said  
enough. *(to ROSS and ANGUS)* Let's go, my

## Original Text

## Modern Text

friends.

*Exeunt**They all exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 4

*Flourish. Enter KING***DUNCAN, LENNOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, and attendants***A trumpet fanfare sounds. KING***DUNCAN, LENNOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, and their attendants enter.****DUNCAN**

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

**DUNCAN**

Has the former thane of Cawdor been executed  
yet? Haven't the people in charge of that come  
back?

**MALCOLM**

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

**MALCOLM**

My king, they haven't come back yet. But I spoke  
with someone who saw Cawdor die, and he said  
that Cawdor openly confessed his treasons,  
begged your highness's forgiveness, and  
repented deeply. He never did anything in his  
whole life that looked as good as the way he died.  
He died like someone who had practiced how to  
toss away his most cherished possession as if it  
were a worthless a piece of garbage.

**DUNCAN**

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

**DUNCAN**

There's no way to read a man's mind by looking  
at his face. I trusted Cawdor completely.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS*

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

*MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS enter.*

*(to MACBETH)* My worthiest kinsman! Just this  
moment I was feeling guilty for not having  
thanked you enough. You have done so much for  
me so fast that it has been impossible to reward  
you properly. If you deserved less, then perhaps  
my payment would have matched your deeds! All  
I can say is that I owe you more than I can ever  
repay.

## Act 1, Scene 4, Page 2

**MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

The opportunity to serve you is its own reward.  
Your only duty, your highness, is to accept what  
we owe you. Our duty to you and your state is like  
the duty of children to their father or servants to  
their master. By doing everything we can to  
protect you, we're only doing what we should.

**DUNCAN**

Welcome hither.  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
30 To make thee full of growing. *(to BANQUO)* Noble  
Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known

**DUNCAN**

You are welcome here. By making you thane of  
Cawdor, I have planted the seeds of a great  
career for you, and I will make sure they  
grow. *(to BANQUO)* Noble Banquo, you deserve  
no less than Macbeth, and everyone should know

## Original Text

No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

**BANQUO**

There, if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

**DUNCAN**

My plenteous joys,  
35 Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
40 The prince of Cumberland; which honor must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. (to MACBETH) From hence to  
Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

**MACBETH**

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

**DUNCAN**

My worthy Cawdor!

## Modern Text

it. Let me bring you close to me and give you the  
benefit of my love and good will.

**BANQUO**

Then if I accomplish anything great, it will be a  
credit to you.

**DUNCAN**

My joy is so overwhelming it brings tears to my  
eyes. My sons, relatives, lords, and all those  
closest to me, I want you to witness that I will  
bestow my kingdom on my eldest son, Malcolm.  
Today I name him the prince of Cumberland. But  
Malcolm isn't going to be alone in receiving  
honors—titles of nobility will shine like stars on all  
of you who deserve them. (to MACBETH) And  
now, let's go to your castle at Inverness, where I  
will become even more obliged to you because of  
your hospitality.

**MACBETH**

I'm not happy unless I can be working for you. I  
will go ahead and bring my wife the good news  
that you are coming. With that, I'll be off.

**DUNCAN**

My worthy Cawdor!

## Act 1, Scene 4, Page 3

**MACBETH**

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

Exit

**DUNCAN**

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

Flourish. Exeunt

**MACBETH**

(to himself) Malcolm is now the prince of  
Cumberland! To become king myself, I'm either  
going to have to step over him or give up,  
because he's in my way. Stars, hide your light so  
no one can see the terrible desires within me. I  
won't let my eye look at what my hand is doing,  
but in the end I'm still going to do that thing I'd be  
horrified to see.

**MACBETH** exits.

**DUNCAN**

(to BANQUO, in the middle of a conversation we  
haven't heard) You're right, Banquo. Macbeth is  
every bit as valiant as you say, and I am satisfied  
with these praises of him. Let's follow after him,  
now that he has gone ahead to prepare our  
welcome. He is a man without equal.

Trumpet fanfare. They exit.

