Direction of the Play: Macbeth

Hendrea Ferguson
Central Washington University

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Direction of the Play: Macbeth

A Project Report
Presented to
The Graduate Faculty
Central Washington University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
Theatre Production

by
Hendrea Ferguson
July, 2003
CENTRAL WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Graduate Studies

We hereby approve the project report of

Hendrea Ferguson

Candidate for the degree of Master of Arts:

Theatre Production

APPROVED FOR THE GRADUATE FACULTY

Date of Signature

Date of Signature

Date of Signature

Professor Michael Smith

Professor George Bellah

Professor Derek Lane
ABSTRACT

PROJECT REPORT

Macbeth
Wurrain Theatre, Newberg High School

Directed by
Hendrea Ferguson
April, 2003

This project entailed the selection, background research and documentation, play analysis, casting, direction, vocal coaching, and post-production analysis of Newberg High School’s production of Hendrea Ferguson’s Macbeth. Documentation includes research and analysis of the play, and an evaluation of the play as a production vehicle for the department of Theatre Arts at Central Washington University. The analysis also includes a discussion as to the non-traditional directorial vision of this production.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Since this approach to educational theatre is different from the normal play production, sincere thanks goes to the 2002/3 Shakespeare Class. Their enthusiasm for the material is evident in the production. This production would not have proceeded without the support of William Smethurst, Principal of Newberg High School, and the faculty of NHS, particularly Jonathan Dykema. Professors Michael Smith, George Bellah and Derek Lane served as wonderful mentors, and thanks go to the entire faculty of Central Washington University Theatre Department for their commitment to educational theatre. The cast and crew of the production gave one hundred percent effort at all times, and together with the support of their parents, particularly Beatrice Falla and Stacy Borum, they met the standard set for them. No thanks would be complete without mentioning my family, especially my head gopher, computer expert and cheerleader, Brian Ferguson.
CENTRAL WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Graduate Studies

Final Examination of
Hendrea Ferguson
B.A., Portland State University, 1994
M.A.T., Willamette University, 1995
for the Degree of
Master of Arts
Theatre Production

Committee in Charge
Professor Michael Smith
Professor George Bellah
Professor Derek Lane

McConnell Hall
Room 107
Monday, July 7, 2003
7:30 p.m.
Hendrea Ferguson

Courses presented for the Master’s degree

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Course No.</th>
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<th>Number of Credits</th>
<th>Instructor</th>
<th>Quarter Completed</th>
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Total Credit Requirements - 50

Please note: Content on this page was redacted due to FERPA concerns.
BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Hendrea Ferguson

Undergraduate Study:
    Clackamas Community College, 1986-1990
    Portland State University, 1990-1994

Graduate Study:
    Willamette University, 1994-1995 MAT
    Central Washington University, 1999-2003

Professional Experience:
    High School Teacher, Newberg High School: 1995-Present
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    Draft of Program

    CD of Digital Photographs

    Music CD
Note: This form is to be completed as soon as the student has formed a committee and selects an option from the list below. The form should be submitted in quadruplicate to the Office of Graduate Studies in Barge 305.

Name: Hendrea Ferguson
Address: [Redacted]
Birth Date: [Redacted]
Date: 6/30/02

Check option: 

- [ ] Written Exam*
- [ ] Non-Thesis Project
- [X] Creative Project
- [ ] Studio Project
- [ ] Portfolio Review
- [ ] Thesis

Indicate credits to be received for the thesis or option:

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<td>TH 700</td>
<td>Master's Thesis</td>
<td>6</td>
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*Students taking written exam option may omit items 1-5 below.

1. Proposed Title: Direction of the Play Production of Macbeth.

2. Purpose of Study: The direction of the play Macbeth serves as the culminating experience in theatre graduate studies.

3. Scope of Study: Documentation based upon the preparation of pre-production research, post-production evaluation, the direction of the production (including the casting and rehearsal of actors, the preparation of the Director's Production Book, and oral examination) shall benefit both the student and the Theatre Arts Department.

4. Procedure to be used: Three phases of study shall be included: 1. Pre-production research and thesis documentation; MLA style, 2. Rehearsal and direction of the production, 3. Post-production evaluation documentation.

5. Does the procedure involve collection of data obtained from Human Subjects (including use of surveys)? Yes* No

   Use of Animals? Yes* No

** If yes, your procedures must be approved in writing by the Human Subjects Committee or the Animal Care and Use Committee before you initiate your research.

Michael Smith
Committee Chair (typed or printed)
Date 7/9/02

George Bellah
Committee Member (typed or printed)
Date 7/6/02

Brenda Hubbard
Committee Member (typed or printed)
Date 7/6/02

Approved by: [Signature] Date 7/9/02

Dept Chair/Designee (signature) Date 7/9/02

Associate VP of Graduate Studies Date

Students will be required to submit two copies of all motion picture film, film strips, sound film strips, slides, tapes, cassettes, pictures, etc. produced as part of the thesis. These are to be submitted at the time the thesis (three copies) is submitted to the Office of Graduate Studies and Research.

GS&R 01/02 FORM B
Dear Sirs/Madam:

My name is William Smethurst, and I am Hendrea Ferguson’s supervisor at Newberg High School, 2400 Douglas Avenue, Newberg, OR 97132.

As principal at Newberg High School, I hereby give permission for Mrs. Ferguson to stage performances of William Shakespeare’s *Macbeth* as part of her Masters of Arts in Theatre Production. The production will take place at the Wurrain Theatre at Newberg High School, and students from the high school will participate. Production dates are April 17, 18, 19, 24, 25 & 26, 2003.

Yours sincerely,

William Smethurst
Principal
Newberg High School
Performance Dates and Production Parameters

Newberg High School Players production of Macbeth by William Shakespeare will occur at 7:30 p.m. on the following dates: April 17th, 18th, 19th, 24th, 25th and 26th, 2003. The performances will take place in the Wurrain Theatre (M2, the Drama Room), at Newberg High School.

Staffing and Budget

Since the school district budget is in flux at the moment, there is no indication that funds will be available from the School District budget. The Drama student body account is available to fund the production. The budget for the play will be approximately $1500. It may be necessary to fund raise in order to produce the play. I have organized a Macbethathon (a twenty-four-hour Macbeth rehearsal/movie watching/lock-in) fundraiser, the date of which is February 21, 2003. I will pay the fight choreographer, but all other positions will be filled by myself or school volunteers. Jim Robinson, our school electrician, will provide technical assistance, but a student will be Technical Director. I have already chosen my Student Director and Stage Manager, and I will have a parent meeting on February 13th to fill the other committees. The Technical Director is already working on sound and light issues, since our space is a classroom, not a theatre. A parent has volunteered to help with the costume construction.

Casting

Major roles for the play will be cast from the Shakespeare class, since this will give the actors the opportunity to work with the language over two trimesters. I will have a good pool of actors to work with, since forty students have forecast to take the class, but
those numbers will change as student schedules are finalized. Four students from my production last year have signed up to take the class, so I will have a few veteran performers. As soon as the Winter Play is over, open auditions will be held for the minor roles. This means that students who do not take the Shakespeare class cannot audition for roles such as the witches, but since we are working with heightened text, I feel it is necessary to educate the actors first. Students who have not taken the class would be at a disadvantage, but would still be able to participate in small roles. Students will have audition packets with sides available to prepare for the auditions.

Facilities

Theatre Space

The Wurrain Theatre is a converted classroom. It is an intimate space that is well suited to performing Shakespeare due to the close proximity of the audience. While the limited space would seem to be advantageous to young voices, in that they do not have far to travel, the peculiar acoustics mean that we will have to work hard on projection to fill the many “dead spaces.”

The playing area is twenty-three feet square, and has no backstage or wing space. There are no dressing rooms or green room. Students change into their costumes in the bathrooms, and we convert the Choir Room next door into a combination Green Room, Dressing Room and quick-change space. Props and costumes are stored in the storage room between the two classrooms, and this space can also be used for quick changes. All entrances must come through standard classroom doors, and of course there is no curtain or raised stage. The floor is concrete, covered with industrial carpet. The school district has been unable to remove the carpet and install wood flooring, which causes a problem
whenever I do any stage violence. I will put wrestling mats under a floor cloth for the
fight scene at the end of the fifth act. Stage combat is a challenge in this space due to the
proximity of the audience, and so this will have to be taken into consideration when
choreographing the stage violence that the play requires. The audience is seated on three
sides of the theatre, in three rows. The capacity of the space is ninety-four, but there is a
little space to add folding chairs if needs be. There is no sound or light booth, so the
technical staff sit with the audience at a small desk in the corner. This can make sight
lines difficult for them, so I require that the technical staff attend all rehearsals for at least
a month. They then know the play. I have produced many plays in this space, including
Midsummer Night’s Dream and Hamlet, so I do not foresee any problem with the space.

Lighting

Lighting in the Wurrain is difficult, but not impossible. Our school electrician
rigged two lengths of pipe in the roof space of the building and we can hang twelve
instruments. I have six twenty-amp circuits, four of which are dedicated for lights. The
remaining two circuits are shared with the classroom fluorescent lighting and the wall
plugs. I then have two light positions for each acting area on the stage, one from each
pipe. Specials can be wired into the light board, and since Mr. Robinson also has a
degree in theatre, he is very helpful as far as pushing our lighting to meet the needs of the
play. Our light board is a NSI manual board, and is sufficient for this limited space.
Black light will be used for the apparition scene.
Sound

Since the space is so small, sound is not a problem. The Technical Director, student Ross Pederson, is already working on sound issues. He is planning on placing speakers under the seats of the audience, and using the one speaker he has rigged in the roof space. He uses a small Mackie soundboard, linked to the class computer for sound and music. Student Ryan Thornton created the original music used in the production of Hamlet, and he is already at work compiling the music for this play. He will concentrate on Celtic fantasy type sounds with beating drums as a motif.

Evaluation of Macbeth as a production vehicle at Newberg High School

Since 2000, I have been teaching a Shakespeare class at Newberg High School. An honors class for 11th and 12th grade students, this class can appear on a transcript as either Drama or English credits. Students who earn either an “A” or “B” in the class also earn college credit for Introduction to Literature (Drama) from Portland Community College. The students in this class analyze Shakespeare’s poetry and plays and as part of the class, they bring one Shakespeare play to production. Macbeth is one of the plays studied by this class. Macbeth is also part of the regular curriculum for seniors, so a good proportion of the school will have read the play by the production dates. Since this play is an integral part of the high school curriculum, it warranted consideration for production. Also, as one of the goals of the Newberg High School Players is to increase the number of their peers who attend theatrical productions, this play seems like a good choice.
A majority of the cast of the play will have had two trimesters of Shakespeare study before rehearsals begin. Presently, it is not known how many of the forty students who have forecast to take the class will be able to participate in the production. Newberg has a diverse socio-economic base, and many students must work after school, which precludes participation in after school activities. However, a core group of the cast will have had the instruction, and they will mentor cast members who have not been in the class. Since the focus of the class is production, the students will collaborate on the design decisions, such as set design, sound design, costume design, light design, and also on decisions such as editing. Students will also work on character analysis and scenes from the play prior to rehearsal. As part of this thesis, I will record the process by which decisions are arrived at as well as the final product. This section of my thesis contains my preliminary design concepts, but these may and probably will change over the course of the classroom discussions.

Macbeth speaks to the high school audience as clearly today as it did to the theatre audience in Shakespeare’s time. Anne Bogart states, “great plays endure through time because they address critical human issues that are still vital to a culture” (77). The chronicle of Macbeth’s fall from grace as he surrenders to the temptation of power is a theme that is as powerful in the twenty-first century as it was in the seventeenth. At the beginning of the play, Macbeth is a worthy general, praised for his leadership. He has a passionate relationship with his wife, whom he calls his “dearest partner of greatness” (Mac. 1.5.8). She describes him as being “not without ambition, but without / the illness should attend it” (1.5.15-16). This honorable gentleman has power and respect, yet balanced with that, his wife says his ambition is tempered with “the milk of human
kindness” (1.5.13). As the play progresses, we see that in the face of temptation, even this laudable human being will give in to the temptation of power. Once that power is achieved, he becomes corrupted by the need to maintain his position, to the exclusion of reason, love and any human kindness. This is a powerful theme for discussion in the high school classroom.

Lady Macbeth has an equally tortuous journey in the play. At the beginning of the play she is an incredibly strong woman. She is an equal partner to her husband, whose first words to her in the play are to call her his “dearest love” (1.5.55). She has naked ambition. She no sooner reads her husband’s letter telling her of the witches’ prophecy, when she says “Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be/ what thou art promised” (1.5.11-12). While her husband may have kindness in his soul, she is “a strong, terrifying figure [. . .] associated particularly with conventionally unfeminine notions: she would destroy her child if necessary” (Carroll 17). Before Macbeth’s return, she has already decided that the king’s visit shall be “the fatal entrance of Duncan / under my battlements” (1.5.35-36). All she has to do is convince her husband, and she wastes no time. Lady Macbeth goads her husband into the first killing, but that is where their partnership begins to disintegrate. She cannot do the deed because Duncan reminds her of her father. It is the first sign of weakness, or humaneness in Lady Macbeth. By the end of the play, this “sinning lady is also shown in penitent collapse, tortured by guilt and visions of blood” (Wills 89). As Macbeth’s blood lust grows, Lady Macbeth’s ambition diminishes until she cannot survive in the world she helped create. These two principle characters create penetrating questions from the students. They discuss temptation and consequences of bad choices, which easily translate into the modern
world. Issues of power and relationships tie to today’s society, particularly for the teenage women.

The witches in Macbeth pose a potential problem for a production in Newberg. We have a high percentage of conservative, church attending students, so any discussion of witchcraft will have to be carefully framed. Because of this, the witches will be played as wise women who offer temptation rather than black magicians. Thus, one witch shall be like Caillech Buerre, the Celtic goddess who is the “mother-goddess, shaper and guardian of the land [...] and consort of kings” (MacCana 93). Another will be like Brighid, who as a “composite legend of goddess and saint connects her on the one hand with learning … and on the other with childbirth and animal abundance” (93). Another will be like Eriu who “at one moment […] a beautiful woman; at another, she has assumed the shape of a sinister, beaked pale grey crow, this linking her with the trio of war goddesses” (Ross 140). These figures of Celtic mythology will link into the Celtic fantasy concept I am framing the production in. Each will have a duality of nature that will be expressed in her costume, make up and movement. All three will be on one hand attractive, on the other nonhuman and unattractive. From this idea, I hope to show that the ugly side of the world does not tempt us, but rather we are drawn by the beautiful and attractive. Nobody drinks for a hangover, but the relaxation and inhibition-freeing aspect of alcohol consumption is attractive. When Macbeth sees the witches, he is drawn to them, unquestioning. Banquo, however, sees them and demands

What are these,

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? (1.3.39-42)

Banquo, like the audience in the Wurrain Theatre, can see the other side of the witches, whereas Macbeth is caught in their siren like call of “All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee Thane of Glamis” (1.3.48). Focusing on the many faces of temptation is again a powerful teaching tool for high school students. Playing the witches as temptresses rather than sorcerers will negate the possible problems from parents. However, I am still keeping the spell casting scenes, so time will tell. The saving grace is that the play is written by Shakespeare, it is in the school curriculum, and nobody is forcing the students to attend.

Another potential problem is the language of the play. Speaking Shakespearean verse may seem daunting to some. However, since the majority of the students in the class will be drawn from the Shakespeare class and they will have been working with the language, this is not insurmountable. R.S.C. in Playing Shakespeare by John Barton and Clues to Acting Shakespeare by Wesley Van Tassel will be the primary texts used in class. I feel the language is actually a help rather than a hindrance to young actors. Barton states “Shakespeare’s text is full of hidden hints to the actors” (13). When students have had experience working with the verse to discover the hints, then it becomes easier for them. In 2001/2 I had a group of actors who had taken the class for two years. They were very accomplished with the language. I do not have as many returning actors this year, but I do have a large group of very motivated students who have signed up for the class. With instruction and practice, hopefully the students will “learn to handle the language of the specific play so that the character will be truthful in both intention and presentation” (Van Tassel xv).
In addition to heightened language, *Macbeth*'s use of stage violence is a problem. Newberg High School prohibits weapons of any description, so the use of traditional swords is an issue. The size of the theatre also makes them very dangerous. However, experience has shown that when Kendo swords are used, the audience accepts the convention, and the added noise of the sword blows heightens the appreciation of the violence. Kendo swords are Japanese martial arts weapons, with are constructed from strips of bamboo held under tension by leather bands. Due to the lack of blades, these are acceptable to the school administration for stage violence. They are large, double handed weapons, and thus mirror the type of swords used by the early Celts. The swords will be painted and decorated with leather to add to their non-conventional appearance. The images on this page are of the swords in use in *Hamlet* and a noncombat pose in the drama room.

As part of the class, students will also be responsible for any editing that has to occur before the play is performed. This assignment is a regular part of the class, but for *Macbeth*, it may be easier since, as William C. Carroll says, it "is an extraordinary mix: one of Shakespeare's shortest, most concentrated plays, yet one of his most complex and penetrating" (1). Since we will only have to edit because of time constraints, the focus will be on maintaining the meaning. A
copy of the original script we are working from is in Part One of this thesis document, and a revised script will be contained in Part Two.

One of the positive aspects of producing a Shakespeare play is the enthusiasm of the student actors at Newberg. Since the announcement of the season, students have been collecting scripts and voicing excitement at the prospect of performing the "Scottish play." My own Scots heritage gives students a resource not afforded other actors. Shakespeare plays, and Macbeth in particular, are well suited to the Wurrian Theatre and the Newberg High School Players.

As a director, I have had experience directing Shakespeare. When I first came to Newberg, the Drama department was nonexistent, and the budget was minus twenty five dollars. Even at the dark beginnings, I determined that I wanted my students to work with Shakespeare’s language. I began a Shakespeare troupe that toured the middle schools, exposing them to scenes from plays, and encouraging them to become players themselves. I do not believe that Shakespeare is beyond young actors, so I designed a course that allowed them to study the language and bring a play to performance. Many of the students who take my class have never acted before, since the class also counts as an English course. The first year of the class, I insisted that they all perform, even in small roles. Last year I modified my stance because Hamlet required so much commitment beyond the classroom. Now, the students study the plays in class, perform scenes in class, but audition for roles in the play with the general population, with the given that the major roles will be cast from the class. I believe in giving high school actors as many different opportunities to perform as possible, and the students have responded very positively. I have built a program where we now perform five to six shows a year,
including a musical and a Shakespeare play. This is only possible because of the Shakespeare class. This is the third year of the class, and it allows students the chance to delve into the bookwork so that they are confident that they understand the language before we go into rehearsal. I am passionate about Shakespeare and that transfers to my students. Therefore, Macbeth is a good choice for the audience, the student actors and myself as director.

Director’s Concept

Most scholars agree that Shakespeare wrote Macbeth around 1606. Frank Kermode, in his book Shakespeare’s Language, concurs, saying, “it contains allusions to the Gunpowder Plot and the trial of the conspirators early in 1606” (201). The attempt on the life of King James had occurred only one year prior, so questions of treason, equivocation and regicide were common in the contemporary society. The presence of a Scottish king on the English throne focused attention on the history of the northern kingdom. King James I & VI had also published his thoughts on witchcraft in his book Daemonologie. In this environment of fascination for the supernatural, interest in all things Scottish, and the tenuous nature of kingship, Shakespeare wrote Macbeth.

