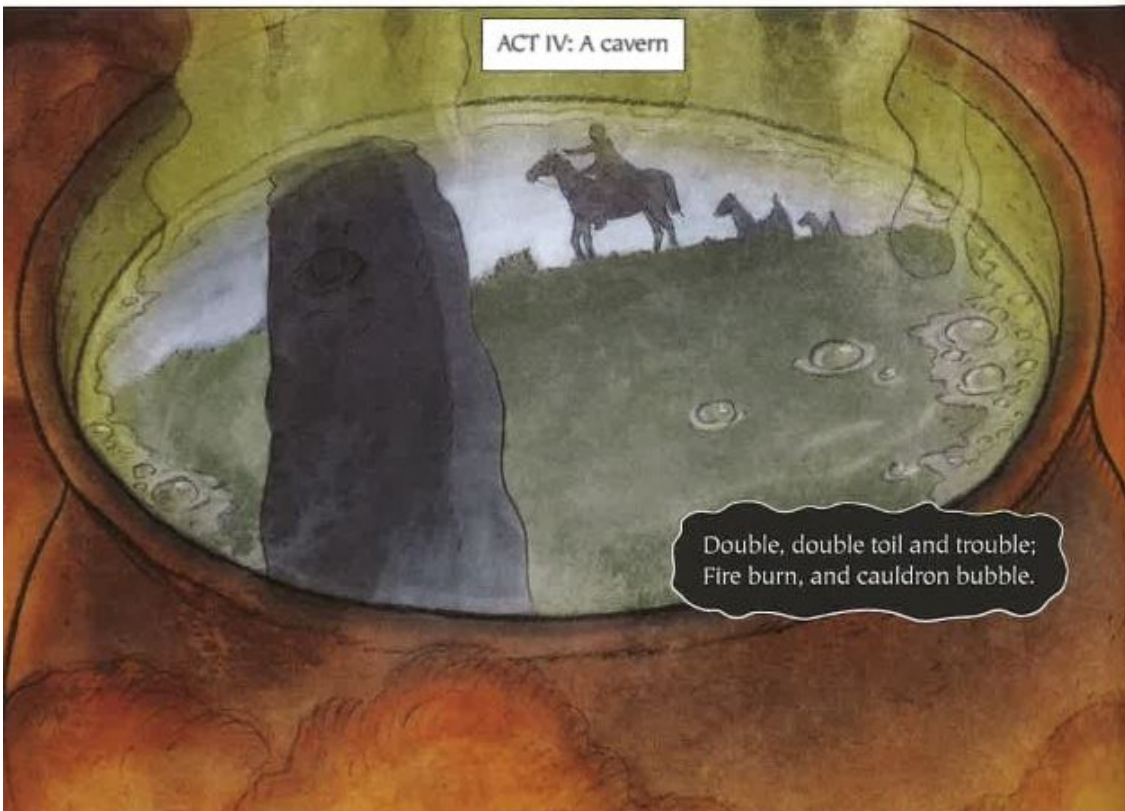



Macbeth IV





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



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

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
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.

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

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the rav'nous salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock dug in the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silvered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our
cauldron.



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

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

By the pricking of
my thumbs,
Something wicked
this way comes.



How now, you
secret, black, and
midnight hags!
What is it you do?

A deed
without
a name.

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 foamy waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do sag
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.



Speak.

We'll answer.

Demand.



Say if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths or from our masters'.

Call them; let me see them.



Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow, grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame. Come high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!



Tell me, thou unknown power—



He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but
say thou naught.

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





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

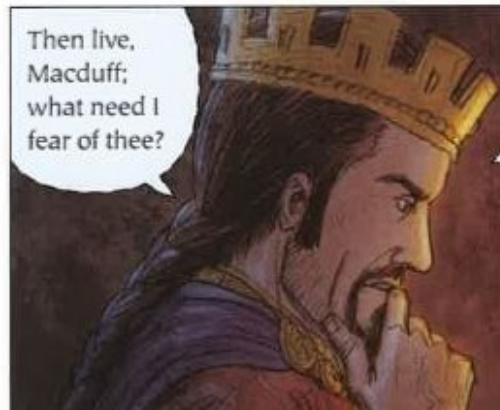
He will not be commanded. Here's another, more potent than the first.

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!



Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.



Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?



But yet I'll make assurance double sure — thou shalt not live.