## Act 1, Scene 5

Enter **LADY MACBETH**, alone, with a letter

**LADY MACBETH**

(reading) "They met me in the day of success, and I  
have learned by the perfectest report they have more

**LADY MACBETH** enters, reading a letter.

**LADY MACBETH**

"The witches met me on the day of my victory in  
battle, and I have since learned that they have

## Original Text

in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor,' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

- Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness  
5 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst  
highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
10 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ld'st have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do," if thou have it,  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
15 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter **SERVANT**

## Act 1, Scene 5, Page 2

What is your tidings?

**SERVANT**

The king comes here tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou 'rt mad to say it.

- 20 Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so,  
Would have informed for preparation?

**SERVANT**

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

- 25 Than would make up his message.

**LADY MACBETH**

Give him tending.  
He brings great news.

Exit **SERVANT**

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

## Modern Text

supernatural knowledge. When I tried desperately to question them further, they vanished into thin air. While I stood spellbound, messengers from the king arrived and greeted me as the thane of Cawdor, which is precisely how the weird sisters had saluted me before calling me 'the future king!' I thought I should tell you this news, my dearest partner in greatness, so that you could rejoice along with me about the greatness that is promised to us. Keep it secret, and farewell."

*(she looks up from the letter)* You are thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and you're going to be king, just like you were promised. But I worry about whether or not you have what it takes to seize the crown. You are too full of the milk of human kindness to strike aggressively at your first opportunity. You want to be powerful, and you don't lack ambition, but you don't have the mean streak that these things call for. The things you want to do, you want to do like a good man. You don't want to cheat, yet you want what doesn't belong to you. There's something you want, but you're afraid to do what you need to do to get it. You want it to be done for you. Hurry home so I can persuade you and talk you out of whatever's keeping you from going after the crown. After all, fate and witchcraft both seem to want you to be king.

A **SERVANT** enters.

What news do you bring?

**SERVANT**

The king is coming here tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

You must be crazy to say that! Isn't Macbeth with the king, and wouldn't Macbeth have told me in advance so I could prepare, if the king were really coming?

**SERVANT**

I'm sorry, but it's the truth. Macbeth is coming. He sent a messenger ahead of him who arrived here so out of breath that he could barely speak his message.

**LADY MACBETH**

Take good care of him. He brings great news.

The **SERVANT** exits.

So the messenger is short of breath, like a hoarse raven, as he announces Duncan's entrance into

## Original Text

- 30 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
- 35 That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances
- 40 You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry "Hold, hold!"

## Modern Text

my fortress, where he will die. Come, you spirits that assist murderous thoughts, make me less like a woman and more like a man, and fill me from head to toe with deadly cruelty! Thicken my blood and clog up my veins so I won't feel remorse, so that no human compassion can stop my evil plan or prevent me from accomplishing it! Come to my female breast and turn my mother's milk into poisonous acid, you murdering demons, wherever you hide, invisible and waiting to do evil! Come, thick night, and cover the world in the darkest smoke of hell, so that my sharp knife can't see the wound it cuts open, and so heaven can't peep through the darkness and cry, "No! Stop!"

## Act 1, Scene 5, Page 3

*Enter MACBETH*

- 45 Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter,  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,

- 50 Duncan comes here tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

- 55 Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch,
- 60 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Only look up clear.

To alter favor ever is to fear.

- 65 Leave all the rest to me.

*MACBETH enters.*

Great thane of Glamis! Worthy thane of Cawdor!  
You'll soon be greater than both those titles, once  
you become king! Your letter has transported me  
from the present moment, when who knows what  
will happen, and has made me feel like the future  
is already here.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love, Duncan is coming here tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when is he leaving?

**MACBETH**

He plans to leave tomorrow.

**LADY MACBETH**

That day will never come. Your face betrays  
strange feelings, my lord, and people will be able  
to read it like a book. In order to deceive them,  
you must appear the way they expect you to look.  
Greet the king with a welcoming expression in  
your eyes, your hands, and your words. You  
should look like an innocent flower, but be like the  
snake that hides underneath the flower. The king  
is coming, and he's got to be taken care of. Let  
me handle tonight's preparations, because  
tonight will change every night and day for the  
rest of our lives.

**MACBETH**

We will speak about this further.