At this point it should be made clear that defining a director’s concept is part of the curriculum for the Shakespeare class I teach at Newberg High School, so this director’s concept should be considered a preliminary statement only. In collaboration with the students in the class, design decisions will be finalized and this process will be discussed in Part 3. However, as a beginning concept, I have taken some elements and themes from the play and created a statement.
Macbeth is a play of dualities. Themes of light and darkness, order and disorder, sight and blindness, fair and foul, appearance and reality and natural and unnatural abound. The play deals with the fate of a good and honorable man who is tempted by the supernatural, and falls into the corruption that accompanies the power he gains as a result of their prophecy. It is a whirlwind of ideas and extremes. The other worldliness of the play lends itself to a Celtic fantasy theme. The fantasy theme ties in with the supernatural that exists in the play, and allows exploration of the chaotic world created around the central character of Macbeth. It seems fantastic that the first characters on stage are described as Witches, and they are discussing “hurlyburly” (1.1.3). In Scottish dialect, to “burl” means to spin around, and so immediately Macbeth’s world is spinning. All the witches join together to create the spell that permeates the play with “Fair is foul, and foul is fair / Hover through the fog and filthy air. (1.1.11-12). A foggy reality, where there is no constant, lends beautifully to a fantasy theme.

Even though Scotland is a Christian nation, ideas of “feyness” and connection to the pagan Celtic past are everywhere. Mysterious, unexplained standing stones litter the fields around the village in which I grew up. Traveling north in the Highlands, the atmosphere changes drastically. The trees disappear, the climate changes hourly, and the looming mountains seem to glower at the valleys below. Experienced hikers die each year because they underestimate the power of the landscape. A disorienting mist can envelope the unsuspecting on any given day, so it is very easy to see where the otherworldliness in the play comes from. Shakespeare chose Inverness for the scene of the crime, and this location lends to the theme of the fantastic. On one hand Inverness is a beautiful market town, but on the other, it is situated at the mouth of Loch Ness, home
to the monstrous creature that even Saint Columba witnessed in his missionary journey to the early Scots (Lyons). So the reality of the environment melds with the appearance devised by Shakespeare, and creates a fantastic scene.

Fantasy comes in many guises, but Celtic fantasy matches the play very well. There are dragons and monsters, but there are also wise and powerful goddesses dedicated to the land, the king and fruitfulness (MacCana 92). The witches and Lady Macbeth would flourish in this Celtic miasma. The witches only appear on heaths, which are associated with mist and misdirection. At the beginning of the play Lady Macbeth echoes the powerful Celtic goddesses of the past when she says things like “Hie thee hither, / That I may pour my spirits in thine ear / And chastise with the valor of my tongue” (1.5.21-23).

The color palette of the show should reflect the dualities of the themes, and the Celtic nature of the fantasy. Therefore, the scenery will be painted in gray, purple, green and brown tones to reflect the colors of the Highlands. In contrast to this, the Macbeths will be in varying shades of red, from the burgundy of Lady Macbeth at the beginning of the play, to the blood red of Macbeth in his final scene. Metallic colors of silver, gold and bronze will accent the characters.

Costumes

As with other elements in the play, the costumes will be a collaboration realized by the Shakespeare Class. A student has already given me preliminary drawings, which are attached. The Celtic fantasy theme will be shown in the costumes. Macbeth will appear in a military type tunic with black, silver and gray colors predominating. He will have one small splash of red on his costume (probably a cloak clasp). As the play
progresses, Macbeth will wear more and more red, until in Act Five his costume will be blood red from head to toe. Lady Macbeth will appear first in burgundy, with silver and gray accents. As the play progresses, her costumes will also change, with the red tones disappearing, until she is in an off-white muslin shift for the “out damned spot” scene. Duncan, as king, will be in purple tunic, with white fur trimmed cloak. His accessories will be gold tones. Banquo will be in gold and bronze tones. He will be in soldiering costume throughout, to show his steadfastness. The murderers will be in black with masks. The witches will be in costumes that reflect their duality. Since the ugly side of life does not tempt us, half their costumes will be very beautiful, as will their make-up. The other half will be ugly, with traditional snake, crow and demon images predominating. Since the audience sits on three sides, it will all see differing sides of the witches, which will hopefully reinforce the theme of appearance versus reality. When the witches interact with Macbeth, only their beautiful side will show, but Banquo will see both sides. When the witches are alone, both sides will be shown.

In keeping with the fantasy theme, I would like to use a variety of textures. Lady Macbeth will be in heavy brocades and chiffon, showing her dual nature. The witches will have a variety of different textures in their costumes, but again, since this is a class project, I do not want to make the final decisions until the class has had a chance to collaborate on the design. A peaty smoke smell, with layers of dampness will be the predominate aroma.

Music

In keeping with the fantasy theme, the music of the play will be Celtic. I do not mean the modernization of Celtic music a la Enya, but more traditional bodhran (Celtic
drum) and pipe music. Drum beats will accent the action in the play. Storm effects, particularly wind, will blow through the play.

Set Design

As with all other design concepts, this is a preliminary sketch that will be finalized as part of the Shakespeare class. The color palette will have grays, browns, purples and greens to reflect the predominate colors in the Scottish highlands. Colors will be blended into each other to reflect the foggy miasma that is seen on the hills, and this fits well with the fantasy style for which we are aiming. The set will be minimalist due to the nature of the space. Since there is no backstage, fly space or wings, the set has to suggest locations that will be fine-tuned with music, costuming and speaking the text.

Project Schedule

Macbeth, directed by Hendrea Ferguson

Committee Chair: Michael Smith
Committee Members: George Bellah, Brenda Hubbard

August 7, 2000
Master’s Thesis Project Play Script Approval
July 9, 2002
Committee Option Approval
September 4, 2002.
Shakespeare Class begins
September 6, 2002
Production Planning Meeting
Anne Falla, Assistant Director
Amanda Duncan, Stage Manager
Ross Pederson, Technical Director
Drea Ferguson, Director

October 4, 2002
Production Meeting

October 17, 2002
Part One, Thesis Documentation due

November 1, 2002
Production Meeting

November 22, 2002
Costume and Set Design Due

December 2, 2002
Production Meeting

December, 2002
Sign up for Grad 700 Master’s Thesis Production credits

January 6, 2003
Production Meeting

February 10 & 11, 2003
Auditions

February 12, 2003
Call Backs

February 13, 2003
Parent Meeting – committee sign up
February 21, 2003
Macbethathon
See Appendix for rehearsal schedule.

March 21, 2003
Costumes due

March 28 and 29, 2003
Set Building

April 3, 2003
Part 2 Due.

April, 2003
Sign up for Master’s Thesis Production Orals credits.

June 20, 2003
Part 3 due.

Part Two - Given Circumstances
Environmental Facts
Geographical Location.

The general location is Scotland. The action moves from heath land to the Royal Palace at Forres, to Macbeth’s Castle at Inverness, to Macduff’s Castle in Fife, to the Palace of Edward the Confessor in England, then back to Scotland to Macbeth’s Castle at Dunsinane. The multiple locations are listed below in the order that they occur in the play. The weather is foggy and cold for most of the play, with the ironic exception of Act One, scene 6, when Duncan enters Macbeth’s castle.
Act One, Scene One.

An open place, Scotland. The weather is foggy and the air “filthy” (1.1.12).

Heath land in Scotland is prevalent in the Highlands, where the conflict between Atlantic and European air masses cause weather anomalies such as sudden, thick fogs such as described here.

Act One, Scene Two

A camp near Forres. Forres is close to Inverness. It is in the Highlands of Scotland, in the tundra like landscape of the north of the country. Few trees grow this far north, and vegetation is limited to heathers and brackens. While the elevation of the mountains is not high, the landscape is difficult to maneuver an army over. Heather grows to mid calf height, so marching is impeded. The only roads available in this time period were a few Roman roads and droving trails, so moving an army in this geographical location would be tortuous.

Act One, Scene Three

A heath near Forres. The weather is mixed as per Macbeth’s first line in the play, when he says, “So foul and fair a day I have not seen” (1.3.38). This could, however refer to the triumphs and defeats earned in battle. The weather suggests winter or early spring.

Act One, Scene Four

The Palace, Forres. The court has moved from the battlefield to one of the many royal palaces in the region. This would be a fortified, safer locale than the battlefield scene.

Act One, Scene Five

Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness. Inverness is a market town, located at the mouth of Loch Ness, home to the legendary monster. It has access to the North Sea. Again, it is in the
Highlands, as noted in Scene 2.

Act One, Scene Six

Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness. Time has passed, and the season has changed. The weather is milder here, since Duncan comments about the “air / nimbly and sweetly recommends itself / to [his] gentle senses (1.6.2-3). Banquo points to “this guest of summer, / the temple-haunting martlet” (1.6.3-4), and comments on its nest building, which suggests that spring weather is upon them.

Act One, Scene Seven

Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness.

Act Two, Scene One

Inner courtyard Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness. There is an unusual darkness, despite the late hour. Banquo comments that “there’s husbandry in heaven; / Their candles are all out” (2.1.4-5). The lack of light could be the clouds gathering before the storm, both physically and metaphorically.

Act Two, Scene Two

Inner courtyard, Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness.

Act Two, Scene Three

Inner courtyard, Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness.

The weather is stormy, reflecting the storm in the nation. Lennox states, “the night has been unruly. Where we lay, / Our chimneys were blown down” (2.3.45-46). More than just the weather being out of joint, the earth’s surface is ravaged with earthquakes, as Lennox reports, “some say the earth/ was feverous and did shake” (2.3.51-52).
Act Two, Scene Four

Outside Macbeth’s Castle, Inverness

Weather – the heavens are out of joint and the even though ”by th’ clock ‘tis day, / And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp” (2.4.6-7). The lack of sunlight will make the temperature drop. This darkness during the day suggests an eclipse of the sun which mirrors Macbeth’s eclipse of Duncan’s rule.

Act Three, Scene One

The Royal Palace at Forres.

Act Three, Scene Two

The Royal Palace, Forres.

Act Three, Scene Three

A park near the Palace, Forres. It is night. The “west yet glimmers with some streaks of day” (3.3.5), but the atmosphere is dark. There is a heaviness to the air, as described by Banquo when he says, “it will be rain tonight” (3.3.21).

Act Three, Scene Four

A State Room in the Royal Palace, Forres.

Act Three, Scene Five

A heath, Scotland. There is a storm and stage directions state thunder. Footnotes suggest this scene may be by another author.

Act Three, Scene Six

Somewhere in Scotland – place not specified. Since the Lord has witnessed Macbeth’s reaction to the report that Macduff has gone to England to confer with Malcolm, the location is in the vicinity of the Royal Palace.
Act Four, Scene One
A cavern – the “pit of Acheron” as discussed in Act Three, Scene Five. Acheron is the gates of hell.

Act Four, Scene Two
Macduff’s Castle, Fife. Fife is in central Scotland, and has a gentle rolling landscape. It does not have huge mountain ranges, and has a mild climate.

Act Four, Scene Three
England, before King Edward the Confessor’s Palace. Lowlands and compared to Scotland, much flatter, greener area. The climate is also milder here.

Act Five, Scene One
Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane. Dunsinane is located at the southern limits of the Highlands, in the county of Perthshire, which is known as the gateway to the Highlands. The mountains are ominous here, but there are trees and vegetation other than heathers and brackens.

Act Five, Scene Two
The country, near Dunsinane.

Act Five, Scene Three
Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane.

Act Five, Scene Four
Country near Birnam Wood

Act Five, Scene Five
Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane.

Act Five, Scene Six
Before Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane.

Act Five, Scene Seven

Before Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane.

Act Five, Scene Eight

Before Macbeth’s Castle, Dunsinane.

Since we have such a small space, with no wings, fly loft or curtain, all these locations will be suggested. The set will have a monolithic structure upstage and a low altar/podium center stage. Different lighting and music will help create these different locations.

Discussions in Shakespeare class have created a new set design, which is attached.

Date

While Shakespeare does not date the play, his characters are from history. If we take these historical characters as the characters in the play, then the play begins in 1040, and ends sometime after 1042. Macbeth ascended to the Scottish throne in 1040 and Edward the Confessor (before whose Palace the exiled Malcolm meets Macduff) does not ascend the English throne until 1042 (Carroll 4). However, since this is a tragedy, not a history play, these dates must remain suspect as far as the play itself is concerned. While it would appear to be about a real king, it could be set in any age since the date is non-specific. The play begins at the winter equinox, when the sun "gins his reflection" (1.2.25). When Duncan reaches Macbeth’s castle in Act one, Scene 6, it is later in the spring, since the martlet, a “guest of summer” (1.6.4) is building its nest. Some time passes during the course of the play as mentioned above. The date is significant since the
concept of kingship and who inherits the throne are as vital in Shakespeare’s time as they were for Macbeth. James the VI & I had ascended the Scottish and English thrones in 1567 and 1603 respectively, and the question of rights of succession had been of utmost importance to the king and court. James was interested in both sovereignty and the occult, as evidenced in his works *The Divine Right of Kings* and *Daemonologie*. So, producing this play during James’s reign rather than that of Elizabeth, his predecessor, was politically savvy on the part of Shakespeare. Choosing to set the play in another time period when the Scottish succession and the occult are foremost topics of debate at court is a politically correct move.

**Economic Environment**

The major players in the play are Scottish aristocrats and royalty. The low characters are servants of the aristocrats, and range in roles from helpmates such as the messenger and doctor, to the comic relief of the porter. The king is a “first among equals” (Asimov 164), and has the power to disperse and collect government funds. For example, when Macbeth defeats Cawdor and the King of Norway, Duncan can extract reparations from Norway, saying “Nor would we deign him burial of his men / Till he disbursed at Saint Colm’s Inch / Ten thousand dollars to our general use” (1.2.63-65). Duncan rewards Macbeth for service to the state with the title of Thane of Cawdor, and all the financial rewards that accompany it. Duncan shows his gratitude for Macbeth’s defeat of Cawdor with “the proportion both of thanks and payment” (1.4.19).

The next stratum of society is the nobility, or thanes. They own land, which is of great importance in a country where arable land is at such a premium. The servants and support staff make up the next layer of society. They depend on their thane for their
living, since this is essentially a feudal system. Macbeth has the loyal Seyton at his side throughout, and Lady Macbeth has a gentlewoman maid-of-honor from the beginning of the play. The main comic relief in the play comes from the Porter, who is a servant in Macbeth’s household. The lower classes are dependant on the upper for their economic well being, and so when Macbeth wants to spur the murderers on to kill Banquo, he points out to them that Banquo’s “heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave / And beggar’d yours forever” (3.1.90-91).

Political Environment

The monarchy in Scotland is supported by nobility known as Thanes, and Banquo, Macduff, Lennox, Ross, Menteith, Angus and Caithness are numbered in the court of Thanes. Macbeth himself was Thane of Glamis as the play opens, and earns the title of Thane of Cawdor as a result of his service to his king. Lady Macbeth and Lady Macduff are the spouses of Thanes. Within these households are support staffs such as Seyton, Macbeth’s armor bearer, a doctor, a gentlewoman attendant for Lady Macbeth, and servants such as the old man, the porter, and non specified servants and messengers. On the English side, the system of nobility is mirrored, with the English supporting Malcolm as heir apparent in opposition to Macbeth as king. The difference between the English and Scottish court is that Macbeth is in line for the throne. As Asimov points out, “in those days there was no fixed system of legitimacy whereby one member of the royal family had definite and universally agreed upon precedence over another for the throne” (156). The system of primogenitor was not in place in Scotland, since the most able candidate ascended to the throne. Someone close in blood to the king, but who had the support of the Thanes, such as Macbeth had, would be a logical successor to Duncan.
However, in the play, Duncan declares that “We will establish our estate upon / Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter / The Prince of Cumberland” (1.4.36-38). This investiture of Malcolm as heir to the throne causes Macbeth to say ”Prince of Cumberland! That is a step / On which I must fall down or else o’erleap, / For in my way it lies” (1.4.48-50). By incriminating Malcolm and Donalbain in the murder of Duncan, Macbeth clears the way for his ascension to the throne.

When Macbeth is crowned, the ceremony occurs at Scone. As an expression of fealty, the thanes attend the coronation, with the exception of Macduff. Since a public oath of loyalty is part of the ceremony, this absence is the first indication of a political rift between Macbeth and his thanes. However, this was not an unusual situation for the King of Scotland, as is evidenced by Cawdor’s treason. The political climate is tenuous for Macbeth, even if he had achieved the throne without murdering Duncan. When Macduff travels south to Edward’s court, there is evidence of foreign intervention in Scottish politics. By sheltering Malcolm and supporting his rebellion against Macbeth, Edward undermines the throne for both. Malcolm is able to gather support for his fight for the throne, again due to the political system. This causes a situation where, as Asimov points out, “disobedience to the King, on the part of those vassals, or even outright rebellion, was much more the rule than the exception” (164).

Social Environment

Social constructs are built around the political system. The King is the “over-lord of the whole land, so is master over every person that inhabiteth the same, having power over the life and death of every one of them” (James 213). Such Kings, “are publicly consecrated, promise the entire people with and oath, that they will preserve the laws and
usages of their ancestors and our ancient institutions, and will use the same system of justice with they receive from their ancestors” (Buchanan 242). Thus did Macbeth when he went to Scone to be crowned. Macbeth surely has the power over life and death for many of his subjects, but he fails in his promise to preserve the law. Murder, particularly the murder of a child, is a universal crime. The society is also founded on military might, with bravery being valued. For example, in the first act, the words brave, valor, valiant, honor and worthy are used twenty five times. Just as on the field of battle the soldier relies on the stability of the structure of rank, so does this society. There has to be a belief that the king is a brave, valiant and honorable leader of worthy men. It is interesting that when Macbeth realizes he has been manipulated by the witches, he returns to what he knows is true, his soldier past, and goes into battle for the last time. The unworthy king has been deposed by the worthy.

This opens a discussion on the topic of the right to remove an evil king. The social expectations of Kings are discussed clearly in the interchange between Malcolm and Macduff in Act Four. The two exiled leaders catalogue the horrors piled on Scotland by Macbeth, and determine that against such a demon, righteous men can fight to overthrow the king. While bemoaning the tyranny of Macbeth, Malcolm denies the qualities that would seem appropriate in a monarch. This is a test to see if Macduff is a spy from Macbeth, but it is interesting to note how Macduff responds to each confession of failure. Malcolm says “there’s no bottom, none, / In [his] voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters, / Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up / The cistern of my lust” (4.3.61-64). Macduff responds “We have willing dames enough” (4.3.74). Malcolm continues to confess his “avarice, that were [he] king, / [He] should cut off the nobles for
their lands” (4.3.79-80). Macduff replies that while this sin is worse than before, “Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will” (4.3.89). Piling on sin after sin, Malcolm says he “has no relish” (4.3.96) for “justice, verity, temperance, stableness, / Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, / Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude” (4.3.93-95). Macduff is devastated and replies this time with “Fit to govern? No, not to live” (4.3.103-4). From this dialogue emerges a clear picture of what is considered moral in this society. Promiscuity is undesirable in a king, but permissible. Avarice is awful, but not deadly. However, the combination of such curious sins as impatience, cowardice, drunkenness and lying are too much to bear. Lying is also discussed in the Porter scene, when he pokes fun at the equivocator. Since deception and untruths are so rampant in the play, it is appropriate that being false is regarded with such disfavor.

Another important social construct is the concept of feudal hospitality. Macbeth struggles with the idea of killing Duncan, not only because he is king and closely related, but also because of his obligation “as his host, / Who should against his murderer shut the door, / Not bear the knife [himself]” (1.7.14-16). Indeed, in one of the most ironic passages in the play, Duncan says to Lady Macbeth, “See, see our honored hostess! / The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble, / Which still we thank as love” (1.6.10-12). Lady Macbeth responds to his grace in the expected manner, as she responds that

All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poor and single business to contend

Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house [...] 

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. (1.6.14-27) 

Since the first murder is done while Duncan is under the protection of Macbeth’s roof, these words are even more chilling. 

Religious Environment. 

