DUNCAN:
Is the execution of Cawdor carried out? Haven’t
Those in charge of it returned yet?

MALCOLM:
My King,
They haven’t come back yet. Only I have spoke
With someone who saw him die, and he reported
That he confessed his treasons very frankly;
He begged your highness for pardon; and he seemed
Very sorry. Nothing he did in his life
Became him so much like the leaving it; he died
As someone one who had studied his own death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owned
As it were a careless trifle.

DUNCAN:
There’s no art
In finding what the mind's thinking in someone’s face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. You are so far ahead
That swiftest way of repaying is slow
To overtake you. I wish you had deserved less,
Then the greater proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been my! I can only say that
You are due more than all of us can ever pay.

MACBETH:
In doing the service and the loyalty I owe you,
I am well paid. Your highness' role as King
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,
Who only do what they should, by doing everything
Loyal to your love and honor.

DUNCAN:
Welcome here.
I have begun to nurture your career, and will labor
To make the most of yourself. Noble Banquo,
Who has deserved no less, and must not be known
To have done less than Macbeth, let me infold you
In my arms and stop you to my heart.

BANQUO:
If I grow here in your favor,
The harvest is yours.

DUNCAN:
My generous welcomes,
Childishly cruel in being so perfect, seek to hide themselves
In tears. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you who are in line for the throne know that
We will declare that the throne belongs to
Our eldest son, Malcolm; whom we name from this point forward
The Prince of Cumberland, an honor that is
Not enough to make him a king,
Only he also needs signs of nobleness, like stars, that will shine
On all those who deserve to be king. We will go from here to Inverness,
And then we will bind us further to you.

MACBETH:
The rest is work which you’re not used to.
I’ll be your host myself, and make my wife
Joyful with the news that you’re coming;
So, humbly I leave you.

DUNCAN:
My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH:
[Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland!
I must fall down on that Step, or jump over it,
For it’s in my way. Stars, put out your light!
Don’t let anyone see my black and deep desires.
It could happen in an instant Yet let that go,
That thing that the eye is afraid to see when it is done.

DUNCAN:
True, worthy Banquo! He is so full of courage,
And his commendations are food for me,
A banquet to me. Let’s go after the man
Whose has gone before us to bid us welcome.
He is a relative without equal.

Act 2, scene 3
LENNOX:  
    Good morning, noble sir!

MACBETH:  
    Good morning to you both!

MACDUFF:  
    Is the king awake yet, worthy baron?

MACBETH:  
    Not yet.

MACDUFF:  
    He commanded me to call him early.  
                I almost missed the hour.

MACBETH:  
    I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF:  
    I know this is a joyful trouble to you,  
                It is still only one.

MACBETH:  
    The labor we delight in cures pain.  
                This is the door.

MACDUFF:  
    I'll make so bold to call,  
                Because it is my limited service.

LENNOX:  
    Does the king leave here today?

MACBETH:  
    He does. He did decide so.

LENNOX:  
    The night has been unruly. Where we were sleeping,  
    Our chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,  
    Cries were heard in the air, strange screams of death;  
    And speaking in tongues, with terrible accents,  
    Of dreadful confusion and confused events,  
    Newly born into the terrible age. The hidden bird  
    Screamed all night long; some say the earth  
    Was feverish, and shook.

MACBETH:  
    It was a rough night.

LENNOX:
I can’t remember there being another
Like it.

MACDUFF:
   O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
   Cannot comprehend or name you!

MACBETH:
   What's the matter?

LENNOX:
   What's the matter?

MACDUFF:
   Confusion has now made his masterpiece!
   Most unholy murder has broken open
   The Lord's anointed temple, and then stolen
   The life of the building.

MACBETH:
   What are you saying? The life?

LENNOX:
   Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF:
   Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
   With a new monster to turn you to stone. Don’t ask me to speak.
   See, and then speak for yourselves.
   Awake, awake! Ring the alarms bell. Murder and treason!
   Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!
   Shake off this soft sleep, death's disguise,
   And look on death itself! Go up, go up, and see
   The great destruction's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
   Rise up as you would from your graves, and walk like spirits
   To see this horror!