**LADY MACBETH**

You should project a peaceful mood, because if  
you look troubled, you will arouse suspicion.

Leave all the rest to me.

*Exeunt*

*They exit.*

## Original Text

## Modern Text

## Act 1, Scene 6

*hautboys and torches. Enter KING  
DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNO  
OX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and attendants*

*The stage is lit by  
torches. Hautboys play. DUNCAN enters, together  
with MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNO  
X, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and their  
attendants.*

**DUNCAN**

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

**DUNCAN**

This castle is in a pleasant place. The air is sweet  
and appeals to my refined senses.

**BANQUO**

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

**BANQUO**

The fact that this summer bird, the house martin,  
builds his nests here proves how inviting the  
breezes are. There isn't a single protrusion in the  
castle walls where these birds haven't built their  
hanging nests to sleep and breed. I've noticed that  
they always like to settle and mate where the air is  
the nicest.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

*LADY MACBETH enters.*

**DUNCAN**

See, see, our honored hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

**DUNCAN**

Look, here comes our honored hostess! Sometimes  
the love my subjects bring me is inconvenient, but I  
still accept it as love. In doing so, I'm teaching you  
to thank me for the inconvenience I'm causing you by  
being here, because it comes from my love to you.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Everything we're doing for you, even if it were  
doubled and then doubled again, is nothing  
compared to the honors you have brought to our  
family. We gladly welcome you as our guests, with  
gratitude for both the honors you've given us before  
and the new honors you've just given us.

## Act 1, Scene 6, Page 2

**DUNCAN**

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

**DUNCAN**

Where is Macbeth, the thane of Cawdor? We  
followed closely after him. I hoped to arrive here  
before him, but he rides swiftly. And his great  
love, which is as sharp as his spur, helped him  
beat us here. Fair and noble hostess, we are your  
guests tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

We are your servants, your highness, and as  
always our house and everything in it is at your  
disposal, for after all, we keep it in your trust and  
we're glad to give you back what's yours.

**DUNCAN****DUNCAN**

**Original Text**

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

*Exeunt***Modern Text**

Give me your hand. Bring me to my host,  
 Macbeth. I love him dearly, and I shall continue to  
 favor him. Whenever you're ready, hostess.

*They all exit.***Act 1, Scene 7**

*Hautboys. Torches. Enter a sewer and divers  
 servants with dishes and service over the stage.  
 Then enter **MACBETH***

**MACBETH**

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

*Hautboys play. The stage is lit by torches. A  
 butler enters, and various servants carry utensils  
 and dishes of food across the stage.  
 Then **MACBETH** enters.*

**MACBETH**

If this business would really be finished when I  
 did the deed, then it would be best to get it over  
 with quickly. If the assassination of the king could  
 work like a net, sweeping up everything and  
 preventing any consequences, then the murder  
 would be the be-all and end-all of the whole affair,  
 and I would gladly put my soul and the afterlife at  
 risk to do it. But for crimes like these there are still  
 punishments in this world. By committing violent  
 crimes we only teach other people to commit  
 violence, and the violence of our students will  
 come back to plague us teachers. Justice, being  
 equal to everyone, forces us to drink from the  
 poisoned cup that we serve to others. The king  
 trusts me in two ways. First of all, I am his  
 kinsman and his subject, so I should always try to  
 protect him. Second, I am his host, so I should be  
 closing the door in his murderer's face, not trying  
 to murder him myself. Besides, Duncan has been  
 such a humble leader, so free of corruption, that  
 his virtuous legacy will speak for him when he  
 dies, as if angels were playing trumpets against  
 the injustice of his murder. Pity, like an innocent  
 newborn baby, will ride the wind with winged  
 angels on invisible horses through the air to  
 spread news of the horrible deed to everyone  
 everywhere. People will shed a flood of tears that  
 will drown the wind like a horrible downpour of  
 rain. I can't spur myself to action. The only thing  
 motivating me is ambition, which makes people  
 rush ahead of themselves toward disaster.

**Act 1, Scene 7, Page 2***Enter **LADY MACBETH***

How now! What news?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

**MACBETH**

30 Hath he asked for me?

***LADY MACBETH** enters.*

What news do you have?