The world of the play is Christian, yet the supernatural abounds. The witches, along with their familiars, move freely in the society. First witch approaches the sailor’s wife, who immediately recognizes her for what she is, but also knows how to get rid of her, with “Aroint thee, witch” (1.3.5). Over and over, the supernatural creeps in to the world of Macbeth. Banquo challenges the witches “I’th’name of truth / Are ye fantastical” (1.3.50-1). Like the sailor’s wife, he too recognizes the witches and is aware that there is a spiritual battle going on as he says, 

But ‘tis strange, 

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. (1.3.50-2)
Lady Macbeth refers to the witches as “metaphysical aid” (1.5.26), and the appearance of Banquo’s ghost causes Macbeth to call “hence horrible shadow! / Unreal mock’ry hence” (3.4.107-8). All this is evidence that the supernatural is not foreign to this society. The basic religious question in the play is whether Macbeth will yield to temptation, and what will be the consequences should he do so. George H. Morrison states “character depends, in no small measure, on a man’s reaction to temptation” (68). As he points out, Macbeth is tempted by both the witches and Lady Macbeth, but neither would have any success since “such solicitation is powerless unless it finds an answering chord within” (74). Morrison also points out that Macbeth is tempted when he is at the height of his success and popularity. This is reflected in the consequences of yielding to temptation, since “success is always apt to dim the grandeur of the moral law. A man in the hour of magnificent success is prone to think he is above morality” (Morrison 77). And so both Lady Macbeth and Macbeth can, in their hour of triumph, ignore the societal mores against regicide.

The first reference to Christianity in the play is ironic as Duncan thanks Lady Macbeth for her kindness and hospitality, yet the audience knows that she will not be rewarded by God, as Duncan assumes. Duncan is also given Christian attributes, as Macbeth himself says that “his [Duncan’s] virtues will plead like angels [...] against / The deep damnation of his taking-off” (1.7.18-20).

After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth cannot echo the call of the innocents that “God bless us!” and “Amen” (2.2.33). His actions have already excommunicated him from his religion, since he is guilty of the “Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope / The Lord’s anointed temple and stole thence / The life o’ th’ building” (2.3. 58-60). On
the other hand, Banquo is secure in his faith, since “in the great hand of God [he] stand[s]” (2.3.123). When Macbeth sees Banquo’s ghost, he does not call for God’s protection from the supernatural apparition since he knows he is outside of God’s fold. The lower classes are not so divorced from their religion, so that when Lady Macbeth sleepwalks and rants and raves, her gentlewoman prays for her and her doctor calls ”God, God forgive us all!” (5.1.62). Religion is an integral part of this play with the conflict between the morals of the Christian era and the supernatural, pagan morals of the old religion. Thus, by setting the play in a Celtic fantasy, both elements can come into play.

Previous Action

Act One, Scene Two

- Captain reports that Macbeth battled Macdonwald and his rebel supporters. His successful defeat of Macdonwald is recounted with “brave Macbeth [...] with his brandished steel, / Which smoked with bloody execution [...] unseamed him from the nave to th’chops, / And fixed his head upon our battlements.” (1.2.16-23). No sooner had Macbeth defeated Macdonwald when the King Sweno of Norway, supported by the Thane of Cawdor, tried to defeat Macbeth’s weakened army. This was unsuccessful and, thanks to Macbeth, “The victory fell on us” (1.2.59). Norway is denied the right to bury his dead until he pays “Ten thousand dollars to our general use” (1.2.65), and Cawdor is condemned to death as a traitor. Macbeth is a heroic leader of the victorious as the play opens.
Act One, Scene 3

First Witch – Reports how she saw a sailor’s wife sitting eating chestnuts. She asks for a share, and is immediately identified and repelled with “Aroint thee, witch” (1.3.6). She determines to make the woman suffer by torturing her husband. She throws disaster in his path, but she cannot kill him. This tale informs us of the limits on the witch’s power. They can suggest, but they cannot take action to kill.

Act One, Scene 4

- Cawdor has “confessed his treasons” and has been executed

Act One, Scene 7

- Lady Macbeth has had a child in the past, since she “has given suck” (1.7.55).

Act Two, Scene 2

- Lady Macbeth has drugged the king’s servants, has prepared the room and laid out the daggers, but cannot do the deed herself because Duncan “resembled / [Her] father as he slept” (2.2.12-13).
- Macbeth has killed Duncan
- While Macbeth is committing the crime, Donalbain and Malcolm wake in the next room, pray, and go back to sleep.

Act Two, Scene 3

- Lennox reports that during the night, nature has been chaotic, as chimneys are blown down, screams of death are heard, and the earth itself was ”feverous and did shake” (2.3.52).
• Macduff reports the murder of Duncan with “Most sacriligious murder hath broke ope / The Lord’s anointed temple and stole thence / The life o’ the building” (2.3.58-60).

• Macbeth tells how he saw “Duncan, / His silver skin laced with his golden blood” (2.3.104-5), observes the blood stained servants, and that in his “fury, / That [he] did kill them” (2.3.98-9).

Act Two, Scene 4

• Ross and the Old Man discuss the horror of the night and the corresponding unnatural phenomena. Although it is now day, “dark night strangles the traveling lamp” (2.4.7), a falcon is killed by a mousing owl, Duncan’s horses “Make war with mankind” (2.4.18) and eat each other.

• Macduff reports that Malcolm and Donalbain have “stol’n away and fled” (2.4.26), and that Duncan’s body has been taken to Colmekill and buried.

• Macbeth is chosen as king and has gone to Scone for investiture.

Act Three, Scene 1

• Macbeth says that Malcolm and Donalbain have been accused of the murder of Duncan, and have fled to England and Ireland, respectively.

• Macbeth tells the murderers that Banquo is responsible for their troubles.

Act Three, Scene 4

• According to Lady Macbeth, Macbeth has a history of seizures (may only be excuse for weird behavior at the banquet).
Act Three, Scene 5

- The witches have interfered with Macbeth without Hecate, who is angry that they have not included her since she is their superior.

Act Three, Scene 6

- Lennox says that “Macduff lives in disgrace” (3.6.23) and, from a lord, that Malcolm “Lives in the English court” (3.6.26). Malcolm is welcome at Edward’s court, and has sent for Macduff. The rebellion builds.

Act 4, Scene 3

- Macduff reports that “Each new morn / New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows / Strike heaven on the face” (4.3.4-6). All this is due to Macbeth’s tyranny.
- Ross tells Macduff that not only are his wife and children dead, but also all his servants.

Act Five, Scene 1

- The gentlewoman recounts how Lady Macbeth has been sleepwalking, talks in her sleep, and insists on having light by her constantly.

Act Five, Scene 3

- Macbeth’s servant tells him there are ten thousand soldiers marshaled against him.
- The doctor tells Macbeth that Lady Macbeth is not sick, but rather is “troubled with thick-coming fancies / That keep her from her rest” (5.3.40-41).

Act Five, Scene 5
• A messenger informs Macbeth that “I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought, / The wood began to move” (5.5.34).

• Seyton tells Macbeth that Lady Macbeth is dead.

Analysis of Dialogue

A.C. Bradley points out that

in many parts of Macbeth there is in the language a peculiar compression, pregnancy, energy, even violence; the harmonious grace and even flow, often conspicuous in Hamlet, have almost disappeared...the diction has in places a huge and rugged grandeur, which degenerates here and there into tumidity. (306)

This is no more evident than in the opening scene of the play, where, rather than exposition and setting, Shakespeare assaults the ear with short, rhyming couplets from the witches. As Bradley informs us, “the action bursts into wild life amidst the sounds of a thunderstorm and the echoes of a distant battle” (306), and immediately the audience is transported into the tension of the play. The royal scenes are written in blank verse, with the regular iambic pentameter rhythm emphasizing the elevated status of the speakers. Even here, the speakers share lines to give urgency to, for example, the report of the bloody soldier.

Frank Kermode states that the “first part of the play is set in a time when there is still a gap between the thought and the deed, and its language enacts this dizzying gap” (203).

Shakespeare uses prose sparingly in this play, but with great import. When Lady Macbeth hears of the prophecy from her husband, it is written in prose. The love letter
from her “dearest partner in greatness” (1.5.8) is expository and intimate at the same time. The shift between the letter’s farewell and Lady Macbeth’s “Glamis thou are, and Cawdor, and shalt be / What thou art promised” (1.5.11-12), is at breakneck speed, and the shift from prose to verse only goes to emphasize the change. She never hesitates to make the jump from prophecy to murder. The next break from verse to prose happens at what Kermode calls “the hinge of the play” (211). The low characters in Shakespeare often speak in prose to differentiate them from the elevated characters around them. However, the Porter scene in Macbeth is more than just comic relief. This scene is the connection between the turmoil before Duncan’s murder, and a different turmoil after the death of the king. Macbeth struggles with the decision to kill before this scene, yet afterwards seems to have no qualms about murder at all. Kermode points out that this scene “gives scope for banter about equivocation, an idea central to the entire play; the witches equivocate, the future equivocates, the Macbeths equivocate, the language generally equivocates” (211). The ambiguity of the language emphasizes the ambiguity of the situation, where only the Macbeths and the audience truly know what has transpired.

The scene between Lady Macduff and her child begins in verse, and then breaks into prose as the child tries to lighten the mood by teasing his mother. The light-hearted banter about so serious a subject as the death of fathers, and yet again speaking falsely, is juxtaposed with the most heinous of all the killings, the murder of a child. The last piece of prose is reserved for Lady Macbeth’s final scene in the play. The dramatic pitch of the play is heightened as the audience is transported from Macduff and Malcolm allying themselves in revenge, and the terrifying pity of watching Lady Macbeth’s descent into
madness. Even though this scene is written in prose, Bradley points out that "Shakespeare meant the predominant impression to be one of awe, grandeur, and horror ... as Lady Macbeth's activity diminishes and her misery increases" (346). "Doubtless she would have given the world to undo what she had done; and the thought of it killed her" (347).

Within the verse, there are significant differences in the play. The witches speak in "an idiosyncratic rhythm and a lexical habit ... with a sort of hypnotic firmness" (Kermode 203). The language of the witches is a musical chorus, and as Edward H. Thompson points out, "they were sociable and did dance". Their language is written in trochaic tetrameter, which is distinct from the iambic pentameter of the regular verse in the play. This emphasis on the first syllable instead of the second, sets their speech apart, and gives it a different musicality. This calls for movement from the actors playing the roles. As mentioned above, the royal scenes are in blank verse, with elevated language to emphasize the status of the speakers. Other characters also speak in verse, but they share the lines, speeding up the interchanges and heightening the tension of the scene, as can be seen in the interchange between Macduff and Ross when the latter brings the news of the murders:

MACDUFF. My children too?

ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!

My wife killed too?
ROSS. I have said.

MALCOLM. Be comforted. (4.3.212-214)

As Cicely Berry comments, shared lines such as these “make it very exciting [and] the suspense in the way the thoughts are poised between the two characters makes its own music” (70).

Another device used in the play is the feminine ending to the blank verse. This serves to break the monotony of the rhythm, and allow smooth transitions to the next line. Shakespeare uses antithesis throughout the play. As mentioned above, the play revolves around the Porter scene, so that structurally there is antithesis between Macbeth’s actions before Duncan’s body is discovered and after. Before, Macbeth is in internal turmoil as he struggles with the temptation to murder his king in order to achieve his own greatness. He is intensely human. After this scene, his humanity dwindles when he first slaughters the drowsy guards, then has his best friend murdered, and finally, horribly, executes innocent women and children. Equally, Lady Macbeth has sway over her husband before this scene, yet after is distanced from him as she moves from obscuring his actions to absolute ignorance of them. In the opening scene, the witches set the mood with their incantation that “Fair is foul, and foul is fair” (1.1.11), only to be echoed by Macbeth’s opening line of “So foul and fair a day I have not seen” (1.3.38). The witches tell Banquo that he is “lesser than Macbeth, and greater” and “not so happy, yet much happier” (1.3.65-66). The whole play deals with the antithesis between what is seen and what is really happening, the natural and the unnatural.
Analysis of Dramatic Action

I chose Act Two as an example. The copy of the text, complete with notations can be found in the appendix. The units of action are broken down as follows:

- Unit One – Setting the Scene. Banquo and Fleance create the physical atmosphere of the scene. Banquo questions, and it is Fleance who gives the objective details.

- Unit Two – The Prayer. Banquo interprets the evidence and seeks comfort from God.

- Unit Three – The Bequest. Macbeth enters and Banquo immediately challenges him. After Macbeth reassures Banquo, Banquo can then bestow the honors he has brought for the household.

- Unit Four – The Reminder. Banquo reminds Macbeth of the weird sisters, pushing him to respond, but Macbeth delays the discussion and Banquo agrees to talk at later.

- Unit Five – The Dagger of the Mind. Macbeth fights himself. He denies what fate seems to foretell for him, but capitulates and turns the figurative dagger into a real threat to Duncan.

- Unit Six – The Murder. The killing occurs offstage, but Lady Macbeth frets and panics as she imagines what is going on inside the building.

- Unit Seven – The Report. Macbeth enters and seeks reassurance from lady Macbeth, having killed Duncan. Lady Macbeth attempts to calm him.
• Unit Eight – The Excommunication. Macbeth pleads with Lady Macbeth to explain why he can no longer pray. Lady Macbeth orders him to stop in order to block his panic and attempt at confession.

• Unit Nine – Return to Order. Lady Macbeth resumes leadership, gives instructions that he cannot follow and then she shames him for his apparent cowardice. She takes action.

• Unit Ten – Oh, To Cleanse. Macbeth hears the world intruding and desperately wants to cleanse the deed from his hands.

• Unit Eleven – Hide the Knowledge. Lady Macbeth responds to the knocking on the gate and ties up the loose ends. She takes care of Macbeth since he is so steeped in remorse, he cannot take care of himself.

• Unit Twelve – Comic Relief, the Escape. Briefly there is an escape from the horror in humor. The porter delays answering the knocking, despite it being his job. In avoiding his duty, we avoid discovering the deed. The delay equivocates what has happened.

• Unit Thirteen – The Teasing. With the entry of Macduff there is some mutual teasing as Macduff seeks to rouse the household and the Porter seeks to make excuses for his condition.

• Unit Fourteen – Back to Business. When Macbeth enters, all resume appropriate roles. They greet each other as host and guest.

• Unit Fifteen – The Premonition. Lennox foreshadows evil when he describes the disorder in nature they have witnesses.
• Unit Sixteen – The Horror Discovered. Macduff discovers Duncan’s body and seeks help from Macbeth.

• Unit Seventeen – Alarum. Macduff rouses the house to spread the news.

• Unit Eighteen – Muddy the Waters. Lady Macbeth tries to obscure with questions but Banquo and Macduff seek the truth.

• Unit Nineteen – Dazzle with Oratory. Macbeth appears to mourn, but his words are empty oratory.

• Unit Twenty – The Charge. Macbeth goes on the offensive and charges his guests with the murders. While Macduff wants simple answers to the charge, Macbeth obscures the evidence with his eulogy of Duncan, and then confesses to killing the guards to distract from the greater crime. Lady Macbeth is shocked by the change in her husband and faints away.

• Unit Twenty-One – Confusion and Fear. Donalbain and Malcolm are still in a stupor but as their brains clear, they are confused but know enough to escape.

• Unit Twenty-Two – Something is Rotten in the State of Macbeth. Ross and the old man are searching for truth, but find only disordered nature.

• Unit Twenty-Three – The King is Dead, Long Live the King. Macduff breaks the news to the two searchers that Macbeth is King, and Duncan is not yet buried.

• Unit Twenty-Four – Divorce. The three decide that they can no longer remain.
Character Analysis

Macbeth

Macbeth is described by other lords at the beginning of the play as “brave Macbeth” (1.2.16) and “O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman” (1.2.24). He is an honorable warrior and does not flinch in the sight of unexpected attacks. Banquo calls him his “noble partner” (1.3.54), and his king rewards him for his actions. A more intimate portrayal comes from Lady Macbeth, who describes him as “not without ambition, but without / The illness should attend it” (1.5.15-16). She says he is “too full o’ the milk of human kindness” (1.5.13).

Macbeth struggles with the idea of killing Duncan, preferring that nature take its course since Duncan is a “kinsman” and under the protection of Macbeth’s roof. He says he has “no spur / To prick the sides of [his] intent, but only / vaulting ambition” (1.7.25-26). He decides that they will “proceed no further in this business” (1.7.32), but this only serves to enrage Lady Macbeth. She challenges his manhood, and he is pushed towards the murder. He resists again when he sees the dagger image, but his ambition wins and he does proceed. When Macbeth kills Duncan, he is at first devastated by the deed, but quickly changes. He goes from saying “I’ll go no more. / I am afraid to think what I have done; / Look on’t again I dare not” (2.3.54-56) about the slaying of Duncan to killing the guards with barely an acknowledgement of the deed. Lady Macbeth reacts to this by “fainting” and the debate continues as to whether she does so out of horror or to distract the company from Macbeth.

Once the first murder is committed, Macbeth’s “milk o’ human kindness” disappears as each consecutive killing becomes colder and colder. By conspiring with
others to kill Banquo, his best friend, he spreads the infection of murder. Even though the sight of Banquo’s ghost terrifies him, he does not flinch from continuing his murder spree. He admits that he is “in blood / stepped in so far” (3.5.137-8) that he cannot turn back. “He wills nothing, and paradoxically she [Lady Macbeth] collapses while he grows even more frightening [...] as he becomes the nothing he projects” (Bloom 522). Paul Epstein contends, “Macbeth is both a king who loses his kingdom and a man who loses his soul” (107). Rather than confess his sin, Macbeth goes to the witches and demands that they answer his questions. This is such a change from the first encounter, when he is rooted to the spot and can only act when the witches have vanished. Macbeth sacrifices his king, his friend, his wife and his soul for his ambition until “the fifth act shows the final contraction of Macbeth’s intended earthly empire, until, with his beheading, its nothingness is revealed. He himself is conscious of this contraction [...] and in a well known speech he reflects on the meaninglessness of life” (Epstein 121).

Harold Bloom says, “Macbeth suffers intensely from knowing that he does evil, and that he must go on doing even worse” (517). Gary Willis in his book *Witches and Jesuits* suggests that at the end of the play Macduff exorcises Macbeth from the demons that have driven him to murder, and so Macbeth is free to die. Devoid of any supernatural aid, and cognizant of the equivocation of the witches, Macbeth can only rely on that which he has always known to be true – his ability as a soldier. He determines to return to the valor of earlier days, and goes to his death proud and resolute. Bloom suggests that there is no catharsis in *Macbeth* (518), but Bradley contends that in this last act, “there remains something sublime in the defiance with which, even when cheated of his last hope, he faces earth and hell and heaven” (334). When he descends to the depths
of his personal hell, “in the very depths a gleam of his native love of goodness, and with it a touch of tragic grandeur, rests upon him” (335). The complex emotional release at the end of the play is a challenge to actors young and old alike.

Lady Macbeth

At the beginning of the play, Lady Macbeth is a force to be reckoned with. A. C. Bradley points out that “she knows her husband’s weakness [...] and she sets herself without a trace of doubt or conflict to counteract this weakness” (336). From hearing of the prophecy to determining to kill Duncan is a split second in Lady Macbeth’s life. However, she is not without weakness herself. Alone, she is not able to convince, but says:

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 th’access and passage to remorse. (1. 5. 36-40)

With the help of those cruel spirits, she can push her husband over the edge into murder. Morrison reminds us that:

but for Lady Macbeth, Duncan would never have been murdered

[...] unimaginative, single-purposed, she screwed [Macbeth’s] courage to the sticking point. No man could have wrought upon Macbeth as this
dreadful but loving woman. For him she was the procuress of hell. (62-63)

When she “wills actions that are opposed to the dictates of charity and fails in her chief duty, her wifely roles of hostess and helpmate are perverted” (Klein 169). However, Morrison goes on to point out that “Lady Macbeth, whatever she may be, is not an utterly callous woman” (72). She cannot urge Macbeth to murder alone; rather she must call on those cruel spirits. She must drink wine to “make [her] bold” (2.2.1). She cannot murder Duncan herself because he “resembled / [Her] father as he slept” (2.2.12-13). She faints when she hears Macbeth recount the killing of Duncan’s guards. Some suggest that she is just trying to distract attention from Macbeth; others are of the opinion that she is truly shocked by Macbeth’s actions. Either way, she is not a cold-hearted conspirator, for here she exhibits weakness or concern.