What is this that rises like the issue of a king and wears upon his baby brow the crown of Scotland?

Listen, but speak not to it.

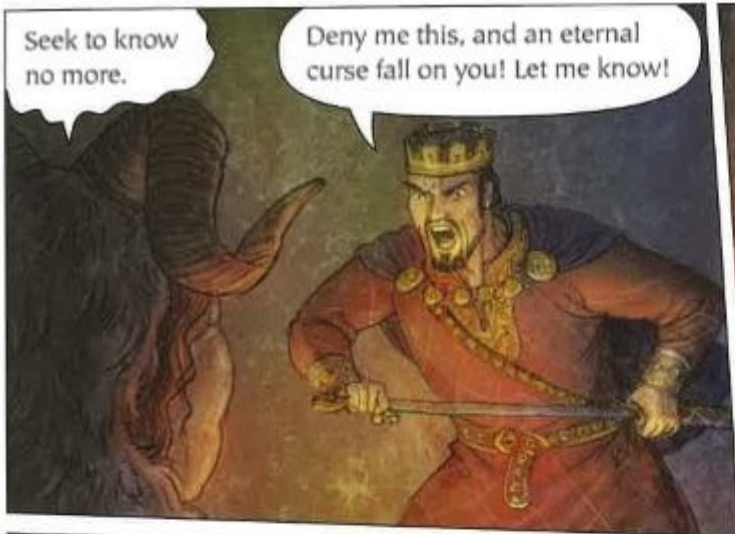
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him.



That will never be. Who can impress the forest, bid the tree unfix his earthbound root? Sweet omens, good!

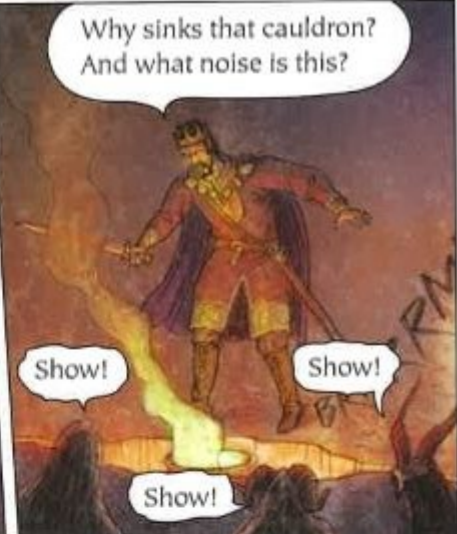
Tell me, if your art can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?





Seek to know no more.

Deny me this, and an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!



Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

Show!

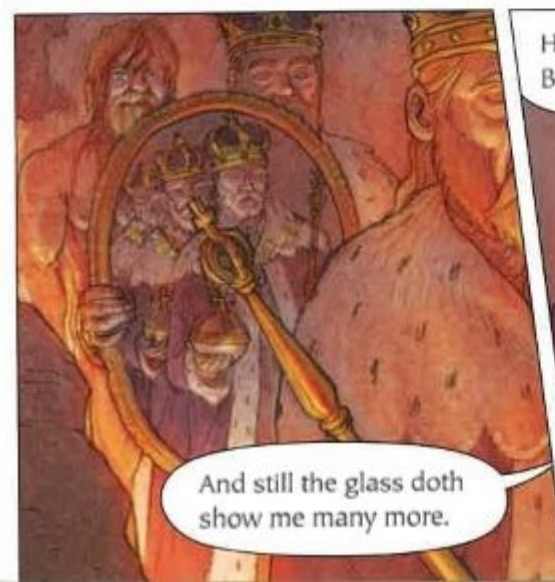
Show!

Show!

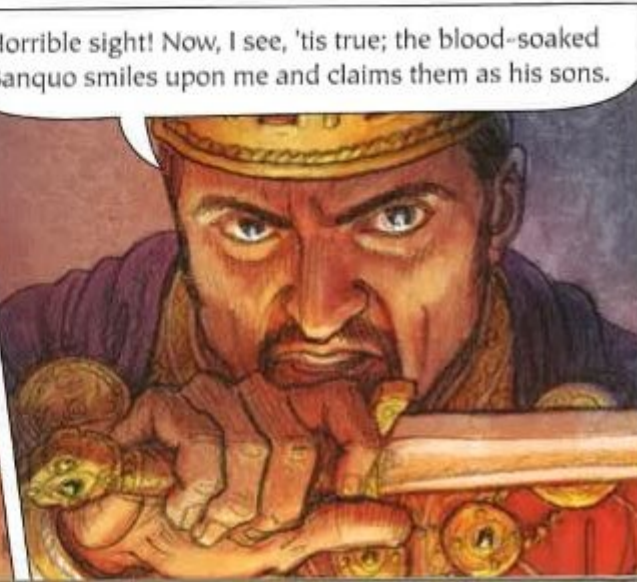


Show his eyes, and grieve his heart. Come like shadows; so depart!

