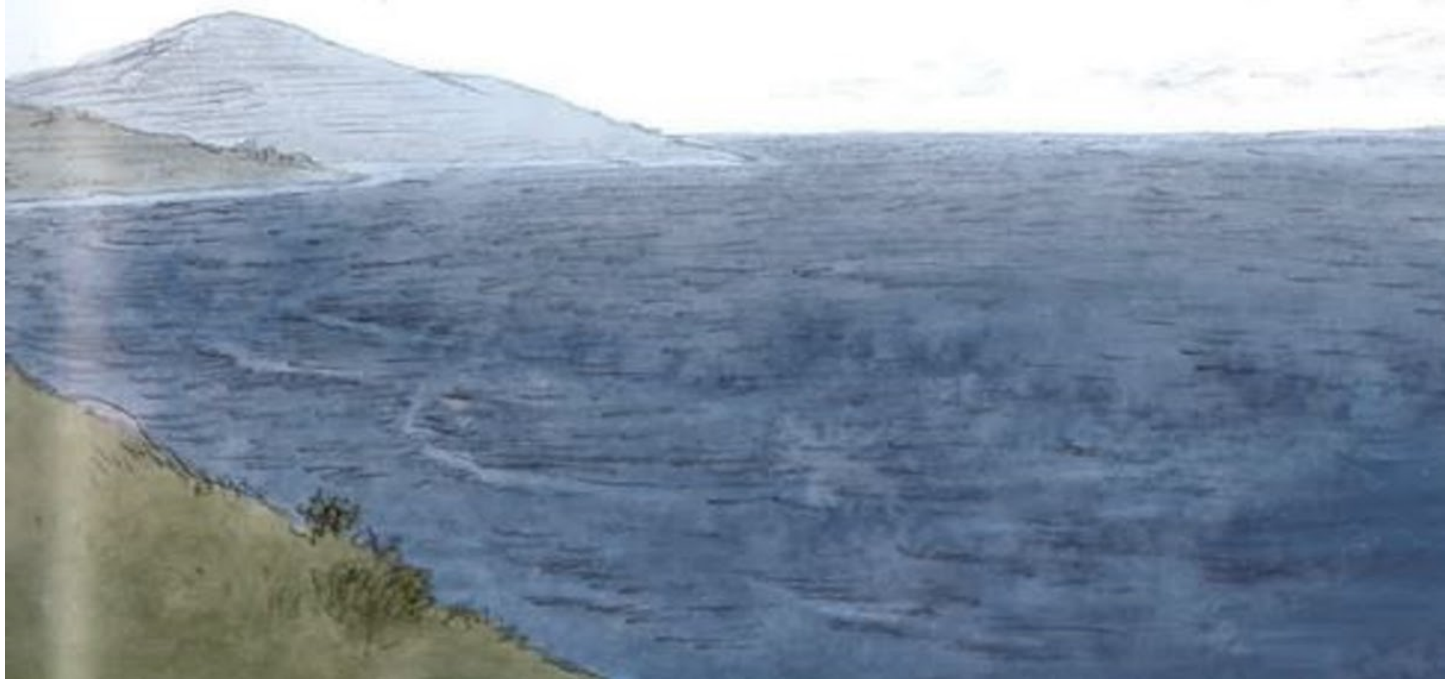


Macbeth

a play by William Shakespeare
adapted and illustrated by Gareth Hinds





CAITHNESS

ROSS

Inverness
(Macbeth's Castle)

Forres

Caudeo

LENNOX

Birnam Wood
Dungrace
Stone

Fife

SCOTLAND

IRELAND

ENGLAND

London

Dramatis Personae



DUNCAN
King of Scotland



MALCOLM and DONALBAIN
Duncan's sons



Three WITCHES



MACBETH and BANQUO
Generals of the king's army



LADY MACBETH



FLEANCE
Son of Banquo



SEYTON
An officer attending Macbeth



MACDUFF



LENNOX



ROSS



MENTETH



ANGUS



CAITHNESS

Thanes (noblemen) of Scotland



LADY MACDUFF



SIWARD
Earl of Northumberland and general of the English armies



MACDUFF'S SON



YOUNG SIWARD
His son



A DOCTOR



A CAPTAIN




A PORTER

Not pictured: Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, Gentlewomen, and Messengers; the Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions


ACT I: A deserted battlefield
somewhere in Scotland






When shall
we three meet
again?

In thunder,
lightning, or
in rain?




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

That will be
ere the set of
sun.




Where the place?



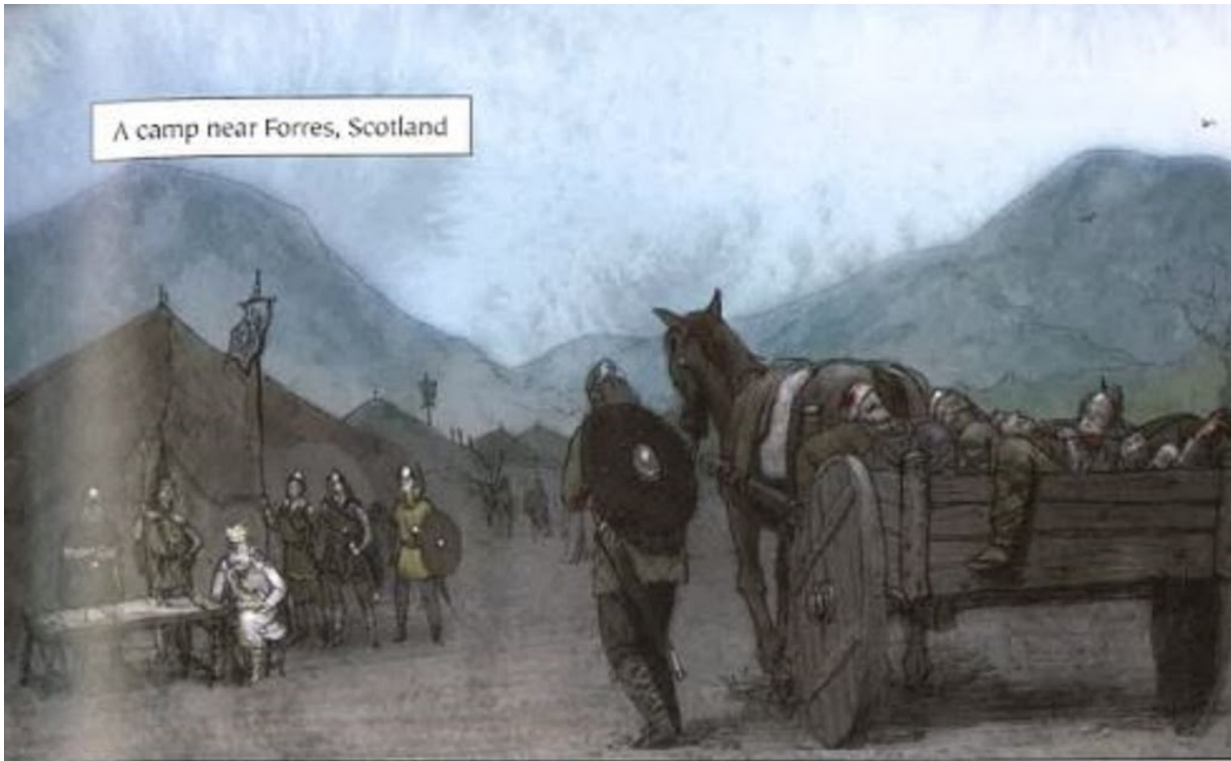
There to meet
with Macbeth.

Upon the
heath.

A black and white illustration of a misty forest. On the left, a large, dark, thatched-roof structure, possibly a hut or a large tree, dominates the foreground. In the background, a figure in a long, light-colored dress stands on a thick, dark tree branch, with arms raised. Another similar figure is visible in the distance, also with arms raised. The ground is covered in mist or fog, and the sky is a uniform, light grey. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image.

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

A camp near Forres, Scotland

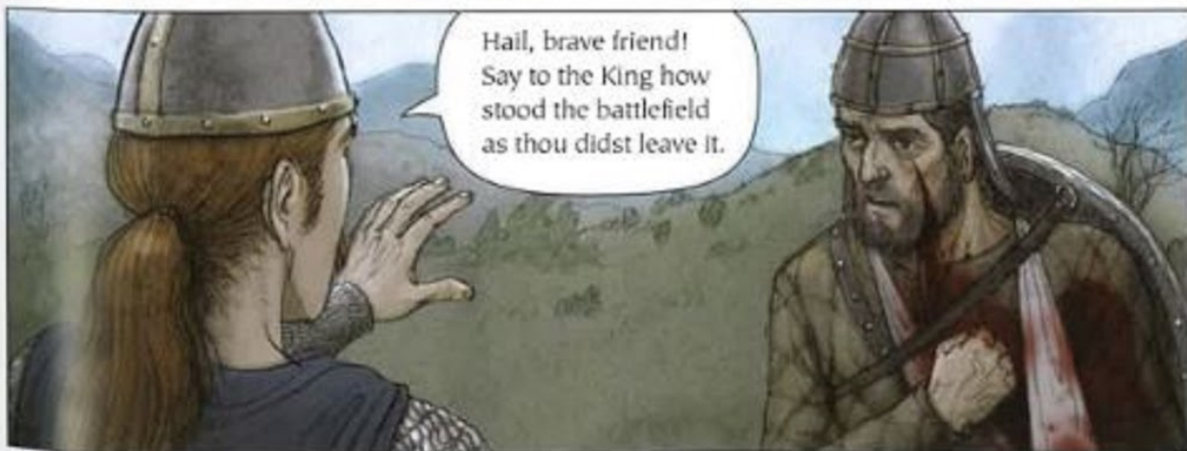


What bloody man is that? He can report, as seemeth by his plight, of how the battle goes.