As the play progresses, Lady Macbeth’s world contracts. Whereas at the beginning of the play Macbeth calls her his “dearest partner of greatness” (1.5.8), by the time Macbeth is plotting the murder of Banquo, she has lost her partnership. She knows nothing of the murder of Banquo but never lets her guard down. As Bradley points out, “when the truth of what she has done dawns on her, no word of complaint ... escapes her when others are by” (338). Even when they are alone, Macbeth has taken charge of the situation and she is reduced to being concerned about his lack of sleep. Bradley goes on to say, “her husband, physically the stronger, maddened by pangs he had foreseen, but still flaming with life, comes to the foreground, and she retires” (344). It is ironic that she had to deny her nurturing role in order to spur Macbeth on to murder Duncan, but once the deed was done, she has no role in his life except as nurturer.
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“question this most bloody piece of work / To know it further” (2.3.121-2). He calls on his faith, and puts his future in God’s hands. In his soliloquy, he reveals his suspicion of Macbeth, and his reason for inaction. While on one hand he is aware that Macbeth “played’st most fouly for’t” (3.1.3), he says nothing, but rather remembers the prophecy that he would be the sire of kings. This knowledge separates him from his erstwhile friend, and he leaves with his son. Bradley suggest that this action is evidence that Banquo has also “yielded to evil. The witches and his own ambition have conquered him” (353). Banquo’s reluctance to act is reminiscent of Hamlet, who also suffers because he over analyzes his situation, and both die as a result. In his final moment, Banquo finally recognizes Macbeth’s treachery and urges, “Fleance, fly, fly, fly! / Thou mayst revenge” (3.3.22-23). Like Macbeth, Banquo’s journey is an inner one, and like Macbeth, in his final moment he returns to his soldier past as he takes on the murderers to save his son.

Macduff

Like Macbeth and Banquo, Macduff is a warrior. As Macbeth’s nemesis, he changes during the course of the play. He is loyal and dutiful at the beginning. He is responsible to Duncan, and it is his job to rouse Duncan in the morning. From such a mundane task comes the first call of “O, horror, horror, horror!” (2.3.54). However, horrified as he is, his intellect is still intact. When Macbeth tells of killing the guards, Macduff’s response is “Wherefore did you so?” (2.3.100). Swearing to find the murderer, he does not accompany Macbeth to Scone for the coronation, but goes back to his home in Fife. His wisdom is questioned in that when he goes to England to find Malcolm, he leaves his family unprotected. While this proves disastrous, it is a sign more of the
heinous nature of Macbeth’s crime than of Macduff’s neglect. They should be safe within their own walls. The play points out that there is no sanctuary, and no individual is safe from evil.

Macduff’s hasty journey to talk with Malcolm is evidence of his concern for the well being of Scotland. He leaves his family for the greater good. Until the news of their murder, Macduff is a reasonable man, but afterwards, he is driven by the horror of being haunted by the family’s ghosts if he does nothing. In the passage where Malcolm and Macduff test each other in Act Four, Macduff’s pragmatism is seen. He justifies Malcolm’s supposed excess in lust and greed, but draws the line when Malcolm goes on to list his other sins. Lying and cheating are unbearable for his honest man. The change in attitude comes when Ross gives him the news of the massacre of his household. He is at first in denial of the horror of the event, but intellect gives way to passion as he swears to “Front to front / Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; / Within my sword’s length set him. If he escape, / Heaven forgive him too!” (4.3.234-237). He blames himself for what happens to his family with “Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee!” (4.3.226-227). Macduff accepts responsibility for their deaths, and unlike Macbeth who descends into nihilism at the news of Lady Macbeth’s death, he determines to do something about it. However, he sees this as justice, not treason. Macbeth has sinned so much against the state, that he sees himself as the instrument of justice. He has progressed from intellectualizing the problem to acting upon it.

The Witches

So much has been written about the witches, but I would suggest that while the above mentioned characters change during the course of the play, the witches do not. Ian
Johnston suggests, "they have malicious intentions and prophetic powers. And yet they are not active agents...they have no power to compel." The witches can make the sailor's ship "be tempest tossed" (1.3.25), but they cannot sink it. They can tell Macbeth and Banquo of future greatness, but cannot kill Duncan themselves. They do not even suggest that Macbeth should kill. They just plant the seed of an idea. They are not creatures of action, therefore cannot react and change. The witches at the end of the play are the same as those who open the play with “When shall we three meet again?” (1.1.1). Hecate may admonish them for not letting her play, but this does not change their attitudes, and there is a sense that after the death of Macbeth, the witches are somewhere on a heath, waiting for another victim.

Ideas and Themes of the Play

Shakespeare's rich texture of images weaves a portrait of the consequences of giving in to temptation. Macbeth is the tragic hero who gives in to the temptation offered by the weird sisters and driven into his soul by Lady Macbeth. His world is thrown into chaos and the consequences are dire for all. His passion for his wife reveals his vulnerability, and allows her influence him, despite his kind and generous nature. The chaos in the Macbeth family is reflected in the chaos that engulfs Scotland, and even nature. Until order is returned, and chaos banished, nothing in the universe will be balanced.

The themes in the play are arranged antithetically. Nature versus the unnatural is personified in the figures of the witches. They have natural human form, yet are supernatural. Lady Macbeth must “unsex” herself to give her the unnatural courage to use her natural womanly wiles to convince her husband to kill Duncan. On the day of the
murder, nature is out of joint as day turns into night, owls kill falcons, and horses attack men and then eat each other. The dagger appearing before Macbeth, and Banquo’s ghost appearing at the banquet are unnatural acts. At the end of the play, nature commits unnatural acts as Birnam Wood does come to Dunsinane and a man who “from his mother’s womb / Untimely ripped” (5.8.15-16) defeats Macbeth.

The image of light versus dark follows. The play begins in darkness pierced by lightning. The light that enters is dangerous. The play is steeped in darkness, with few exceptions. A. C. Bradley points out that:

in the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. (307)

When Banquo and Fleance are preparing to leave, Banquo notices that “There’s husbandry in heaven; / Their candles are all out” (2.1.4-5). Linked to the image of light and darkness is the image of sight and blindness. Again these two pictures are arranged antithetically throughout the play. Macbeth, on hearing that Malcolm has been named as heir to the throne, says:

Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see by black and deep desires;

The eye wink at the hand’ yet let that be

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. (1.3.50-53)

Even he cannot bear to look at his dark thoughts.
From this darkness, order descends into disorder. In a society based on feudal obligation, betrayal is rife. Cawdor has betrayed Duncan, and in his turn Macbeth betrays Duncan. By giving in to the temptation of the witches’ prophecy, Macbeth disrupts the order of succession that Duncan had declared when he named Malcolm Prince of Cumberland. The Macbeths welcome Duncan into their home, then disrupt the natural order by killing someone they “should against his murderer shut the door” (1.7.15). Nature descends into disorder after the murder. A king is supposed to “preserve the laws and usages of their ancestors and our ancient institutions” (Buchanan 243), yet Macbeth breaks those laws repeatedly and sinks the country into disorder. During Macbeth’s reign, there is chaos. Only when Macduff and Malcolm restore the right order does light and nature return to Scotland.

Another image that soaks the play is the image of blood. As Bradley points out, “it cannot be an accident that the image of blood is forced upon us continually...even by reiteration of the word in unlikely parts of the dialogue” (308). The great news of the triumphant victory of Macbeth over the rebels is heralded in by Duncan’s “What bloody man is that?” (1.2.1). The soldier proceeds to tell how Macbeth, “with his brandished steel, / Which smoked with bloody execution, / Like valor’s minion carved out his passage / Till he faced the slave” (1.2.17-20). Once faced with Macdonwald, Macbeth, not satisfied with just killing him, “unseamed him from the nave to th’ chops” (1.2.22). Just as bloody is Lady Macbeth, who calls on “the spirits of cruelty to thicken her blood that pity cannot flow along her veins!” (Bradley 309). In her madness, Lady Macbeth cries “yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?” (5.1.31-32), and bemoans the fact that her hands have “the smell of blood still” (5.1.40).
“All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand” (5.1.41) demonstrates how steeped in blood Lady Macbeth sees herself. Images of blood permeate the play from the imagined dagger that Macbeth sees before him, to the body of Duncan and his attendants, to Banquo’s spectre at the banquet table, and the innocent Macduff child as he charges his mother’s murderers. Scotland is personified by Macduff and bleeding from Macbeth’s tyranny as each day “a gash / Is added to her wounds” (4.3.41-42). Macbeth balks at the sight of Macduff in his castle with “My soul is too much charged / With blood of thine already” (5.8.5-6), but Macduff cannot argue, and calling Macbeth a bloody villain. Arthur Sewell says ”blood is the symbol of both life and death, the principle of energy within” (116). The play is one pool of blood after another.

Time is a significant image in the play. Mahood suggests that time signifies “the fitness of the natural order – order, this is, seen as a recurrent succession of events, season after season, generation after generation” (55). Mahood continues with the idea that time is characterized as religious, all things happening at the correct hour, and this time is associated with “the powers of good – Duncan, Malcolm, Macduff” (55). However, in the case of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, “time is a momentous event” (55), and thus irreligious. Mahood would propose that it is the conflict between these two concepts of time that is at the center of the play. Indeed, Lady Macbeth does say to her husband to “beguile the time, / Look like the time” (1.5.59-60). Time seems to contract and expand around Macbeth, who wishes that “If it were done when ’tis done, then ’twere well / It were done quickly” (1.7.1). It is as if taking time to think about the deed will guarantee its failure. Macbeth cannot take time to ponder. He acts with speed. He quickly dispatches Duncan’s guards without giving them time to be questioned further. He must
act quickly to rid himself of Banquo, and even the massacre of the Macduff household is
done in a rush of violence.

As well as these major images, there are many layers of vivid pictures in the play. The image of the king as one who wears the robes of monarchy well is transposed with Macbeth’s borrowed robes that do not fit him well, for “his title / Hang[s] loose about him, like a giant’s robe” (5.2.20-21). The image of infancy and mother’s milk is tortured by Lady Macbeth’s exhortation that she would have “plucked [her] nipple from his boneless gums / And dashed the brains out, had [she] so sworn” (1.7.58-59) to do the deadly deed. Her motherhood is denied as she calls on the cruel spirits to “Come to [her] woman’s breasts / And take [her] milk for gall” (1.5.43-44). The bird images herald peace in the sight of the martlet at Macbeth’s door, yet are perverted when the owl kills the falcon. Noise is also an image, as we are bombarded by thunder, owl shrieks, screams of terror, wind howling and “Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death / And prophesying with accents terrible” (2.3.47-48). The image of sleep and the lack of it keep the play off kilter. The innocent Duncan is killed as he sleeps. The guards are drugged to that in their sleep evil deeds may be done. After the murder, Macbeth rails, “Sleep no more! / Macbeth does murder sleep” (2.2.39-40). For him, sleep is forever corrupted. The last time we see Lady Macbeth in the play, she is sleepwalking. There is no innocent sleep any more.

Past Productions - Recent Reviews

Macbeth has been performed all over the world. In London, a production of the play featuring Sean Bean as Macbeth and Samantha Bond as Lady Macbeth has been stunning audiences and resulted in the play’s run being extended. Hugh Muir of the
Evening Standard comments that “the pair exude a sexual chemistry rare even for a Shakespeare play.” The Wall Street Journal calls this production “thrilling,” and the Daily Telegraph concurs, pointing out that this is “exciting, imaginatively designed and full of bright ideas.” The BBC’s Jackie Finlay is less enthusiastic since in her opinion, the “rather plentiful amounts of sex and modern warfare [is] a shameless attempt at playing to the stalls.” While this Ed Hall production received mostly excellent reviews, the 2001 production at Shakespeare’s Globe theatre was not so fortunate. The London Se[1] comments that the play “suffers from the lack of intensity when showing tragedy and is weak in its portrayal of tyranny, murder and the supernatural” (“Macbeth at Shakespeare’s Globe”). Apparently this production was a “clever and stylish production, [and] what is lacks in viscera it makes up for in comedy and innovation.” In Battersea, England, the BAC production used five actors, and cut the witches from the play, relying on the music score for the supernatural elements in the play. While the reviewer says that the production is a “concentrated drama of politics and stress” (Bassett), she is less than complimentary about the performances. The actors suffered in this review, being called “unaffected”, “caricaturish,” “heavy handed” and unable to handle the verse (Bassett). The Boston Theatre Works production was also rather scathingly reviewed, with comments such as “right now we’re watching the quickly turning pages of a comic book – with the Witches as ads for Victoria’s Secret,” and “that all fight scenes should be either performed with sticks or mimed for the correct movements and thrusts, rather than watching actors with swords trying not to hurt each other” (Rossi).

Closer to home, two companies recently produced the play. In 2000, the now defunct Tygres Heart’s show was called “one of the clearest productions of the Scottish
play” that the critic, Steffen Silvis, had seen. While he calls director Nan Doherty’s work “crisp and fluid,” he is scathing in his review of the actor’s training and abilities. Doherty made Lady Macbeth pregnant, but, according to Silvis, her inconsistency “drops it, turning her intriguing idea into gimmickry.” Having seen the production, I would have to agree with his analysis. The actors struggled with the language, and the production stressed style over substance. In 2002, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival opened its new facility with an innovative production in which six actors played all roles. The play was cut to less than two hours, but it was an excruciating two hours without an interval. Center stage was dominated by a pool of blood, which was so overused, that by the “third or so killing, you have the chilling realization that you can actually hear Macbeth’s feet stick to the floor” (Berrenson).

Macbeth has been reviewed positively and negatively over the years. There are as many different views of the play as there are audience members!

The Playwright

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, and was baptized on 26 April 1564 (Schoenbaum 7). While little is known about William, parish registers show that he married “Anna Whatley de Temple Grafton” on 27 November, 1582. (10). Schoenbaum notes that the parish clerk was prone to error, thus explaining the discrepancy in the bride’s name. A bond published the next day lists the bride as “Ann Hathwey.” (11). He died in Stratford on April 23, 1616 (Bloom xiii). Beyond his body of work, little is known of the man, save what is found in the few surviving parish documents. Bloom suggest that he “joined the London theatrical world [. . .] as early as 1587 (xiii). He was an astute businessman, and his will “reveals the bequests of a
satisfied and successful man, who is being just to his family while remembering his old friends and colleagues” (Brown 319). His fame was minor during his lifetime, with little written about him beyond a few letters of admiration from people like William Camden, the headmaster of Westminster school (Schoenbaum 27). His death “evoked no great outpouring of homage,” (27) so had not Heminges and Condell gathered copies of his plays “to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive” (28), the world would have been deprived of the genius that is Shakespeare.

Shakespeare’s plays were arranged in the First Folio in three categories – Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. While the thirty-six plays were not arranged in any particular order within those categories, scholars have determined an order of creation for the plays based on a combination of folio information and diaries and accounts of the time (Bevington 39). From this information, Macbeth has been dated to the 1606-1607 time period. It is generally stated that in the early works, Shakespeare’s style was more formal, with emphasis on regular lines of blank verse. However, as he matured, there was “a movement toward ever greater freedom in the use of both verse and prose” (39). His use of irregularity supercedes that of regular lines and rhythms. In fact, as Bevington points out, “by the end of his career, his style has virtually been transformed from one of formal and rhetorical regularity to one of vast flexibility and range” (39). Macbeth belongs in this later period.

Shakespeare’s use of language and imagery is legendary. In his autobiography, Lawrence Olivier says Shakespeare is “matchless in wit, power, imagination, fire, philosophy” (49). Yet even more important, he has “a magical sense of the theatre” (Olivier 49). To do justice to the man’s genius would require a lifetime’s study, but the
scope of this discussion will be his tragedies. In Macbeth, he visits the themes of disorder, trust and betrayal, greed and power, good and evil and guilt. These themes are not limited to Macbeth. They can be found in the disorder of the kingdom in King Lear as Lear struggles in the wilderness. Lear’s daughters’ lust for power disorders the family and the state, and his trust is betrayed by all but Cordelia. In Othello, Iago’s evil intentions towards Othello create disorder in the society as well as the family and result in Othello being destroyed by his own guilt for believing someone he considered so trustworthy. In Titus Andronicus, greed and power are only a few of the weapons in Tamora’s warfare against the Andronici. Her evil sons’ mutilation and rape of the innocent Lavinia physicalizes the disorder she deliberately generates. In Hamlet, the entire country is made rotten by the disorder created by Claudius. His murder of his brother and marriage to the widowed queen is a greedy quest for power. Driven by a need to rid the country of the evil this has created, the good and studious Hamlet is driven out of his ordered existence and into a guilt-ridden quest for revenge. These themes are repeated in tragedy after tragedy. Perhaps in Macbeth we see the ultimate “evil – the evil that results from a lust for power” (Knights 39).

Learning Goals
• Students will demonstrate a grasp of heightened text through execution of dialogue on stage.
• Students will demonstrate an understanding of character tempos and body leads through rehearsal and practice.
• Students will build community through rehearsals, practice and a common goal.
• Students will use character quotes to analyze and develop their character and their relationship to other characters of the play.
• Students will develop make up designs for their character.

• Students will participate in fund raising, set construction, painting, props design, costume design, sound and light design, music design and publicity for a more complete production experience.

Sources Cited


Part Three

Production Journal – I will first address how the Shakespeare class resolved design issues.

Director's Concept

The play began to take shape in the Shakespeare class. This two-trimester class begins with scansion and instruction in Shakespearean language. The first assignment is built around the Sonnets. The first trimester is concerned with literary analysis. The students study plays and poetry, and are introduced to acting techniques for heightened texts. Macbeth was the last play studied in Trimester One. After studying the play, auditions were held for the major roles. Major work on the production occurred in Trimester Two. The Shakespeare class discussion on theme and director's concept developed the idea of the Celtic fantasy. Class discussion centered on ideas of crosses and knots in the blocking. The entire class participated in discussions and decisions on theme, color and editing the script. Within the class, groups were set up to work on the following: acting scene work, leather armor for Macbeth and the soldiers, costume design and construction, hair design, make up design, set design, lighting design, sound effect design, and music design. Class was organized as follows: Monday, Wednesday – work on Macbeth committee; Tuesday, Thursday – reading and discussion of other works; Friday, presentation of critical essays on both Macbeth and other works, followed by discussion. If work was completed on Friday, scene work was done. Students were
engaged and enthusiastic through the class periods. The following is a breakdown of the development of ideas in each committee.