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!



And still the glass doth show me many more.



Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true; the blood-soaked Banquo smiles upon me and claims them as his sons.

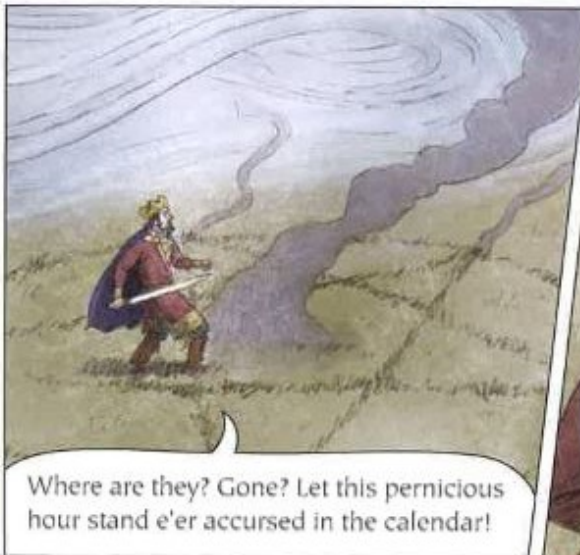


What, is this so?



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

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



Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour stand e'er accursed in the calendar!

Lennox,
to me!

What's your
Grace's will?

Saw you the
Weird Sisters?

No, my
lord.

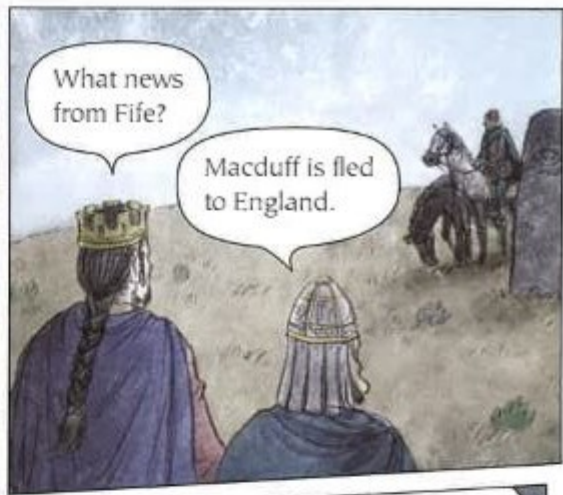




Came they not by you?

No, indeed, my lord.

Infected be the air whereon they ride, and damned all those that trust them!



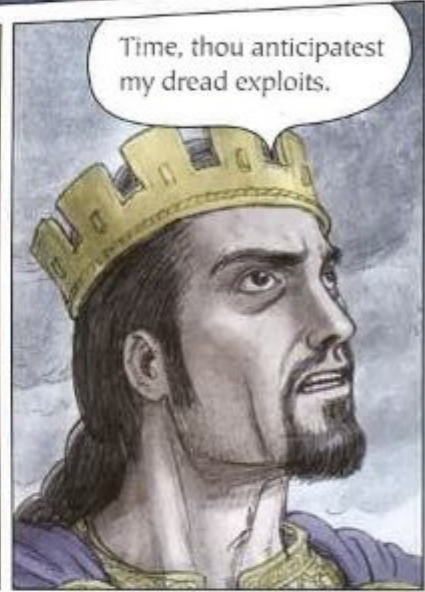
What news from Fife?

Macduff is fled to England.



Fled to England!

Ay, my good lord.