Father, this is the sergeant who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought against my capture.



Hail, brave friend! Say to the King how stood the battlefield as thou didst leave it.





Doubtful it stood, as two spent swimmers that do grasp each other and choke for air.

The merciless Macdonwald from the Western Isles of ample men and weapons is supplied; and Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, showed like a rebel's whore.

But all to naught; for brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name — disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel, unseamed him from the nave to the chops, and fixed his head upon our battlements.



O valiant cousin!
Worthy gentleman!

No sooner had that army taken flight, but the Norwegian horde attacked afresh.

Dismayed not this our
captains, Macbeth
and Banquo?

As sparrows eagles, or
the hare the lion!

They were as cannons
overcharged with
double cracks, so they
doubly redoubled
strokes upon the foe.

But I am faint.
My gashes cry
for help.

So well thy words become
thee as thy wounds; they
smack of honor both.

Go get him
surgeons.





Who comes now?

The worthy Thane of Ross.

God save the King!



Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

From Fife, great king — where the Norwegian banners flout the sky and fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers, assisted by that most disloyal traitor, the Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict.

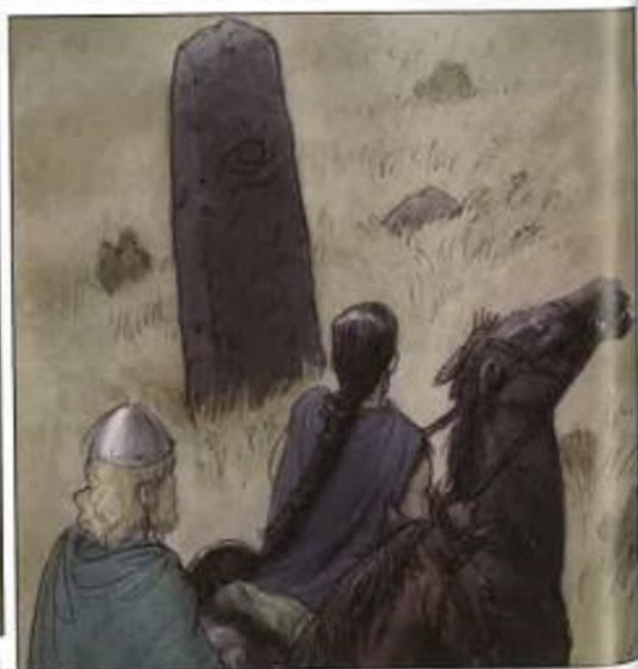
But brave Macbeth did meet him blow for blow, and in the end the victory fell on us.

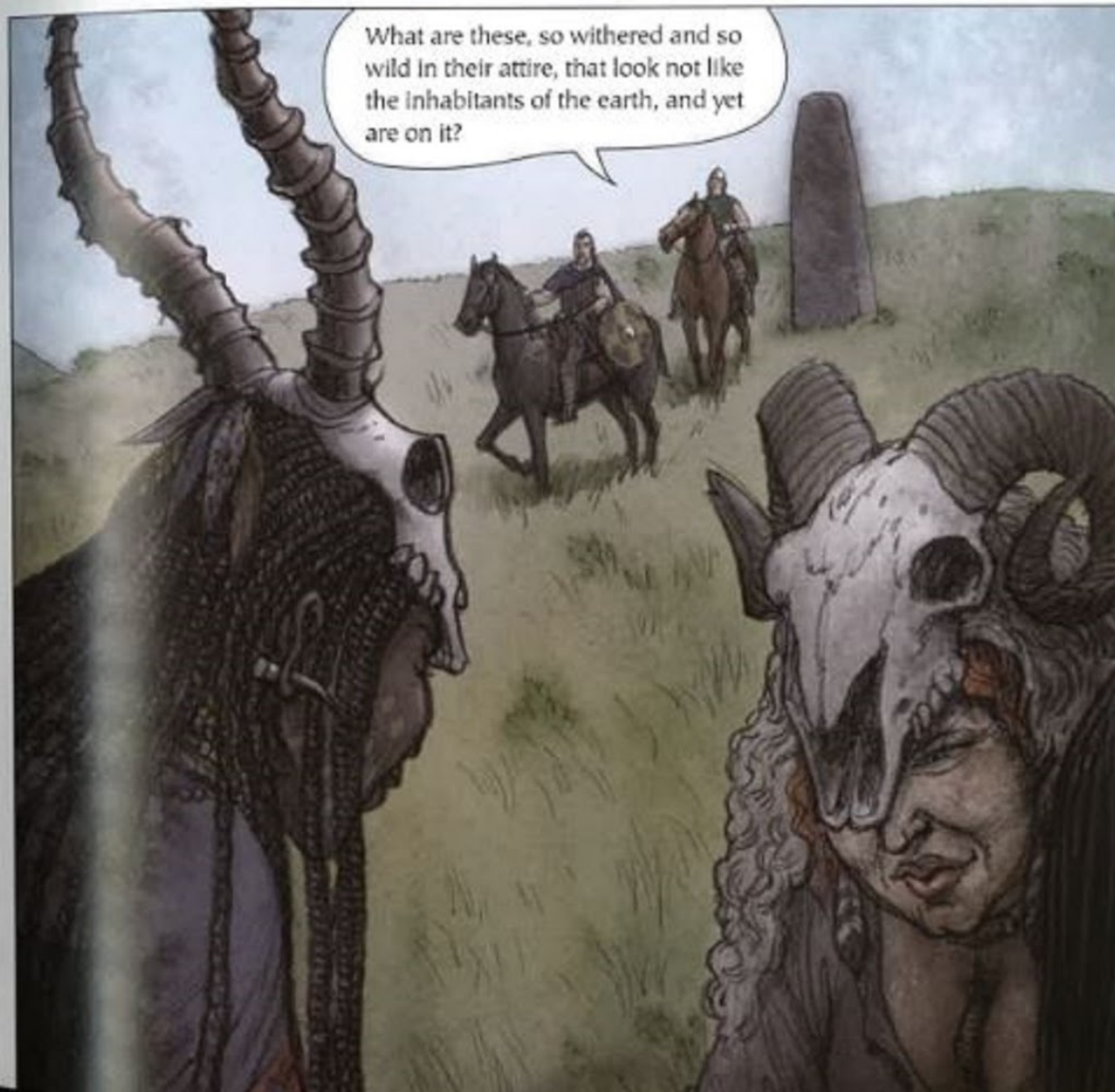


A heath near Forres

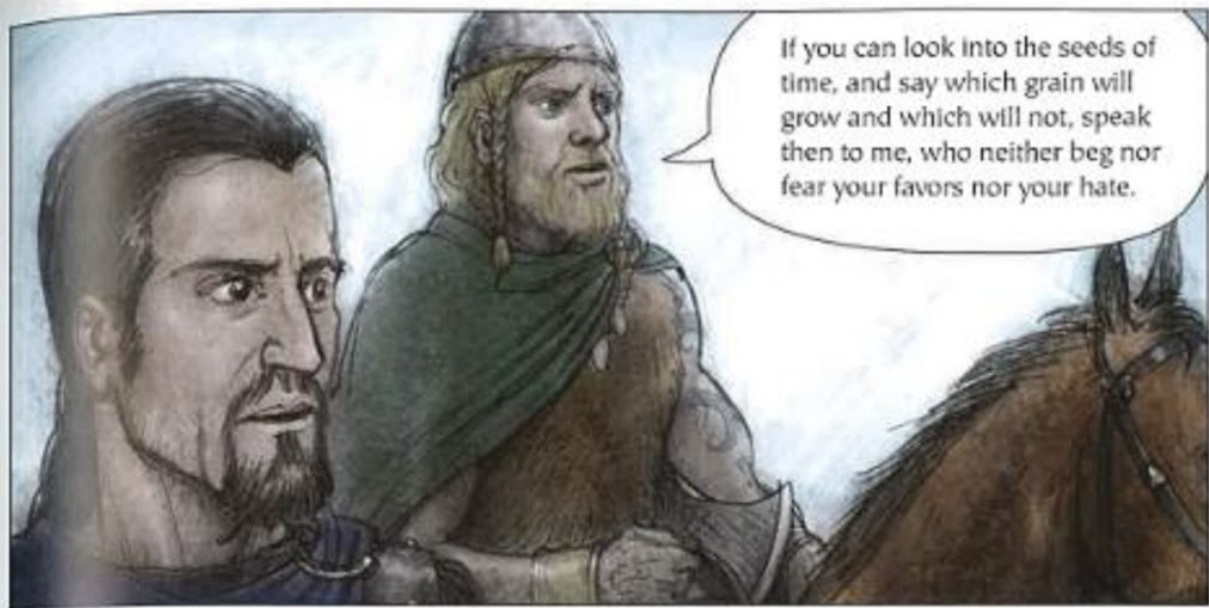


So foul and
fair a day
I have not
seen.









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.