LADY MACBETH:
   What's happened,
   That such a hideous trumpet calls to summon
   The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF:
   O gentle lady,
   It is not for you to hear what I can speak.
   The repetition, in a woman's ear,
   Would murder you as you heard it. O Banquo, Banquo!
   Our royal master's murdered!
LADY MACBETH:
    Woe, alas! What, in our house?

BANQUO:
    Too cruel any where.
    Dear Duff, I beg you, contradict yourself, And say it is not so.

MACBETH:
    If I had only died an hour before this event,
    I would have lived a blessed life, because, from this instant,
    There's nothing serious in mortality.
    Everything is only toys. Renown and grace are dead;
    The wine of life is spilled, and the mere dregs
    Are all that is left for this empty pit to brag of.

DONALBAIN:
    What's wrong?

MACBETH:
    You are, and don't know it.
    The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
    Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF:
    Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM:
    O, by whom?

LENNOX:
    Those of his chamber, as it seems, had done it.
    Their hands and faces were all covered with blood;
    So were their daggers, which we found, unwiped,
    Upon their pillows.
    They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
    Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH:
    O, I'm sorry I was so angry
    That I did kill them.

MACDUFF:
    Why did you it?

MACBETH:
    Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
    Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
    The speedy execution of my violent love
Outran the thinking that should have stopped me. There was Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin to make a wasteful entrance. There, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Improperly covered with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

**LADY MACBETH:**
Help me here, hello!

**MACDUFF:**
Look to the lady.

**MALCOLM:**
Why do we stop talking,
That most may claim we did this?

**DONALBAIN:**
What should we say her, where our fate,
Hidden in a very small carpenter’s hole, may rush up and seize us?
Let's get away.
Our tears are not yet ready to be cried.

**MALCOLM:**
Nor our strong sorrow
Ready to be revealed.

**BANQUO:**
Look to the lady.
And when we have changed out of our night clothes,
That are not right in public, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work
To know the details. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand; and then,
I fight against the unknown lie
Of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF:**
And so do I.

**ALL:**
So do we all.

**MACBETH:**
Let's briefly put on our manly clothes,
And meet in the hall together.

**ALL:**
That will be fine.

MALCOLM:
What will you do? Let's not stay with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow is something
That the false man does easily. I'll go to England.

DONALBAIN:
I'll go to Ireland. Our separate journeys
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are now,
There are daggers in men's smiles. The nearer in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM:
This murderous arrow that's been shot
Has not yet hit its target, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, get to your horse,
And let us not be too dainty in saying goodbye,
But only sneak away. There’s protection in the theft
That steals itself when there's no mercy left.

Act 3, scene 5

MACBETH:
You know the seating order according to your titles. Sit down. To the first
And the last, a hearty welcome.

LORDS:
Thank you, your majesty.

MACBETH:
We will mingle with these people,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess sits in her chair of state, but, when it’s time,
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH:
Say it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart says they are welcome.

MACBETH:
See, they greet you with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit in the middle.

Be very cheerful; in a minute, we'll drink a measure
Around the table. There's blood upon your face.
MURDERER:
Then it’s Banquo’s.

MACBETH:
It is better with you out here than he inside the hall.
Is he dead?

MURDERER:
My lord, his throat is cut. I did that for him.

MACBETH:
You are the best of the cut-throats; yet he's a good man
That also cut Fleance’s throat. If you did it,
You are without equal.

MURDERER:
Most royal sir,
Fleance escaped.

MACBETH:
Then my fears come again. I would have been perfect,
Whole as the marble found as a rock;
As broad and general as the air around us.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound
To impudent doubts and fears. But Banquo's dead?

MURDERER:
Yes, my good lord. He lives in a ditch,
With twenty deep gashes on his head,
Any one of them would have killed him.

MACBETH:
Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that has fled
Has a nature that in time will breed venom,
But he has no fangs now. Get going. Tomorrow
We'll speak among ourselves, again.

LADY MACBETH:
My royal lord,
You don’t give the toast. A good dinner for guests is more like
One that’s bought rather than given, if the host doesn’t make frequent toasts.
With no toasts, you might as well stay home, because
Away from home, ceremony is the sauce to meat,
Getting together would be bare without it.

MACBETH:
Sweet remembrancer!
Now, may good digestion follow your appetites,
And health on both!