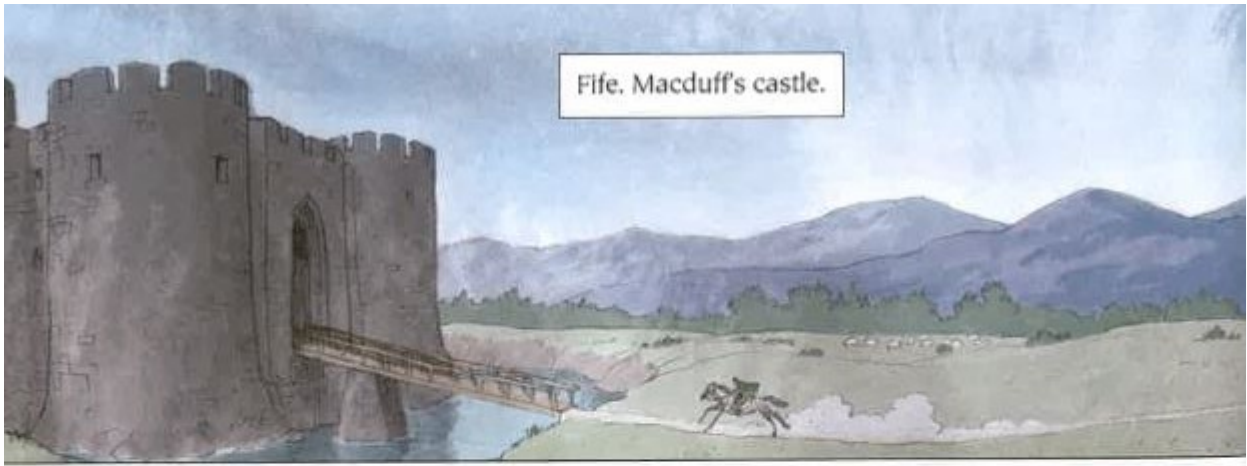


Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits.



The castle of Macduff I will surprise.
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.

No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before
this purpose cool.



Fife, Macduff's castle.



Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your interest I have come.
Grave danger does approach you swiftly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones!





Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.



Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now, I am in this earthly world, where to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly.



What are these faces?



Where is your husband?

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

He's a traitor.