Hail!

Hail!

Hail!



Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

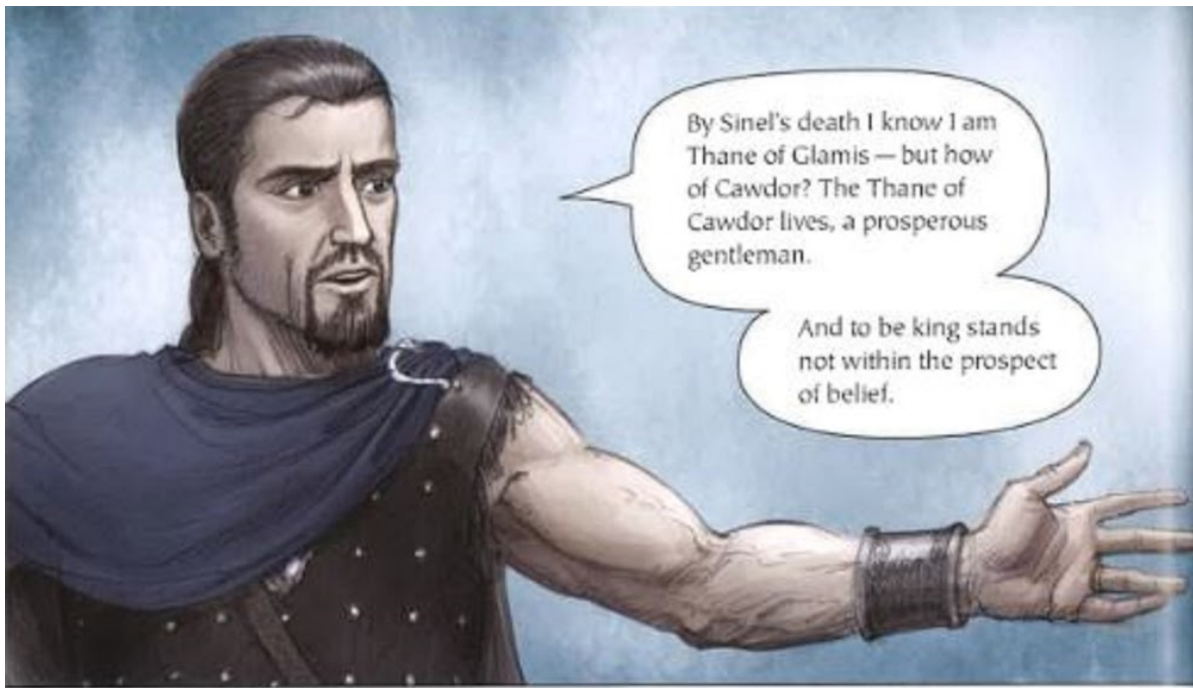
Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!



Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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.

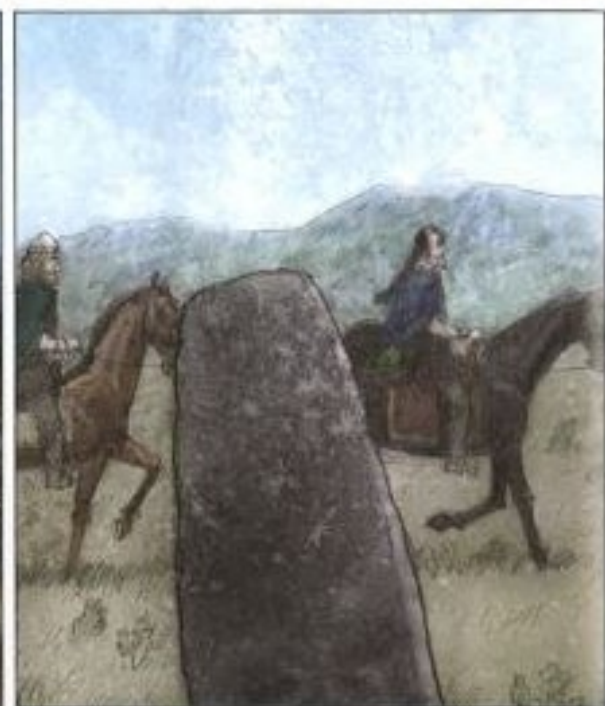
And to be king stands
not within the prospect
of belief.



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!







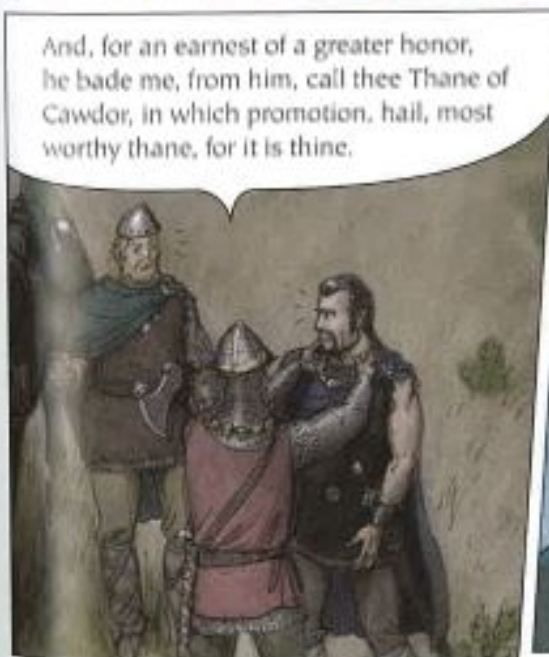
Who's here?

Ross and Angus.

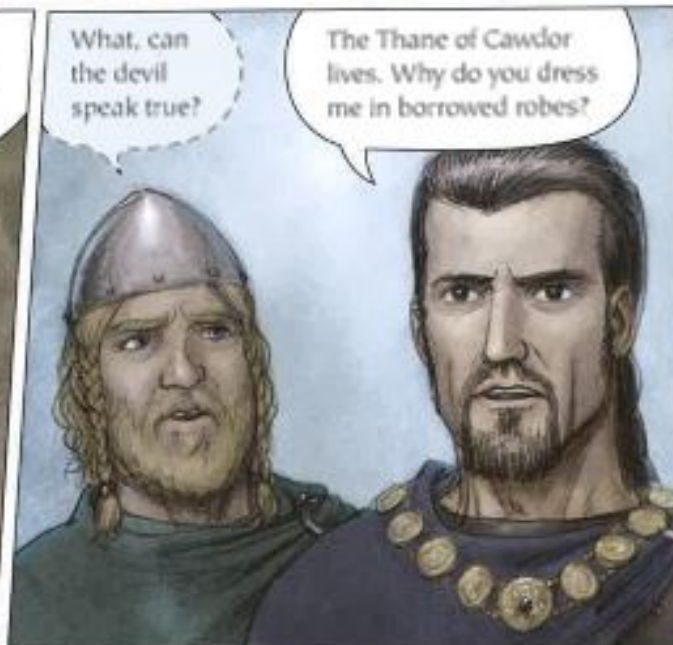


The King hath happily received, Macbeth, the news of thy success, and when he heard thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, his wonders and his praises did contend.

We are sent to give thee from our royal master thanks.

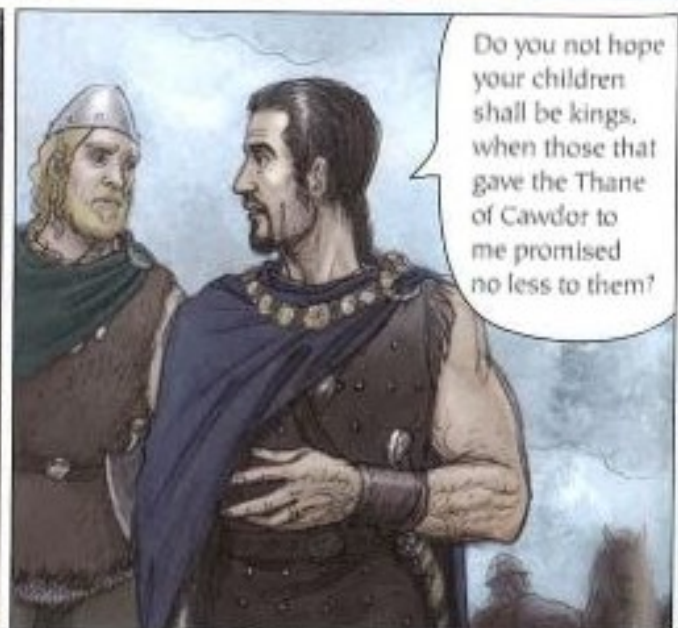
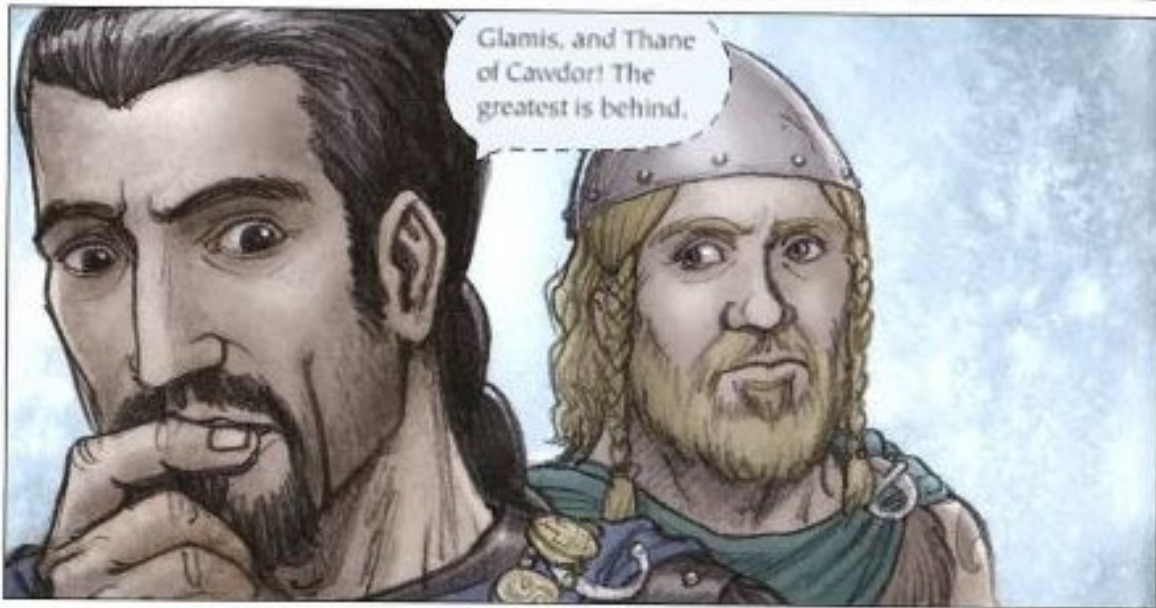