Script Editing

The entire class participated in this committee. While Macbeth is a short play by Shakespeare standards, it is still a challenge for a modern audience. Many directors in the past have cut the Hecate scenes. I did not. I wanted to perpetuate the idea that the Witches were playing with Macbeth, not because they were told to, but because they could. Hecate’s discovery of their work seems to be more of a query about why they did not include her in the fun. She is more powerful than they are, and so it is fitting that when Macbeth is pushed to his lowest point when he decides to kill the Macduff household, Hecate is in the background. We looked at the rest of the play and decided that the major cut would be in Act Four. The class was divided into groups, and each group was responsible for proposing cuts. I gave each group a general idea, and they came back at the end of the period with suggestions. Despite the interest in the class to retain the political testing of each other and discussion of kingship between Malcolm and Macduff, the overwhelming conclusion of the class was that a Newberg audience would not “get it” and since we were interested more in the personal journey of Macbeth, that this section of the play could be cut. I also was aware that my most inexperienced actors would be playing these roles, and did not feel that they could maintain the interest of the audience in a scene that is mostly “talking heads.” Since the political theme was therefore not of major importance to us, this brought up the question of how to end the play. Some students wanted to maintain the Malcolm triumph, but the majority of the class decided that the focus should be on Macbeth. If we were discussing the
consequences of giving in to temptation as a major theme, we wanted to end on that note. After much heated discussion, the last moment of the play is the discovery of the death of Macbeth and a moment of sorrow for him. The students felt they needed the audience to feel some pity for the man, and at the same time, recognize how evil has destroyed a great leader.

The other cuts are more pragmatic in nature. Since I am inclusive in my approach to drama, I allow students to participate that would not be cast if the product were more important than the process. Therefore, some actors are very new, and very limited in skills. Accordingly, I made the decision, along with Anne Falla, my assistant director, that those actors lines would be limited to enough to convey the message, but not enough to intimidate them in their performance. We eliminated as much as we could and still maintain the sense of the scene. One major problem that we had was that one of the actors was incredible intimidated by the fact that a member of staff was playing in a scene with her. She could not make eye contact with Mr. Dykema, and repeatedly broke down, forgetting her lines and blocking. We kept the lines, but substituted another character in the scene. These type of cuts go so much against the grain of the Shakespeare purist in me, but the educator says never humiliate a child, so the lines were cut.

The script editing created the most stress for me as a Shakespeare scholar. I wanted to keep as much of the original language as possible, but had to surrender to the constraints of the community and the availability and skills of the actors. I still have concerns that we tidied things up too much. I wonder about leaving the audience with the death of Macbeth, and part of me wants to leave them undecided about whether he is to
be hated or pitied. I am less concerned about omitting the Malcolm/Macduff testing scene in Act Four. I think that even professional actors have difficulty in making this discourse on kingship interesting in our modern democratic world.

Blocking

Once I had an edited script, the blocking was straightforward. Our concept of Celtic knots, unraveling as Macbeth falls is reflected in the blocking. A major constraint is, of course, our facility, since entrances have to be made through the classroom door, but I tried to maintain the idea as we progressed through the play. In class we had discussed the use of the Celtic cross as an additional motif, but it was proved to be impractical when we started working on the play. We approached blocking as an exercise in movement first. My experience with high school students has shown me that without movement training, the result is very static, wooden performances. In the Shakespeare class we work with movement, and I encourage serious students to take the stage movement class to help them with this problem. The cast members who had taken the classes found the blocking very easy to develop for themselves and therefore easier to remember. Those who had not taken the class only had the benefit of the movement warm ups that I use, but showed great improvement from the beginning of the process.

As each scene developed, I urged the students to think about movement that would enhance the scene and clarify the theme. For example, since the witches are the unravellers of the knots, their movement first ties Macbeth up in the knot of his ambition, then pulls him apart. The students experimented with movement. To perpetuate the idea of the natural elements in the witches, two of them are part of the set from before the play starts. The Bird Witch is perched on the rocks by the monolith, and the Rock Witch is
part of the center monolith. When the Fertility Witch enters to begin the play, she circles the stage to draw the audience into the knot. Only when she knocks do the other Witches appear out of the set. They then all circle the center, and then melt back into the set. The Fertility Witch takes her staff of office into the large monolith, the Bird Witch climbs back into her perch, and the Rock Witch becomes one with the center monolith. The actors playing the witches took the next step and added movement that is peculiar to their character. The Rock Witch rounds herself, and steps heavily. The Bird Witch is quick, spreads her wings, and has sharp, small head movements. The Fertility Witch flows smoothly with round, open movement. When they first encounter Macbeth, they draw him on to the center monolith, and then circle him in dance to tie him into the knot. The apparition scene intensifies the concept of trapped in a knot as the witches double, and as Macbeth demands that they answer his questions, each set of witches encircle him, and intensify the knot image by entangling his body. The Fertility Witches are the leaders, and so they control his head. The Bird Witches control his arms. The Rock Witches grasp his legs. However, since they are incapable of actually hurting him, they do not make contact physically. When Macbeth challenges them with “I will be satisfied. Deny me this, and an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!” (4.1.121-2), he breaks the knot at throws them off the monolith. However, despite his best efforts, Macbeth cannot escape their trap, and by the end of the scene, they catch him again in their knot. In fact, as he kneels, helpless on the monolith, the witches dance around him delighting in the knot they have created.

I am delighted with the work of the actors playing the witches, despite some tense moments in rehearsal. Two of the actors were ill during the rehearsal process, and
missed many rehearsals. Fortunately, all of the students came from the Shakespeare class, so they were very clear about what they were doing. My decision to double cast the witches meant that the rest of the cast were not impacted, so the process continued without delay.

The blocking for the rest of the play reflects this concept of knots. The language of the play is enhanced by the movement. For the most part, I am happy with the blocking in the play. However, the elements that trouble me are mainly in Act Five. The battle scenes trouble me. I considered combining them into one large battle, but it did not work with the language. I considered having them enter from both classroom doors, but when I tried it, it was very difficult to mask the hallway from the audience’s view. We also could not remove the blocking curtains in time for the audience to leave after the show. In the end, the compromises were acceptable, if not desirable.

Music

I have strong feelings about setting mood, so I discussed with the class what we should do regarding using music to reflect theme. When I am teaching the class, one of my assignments is to take a song from a play we are studying, and have students create the music. During our study of Othello, I assigned the Willow song that Desdemona sings. The students were divided into groups and given thirty minutes to come up with a rendition of the song. The lack of time forces them to take a risk, and I get wonderful, if very rough results. One group became so excited about the assignment, they undertook to write original music and record it. The song was amazing. Jenna McBride, Elizabeth Fuller and Emilie Feinauer sang, and the class was tearful. As a group, we determined we had to use these wonderful musicians as part of the play. Jenna undertook the
composition of an original sound score and recruited students to help her record. She completed a theme a week, and would bring each piece of music to class to elicit feedback from the other students. The music group consisted of Andrew Hancock (Macbeth), Elizabeth Fuller (Lady Macbeth), Emilie Feinauer (Lady Macduff) and Jeremy Abe. She created a theme for each main character, so that when that character began a scene, the music would introduce him or her. For example, Duncan has a royal theme that has a horn introduction and a light, airy tone. Jenna then took the same music and rewrote it into a minor key, slowed the rhythm, and it became the Macbeth theme.

The most effective mood setting piece is first heard as Macbeth ends the dagger speech in Act Two. As he says, “hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven or to hell” (2.1.76-7), low cello notes bleed into the scene, with a deathknell bell chime. From here on, the murder theme repeats before each killing.

Jenna also created scene music. For example, for Lady Macbeth and Macbeth’s passion scenes, she created a theme called “Desire.” She used a technique called German Nomenaclature, which assigns a chord to a letter of the alphabet. For the battle scenes, she created a percussion piece that conveyed the urgency of the scene, and the sound of the battle. The class loved the result. As we rehearsed and played with the completed sound track, we realized that we had more music than we needed for the play.

Fortunately, our sound technician participated in rehearsal from an early stage. She had not taken the class, so she felt rather out of her depth at first. Emilie Feinauer undertook the arranging of the music, and spent hours working with Kaelyn to create the sound for the play.
I am very pleased with the result, although the full impact of the music is somewhat lost on the video of the play.

Set Design

This was the most contentious committee. They did not communicate well with each other, mainly because they were mostly non-drama students. I gave them the initial ideas of two monolithic elements, and asked them to come up with a design. I wanted actors to be able to walk on the tall structure, so the challenge was to design a way for them to descend. They submitted a couple of drawings, which were impractical to construct. One design had a curved staircase that descended from the top of the monolith to past the center of the playing area, which would have obliterated half the sight lines. One student came up with a design that was completely different from my instruction, and I had to carefully explain to him that we could not construct only the outside of a building, since some of the scenes occur inside. As deadlines came and went, the set design was still unfinished. In the end, Anne Falla, my assistant director, and I sat down and designed the set.

The basic monolith upstage was a Stonehenge-like creation. This was an arch made from 2x4s and sheets of plywood. We tied the structure in to an anchor board I had installed in the wall of the room. The actors reached the top by climbing a ladder stage right, and the upper monolith was lit by two 3” fresnels attached to the facing. Once the basic structure was in place, we attached chicken wire and shaped it to look like rocks. All that was left was to apply the glue soaked muslin and paint the structure to look like rock. This proved harder than I imagined, but was achieved with the help of Amy Brodie, who is the art teacher at Newberg High School. We added a wall inside the
structure to allow actors to have two exits through the monolith, one to the good side (stage right), and one to the evil side (stage left). Behind the wall, actors had access to another entrance through the rocks that descended from the big structure. To indicate the change from Duncan’s rule to Macbeth’s, Duncan’s mobile banners were replaced with Macbeth’s banners, which were attached to hooks on either side of the entrance to the monolith. These red banners were then symbolically removed in Act Five when Malcolm entered the castle.

To get the actors down from the large monolith, we created a series of blocks each serving as the other’s handhold that allowed the actor to safely descend. These blocks were painted to look like the volcanic rock formations that are found on the coast of Ireland and Scotland, and are known as the Devil’s Causeway. The largest block created another entrance/exit, dubbed the “sneaky” spot.

Stage left of this block formation we painted a highland mountain view, using photographs found in Hamish MacInnes’s book, *Land of Mountain and Mist*. To create an otherworldliness feel, we wanted to create a weird wood in this space, which would serve as both a lair for the weird sisters and Hecate, and as Birnam Wood in Act Five. The trees came to us, since we discovered the perfect red barked trees washed up on the beach at my beach house during Spring Break. I had taken Andrew, Beth and Anne down to the beach to do some intensive work on the play, and discovered the trees on a hike to Devil’s Cauldron to work on projection. I like to climb into the Cauldron and roar Shakespeare into the surf, and find that the students love this activity as much as I do! They overcame their whispering, and we found the ideal trees for the set.
The center monolith was easier to achieve, since I mentioned to Ross Pederson, my student tech director, what I wanted early in the process. I wanted a low platform that was lit from beneath, and could support at least two actors at a time. As is his want, Ross took my idea and built it over the weekend so that we had the center monolith for rehearsals from the first week. Ross is a genius. He built a wooden frame and connected six lighting instruments to the frame. He used two 3" fresnels with red and blue gels, and four 300 watt gallery lights that we inherited. They were connected to one of our NSI dimmers so that they could be controlled from the tech table. The frame was covered with a metal grid that was discovered outside the metal shop, and this I covered with a piece of scrim, dyed black. The corners of the monolith were rounded using chicken wire, muslin and plaster, and all was painted with flame retardant treated paint.

The floor was more of challenge, since I refused to have the students perform on the concrete floor of my classroom. I approached the wrestling coach at the high school and asked him if he had any old mats that I could use, and he was incredibly generous. Two mats appeared the next day, and I was able to cover them with a drop I purchased. Securing the drop to the floor involved meeting with Andrew Hancock and his father after school hours, and between the three of us we nailed the drop into the concrete floor. This was necessary since the tool we used to secure the drop drove the nails into the concrete by firing a .22 shell. Once secure, I painted the drop, with the help of six to eight students, to represent an abstract view of the Scottish land. We used tones from MacInnes’s book in the painting.

In order to signal a change of location, we created banners as part of the set design. Duncan’s banners are purple and gold, and are identified by the Celtic “d” at the
foot. They use a Celtic knot design to link to our Celtic theme. These banners are the largest, and there are two of them, to symbolize the majesty of his rule. When the battle is won, the standard bearers hoist them as high as they can in triumph. Macbeth’s banners are red and black, in keeping with his theme. They are smaller, and connected to a chain so that they can be attached to the large monolith to signal Macbeth’s reign. The design is a spiral with a dragon’s head. The dragon is part of the Macbeth coat of arms, so we wanted to incorporate it in the design (“Coat of Arms”). In Moscati’s book The Celts, I found photographs of Celtic jewelry, and the design for Macbeth’s banners comes from an embossed mount found at a Celtic site at Morrie’s Law, Fife (633). Since I am from this area, I felt it fitting to use this design on the banners. Like Duncan’s, the banners are embellished with the Celtic “m”. The students created overheads of the designs and painted them on muslin before attaching them to chains and poles. There are three smaller Macbeth banners to echo the witches and their three prophesies. These banners are attached to the entrance of the large monolith and create a curtain through which the characters appear during the reign of Macbeth. When Malcolm wins the battle in Act Five, the conquering army rips them from the entryway. When Macbeth welcomes the nobles to court during the banquet scene, the low monolith is covered by a cloth to create a table for the feast. This cloth is Macbeth’s red and black, and is emblazoned with Celtic knots. After his breakdown on seeing Banquo’s ghost, the nobles leave, and Macbeth used this cloth to vent his pent up frustrations that his kingship is not as secure as he thought. When Seyton emerges to clean up the mess made by his king, Macbeth snatchesthe cloth away and hurls it in the direction of the departing nobles. The set again echoes what is happening in the character. While set building
began as a divisive exercise in class, when we moved from class time to actual rehearsal, the cast became so involved that it became a cast bonding experience. We called set building for two weekends, and the entire cast and crew came to build the set. We played music, sang, danced and built the set in a great atmosphere of camaraderie. Every member of the cast and crew had a stake in the creation of the set and they were very proud of their work. It works in the space we have.

Sound and Light Design

I gave a copy of the play to my techs after we had completed Hamlet, since I wanted them to think about how we could achieve the look and sound of the play in our facility. Ross Pederson and Mark Feierfeil joined my Shakespeare class as student aides, which allowed them to watch the scene work, listen to the discussions, and work on the sound and light design. They did a masterful job. They took the task very seriously, and Mark used this opportunity to complete his senior project. They are very familiar with the constraints of the space and our equipment, so the result was very satisfactory. They installed speakers under the seating platforms, and hung a large speaker in the roof space. The sound effects were created using a computer donated to the program by my husband, and the sound technician, Kaelyn Robinson, did a wonderful job.

The lighting design evolved as we discussed the play. As discussed in the set design section, when I told them I wanted a platform lit from below, they built it over one weekend, then brought it into class so that the actors could work with it from very early in the process. They were so excited about the project that they spent lunches with me talking over ideas for lighting.
taken care of. The light poles were installed in the corners of the drama room, the fresnels were gelled blue, and the Witches scenes were bathed in a weird light to suit their weird existence. Ross installed the curtain in the hallway to eliminate the light bleeding into the room when entrances were made. This worked very well, but because of past experience with curtains in the hallway during the regular school day, we had to install them and remove them after each performance.

I am satisfied with the light design. I would have liked to have more access to different colors within the play, but when there are only twelve hanging instruments available, and one is dedicated for the apparitions’ scene, I was very limited. I liked the Witches lights, and the platform lights. If I was to use them again, I would have all the lights under the platform be fresnels, but we could not afford to buy more. The gallery lights that we used were harsher than I wanted, but I compromised because of money. The play is very dark in nature, so I wanted the light design to reflect that darkness. It works very well in the space, but of course when we videotaped, the camera had trouble in the low light that many scenes needed. This is unfortunate, but I did not want to change the design for video, so the tape is very dark in spots. However, even more than the lighting for the play, I am delighted with the response it evoked in the students who created it. Both have expressed a desire to continue with their studies in theatre tech. Mark is planning to attend Community College in the fall, and Ross is looking at colleges with theatre programs so that he can learn more. They have blossomed during the production of this play, and have inspired others to follow in their footsteps.
Costume Design

This committee began very well. Many non-drama students were interested in researching Celtic costume and designing the clothing. Many designs were submitted. What was not so successful was the follow through, with the exception of two groups. Shawna Wheeler stuck with the project from beginning to end and created the look I wanted. I had collected fabrics for a year, and gave her patterns and fabrics to work with. At the parent meeting, we solicited seamstresses, and set to work. The parents who signed up to volunteer were wonderful, but with forty students to dress, we were pushed to the limit. I requested and received help from the home economics class, who made six tunics for us, but the rest of the costumes were made during the Macbethathon and rehearsal process. Shawna ended up doing much more than even she expected, but she did a wonderful job. I insisted on making shoes for the actors, since Celtic footwear is not easily accessible in the Newberg area. For Macbeth and Macduff, however, I splurged and bought ghillies from the Scottish Country Store in Portland. These are Scottish dance shoes, and gave the actors enough purchase on the painted drop to be able to perform the stage combat safely.

The second group of students who were involved in the costume production process was a group of three boys who undertook armor making. I told them that I wanted leather armor, and gave them cash to purchase leather coats at Goodwill. They then proceeded to rip the coats apart and reassemble them according to some diagrams I found of Celtic armor. The results were effective, and this group of boys was very proud of their work. The following is a breakdown of the costumes and the justification for the choices we made.
Macbeth’s Costumes. The jerkin represents his armor, and the short sleeves are necessary for the murder scene, since I wanted the picture of his arms steeped in blood. The silver colors represent his military bearing at the beginning of the play. Attached to this costume, he wears a wrap pinned with a Celtic brooch that had a red enamel background. This brooch the first hint of the blood to come.

For the murder of Duncan, Macbeth removes the soldier’s jerkin, since this was not a soldierly act, and kills the king in his undershirt, which gets soaked in Duncan’s blood. When he runs from the knocking at the gate after the murder, he hides his blood-soaked shirt with a long cape, which he opens when he confesses to killing the attendants. This is the first time he has not complied with the wishes of Lady Macbeth, who, after the murder, tells him to
“get on your nightgown” (2.3.74). The shock of seeing him still soaked in blood, the news that he has slaughtered the attendants, and the fear of exposure, thus explains Lady Macbeth’s “faint”. This picture shows the undershirt, Celtic belt, leggings wrapped in leather strapping, ghillies, and of course, the obligatory bloodstains. When Macbeth becomes king, his costume changes. I decided that red and black were Macbeth’s colors, to symbolize the bloody theme, and so when he becomes king, his silver soldierliness changes to red. The tunic is red, with a black belt and black leggings. The only silver to remain is a Celtic brooch at his throat. The crown is leather with gold and copper wire woven through in knots and a silver Celtic wreath at the center. When the battle begins and Macbeth vows to “fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked”(5.3.32), and Seyton brings him his red leather armor.

Lady Macbeth’s Costumes. Lady Macbeth is in red from the beginning of the play. Red is not only Macbeth’s color, but represents the passion that drives this woman. I chose two burgundy red fabrics for Lady Macbeth’s dress. One has a figured velvet texture in the form of drops of blood all over it, the other the satiny sheen of a negligee satin.
The combination of the two speaks to who the woman is. The bodice of the dress is very figure hugging, allowing the actor to lean over Macbeth suggestively, yet modestly enough for a Newberg audience. Over the dress she wears a beautifully textured grey wrap, pinned with yet another Celtic brooch, signifying her noble standing. This wrap is dropped at the "unsex me here" (1.6.37) line, revealing Lady Macbeth in all her curvaceous womanliness. Her hair is tightly wrapped in the first scene, and she wears Celtic jewelry. When she becomes queen, the grey wrap is replaced with a short gold cape, and a crown graces her head. Her hair is now worn down, but with one tight braid going down the back. When she descends into madness in Act Five, all the blood red is gone to the eyes of all except her, and she is seen in the white of innocence. Her madness dress is a shapeless nightdress of white fabric, under which the actor wears white satin pants so that she could flow down the rocks stage left of the large monolith. Her hair is completely loose and wild now, so show her lack of control over her life.
The Witches’ Costumes.