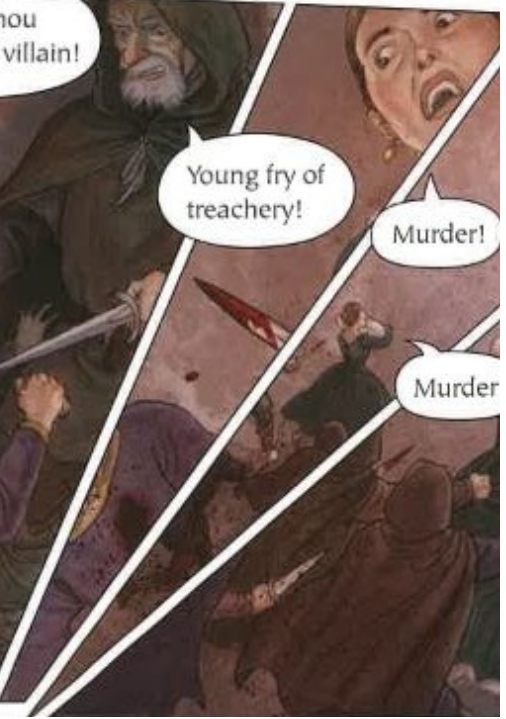


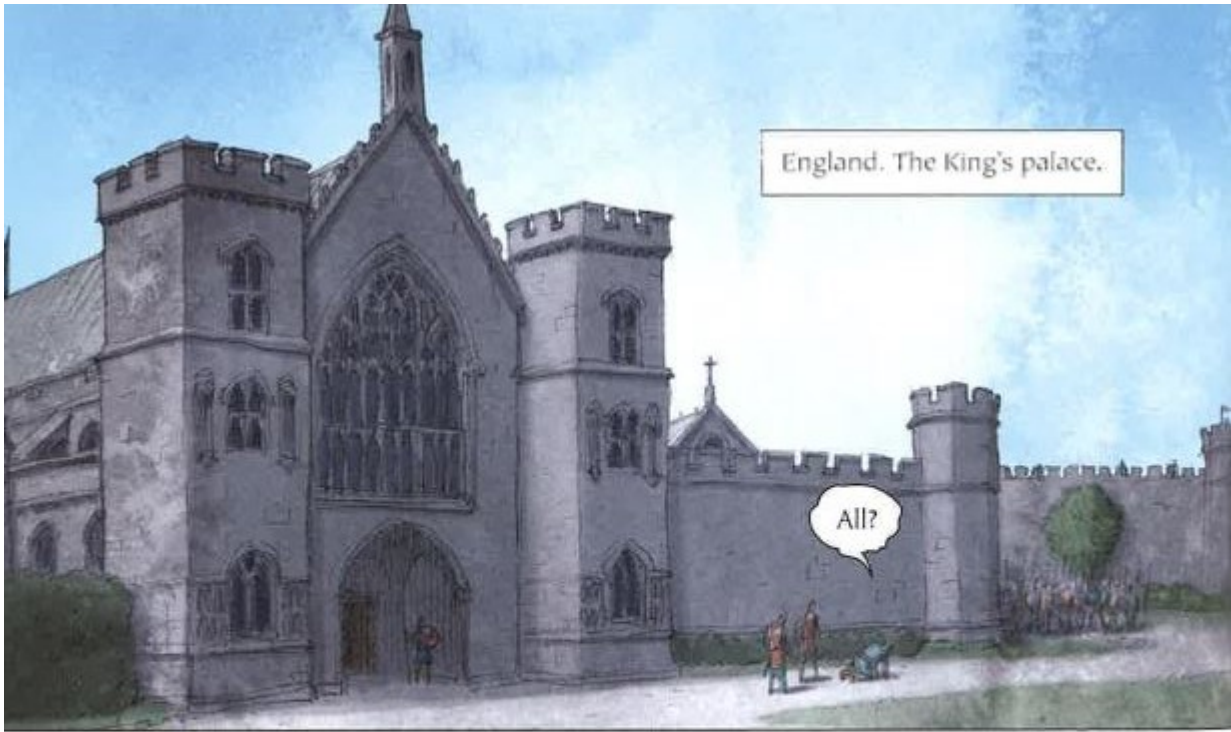
Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

Young fry of treachery!

Murder!

Murder







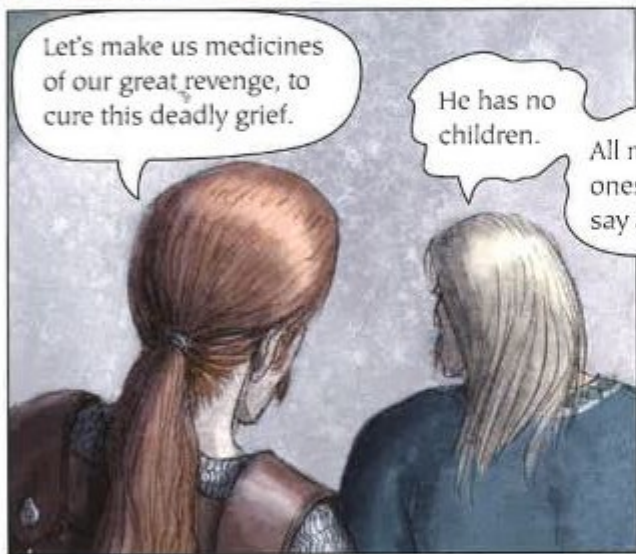
Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

My wife killed too?

I have said.



And I away from home!



Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, to cure this deadly grief.

He has no children.

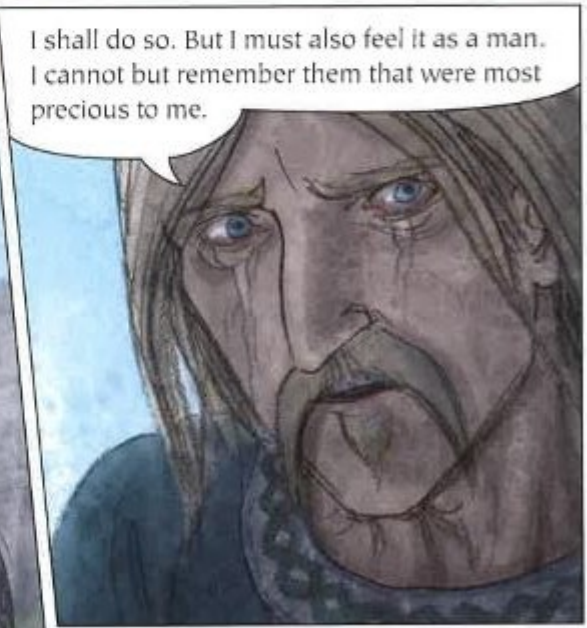
All my pretty ones? Did you say all?