And, for an earnest of a greater honor, he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor, in which promotion, hail, most worthy thane, for it is thine.



What, can the devil speak true?

The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?





That, trusted home, might yet enkindle you unto the crown.



But oftentimes, to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths, win us with honest trifles, to betray us in deepest consequence.



Cousins, a word, I pray you.

This supernatural soliciting 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 and make my seated heart knock at my ribs, against the use of nature?



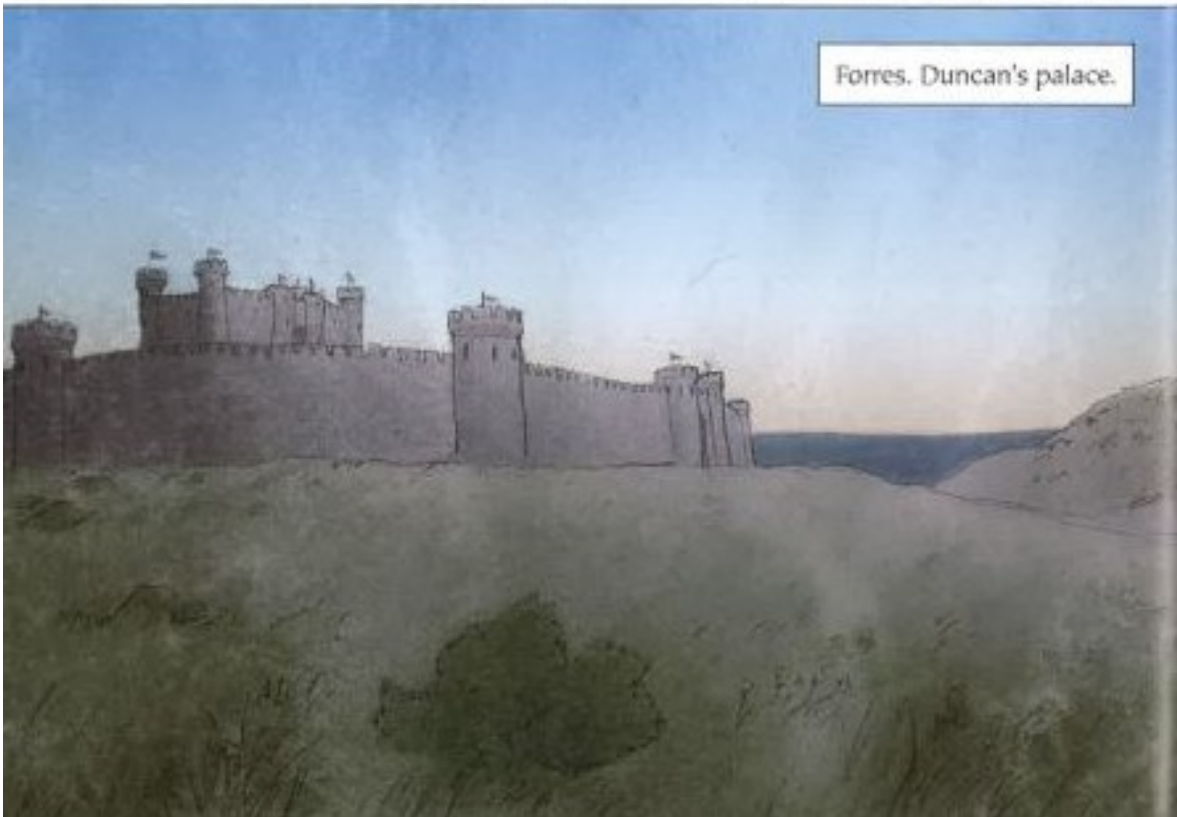
Look how our partner's rapt.

New honors come upon him like strange garments.

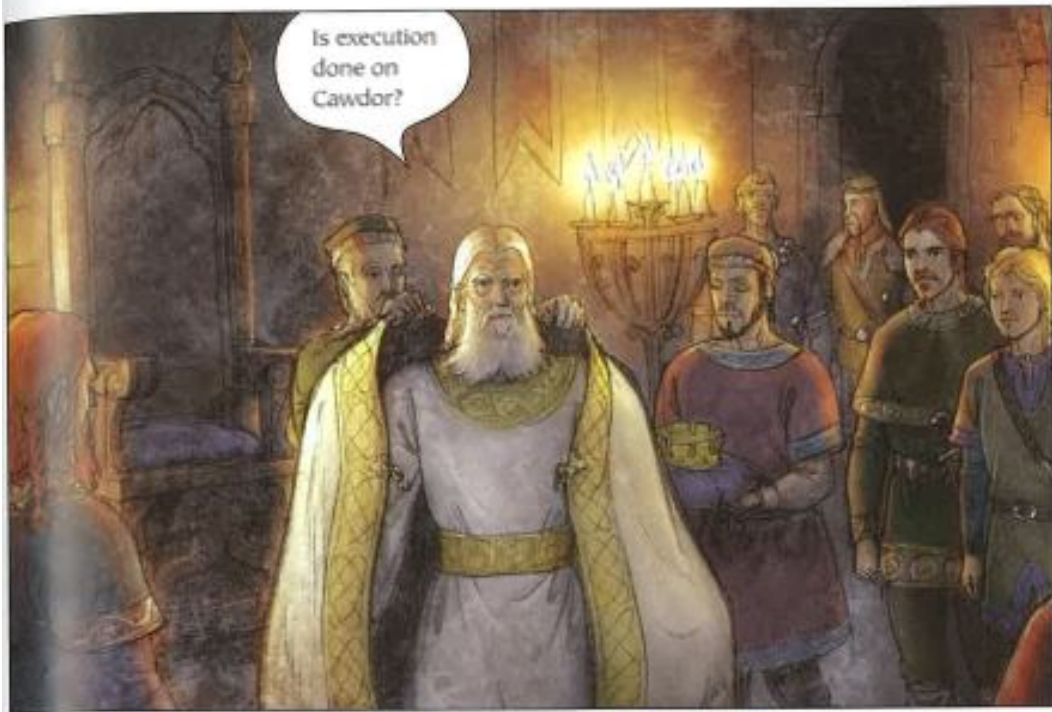


If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me without my stir.

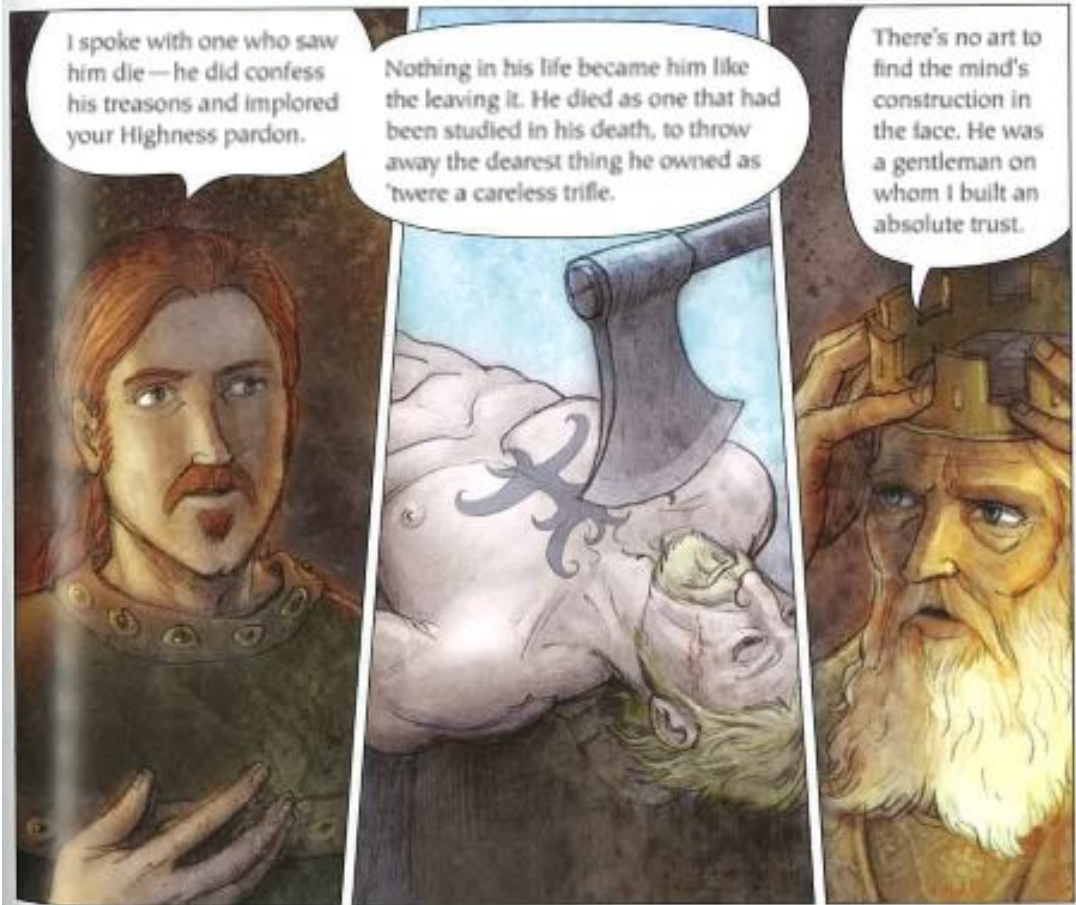
Come, friends.