Each witch has a distinct realm. Witch number one, or the fertility witch, modeled after Brighid, goddess of childbirth, wears a form fitting burgundy dress. The dress has Celtic knots painted on the hem, and the womb area. The knots were chosen to represent her fertility. The actor wears a rich brown shredded cape in her first scene, but removes it after the meeting with Macbeth.

The actors who played this role are of very different body size, so the challenge was to create a costume that worked for both. I originally wanted the duality of the witches to be reflected in their costumes, and make-up, but the student who ended up with the sole responsibility of the costumes could not fulfill this wish because of time restraints. Had she the time and more help, she could have echoed the make-up design in the costumes more. As it was, the witches wear capes to disguise their true natures when they meet Macbeth, and divest themselves of them when their natures are defined.
Witch number two, or the Rock Witch, is modeled after Caillech Buerre, the Celtic goddess of the land. Legend has it that she took rocks from Ireland, crossed the sea, and planted the land of Scotland, so I wanted an elemental look to her costume. Her cape is constructed to blend with the rocks of the set, since she is on stage while the audience is seated and emerges from the monolith at the behest of the Fertility Witch. The cape was a major undertaking, since the actors who wear it are not the same height, and time was catching up with us. They created the cape at the same time as the set was being painted, so that the paint tones were the same. It proved to be more difficult to construct than I thought. However, the moment of her eruption from the pulsing rock is so effective, I think it is worth it. The costume beneath the cape was problematic. I told the costume committee I wanted a rocklike costume, and they came up with an idea. However, as rehearsals progressed, and the witches’ movement became more defined, I saw that the original costume would not allow for the freedom of movement they require. I sent for unitards, and we painted them to look like rock, so that combined with body make-up, I had the look I wanted and the girls could still summersault easily. Because of movement issues, all the witches wear dance sandals on their feet.
Witch number three, or the Bird Witch, is modeled after Eriu, the beautiful woman who could change into a grey crow. The problem with the costume for this witch was color. If I held to the Eriu concept, she would have to be grey, but then there would be no contrast between her and the rock witch. I wanted her to be light and airy in her movement, so I went with light browns, and made her more hawklike than crow like. I think this fits the witch better, since Macbeth is more prey than carrion. I found a wonderful feather fabric for her cap, and the girls glued feathers on the perimeter. Under the cape, she wears a split beige and brown tunic and brown feather fabric leggings. The cape is caught at her wrists to represent wings. After capturing Macbeth in their temptation, this witch also loses her cape, and can be seen in her bird persona. Like the fertility witch she also wears Celtic knots, but this time they are painted on her body. Her hair is braided into feather rows, and feathers are woven in to the end of the braids.
Banquo’s costumes.

Since Banquo is a soldier and a true blue friend, his costume reflect those elements of his character. His soldier costume has a bronze tone to the tunic, in a metallic fabric. He wears an over tunic of a more basic fabric to show his lower rank than Macbeth from the beginning. I wanted the focus to be on Macbeth in their first scene, so Banquo wears a plain tunic to reflect Macbeth’s figured jerkin. In addition, the tunic needs to be a light color since I want the murder to occur in very low light, and the audience needs to see the shadow of movement, and also to show up the bloodstains from the murder in the apparition scene. When he goes to court, he assumes the mantle of a lord, and replaces the plain tunic with a rich blue cape, caught at the shoulder with a large Celtic brooch. This cape flows, and goes from shoulder to the floor. Banquo wears the Celtic fabric shoes that we created for the cast.
The Macduffs costumes

The Macduffs are the gold standard of the play. Lady Macduff is the golden wife who tries to protect her husband even though he has left her unprotected while he goes to meet Malcolm. She is sacrificed to show just how low Macbeth has fallen, and so her costume has off white to complement the gold. The actor who plays this role is a size 0, so her costume needs to enhance the few curves she has. I decided that a train and long sleeves that extend beyond her fingertips would draw the eye away from her body. She is a very shy young lady, and expressed concern that her dress was too low in the bosom, so I inserted a panel to preserve her modesty. In her murder scene, the train is removed so that the actor can move more easily. Her husband is also in gold tones. His tunic is a mustard gold, and for the court scenes, he wears a long vest of the same gold tones and Lady Macduff’s dress. When he journeys to Malcolm, he wears a coarse brown woolen cape, caught at the shoulder with the pin that represents his family – the Tree of Life.
During the battle scenes, he divests himself of the wool cape, and wears tan leather armor.

Child Macduff's innocence is reflected in her costume. The actor playing the role has a gamin appearance, and so I decided to have her dressed in an androgynous tunic. As the innocent child, she has to wear white. The off white tunic is painted with Celtic knots. She needs to be able to move freely in her costume since she has to perform in a stage combat scene. The costume emphasizes her childish innocence, and also is a good background for the mouthful of blood that she sprays out after being stabbed. Her murderers are as black as she is white. They wear long black capes that obliterate any human form. To emphasize their inhuman intentions, the murderers are barefaced only when talking to Macbeth, and wear white blank masks during the killings of Banquo and the Macduff family.
The Royal’s costume

The first decision I made was that the royal colors would be purple and gold.

Duncan’s banners are Celtic knots with the letter “d” below in Celtic script. Duncan has a purple/grey tunic over navy leggings, and a short deep purple cape, caught at the shoulder with a Celtic pin with a gold cairngorm stone in the center. His tunic is tied with a black and gold cord belt, and he carries a black and gold staff of office. His crown is of black leather, highlighted with gold and copper wire and a cairngorm brooch at the center.

Malcolm and Donalbain wear tunics of the same lighter purple shade, over white undershirts. Their leggings are purple and they all wear the Celtic fabric shoes. During the battle scenes, Malcolm adds a chain mail breast and forearm protectors.

The standard-bearers wear silver/purple plain tunics over black leggings.
Macbeth’s Servants’ costumes. Macbeth has two principle house servants in Seyton and the Gentlewoman. The household is then rounded out with the Porter, his Girl, the Doctor and Messenger. The house servants wore Macbeth livery, again to show his status. The gentlewoman’s costume began as a dress, but the actor playing the part is very tall, and felt uncomfortable with the movement required in a dress. We shortened the dress a little and turned it into a tunic. She could then wear black leggings underneath. Her tunic is a bronze color, with the Celtic “m” that we use as a motif painted on the hem. This was also repeated on Seyton’s tunic, with is a tabard style. The tabard is trimmed with red leather and the same leather ties his sleeves and leggings. It also is embellished with the Celtic “m” for Macbeth. Because of the stage combat in Act Five, he has to wear shoes rather than the fabric Celtic shoes we made, since they are too slippery on the floor. The Porter is a disheveled mess. The actor is a large human being, which adds to the comedy, but makes
costuming difficult. He wears grey trousers, worn loose for easy movement in the combat scene. His undershirt is the same fabric as the Gentlewoman’s tunic, and he wears a ragged vest over the top. He is barefoot. His girlfriend is a peasant woman. She wears a blue skirt, simple cotton top, and a rough green wrap, which is tied in a knot, rather than pinned to her shoulder. The Doctor is a cleric, and so wears a black priest robe, with a heavy cross as its only decoration.

Lord’s and Ladies Costumes

The minor Lords such as Lennox, Ross, Menteith, Angus and Caithness proved to be a problem for the costumers. Since we have more girls than boys, some of them began as girls who were pantsed for the soldier scenes. As rehearsals progressed and we lost boys to the school eligibility policy, the male lords shrunk to three. I needed young Siward to be male for the sword fight in Act Five, so that left me two boys. I decided to use one as Old Siward and one as Angus. The other lords were female in some scenes, and male in others. I needed a horde of soldiers, and so the females played males in the battle scenes. The females wore dresses and wraps as players in the royal scenes, and tunics/pants and leather armor as soldiers.
The Apparitions' Costumes.

The apparitions were another challenge to costume. Originally, I wanted to use black light to create the ghostliness I wanted. However, after experimenting in our space, I discovered that blacklight would not work, since we could not control the light spill in one fixture and could not afford to buy the instrument that would have allowed us to make it work. The alternative was to use downlight, and
black and white make-up on the actors. They wear the same black cloaks as the murderers wear, with back tunics and turtlenecks underneath to create the idea of a floating head. The actors then grease their hair to make the heads as smooth as possible. Alternating metallic tunics in purple/silver and bronze tones, which are the colors of both Duncan and Banquo, creates the line of kings. The tunics are very basic in design, and simply cover the shape of the actors. The crown is passed from actor to actor until the bloody Banquo enters to claim them all for his.

The costume plot for the play is close to what I had intended, but I had to compromise on detail because of the lack of commitment from the committee in class. The class ended at the end of Trimester Two (March 6th), and so the students who were no longer meeting with me every day lost interest in the production. Once they had their grades, they considered themselves finished with the play. Interestingly, almost all of them came to see the production. The costumes needed more trim to differentiate the groupings. I am particularly disappointed with Duncan's costume, since it is not kingly enough for me. I am very happy with the costumes of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, since they enhance the performance of the actors. I am very impressed with the students who created the costumes. The leather boys did a great job and were wonderful to work with. Shawna did an excellent job with the incredible stress she had during the production. I could not have asked her to do more.
Hair Design

Again, this committee was made up of students with no drama background. They studied the play, took part in the class discussions of theme and concept, and provided designs that were totally contemporary, which did not work. The hair design evolved amongst the actors, and each actor helped the others. I told the male actors that I wanted them in long hair and beards, and those that could did so.

The major hair issue was with Andrew, who plays Macbeth. Andrew has a very youthful appearance, which is accentuated by his mop of curly hair. As he grew it, it became curlier, and his appearance did not age. In January, I approached him with the idea of shaving his head, and he complied without murmur. At the cast party for the winter play, the girls shaved his head. The following Monday, they came to school wearing black and sporting a lock of Andrew’s curls. Despite their grief, they agreed that the shaved head helped create the character, and so they forgave me.

Lady Macbeth’s hair was simpler to design. In keeping with our Celtic knot theme, I wanted tight knots at the beginning of the play, which gradually loosened as her life unraveled. By the time she reaches her madness scene in Act Five, her hair is not only loose, but wild, untamed and natural. Beth and I had discussions about the color of her hair. She is naturally a dark brunette, verging on black. We talked and she agreed with me that Lady Macbeth should have red tones in her hair. This would tie in to the red and black colors that I chose to represent Macbeth. Beth experimented with different shades of red over the course of the school year, and I am very happy with the final color. She appeared sophisticated, yet passionate underneath.
The witches wanted hair to reflect their duality. On one side, their hair is smooth and sleek. On the other, each witch chose a look in keeping with her character. The fertility witches hair is swirled into knots. The bird witches wear tight braids, which loosen into feathery knots. The rock witches wear buns.

The women in the play wear their hair in a variety of styles, but around the idea of knots. Much depends on the nature and length of hair. Those who can pull their hair off their faces and tie it in a knot at the back of their heads. When required to play a male role, the women pulled their hair back into a pony tail.

The apparitions scrape their hair back tightly and gel it to make it as smooth as possible. They appear otherworldly, so I was going for a “floating head” look and so their hair cannot detract from their faces, which are heavily made up.

Again, I was disappointed in the class committee, but am very happy with how the cast picked up the slack, and solved the problem.

Make-Up Design

The make-up committee in the Shakespeare class was made up not only of non-drama students, but also non-motivated students. This was not conducive to a good make-up design. The students had time to do research, instruction from me about theatrical make-up, and access to materials to experiment with, but their design was last minute and not effective. Granted, the proximity of the audience necessitates subtle make-up, but their designs were everyday and washed out under the theatre lights. Once more, the cast took over the design, and each actor created his/her own design and came to me for approval. The actors playing the witches had the most fun with this. They had
more opportunity for drama in their design since they were performing in dark blue light. The results were startling. The Fertility witches created an almost geisha look for their attractive side, and contrasted it with a Celtic knot tattoo look on the true nature side. This is very effective. The other witches liked the geisha look for the attractive side, and incorporated it into their design. The Bird Witches had more trouble with color for their true nature side. They went through a series of feather looks before they decided on large yellow feathers, which did not disappear under the lights. The Bird Witches also used henna to paint Celtic knots on their arms. The rock witches had the most trouble. Their design needed to cover their arm as well as their face, and they had the basic color fine, but had trouble with creating highlights to give their rock depth. The experimenting and development of the make-up was a group bonding exercise, and the end result helped the girls add depth to their characters. I was adamant that we did not want the stereotypical scary witch look, and the girls were very successful in creating an otherworldliness that expressed their characters. I am very happy with the result.

Macbeth’s make-up design had to show a man who does not sleep. Again, Andrew’s youthful appearance was a challenge. I told Andrew to sharpen his features with shadows, and line his eyes with red slowly as the play progresses. Because of the proximity of the audience, more dramatic effects are impractical. Lady Macbeth also had a progression of make-up. In the early stages of the play, she has warm, sensuous make-up, complete with shiny lips and rosy cheeks. The cheek color and lips gradually faded, and by the time we reach Act five, she has no color on her cheeks or lips and dark shadows under her eyes.
The apparitions needed make-up to show their other worldliness, so we came up with a completely unnatural make-up. They painted their faces very white, filled the eyes with black, and put black lines diagonally over the face. Their lips were white.

Like the hair committee, this group was a disappointment to me, but these are students who have not experienced play production before, and therefore do not see the discipline and dedication that is required from cast and crew alike. Perhaps I expected too much from these students, but I was pleased with how the cast problem solved and created their own look for the show. It was tense at a few rehearsals, because they had channeled their energy into hair or make-up, and their performance suffered, but once I gave them the note, they were able to manage their time better. Lunch periods became hair and make-up labs, and they wore the results to class. It was an interesting advertising ploy.

Casting and Rehearsal

During class, I cast the major roles. Since I had so many women, I decided to double cast the Witches roles, with all six girls appearing in the apparition scene. Half the class auditioned for roles; half the class decided to be involved in the production in a design capacity. The roles that were cast in class were: Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Witch One, Two, Three, Hecate, Lady Macduff, Child Macduff, Murderer One and Two, Duncan and Malcolm. Anne Falla is my student Assistant Director, and she and I determined that we needed to hold open auditions for non-assigned roles in the play. The roles that needed to be filled were: Macduff, two murderers, Seyton, Lords and Ladies,
Soldiers, messengers, apparitions, etc. The open auditions brought us many students who wanted to be part of the play, but who had no experience of acting, never mind Shakespeare. My biggest concern was Macduff, but a young man came to auditions who has some natural acting ability, but no training. What he lacked in training he made up for in a willingness to work and learn. He took the script and memorized his part in a week. He met with me daily with questions on language and delivery. He made huge strides in a short period of time. Unfortunately, not all the new students had the time or motivation to do the extra work, so some of them struggled with the language all the way through. Most of the new students are freshmen, and I am proud of the progress they made and the potential for growth encourages me for the future of the program. One student is our German exchange student, and while her delivery of the lines was difficult to understand, she takes back to Germany a unique experience. Her enthusiasm and eagerness to learn infected the cast with energy.

I added a character in the Porter scene. This is a moment of comic relief in the play, and one of only two light hearted scenes. The dialogue centers on equivocators, and is very funny, but difficult to deliver as such. In order to make this scene funnier, I decided to make it a comic combat scene and incorporate the Porter's girl as part of the scene. Thus she can react to what he says, and use movement to accentuate the comedy. Neither actor was in Shakespeare class, but was in Stage Movement, so was able to work on the scene in class. We debated this scene over and over in class. It was obvious that the impotency jokes would not be acceptable in our community, but after much debate, I decided to keep the urination jokes. The students worked hard on these scenes, but were
frustrated by illness. The actor playing the Porter was floored by a virus and had to miss many rehearsals. He performed, but was ill during most of the run.

The most challenging casting issue centered on the murderers. I cast four boys in these roles, and unfortunately they could not continue due to academic eligibility issues. I ended up filling the roles from within the cast, but still struggled with the murderers who had lines. I had one student, Randy Pine, who attended rehearsals consistently, but I never had the same murderers two rehearsals in a row until the week before tech week. It was incredibly frustrating.

During class, we worked on scenes that I had the actors in class for. We could not begin whole cast rehearsals until the winter play was over, so much of the work was delayed. In class, we worked on the Witches scenes, Lady Macbeth’s first scene, the welcome home scene, the passion scene and the murder scene. We also were able to work on the Lady Macduff murder scene. After three weeks of working two days a week, we took the passion scene, the Witches/Macbeth scene and the Lady Macduff murder scene to the Pac-9 Drama Conference. We participated in a showcase of work from each school, and I was able to judge the quality of the work in comparison with other schools in our area. Even with just three weeks work, the students were head and shoulders above the other performances. Now I was worried about them peaking too early!

The scene rehearsal process went well in class. The students who were cast in roles worked on a variety of scenes, and those who had other committee work were able to be an audience and freely gave feedback. Andrew struggled with Macbeth, as I expected. He had two major problems. First, Macbeth is a very complex character, and
so he is difficult for any actor, never mind a high school student, to realize on the stage. Secondly, he was following an outstanding performance in a male lead in Hamlet last year. Andrew played Bernardo in that production, and watched the amazing work that happened. He was very intimidated by having to follow such a performance. Despite my constant encouragement, he kept beating on himself. On one occasion we were working on the Passion Scene, and he was having trouble reacting to Lady Macbeth. Unknown to me, the student who played Hamlet last year dropped by to visit. He was able to reassure Andrew and give him some advice on the scene, and thanks to the positive feedback, Andrew visibly relaxed into the role. After that date, Andrew committed to making Macbeth his own, and was able to grow in the role.

Lady Macbeth was an easier road. Elizabeth was very clear about the lady from the beginning. She did extensive research, including reading criticism that is normally not part of the high school curriculum, and spent many hours discussing the role. Once she got the language sorted out, and worked on her upper register, she was wonderful. Elizabeth had the advantage of having taken the Shakespeare class both as a junior and a senior, so she is well versed in the language of the play. She is one of my veteran actors, and only when nerves take hold does she lose control of her voice in her upper register.

With the two major roles under control, I was free to work with the other, minor roles. These needed so much work. I was blessed with a wonderful Assistant Director who had taken the Shakespeare class, and so when I was working with one group, Anne was working with another as we tried to bring the non-Shakespeare class, and non-actors from the Shakespeare class up to speed.
February 17th – 22nd

While the scene work went well, I felt that the play was fragmented and looked forward to regular rehearsal. We began running Act One rehearsal on February 17th. We worked on one Act per rehearsal. Most of the basic blocking was in place from the work done in class, but as we worked, the scenes evolved. This was a frustrating week, because most of the work was trying to bring the new people up to speed. The students from class were very generous, but the work was much slower than we had been used to. The cast had to write their character bios, and be ready to present them next week.

On February 20th, I held a parent meeting, and parents volunteered for various committees. Sue Pruitt, a parent of one of the Witches, took on the position of Parent Coordinator, and did a wonderful job. She and I would meet once a week, and she would contact the parents of the students by phone to remind them of things like set building, snacks for rehearsal, poster distribution etc. Shawna was able to distribute fabric and patterns for costumes, and the process swung into high gear. The weekend of February 22nd saw the construction of the basic frame of the set, which greatly helped during rehearsal.

I had trouble contacting the fight consultant I wanted, but was able to find another qualified individual through one of our sponsors, the Rampant Lion store. Douglas came out and worked with the students after regular rehearsal. I as happy that he reinforced my safety protocol but was dissatisfied with the fight he designed. I took his basic design and added to it. It was a good base, but not dramatic enough for my liking. I added levels and pace to the fight, and incorporated the dialogue. It was important to me that the Macduff line “Macduff was from his mother’s womb untimely ripp’d” (5.7.15-16),
was clearly emphasized, so I had the actor playing Macduff throw the actor playing Macbeth backwards. Macbeth then does a backwards somersault to symbolize the impact of such news, and the fight goes from there. I worked with the students, again allowing them to give input about the fight, and was very happy with the results. The proximity of the audience in the Wurain is always a concern, so to ensure that the actors were within the safety zone, other cast members volunteer to sit in the front row seats for all fight practices. The actors rehearse every day after regular rehearsal is over.