LENNOX:
   May it please your highness, sit.

MACBETH:
   Here we would now have our country's honor under one roof,
   If the graced person of our Banquo were present.
   Who I might challenge for unkindness
   Than pity for mischance!

ROSS:
   His absence, sir,
   Means he didn’t keep his promise. Will your highness
   Please grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH:
   The table's full.

LENNOX:
   Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH:
   Where?

LENNOX:
   Here, my good lord. What upsets you, your highness?

MACBETH:
   Which one of you have done this?

LORDS:
   Done what, my good lord?

MACBETH:
   You cannot say I did it. Never shake
   Your gory hair at me.

ROSS:
   Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH:
   Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often this way,
   And has been from his youth. I beg you, stay seated.
   The fit is momentary; in a minute,
   He will again be well. If pay attention to him,
   You shall offend him, and embarrass him.
   Eat and ignore him. Are you a man?

MACBETH:
   Yes, and a bold one, that has the courage to look on
A sight which might shock the devil.

LADY MACBETH:
O complete and utter nonsense!
This is the very image of your fear.
This is same as the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these outbursts and jerky shaking,
Impostors of true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Confirmed by her grandmother. Shame on you!
Why do you make such faces? When it’s all over,
You only look at an empty stool.

MACBETH:
I beg you, see there! Behold! Look! Lo! What do you say?
Why, what do I care? If you can nod, speak too.
If mortuaries and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our tombs
Shall be the stomachs of birds.

LADY MACBETH:
What, are you made weak by this “vision?”

MACBETH:
As I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH:
For shame, for shame!

MACBETH:
Blood has been shed before now, in the old days,
Before laws cleaned up the commonwealth.
Yes, and since then too, murders have been performed
Too terrible to hear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And that was the end of it. But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This ghost is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH:
My worthy lord,
Your noble friends are missing you.

MACBETH:
I forgot.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill my cup full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here! To all, and to him we miss,
And all to all.

LORDS:
Our duties and the pledge.

MACBETH:
Begone! And get out of my sight! Let the earth hide you!
There is no marrow in your bones; your blood is cold.
You have no sight in those eyes
That you stare with!

LADY MACBETH:
Think of this, good peers,
Only as a common occurrence. It’s nothing else,
Except it spoils our good time.

MACBETH:
What man has courage to do, I have courage to do.
You can approach me like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger.
Take any shape but this one, and my steady nerves
Will never shake again. Or be alive again,
And challenge me to fight you in the desert with your sword.
If I have the habit of shaking, then proclaim that I am
The doll of a girl. Here, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, here!

Why, so; Since you’ve gone,
I am a man again. I beg you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH:
You have disrupted the fun, broken up a good party,
With very admirable chaos.

MACBETH:
Can such things be, that
Can overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without puzzling us? You treat me like a stranger
Unlike my usual self,
When I wonder now how you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

ROSS:
What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH:
I beg you, don’t speak. He grows worse and worse; 
Questions enrage him. Now, good-night. 
Don’t worry about leaving by rank. 
Only go at once.

LENNOX:
Good-night; and better health 
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH:
A kind good-night to all!

MACBETH:
It will have blood. They say blood will have blood. 
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak. 
Predictions and relationships understood, have brought forth 
Even the most perfect murder, 
By magpies and crows and black birds. What time is it?

LADY MACBETH:
Almost the middle of the night.

MACBETH:
What do you think about Macduff’s refusing to be 
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH:
Did you invite him, sir?

MACBETH:
I was told so, But I will send. 
There’s not one of them, except for his house 
I don’t keep a bribed servant. I will go tomorrow, 
(And I will go early in the morning) to the weird sisters. 
They shall speak more, for now I am determined to know 
The worst by the worst means. For my own good, 
All other problems will have to wait. I am now so far 
Stepped in blood that, if I don’t wade in it any more, 
It doesn’t matter if I am getting out of it or going over it. 
I have strange things in my head that need to be figured out, 
Which must be done quickly before others look at them closely.

LADY MACBETH:
You need to sleep.

MACBETH:
Come, we’ll get some sleep. My unexplainable violation of 
Who and what I am is only the fear of someone new to these things.
We are still only youngsters in what we’re doing.