Forres. Duncan's palace.



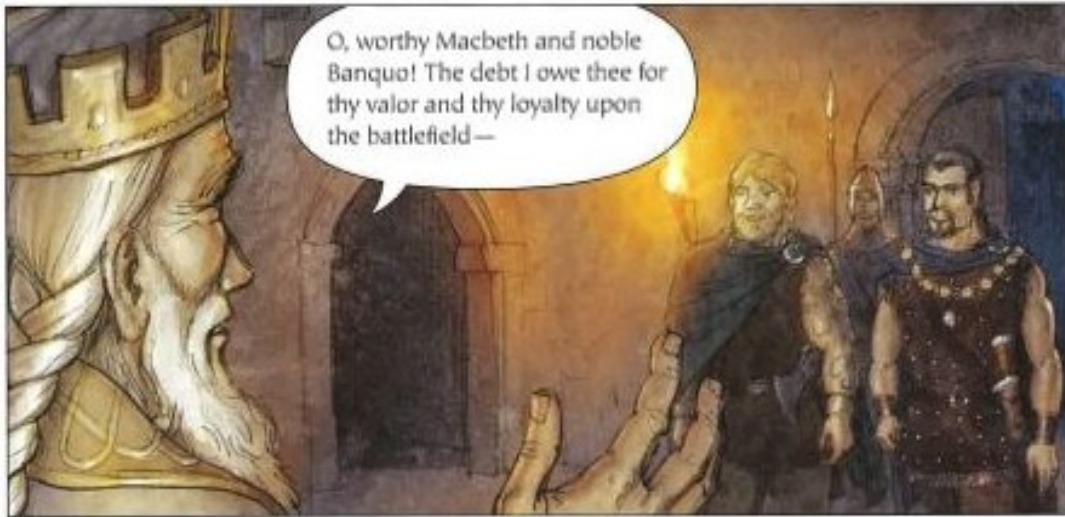
Is execution done on Cawdor?



I spoke with one who saw him die—he did confess his treasons and implored your Highness pardon.

Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it. He died as one that had been studied in his death, to throw away the dearest thing he owned as 'twere a careless trifle.

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



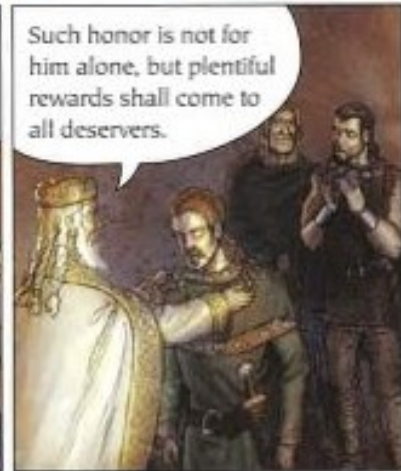
O, worthy Macbeth and noble Banquo! The debt I owe thee for thy valor and thy loyalty upon the battlefield—



Great King, our loyalty is its own reward.



Sons, kinsmen, thanes, hear this: we will establish our estate upon our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter Prince of Cumberland.

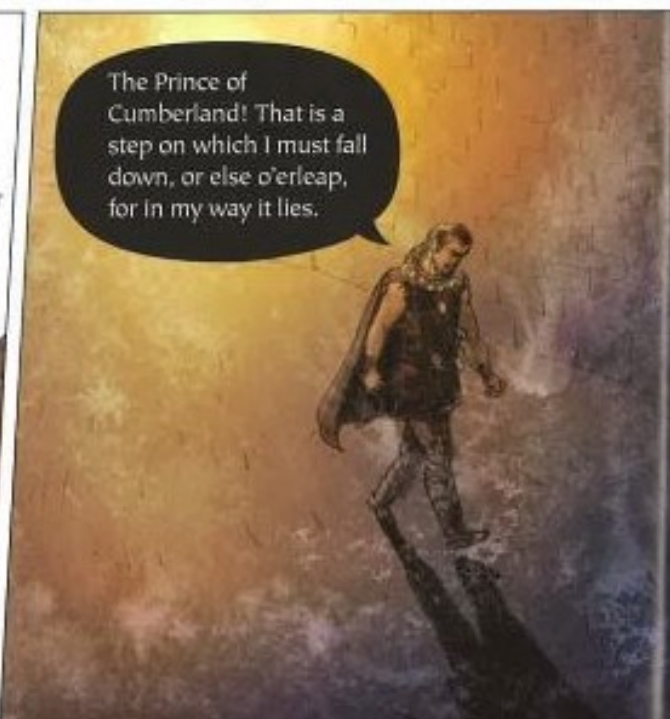


Such honor is not for him alone, but plentiful rewards shall come to all deservers.



From hence to Inverness, and bind us further to you.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful the hearing of my wife with your approach. So humbly take my leave.



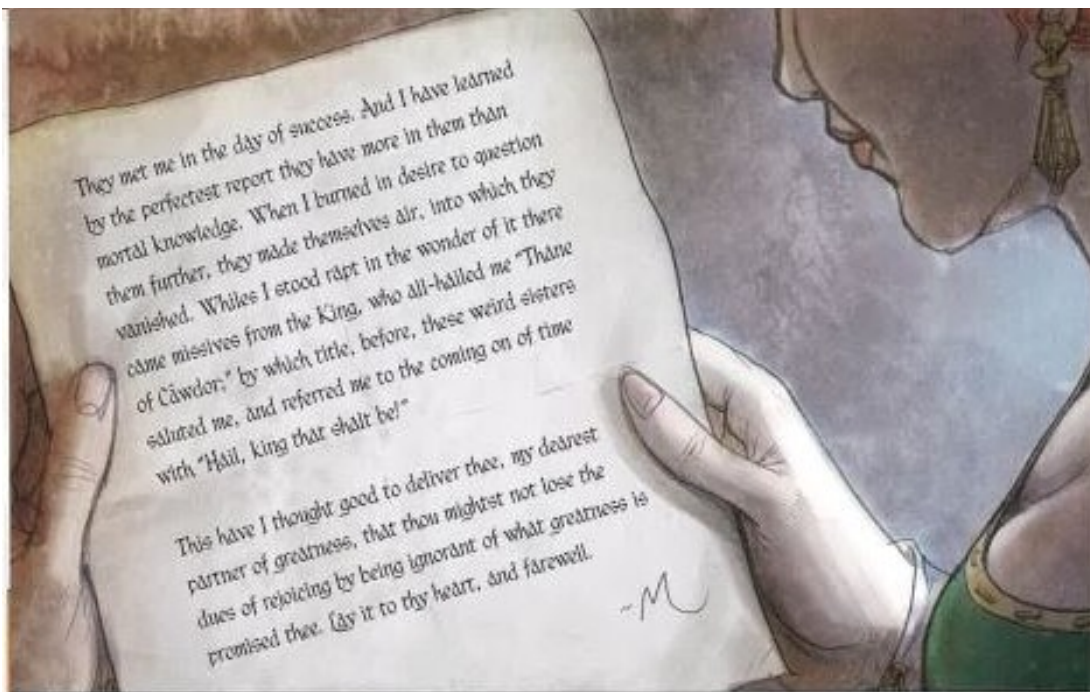
The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies.



Stars, hide your
fires; let not light
see my black and
deep desires.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.





Glamis thou art,
and Cawdor,
and shalt be
what thou art
promised.



Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily;
wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.



Hie thee hither,
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.