February 24\textsuperscript{th} – 28\textsuperscript{th}

The character bios were due this week, and students were able to discuss who the people in the play are. This took much more time than I expected, since the cast is so large, but it was time well spent. Students who had never taken a class, or been in a play before, found this very helpful in understanding their characters. The veteran class members acted as facilitators, so while the process was slow, it was well worth spending the time.

Fight practice was traumatic this week, since Andrew picked up debris from the floor in his eye. I had to perform emergency removal, but fortunately the piece of plastic did not scratch the eye. Ross Pederson, my student technical director, volunteered to check the floor daily to prevent a repeat of the accident.

March 3\textsuperscript{rd} – 7\textsuperscript{th}

This was finals week, so rehearsals could not happen until Wednesday. On March 7\textsuperscript{th}, we participated in the Macbethathon. This experience grew out of last year’s Hamletathon, when we were so desperate for rehearsal time that we pulled an all nighter.
This year, we organized it so that it was a cast bonding experience, rehearsal, and a fundraiser. Students solicited sponsors who could pay a set amount for the night, or a fee per hour that the students worked. Not only did the entire cast and crew participate, many members of the Shakespeare class also came. The leather boys and the costume committee worked all-night and got much accomplished. We rehearsed the play, watched filmed versions of the play, ate, played games and generally had a wonderful time and made money at the same time. The highlight of the night was doing a speed-through of the play a la *The Complete Works of Shakespeare Abridged*. Since *Macbeth* is such a dark play, it was good to have a funny run-through to relieve the tension. The students worked the entire night, stopping only to eat. They accomplished more in one night than we had in the previous week.

March 10th–14th

We had to double up the Act rehearsal on Monday and Tuesday, since this is the week of the annual Ashland trip. I take thirty-four students on a three-day excursion to the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, and this is a vital part of the year for both my students and myself. Almost the entire cast went on the trip. It was fascinating watching them run lines on the bus, and get into huge arguments about character intentions. While the time out of rehearsal was grudged, the experience of watching live theatre was inspiring, even if only recognizing what not to do! Shawna and I even found some interesting costume pieces, and I was able to purchase props that I could not get in Newberg. This week students worked on lines, lines, and lines.
March 17th – 21st

This week was frantic. The cast felt the pressure of being gone on the Ashland trip, and we lost one school day because of budget cuts. This week was focused on character development, and warm ups were centered on movement exercises. As always, time is an issue. The school district budget cuts affected us in two ways. First, the district closed the schools on a day that we had scheduled for a performance – April 18th. After much debate, we decided to replace that date with Monday, April 21st. I was very concerned that we would not have an audience on that night, but the community supported us and we had a full house. We also lost a rehearsal day, but that ended up working in our favor. Emile Feinauer’s family opened their home to us, and instead of the scheduled two-hour rehearsal, we were able to rehearse for six hours, so we made great progress, particularly in the battle scenes. I also began noticing chemistry between the actors. Since not all the students could stay for the whole rehearsal, people stepped in and covered roles so that we could continue. In Act Five, a messenger enters and informs Macbeth that ten thousand English troops are marshaled against him. He explodes. The student assigned the messenger role did not come to rehearsal, so the student playing Seyton volunteered to do the scene. A wonderful chemistry had built up between this student and the actor playing Macbeth, so when Andrew exploded and yelled at him “thou cream-faced loon!” (5.3.12), the impact of the attack was intensified. I stopped rehearsal and we talked about the scene. To me magic had happened, and I decided that Macbeth is so steeped in blood here, he is blind to the hero worship of Seyton, and his abuse of him emphasizes the depth of his fall. I played with the scene, and had Andrew beat Sol as he delivered his lines, until just as he is about to backhand him in the face, he
recognizes Seyton. Sol may be a freshman, but his work is honest, so his reaction to the beating is one of my favorite moments of the play. This scene helped to remind us of Macbeth's humanity, as he breaks down and confesses to Seyton that he has "lived long enough. My way of life is fall'n into the sere"(5.3.26-7). Since I wanted to focus on the human journey of the character, not the politics of the court, this scene worked very well for me.

By this week basic blocking is in place, and students were able to relax into their roles. The obstacle of the lords not being ferocious in the battle scene was overcome at the rehearsal at the Feinauer's house by using some old rugby chants to fire up their blood. I could tell these scenes were going to be problematic, since the most inexperienced actors are playing the parts. Another problem scene was the apparition scene and the Parade of Kings scene. While Macbeth and the Witches were working wonderfully together, the original blocking I had set for these moments was not working. I had blocked it with the idea that we would be using blacklight, and without it, the blocking did not make sense. We had a cast meeting, brainstormed some ideas, and came up with a complete change of tactic for the scene. This required extensive movement practice since the actor's timing had to be perfect, and the off-night witches took on the task of working just on movement with this group. They used the band room and a drum to ensure that the actors moved in the correct rhythm, and the result was effective, if not exactly what I had envisioned for the scene. This was a compromise I was willing to make and when we actually performed this scene, I found myself liking it more and more until it became one of my favorite moments in the play.
Another milestone that was reached was the battle scene problem. I struggled with trying to make the English lords and Malcolm seem more aggressive, and was coming up empty. The rugby chant was effective, but the scenes did not make sense to me, so I came up with the idea of actually having the conflict occur outside the classroom in the hallway. Once we got the logistics sorted out, it was wonderful. We had one student watching the monitor in the choir room who signaled to my stage manager, who conducted the battle. It was important that the battle ebbed and flowed, building up to a pitch just before an entrance for the lords, and quieting down for the introspective scenes that Macbeth plays in Act Five. The students created a war cart and loaded it with scrap lumber and pipes. As the stage manager signaled crescendo, they pushed the cart up the hallway, and slowly increased the volume of the battle.

On Saturday, the entire cast and many of their parents showed up for set building. The banners were completed. The blocks were painted. The chicken wire was attached to the monoliths and the first coat of paint applied. The floor cloth was sized and painted. Ross focused the lights so that he could run the lights during all subsequent rehearsals.

March 24th – 28th

This week was our Spring Break. I took Anne, and the actors playing Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to my beach condo for a retreat and intensive rehearsal. The focus was working on showing the transfer of power from Lady Macbeth to Macbeth. He changes from being “too full o’ the milk of human kindness” (1.5.13) to killing his best friend and more. Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, goes from a position of power over him, to being unable to sway him. It was important to show that cross over. The actors
Evaluation Form
Project Production in Performance

Student - Hendrea Ferguson

Under consideration is the directing of: Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Evaluator: Michael J. Smith Title: Associate Professor of Theatre Arts

Place of performance - Newburg High School, Newburg, OR

Date of performance - April 19, 2003

Description of performance venue - Converted classroom in a high school. Ms. Ferguson and her students braved rickety ladders and a non-existent budget to create this performance space. With a capacity of approximately 100, the classroom/theatre space featured actual theatre seats that were rescued from a barn by the teacher and her students. The show was done in thrust, with the audience (in three rows) ensconced on platforms constructed by the students under guidance of teacher.

Description of production concept - As one might expect from such an intimate setting, the concept revolved around the leading characters and their relationships. Specifically, the relationship between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth was in the spotlight. In the program notes, the director stated that “Macbeth is all of us. We are all tempted by destructive forces attractively disguised.” She goes on to discuss “the ugly side of temptation” and the fact that we are all “flawed human beings.” The director adopted a humanist approach, taking us through the deconstruction of what was once an “honorable, valiant soldier”, and leaving us with a man who “surrenders” to the dark side. Although one might say that there is a moral to this play, it was not presented in a moralistic fashion. Rather, the production addressed man’s capacity for love and hate. Succumbing to temptation is the key to Macbeth’s demise, and also the key to this particular production. The final sentence warns us that we are all “tempted by destructive forces attractively disguised.”

Description of the actual production direction or that of the sets and props, costumes, lights, sound - Overall, the space was used to good effect. With forty-one people in the cast and a stage floor that couldn’t have been more than 20’ x 20’. staging was a tremendous challenge. The director used stage pictures to great advantage. A simple, mostly effective lighting design helped the director to use levels, diagonals, and triangulated blocking to excellent effect. I would have liked to see greater use of the DL vom, but perhaps the rather paltry number of available lighting instruments (twenty) made this impossible. The costumes were inconsistent, undoubtedly due to budget constraints. Lady Macbeth’s dress had a zipper up the back, which was the most distracting costume element in the production. Most of the characters were appropriately dressed. By that I mean that their costumes were – generally – character/role specific. The set was mostly effective, as was the set painting. The single entrance UC made for
some protracted entrances and exits, but the cast was mostly effective in getting on and offstage in a timely manner. I would have liked to have seen the rooftop area utilized more often, (perhaps with the witches, murders, etc.) as it was a prime playing area, particularly for the supernatural scenes. Derek Lane (with whom I saw the production) had a number of questions about design choices, but I will let him enumerate those questions in the oral examination. The props were quite effective. I particularly liked the design on the two banners that were carried on by two burly ensemble members. One of the students designed the sound for the show. In fact, this young lady wrote a complete score for the production, and had CD’s of the score for sale in the lobby! The music was mostly excellent, though there were a few times that the music called attention to itself, rather than existed as a complement to the action.

How did the production direction implement the ideas expressed in the concept statement? - Beautifully. The conceptual through-line was clear, resonant, and powerful. My only qualms rested in the rushed and somewhat messy exposition scenes with the minor characters, and Macbeth’s overall tendency to play attitude and emotion rather than his objectives. From the beginning, Macbeth was a somewhat pensive, brooding figure. It doesn’t give the character far to go as he spirals down to his eventual demise. Perhaps light and dark might have been explored more effectively by both the director and cast.

Appropriateness of choice of script for abilities of performers, audience, venue, and/or academic setting - The director’s knowledge of and passion for teaching Shakespeare made this a wonderful vehicle for these students. It was obvious that the students understood the text clearly, which in turn made the piece easily accessible to the audience. Since I believe all shows were sold out, this was very well-received by the campus and Newburg communities.

Casting - Forty-one actors on a small stage. The director should be commended for even attempting such a Herculean feat. More often than not, the actors seemed perfectly suited to the roles in which they were cast. Andrew Hancock, as Macbeth, captured many of the qualities one would hope for in a leading character: a commanding presence, a strong voice and body, and an intelligent reading of the role. He did have happy feet and addressed the floor a great deal, but his overall intensity and understanding of the role helped to balance out these deficiencies. As Lady Macbeth, Elizabeth Fuller shone with a raw power and sensuality that I have never before seen on a high school stage. She was equal parts seductress, schemer, bully, and “good” wife. This young lady has enormous potential. I would have recruited her to come here if she had not already made college plans. Banquo was intelligently depicted by Matt Helling, and (in a rather small role) Emilie Feinauer as Lady Macduff was quite impressive. The witches (Rock, Fertility, and Bird) were very good, and quite distinct from one another, particularly in discovering/creating differences in physicality, personality, and vocal expression. There were a number of effective smaller roles, and I applaud the ensemble for their effort throughout.
Clear delineation of units of action - Following the action was mostly effortless, although some of the exposition scenes (as I have stated previously) tended to be rushed and garbled. However, the overall impression I received was of a cohesive, coherent effort by the group.

Motivated blocking - Due to the size of the space, any movement was magnified many times. The director obviously drilled the cast (especially the leads) with the old “move with purpose and destination” speech. I was rarely distracted by a character or characters moving in a directionless fashion. The ensemble fed into the action, which contributed to a smooth, fluid passing of the focus.

Visually interesting composition - In such a limited space, and with such a huge cast, one would think that interesting stage pictures would come at a premium. Actually, the number and quality of stage pictures were, respectively, numerous and striking. The raised portion center stage, with its many possibilities (due to six lighting instruments located beneath it), offered many looks to the many scenes in the play. Kudos to the lighting designers (Ross Pederson and Mark Feierfeil), who lent an air of mystery and magic to the play.

Use of picturization in storytelling - The lighting design offered a number of lovely, sometimes haunting images. Macbeth, during his scenes with the witches, appeared to be as much of an apparition as the ugly sisters themselves. I particularly liked the body painting and wild Celtic-inspired tattoos on a number of the characters. The banners provided a welcome framework to a number of the group scenes, acting much like a backdrop would in a proscenium venue.

Clear and believable characterization - Other than the Porter, who played at being drunk rather than allowing his inebriated state to be both catalyst for and obstacle to his relationship with the other characters, the actors had a strong sense of connection to the given circumstances. Also, they had a strong sense of community, spirit, and commitment. As previously stated, Lady Macbeth gave a stunning performance. She had a strength that was both captivating and unnerving. Her unswerving journey towards self-destruction was riveting.

Adequate use of voice and body - Other than the previously stated proclivity (by a number of characters) to yell and (at times) garble their dialogue, the vocal work was quite good. Physically, the actors had about the same sort of challenges as in the area of vocal production. Many of the leads had a strong voice/body connection. Actors in more limited roles demonstrated an inconsistent application of objective intention as it interfaced with its physical and vocal expression.

Unity of production elements - Other than the previously notated incongruities re: the costumes, I thought there was tremendous integrity and continuity demonstrated throughout. The overall production design, the staging, and the performances all seemed to have a strong connection.
Miscellaneous comments - What an accomplishment! With forty-one in the cast and probably around twenty either designing and/or working backstage, this was a massive undertaking. Derek and I did have some trepidation about at least one fight involving the kendo swords. Several times, the actors got too close to the audience. Although the actors had worked these fights many times and executed their moves efficiently, several audience members seemed to feel unsafe due to the lack of a separation between them and the actor/combatants. That being said, the response to the show we attended was overwhelmingly positive, and I concur with the audience’s opinion. Bravo to all those involved. Tackling this massive, bloody, difficult play is a challenge that has stymied even professional companies. That a high school can provide such accomplished entertainment is a tribute to the administration, the director, the students, and the supporters of live theatre.

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS PARTICULAR PERFORMANCE VENUE, WAS THIS PRODUCTION SATISFACTORY OR UNSATISFACTORY?

Satisfactory

Evaluator: Michael J. Smith
Signature: 
Date: 5/23/03
Set Design

The set design for Macbeth has evolved over the last few weeks. Since our space is so limited, we have to go for a representational set. The Celtic fantasy theme led us to a monolithic structure, reminiscent of the “standing stanes” of Scotland. The Shakespeare class brainstormed ideas and came up with the following.

1. Large monolith

This would be a Stonehenge-esk structure that would fit in the heathland scenes and also the castle scenes. During the castle scenes, the large monolith will be decorated with banners to indicate the household. This structure had to be large enough to suggest a castle and strong enough for Lady Macbeth to walk on the top of for her madness scene in Act Five. It is also necessary to get Lady Macbeth down off the
structure, so we have constructed a staircase of rocks, suggesting the giant’s causeway rock formations of the west coast of Scotland. At present, only the base structure is complete. To finish, chicken wire, fabric, plaster and paint will be attached to the structure to make it more rock like. The flats in the picture still retain the paintwork from the winter play. The color palate for the set will be grey, brown, purple and green.

2. Small monolith.

This needed to be capable of being lit from below for use in the witches scene. It will double as a royal dais in the Duncan scenes, and the table for the banquet scene. It
will be added to in order to make it look like rock. Colored cloths will show the
different locations, but for lighting a black scrim will cover the surface so that light
may shine through. Two 3” fresnels with red and blue/red gels will light the center
with four 300 watt pars adding the white light.

3. Floor

The floor of this room is concrete, so I have covered it with wrestling mats. A canvas
floor cloth will be painted and applied over the mat. This will ensure the safety of the
actors during the stage violence.
Lady Macbeth
Act 1
Maccbeth #1 or #2
3 sisters
Maid, Lady, Crone
Mother
Importance of Metal & Wool

Lady Macbeth
Strong
Lady Macbeth #2
collarthingy to which cape is attached to jeweleov piece

Tunic underneath

Lady McBeth

Sash belt

white

white

yellow

yellow
Macbeth

- Celtic knot belt
- Black gloves
- Triscali brooch
- Under cloak
- Large battle gloves/bracers
- Long dress type tunic
- Black boots

Long dress tunic
Banquet Scene

Veil Black or Purple?

Lady Macbeth #3?

or Witch

Black
Lady Macbeth

or Witch
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<th>Sunday</th>
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<td>3:00 - 5:00 AUDITIONS</td>
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<td>17 3:00 - 5:00 Act One NO SCHOOL</td>
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<td>19 3:00 - 5:00 Act Three</td>
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**February 2003**

*MACBETH*
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**March MACBETH 2003**

**Act One**

**Act Two**

**Act Three**

**Act Four**

**Act Five**

**ASHLAND**

**Spring Break**

**REST**

**Set Building**

**Fight Practice 2:30 - 3:30 in the "Drama Room"**

**Come dressed down**

**Dinner 6:30**
<table>
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<td>1 3:30 - 8:30 All Cast Dinner 6:30</td>
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<td>3 3:30 - 8:30 All Cast Dinner 6:30</td>
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<td>9 3:30 - 8:30 All Cast Dinner 6:30</td>
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<td>11 3:30 - 8:30 All Cast Dinner 6:30</td>
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<td>13 14</td>
<td>15 3:30 - ?? Tech Week Dinner 6:30</td>
<td>16 Final Dress Pizza Night!!</td>
<td>17 Performance - 5:30 - 11:00. - Break a Leg -</td>
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<td>19 20</td>
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<td>24 Performance 5:30 - 11:00</td>
<td>25 See Call Board Re. Cast Party</td>
<td>26</td>
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Fight Practice will be from 2:30 - 3:30 in the Drama Room. Come dressed down.
Macbeth

Act I. Scene I.

A desert Heath.

FAIR IS Foul SceNe
Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

Macbeth

Act I. Scene II.

A Camp near Forres.

BLOODY NEWS Scene

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with
Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt-
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
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 damned quarrel smiling,
Show’d like a rebel’s whore: but all’s too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish’d steel,
Which smok’d with bloody execution,
Like valour’s minion carv’d out his passage
Till he fac’d the slave;
Which ne’er-shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam’d him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix’d his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Serg. As whence the sun—gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem’d to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm’d
Compell’d these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish’d arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons. [Exit. Sergeant, attended.

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan 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;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

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

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [Exit.

Act I, Scene III.

A Heath.

MACBETH ENTRAPMENT SCENE

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched: 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou're kind.

Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

Third Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
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.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
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.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I’ the name of truth,
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.
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 favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

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

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. 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
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.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish’d?

Macb. Into the air, and what seem’d corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay’d!

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

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who’s here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv’d, 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. Silenc’d with that,
In viewing o’er the rest o’ the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom’s great defence,
And pour’d them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

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

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

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

Macb. [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. [To ROSS and ANGUS.] Thanks for your pains.
[To BANQUO.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
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.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside.] 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? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Mach. [Aside.] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New-honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Mach. [Aside.] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mach. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mach. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

Act 1. Scene IV.
Forres. A Room in the Palace.

WAR IS OVER SCENE

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return’d?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke With one that saw him die; who did report That very frankly he confess’d his treasons, Implor’d 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 To throw away the dearest thing he ow’d, As ‘twere a careless trifle.

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

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS.

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 deserv’d, 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.

acb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
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 honour.

_Dun._ Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

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

_Dun._ My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
Tears 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
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

_Macb._ The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

_Dun._ My worthy Cawdor!

_Macb._ [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

_Dun._ 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:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

"SOUND: ROYAL PANFARE."
"LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK."
Inverness. MACBETH'S Castle.