O hell-hawk! All? What, all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?



Dispute it like a man.



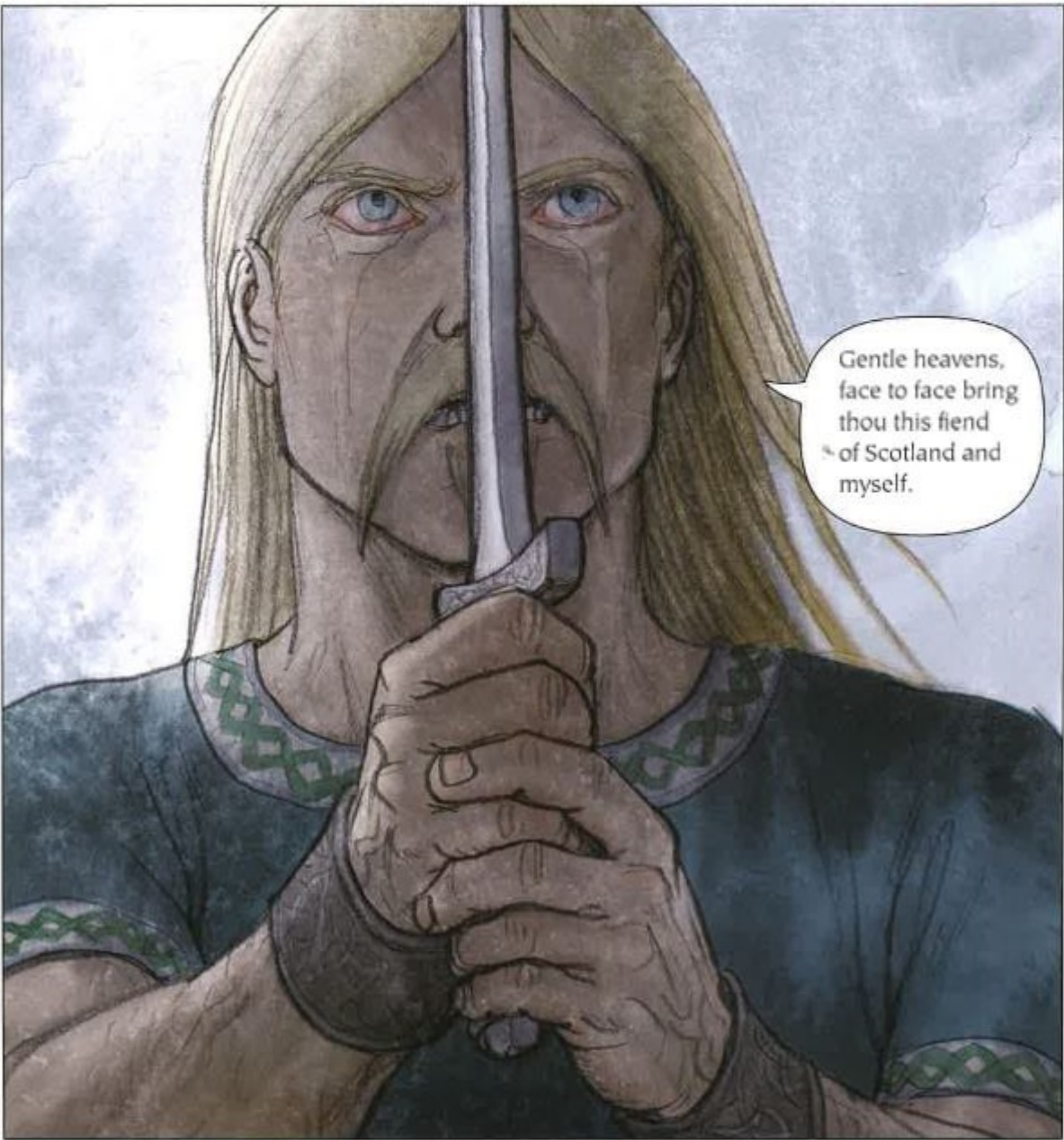
I shall do so. But I must also feel it as a man. I cannot but remember them that were most precious to me.



Did heaven look on and would not help them? Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee! Not for their own faults, but for mine. Oh, Heaven rest them now!



Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.



Gentle heavens, face to face bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.