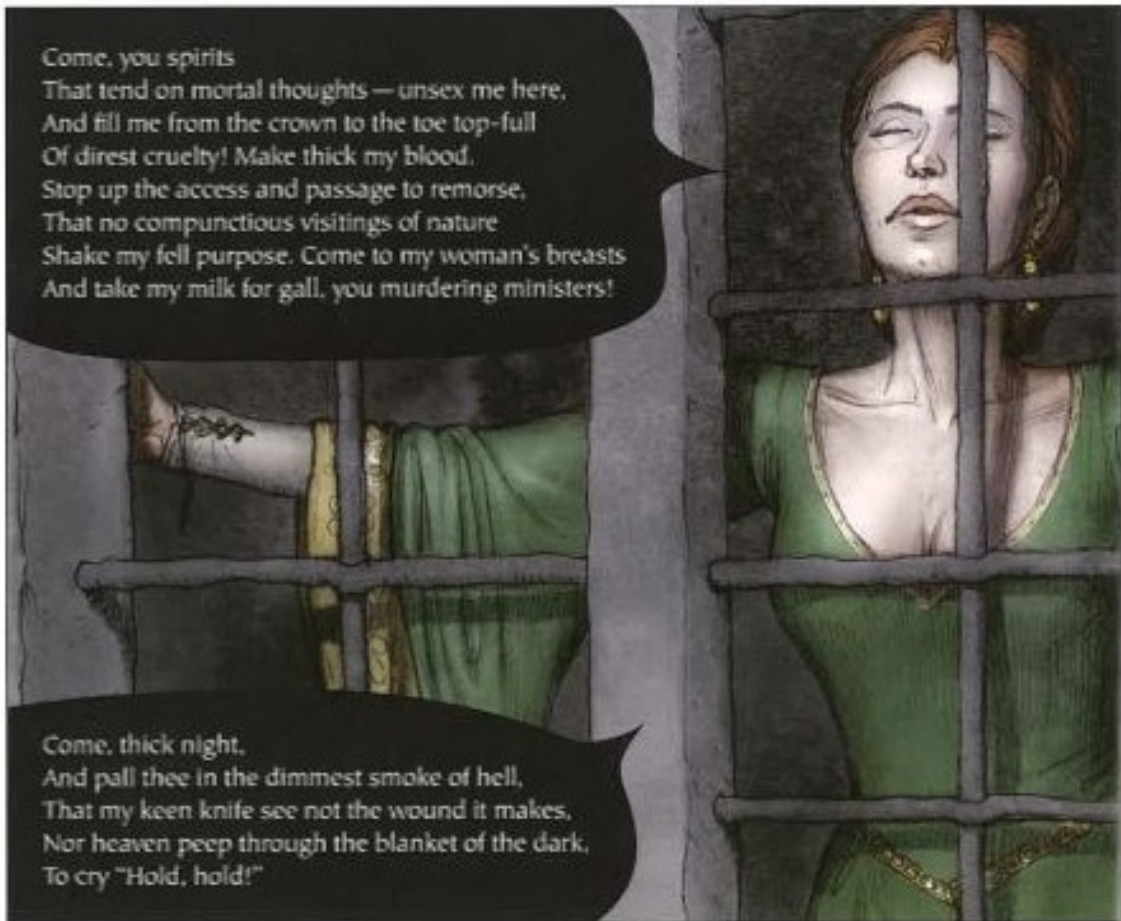


The raven himself is
hoarse that croaks the fatal
entrance of Duncan under
my battlements.



Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts — unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers!

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dimmest 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!"



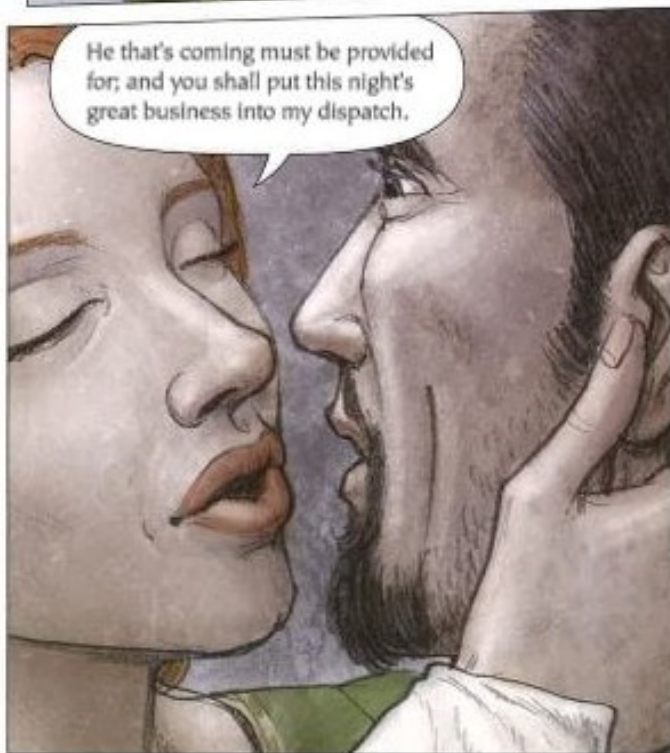
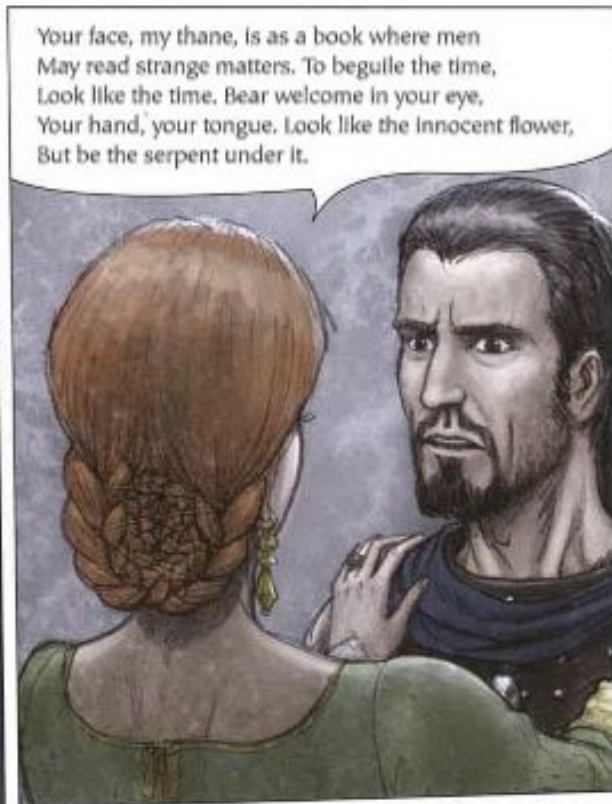


Great Glamis,
worthy Cawdor,
greater than both,
by the all-hail
hereafter!

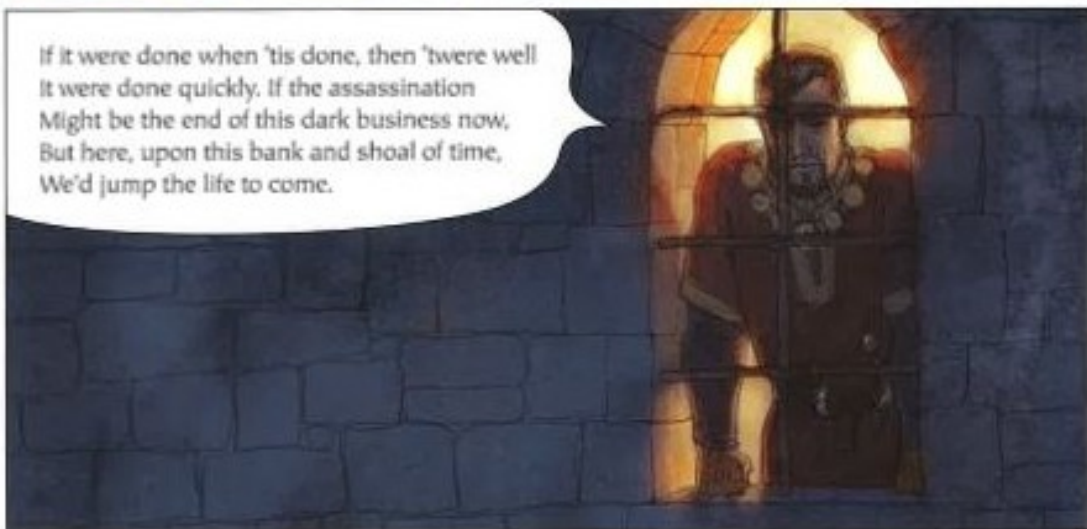
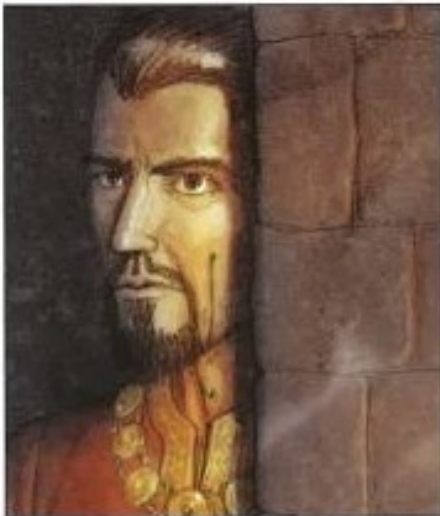


Thy letters have
transported me
beyond this
ignorant present,
and I feel now
the future in the
instant.