PASSION LETTER SCENE

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whilst 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 mightest 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 promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' 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 thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou 'ldst 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,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming;
not thy master with him? who, were’t so,
Would have inform’d for preparation.

Mess. 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
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news.—[Exit Messenger.] 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
O’erswell my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunndest 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!’

Enter MACBETH.

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.

Macb. My dearest love,
ncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. 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,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the 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;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

Act I. Scene VI.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lovd mansionry that the heaven’s breath
Nells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
th made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ’d
The air is delicate.

-Enter Lady-Macbeth-

Dun. See, see, our honour’d 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 ‘eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
‘nd the late dignities heap’d up to them,
we rest your hermits.
Dun. Where’s the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours’d 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,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M 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.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]
Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, enter MACBETH.

Macb. 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
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
A plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd 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-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only

AS COURT EXITS, MACBETH SNEAKS
IN
SEYTON APPROACHES W/ DRINK MACBETH REFUSES.
SEYTON INSISTS. MACBETH REMOVES CHAIN OF OFFICE,
GESTURES SEYTON TO LEAVE.
LIGHTS UP ON EVEL'S SPOT, LOW ELSEWHERE.
ulting ambition, which o’er-leaps itself
And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

PAS S I ON S CEN E

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp’ed: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask’d for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour’d 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.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress’d 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
To be the same in thine own act and valour
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,’
Like the poor cat i’ the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace.

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

Lady M. What beast was’t, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
So much more the man. Nor time nor place
d then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
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 pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

_Macb._ If we should fail,—

_Lady M._ We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereeto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
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 quell?

_Macb._ Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

_Lady M._ Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Jon 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. [Exeunt.

Act II. Scene I.

Inverness. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Servant bearing a torch before him

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take’t, ’tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There’s husbandry in heaven;
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 cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—
Who’s there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king’s a bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar’d,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you. [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost, Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. While I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

Act II. Scene II.

The Same.

MURDER SCENE

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.


*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't. My husband!

---

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* [Looking on his hands.] This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other:

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce ‘Amen?’ I had most need of blessing, and ‘Amen’ stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry ‘Sleep no more!’ Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep, sleep that knits up the ravel’d sleave of care, the death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course, chief nourisher in life’s feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, ‘Sleep no more!’ to all the house: ‘Glamis hath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!’

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, you do unbend your noble strength to think so brainsickly of things. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them, and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I’ll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; look on’t again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures; ’tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal; for it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is’t with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[Knocking within.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed ’twere best not know myself. [Knocking within.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt.

Act II. Scene III.

The Same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here’s a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have
old turning the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there, i’ the
name of Beelzebub? Here’s a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you’ll sweat for ’t.
[Knocking within.] Knock, knock! Who’s there i’ the other devil’s name! Faith,
here’s an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God’s sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O!
come in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there? Faith,
here’s an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in. tailor:
here you may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

_Macd._ Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

_Port._ Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

_Macd._ What three things does drink especially provoke?

_Port._ Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

_Macd._ I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

_Port._ That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

_Macd._ Is thy master stirring?

_DISCOVERY SCENE_

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

_Len._ Good morrow, noble sir.

_Macb._ Good morrow, both.

_Macd._ Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

_Macb._ Not yet.

_Macd._ He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

_Macb._ I'll bring you to him.

_Macd._ I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

_Macb._ The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confus'd events

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. & Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves. [Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.

Awake! awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [Bell rings.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-Enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O! by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [Aside to DONALBAIN.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours:

*Don.* [Aside to MALCOLM.] What should be spoken
Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, 
May rush and seize us? Let's away: our tears 
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to DONALBAIN.] Nor our strong sorrow 
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: [LADY MACBETH is carried out. 
And when we have our naked frailties hid, 
That suffer in exposure, let us meet, 
And question this most bloody piece of work, 
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us: 
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence 
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight 
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, 
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: 
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office 
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune 
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, 
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, 
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot 
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way 
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse; 
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft 
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

Act II. Scene IV.
The Same. Without the Castle.

Enter ROSS and an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man’s act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock ’tis day,
And yet darknight strangles the travelling lamp.
Is ’t night’s predominance, or the day’s shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. ’Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that’s done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at and kill’d.

ROSS. And Duncan’s horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn’d wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending ’gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old Man. ’Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look’d upon ’t. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macdu. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macdu. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macdu. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macdu. Carried to Colmecill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macdu. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macdu. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt.

Act III. Scene 1.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.
ACT II

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weird women promis’d; and, I fear, Thou play’dst most foully for ’t; yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them,— As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,— Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Macb. Here’s our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I’ll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir’d your good advice— Which still hath been both grave and prosperous— In this day’s council; but we’ll take to-morrow. Is’t far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your-horses-swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you! [Exeunt all but MACBETH and an Attendant.

Sire, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.] To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-Enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [Exit Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur.——You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy-hand-hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

_First Mur._—We are men, my liege.

_Macb._—Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

_Sec. Mur._—I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

_First Mur._—And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To-mend it or be rid on't.

_Macb._—Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Sec. Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near’st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac’d powersweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ the time,
The moment on ’t; for ’t must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I’ll come to you anon.

Sec. Mur. We are resolv’d, my lord.

Macb. I’ll call upon you straight: abide within. [Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul’s flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

Act III. Scene II.
Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Ferguson 144

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eternally .

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His eloister'd flight, ere, to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums.
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still; 
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill: 
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

Act III. Scene III.

BANQUO MURDER

The Same. A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers 
Our offices and what we have to do 
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: 
Now spurs the lated traveller apace 
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches 
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest 
That are within the note of expectation 
Already are i' the court.

First Mur His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually, 
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate 
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.
Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down. [They set upon BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [Dies. FLEANCE escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt.

Act III. Scene IV.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

BANQUET SCENE

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and
Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first and last,
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.] There’s blood upon thy face.

_Mur._ ’Tis Banquo’s, then.

_Macb._ ’Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch’d?

_Mur._ My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

_Macb._ Thou art the best o’ the cut-throats; yet he’s good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

_Mur._ Most royal sir,

Fleance is ’scap’d.

_Macb._ Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo’s safe?

_Mur._ Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

_Macb._ Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies: the worm that’s fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We’ll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

_Lady M._ My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch’d, while ’tis a-making,
’Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

_Macb._ Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit? [The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts—
Impostors to true fear—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool.

_Macb._ Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears:

_Lady M._ What! quite unmann'd in folly?

_Macb._ If I stand here, I saw him.

_Lady M._ Fie, for shame!

_Macb._ Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

_Lady M._ My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

_Macb._ I do forget.

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 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 him, we thirst,
And all to all.

_Lords._ Our duties, and the pledge.
Re-Enter Ghost.

_Macb._ Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

_Lady M._ Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

_Macb._ What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost vanishes.

Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

_Lady M._ You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

_Macb._ Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

_Ross._ What sights, my lord?

_Lady M._ I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night; and better health

Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all! [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
--Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
-Augurs and understood relations have
-By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
-The secret’st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There’s not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee’d. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp’d in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann’d.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

Act III. Scene V.

A Heath.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call’d to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i’ the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I’ll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I’ll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill’d by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [Song within.-'Come away, come away,' &c.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.

Act III. Scene VI.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

EXPOSITION SCENE

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight-
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive.
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

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

_Len._ Sent he to Macduff?

_Lord._ He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

_Len._ And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

WITCHES THEME BEGINS
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene I.

A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.

APPARITION SCENE

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harper cries: 'Tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swellter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. 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 howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew.
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

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

Enter HECATE.

_Hec._ O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [Music and a song. 'Black Spirits,' &c.

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

Enter MACBETH.

_Macb._ How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
_All._ A deed without a name.

_Macb._ 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 yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though-bladed corn be lodg’d and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders’ heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature’s germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We’ll answer.

First Witch. Say if thou’dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters’?

Macb. Call’em: let me see ’em.

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

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition of an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [Descends.

Macb. Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp’d my fear aright. But one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here’s another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody Child.
Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. {Descends:

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

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

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends:

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.
Mach. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this? [Hautboys.

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

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

A show of Eight Kings; the last with a glass in his hand: BANQUO'S Ghost following.  

Mach. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [Apparitions vanish.

What! is this so?

First Witch. 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 antick round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish with

HECATE.
Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What’s your Grace’s will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn’d all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was’t came by?

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

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat’st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o’erlooked
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
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:
But no moresights! Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene II.
Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o’ the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors.
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I’ll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father’d he is, and yet he’s fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father’s dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What! with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou’dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you’ll buy ’em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak’st with all thy wit; and yet, i’ faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to
beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you’d weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk’st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man’s advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd.—— 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; why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence?
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
Mur. He’s a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair’d villain.
Mur. What! you egg.
Young fry of treachery! [Stabbing him.
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [Dies. [Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder,' and pursued by the Murderers.

Act IV. Scene III.


Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

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

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet, I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

_Macd._ I have lost my hopes.

_Mal._ Perchance even there where I did find my doubts:

Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

_Macd._ Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer’d! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think’st
For the whole space that’s in the tyrant’s grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

_Mal._ Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant’s head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

_Macd._ What should he be?

_Mal._ It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

_Macd._ Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

_Mal._ I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will; better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

_Macd._ Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

_Mal._ With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own; all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oft’ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv’d. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat’st upon thyself
Have banish’d me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip’d the black scruples, reconcil’d my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country’s to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand war-like men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we’ll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

*Macb.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor. Ross

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls

That stay his cure; their malady convinces

The great assay of art; but, at his touch,

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,

They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king,

Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,

Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;

And sundry blessings hang about his throne

That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove

The means that make us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O! relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill’d too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let’s make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword’s length set him; if he ’scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentle-woman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gen. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon ’t, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

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

Gen. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gen. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; ’tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

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

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here’s a spot.

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

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

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne’er be clean? No more o’ that, my lord, no more o’ that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

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

*Lady M.* Here’s the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gen.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed: there’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gen.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz’d my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gen.* Good-night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

*Act V. Scene II.*
Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward’s son, And many unrough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he’s mad; others that lesser hate him Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper’d cause Within the belt of rule.

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

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

Act V. Scene III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
MACBETH'S HUMANITY RETURNS

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have prounc'd me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver’d boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul, those linen-cheeks of thine—
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?
Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.] Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
I have liv’d long enough: my way of life
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm’d, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I’ll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack’d.
Give me my armour.
Sey. ’Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I’ll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

_Macb._ Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

_Doct._ Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

_Macb._ Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

_Doct._ Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

_Macb._ Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

_Doct._ [Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

_Country near Birnam Wood._
Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
    That chambers will be safe.

Men. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Men. The wood of Birnam.

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

Sold. It shall be done.

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

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
    For where there is advantage to be given,
    Both more and less have given him the revolt,
    And none serve with him but constrained things
    Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
    Attend the true event, and put we on
    Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
    That will with due decision make us know
    What we shall say we have and what we owe.
    Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
    But certain issue strokes must arbitrate,
    Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

Act V. Scene V.
Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, ‘They come;’ our castle’s strength Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up; Were they not fore’d with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. [A cry of women within. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been my senses would have cool’d To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in ’t. I have supp’d full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

Re-Enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon ’s what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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

The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What’s he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Young Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siw. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

_Macb._ My name’s Macbeth.

_Young Siw._ The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

_Macb._ No, nor more fearful.

_Young Siw._ Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

I’ll prove the lie thou speak’st. [They fight and Young Siward is slain.

_Macb._ Thou wast born of woman:

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandish’d by man that’s of a woman born. [Exit.

_Alarums. Enter Macduff._

_Macd._ That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face:

If thou be’st slain and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hir’d to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter’d edge

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

_Enter Malcolm and Old Siward._

_Siw._ This way, my lord; the castle’s gently render’d:

The tyrant’s people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

_Mal._ We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

_Siw._ Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarums.
Re-Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air-
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarest monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' [Exeunt, fighting.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross,
Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. [Flourish. Exeunt.
ACT 2, SCENE 1

LOCATION: Inner courtyard of Macbeth's castle. Time is virtually continuous from the previous scene. s.d. torch: (This may mean "torchbearer," although it does not at line 9 s.d.). 4. husbandry: economy. 6. summons: i.e., to sleep. 7. would not: am reluctant to (owing to my uneasy fears). powers: order of angels deputed by God to resist demons. 14. largess: gifts, gratuities. offices: quarters used for the household work. 16-17. shut up In: concluded what he had to say with expressions of, or, perhaps, he professes himself enclosed in. 18. Our . . . defect: our good will (to entertain the King handsomely) was limited by our meager means (at such short notice). 19. free: freely, unrestrainedly.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

1

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: THE PRAYER
Hold, take my sword. [He gives him his sword.] There's husbandry* in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. [He gives him his belt and dagger.]

A heavy summons* lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not* sleep. Merciful powers,*
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. Who's there?

MACBETH:
A friend.

BANQUO:
What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess* to your offices.*
This diamond he grieves your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In* measureless content. [He gives a diamond.]

MACBETH: Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,*
Which else should free* have wrought.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

THE BEQUEST

[He gives a diamond.]
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered Murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost, thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. Whilest I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

ACT 2, SCENE 2

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

LADY MACBETH: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night. 'He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,

Which was
And on thy
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
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The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
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MACBETH:
One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands."
List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen"
When they did say "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH:
Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH:
But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH: These deeds must not be thought/
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH: Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleavea of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, nature's second course, —
Chief nourisher in life's feast —

LADY MACBETH: What do you mean?

MACBETH: Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH: Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

MACBETH: I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH: Whence is that knocking?

MACBETH: Where is that knocking? Whence is that knocking?

LADY MACBETH: Whence is that knocking? Why is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Hail! They pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

LADY MACBETH: My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

MACBETH: To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself."
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

PORTER: Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he
should have olda turning the key. (Knock.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's

LADY MACBETH: Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [She takes the daggers, and] exit. Knock within.

MACBETH: Whence is that knocking?

LADY MACBETH: Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

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60. gild: smear, cost, as if with a thin layer of gold. (Gold was ordinarily spoken of as red.)
66. multitudinous: both multiform and teeming. incarnadine: make red. 67. one red: one
71. old: plenty of.

31. As: as if. hangman's hands: bloody hands (because the hangman would draw and quarter
the condemned, and also executed with an ax). 37. thought: thought about. 38. so: if we
do so. 41. raveled sleave: tangled skin. 42. bath: i.e., to relieve the soreness. 43. second
course: (Ordinary feasts had two courses, of which the second was the chief nourisher; here,
sleep is seen as following eating in a restorative process.) 49. unbend: slacken (as one would
a bow; contrast with "bend up" in 1.7.80). 51. witness: evidence.
there, i' the name of Beelzebub?" Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty." Come in time! Have napkins' enough about you; here you'll sweet for 't (Knock.) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator. (Knock.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose. "Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose." (Knock.) Knock! Knock! Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (Knock.) Anon, anon! [He opens the gate.] I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

MACDUFF: Was it so late, friend ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?
PORTER: Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF: What three things does drink especially provoke?
PORTER: Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him, makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

3. Beelzebub: a devil. 4. Here's... plenty: i.e., here's a farmer who has hoarded in anticipation of a scarcity and will be justly punished by a crop surplus and low prices. 5. Come in time: i.e., you have come in time. Napkins: handkerchiefs (to mop up the sweat). 6. equivocator: (This is regarded by many editors as an allusion to the trial of the Jesuit Henry Garnet for treason in the spring of 1606 and to the doctrine of equivocation said to have been presented in his defense; according to this doctrine, a lie was not a lie if the utterer had in his mind a different meaning in which the utterance was true.) 10. French hose: very narrow breeches of the sort that would easily reveal the tailor's attempt to skimp on the cloth supplied him for their manufacture — as he evidently had done with impunity when the French style ran to loose-fitting breeches. 11. roast your goose: heat your tailor's smoothing iron (with an obvious pun on the sense, "cook your goose"). 12. second cock: i.e., 3 A.M., when the cock was thought to crow a second time. 13. Marry: (Originally, an oath, "by the Virgin Mary.") nose-painting: i.e., reddening of the nose through drink. 15-16. makes... stand to: stimulates him sexually but without sexual capability. 16. equivocates... sleep: (1) hurls him asleep (2) gives him an erotic experience in dream only (3) giving him the lie; (1) deceiving him (2) laying him out flat. 25. leaves him: (1) dissipates as intoxication (2) is passed off as urine.

MACDUFF: I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
PORTER: That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me. "But I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs" sometimes, yet I made a shift to cast" him.

MACDUFF: Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

BACK TO BUSINESS

Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.

LENNOX: Good morrow, noble sir.
MACBETH: Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF: Is the King stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH: Not yet.
MACDUFF: He did command me to call timely" on him. I have almost slipped" the hour.
MACBETH: I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF: I know this is a joyful trouble to you, But yet 'tis one.
MACBETH: The labor we delight in physics pain." This is the door.
MACDUFF: I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited" service.

LENNOX: Goes the King hence today?
MACBETH: He does; he did appoint so.
LENNOX: The night has been unruly. Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard 't th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible"
Of dire combustion* and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time.° The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH: Twas a rough night.
LENNOX: My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF: O, horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH AND LENNOX:
What's the matter?

MACDUFF:
Confusion° now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life o' the building!

MACBETH:
What is it you say? The life?

LENNOX:
Mean you His Majesty?

MACDUFF:
Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.* Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up* and walk like sprites°
To countenance° this horror! Ring the bell.

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

LADY MACBETH:
What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpeter° calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF:
O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition° in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH:
What, in our house? Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO:
Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

MACBETH AND LENNOX:
Had I but died an hour before this chance°
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality.°
All is but toys.° Renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees°
Is left this vault° to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

DONALBAIN:
What is amiss?

MACBETH: You are, and do not know't.
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?

Bell rings.

MACBETH:
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LENNOX:
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH:
O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACDUFF:
Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH:
Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH [fainting]: Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF:
Look to the lady.

MALCOLM [aside to Donalbain]:
Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN [aside to Malcolm]:
What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?
Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM [aside to Donalbain]:
Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO:
Look to the lady.
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF: And so do I.

ALL: Well contented.

MALCOLM:
What will you do? Let's not consort 't with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN:
To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the nearer in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM:
This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

95. badged: marked, as with a badge or emblem. 101. amazed: bewildered. 103. expedition: haste. 105. golden: (See the note for 2.1.60.) 106. breach in nature: gap in the defenses of life. 107. wasteful: destructive. 109. breeched with gore: covered (as with breeches) to the hills with gore. 111. make's love known: make manifest his love. 113. argument: topic, business. 115. in an auger hole: i.e., in some hiding place, in ambush. 117. upon ... motion: yet in motion, ready to act.
**Act 2, Scene 4**

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

**OLD MAN:**
Three score and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

**ROSS:**
Ha, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

**OLD MAN:**
'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

**ROSS:**
And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as 'twould
Make war with mankind.

**OLD MAN:**
'Tis said they eat each other.

**ROSS:**
They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon 't.

— Enter Macduff. —

**MACDUFF:**
Here comes the good Macduff —
How goes the world, sir, now?

**ROSS:**
Why, see you not?

— Exeunt omnes. —

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**Notes:**
24. What ... pretend: i.e., what could they hope to gain by it? pretend: intend.
32. Thriftless: wasteful. ravin up: devour ravenously.
37. named: chosen. (See the note for 1.4.50.)
38. Colmekill: Icolmkill, i.e., Cell of St. Columba, the barren islet of Iona in the Western
Islands, a sacred spot where the kings were buried; here, called a storehouse.
39. Fife: (Of which Macduff is Thane.)

Playlist
Overture
Upon the Heath
Fanfare
Witches Dance
Lady Macbeth
The King of Scotland
Banquo
Murder
Things Strange
New King of Scotland
Hecate
Apparition
The Line of Kings
The Macduffs
Things Most Precious
To Bed
War
Malcolm
Macbeth vs. Macduff
The Fall
Willow