**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost finished dinner. Why did you leave the dining room?

**MACBETH**

Has he asked for me?

**Original Text****LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business.  
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
35 Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
40 To be the same in thine own act and valor  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
45 Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

**MACBETH**

Prithce, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was 't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
50 And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
now  
55 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**Modern Text****LADY MACBETH**

Don't you know he has?

**MACBETH**

We can't go on with this plan. The king has just  
honored me, and I have earned the good opinion  
of all sorts of people. I want to enjoy these honors  
while the feeling is fresh and not throw them  
away so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Were you drunk when you seemed so hopeful  
before? Have you gone to sleep and woken up  
green and pale in fear of this idea? From now on  
this is what I'll think of your love. Are you afraid to  
act the way you desire? Will you take the crown  
you want so badly, or will you live as a coward,  
always saying "I can't" after you say "I want to"?  
You're like the poor cat in the old story.

**MACBETH**

Please, stop! I dare to do only what is proper for a  
man to do. He who dares to do more is not a man  
at all.

**LADY MACBETH**

If you weren't a man, then what kind of animal  
were you when you first told me you wanted to do  
this? When you dared to do it, that's when you  
were a man. And if you go one step further by  
doing what you dared to do before, you'll be that  
much more the man. The time and place weren't  
right before, but you would have gone ahead with  
the murder anyhow. Now the time and place are  
just right, but they're almost too good for you. I  
have suckled a baby, and I know how sweet it is  
to love the baby at my breast. But even as the  
baby was smiling up at me, I would have plucked  
my nipple out of its mouth and smashed its brains  
out against a wall if I had sworn to do that the  
same way you have sworn to do this.

**Act 1, Scene 7, Page 3****MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail?  
60 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
65 That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

**MACBETH**

But if we fail—

**LADY MACBETH**

We, fail? If you get your courage up, we can't fail.  
When Duncan is asleep—the day's hard journey  
has definitely made him tired—I'll get his two  
servants so drunk that their memory will go up in  
smoke through the chimneys of their brains.  
When they lie asleep like pigs, so drunk they'll be  
dead to the world, what won't you and I be able to  
do to the unguarded Duncan? And whatever we

## Original Text

A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 70 The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only,  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
 75 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
 That they have done 't?

## Act 1, Scene 7, Page 4

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
 Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up  
 80 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show.  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*

## Modern Text

do, we can lay all the blame on the drunken  
 servants.

**MACBETH**

May you only give birth to male children, because  
 your fearless spirit should create nothing that isn't  
 masculine. Once we have covered the two  
 servants with blood, and used their daggers to  
 kill, won't people believe that they were the  
 culprits?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who could think it happened any other way?  
 We'll be grieving loudly when we hear that  
 Duncan has died.

**MACBETH**

Now I'm decided, and I will exert every muscle in  
 my body to commit this crime. Go now, and  
 pretend to be a friendly hostess. Hide with a false  
 pleasant face what you know in your false, evil  
 heart.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 1

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before  
 him*

**BANQUO**

How goes the night, boy?

**FLEANCE**

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

**BANQUO**

And she goes down at twelve.

**FLEANCE**

I take 't 'tis later, sir.

**BANQUO**

Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;  
 5 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
 Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature  
 Gives way to in repose.

*Enter MACBETH and a SERVANT with a torch*

Give me my sword. Who's there?

**MACBETH**

10 A friend.

*BANQUO enters with FLEANCE, who lights the  
 way with a torch.*

**BANQUO**

How's the night going, boy?

**FLEANCE**

The moon has set. The clock hasn't struck yet.

**BANQUO**

The moon sets at twelve, right?

**FLEANCE**

I think it's later than that, sir.

**BANQUO**

Here, take my sword. The heavens are being  
 stingy with their light. Take this, too. I'm tired and  
 feeling heavy, but I can't sleep. Merciful powers,  
 keep away the nightmares that plague me when I  
 rest!

*MACBETH enters with a SERVANT, who carries  
 a torch.*

Give me my sword. Who's there?

**MACBETH**

A friend.