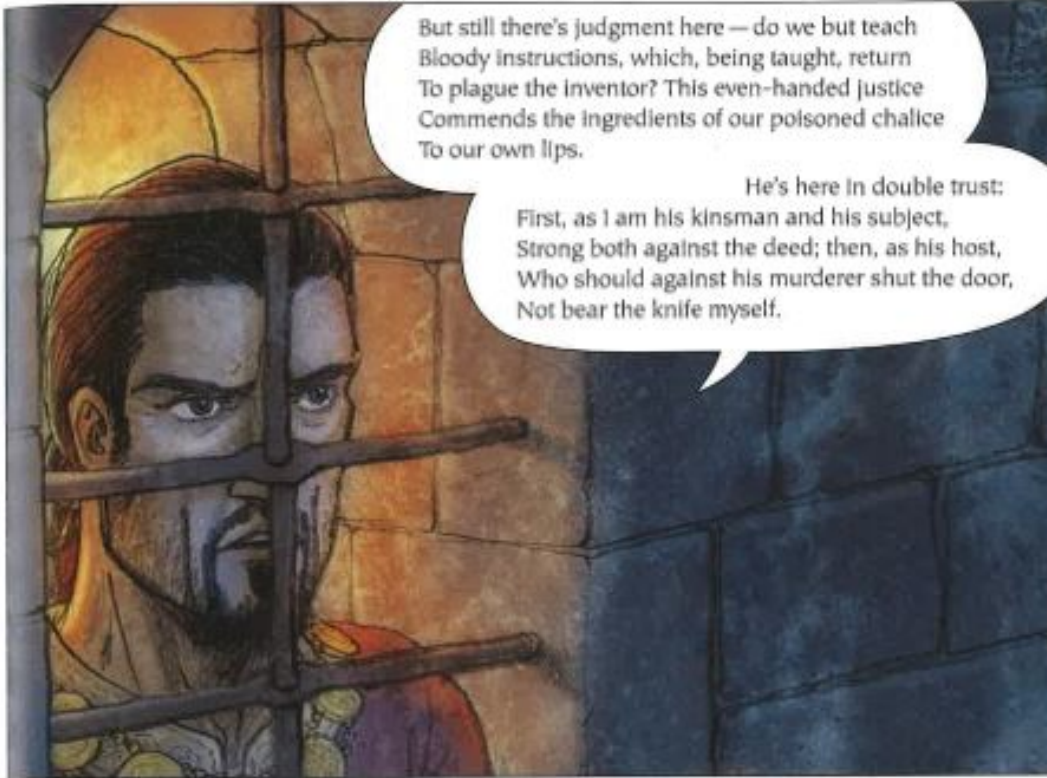
My dearest love,
Duncan comes
here tonight.





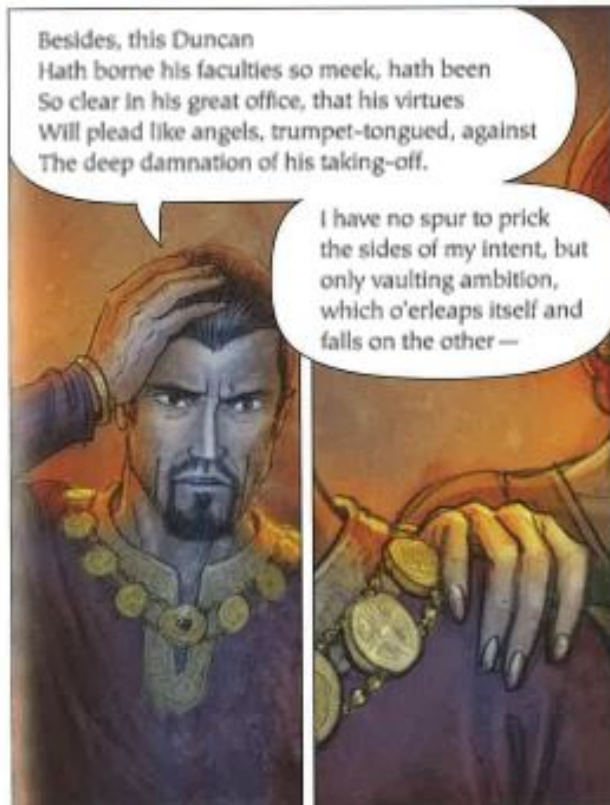


If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Might be the end of this dark business now,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.



But still there's judgment here — do we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the 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,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.



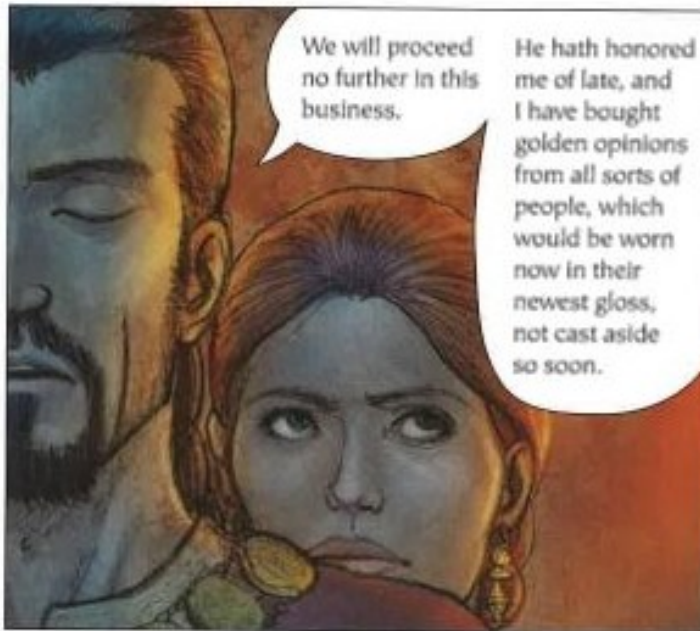
Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

I have no spur to prick
the sides of my intent, but
only vaulting ambition,
which o'erleaps itself and
falls on the other —



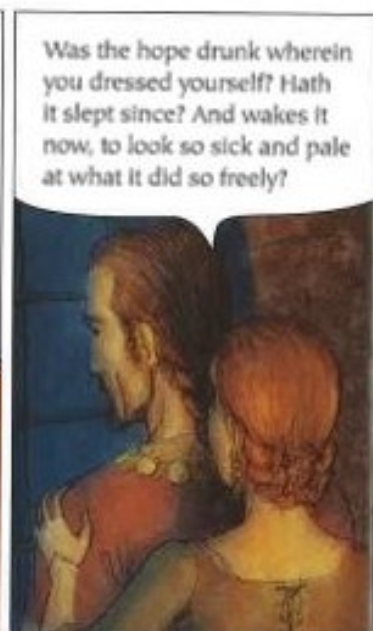
How now,
what news?

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

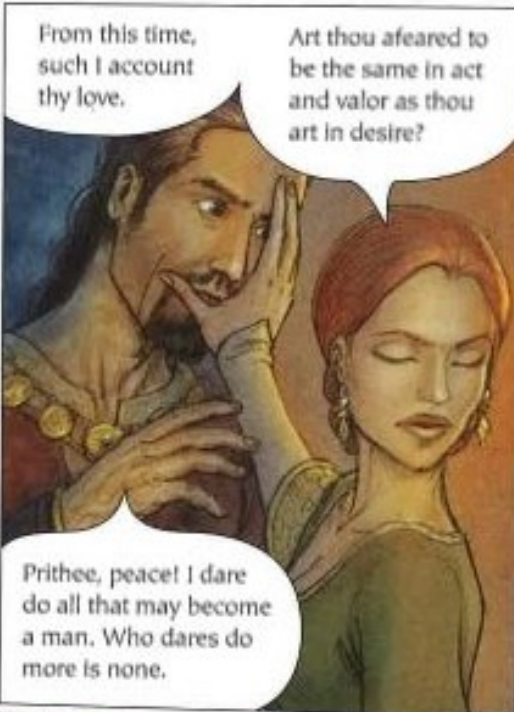


We will proceed no further in this business.

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, not cast aside so soon.



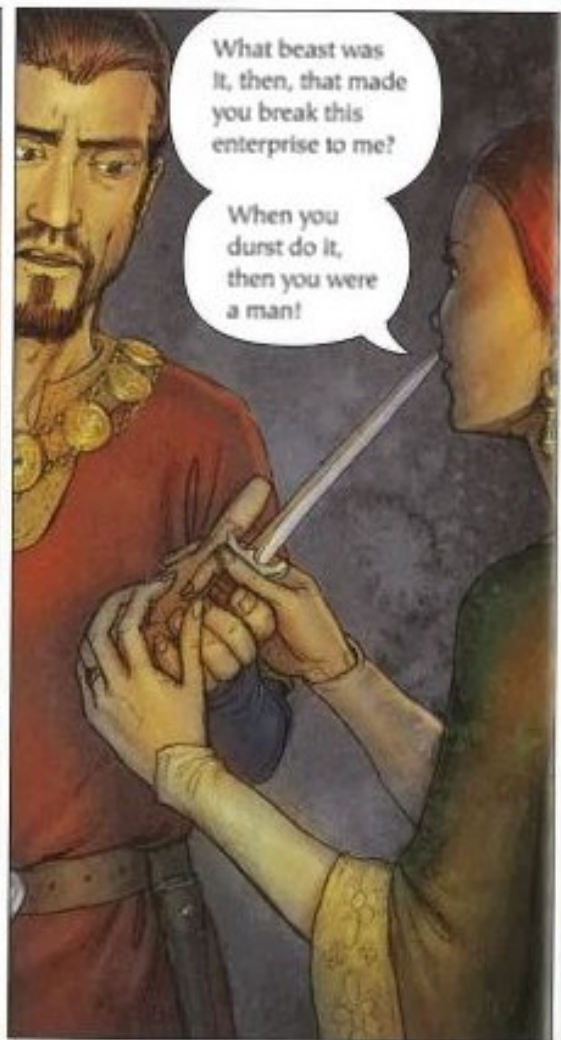
Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so sick and pale at what it did so freely?



From this time, such I account thy love.

Art thou afeared to be the same in act and valor as thou art in desire?

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



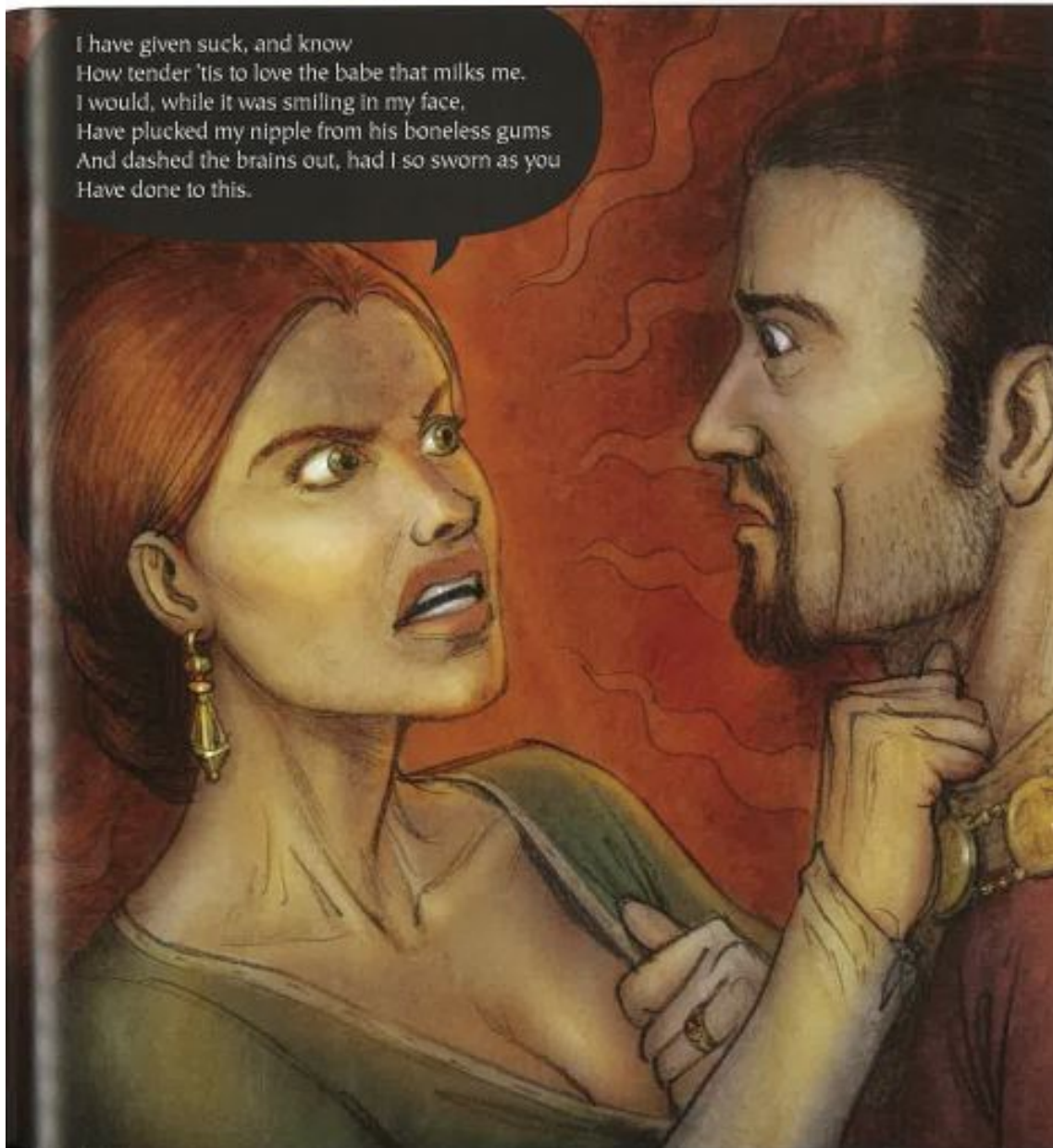
What beast was it, then, that made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man!

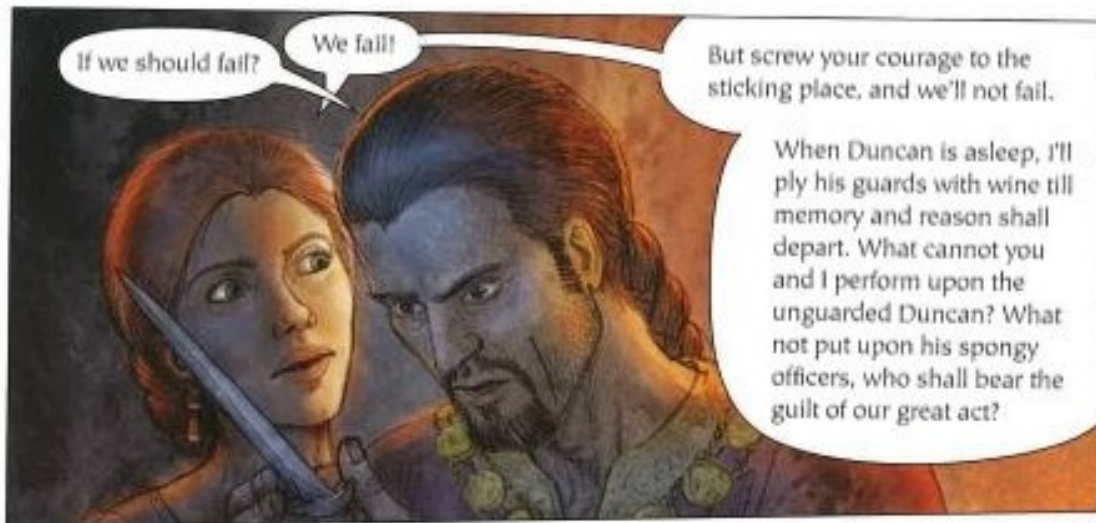




The time and place thou wished for then have made themselves, but now their fitness unmakes you!



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.



If we should fail?

We fail!

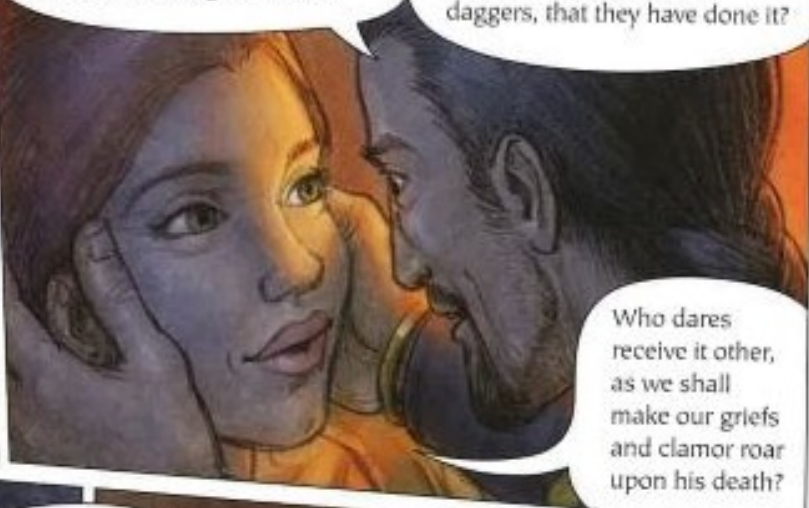
But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail.

When Duncan is asleep, I'll ply his guards with wine till memory and reason shall depart. What cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan? What not put upon his spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt of our great act?



Bring forth men-children only! For thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males.

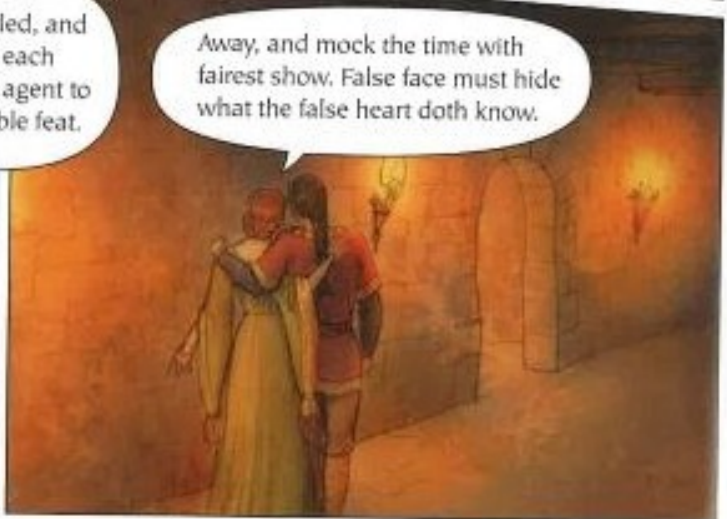
Will it not be received, when we have marked his men with blood and used their very daggers, that they have done it?



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



I am settled, and bend up each corporal agent to this terrible feat.



Away, and mock the time with fairest show. False face must hide what the false heart doth know.