



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

**WILL POWER  
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PART ONE

**Romeo & Juliet**

**Prologue**

**PRINCE:**

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents'  
strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd  
love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could  
remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
mend.

(1)

**\*Act One, Scene 4:**

**Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio**

**ROMEO**

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO**

Not I, I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**BENVOLIO**

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, and  
soar with them above a common bound.

**ROMEO**

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

And, to sink in it?  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

**ROMEO**

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, and it pricks like thorn.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love!

**BENVOLIO**

Prick for pricking and you beat love down.

**ROMEO**

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, we burn daylight ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay, that's not so.

**BENVOLIO**

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

**MERCUTIO**

And we mean well in going to this mask...

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

(2)

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in shape

no bigger than an agate stone...

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream  
of love;

This is she—

**ROMEO**

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams, which are the children  
of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy which is as  
thin of substance as the air

**BENVOLIO**

This wind you talk of, blows us from  
ourselves...

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels...But, on, lusty  
gentleman.

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum!

*(exit together)*

(3)

**\*Act 2, Scene 2:**

**Romeo, Juliet, Nurse**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

*JULIET appears above at a window*

But, soft! What light through yonder window  
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at  
this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou

(4)

that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO**

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

**JULIET**

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither, tell me, and  
wherefore?

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords:

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their  
sight;

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-  
night

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love—

**JULIET**

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

**NURSE**

Madam! Mistress! Lady, Lady!!

**JULIET**

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Good night, good night! Parting is such  
sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Exuent*

(5)

**\*Act Two, Scene 3:**

**Romeo, Friar Laurence**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
Or if it be so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou  
been, then?

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
And art thou changed? Pronounce this  
sentence then,

(6)

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' 8ancor to pure love.

**ROMEO**

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

**\*Act Two, Scene 5:**

**Juliet and the Nurse**

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
O God, she comes!

*(Enter Nurse)*

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

**NURSE**

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache!

**JULIET**

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

**NURSE**

Jesu, what haste?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

**NURSE**

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not  
how to choose a man,  
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb....  
What, have you dined at home?

**JULIET**

No, no: What says he of our marriage? What of that?

**NURSE**

Lord, how my head aches!--O, my back, my back!

**JULIET**

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

(8)

**NURSE**

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and  
a kind, and a handsome,

--Where is your mother?

**JULIET**

Where is my mother! Why, she is within;  
Where should she be?

**NURSE**

Are you so hot? Henceforward do your  
messages yourself.

**JULIET**

Come, come, what says Romeo?

**NURSE**

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

**JULIET**

I have!!!

**NURSE**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a **husband** to make you a **wife!**  
Hie you to church!

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.  
(exit separately)

**\*Act Three, Scene 1:**

**Romeo, Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio – FIGHT**

**BENVOLIO**

I Pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire.

The day is hot

The Capulet's abroad, And if we meet, we shall  
not scape a brawl;

For now these hot days is the mad blood  
stirring.

**TYBALT**

Good den: a word with you.

**MERCUTIO**

And but one word? Couple it with something;  
make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

Consort! ' What, dost thou make us minstrels?

An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear  
nothing but discords:

here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make  
you dance. Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIO**

We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

And reason coldly of your differences,

Or else depart; Here all eyes gaze on us.

*[Enter ROMEO]*

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my  
man.

Romeo, the **hate** I bear thee can afford no  
better term than this,--thou art a **villain!**

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to **love** thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage to  
such a greeting:

villain am I none;

Therefore farewell.

(10)

**TYBALT**

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries that  
thou hast done me!

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But LOVE thee better than thou canst devise,  
And so, good Capulet,-which name I tender  
As dearly as my own,-be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

*[to Romeo]*

**O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!**

*[to Tybalt]*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your  
nine lives!

**Tybalt.**

I am for you.

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado.

*[Tybalt & Mercutio fight, pushing Romeo out of  
the way]*

**BENVOLIO**

Mercutio, the Prince hath expressly forbidden  
bandying in Verona streets

**ROMEO**

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*[TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs  
MERCUTIO, and runs out]*

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

**ROMEO**

Courage man, the hurt cannot be much...

(11)

**MERCUTIO**

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

A plague o' both your houses!

'Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm! They have made wormsmeat of me.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

*[MERCUTIO dies]*

**BENVOLIO**

Oh Romeo, Brave Mercutio's dead.

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely hear did scorn the earth.

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, --Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!

*[Re-enter TYBALT]*

**ROMEO**

Now, Tybalt, for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

**TYBALT**

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him  
here, shalt with him hence.

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

*[They fight; ROMEO stabs TYBALT & he dies]*

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

(12)

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

*[exit Romeo]*

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Oh noble Prince, there lies the man,  
Slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman,  
Brave Mercutio.

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
slay.

Romeo that spoke him fair and urged withal  
your high displeasure.

Tybalt, death to peace, tilts with piercing steel  
At bold Mercutio's breast. And then Tybalt  
fled.

But by and by comes back to Romeo  
Who had but newly entertained revenge.

**PRINCE**

And for that offence immediately we do exile  
him hence.

I have an interest in your hates proceeding  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a  
bleeding.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses  
Therefore use none; Let Romeo hence in haste  
Else when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill.

(13)

**\*Act 5, Scene 3:**

**Romeo, Juliet, Friar, Prince**

*Juliet asleep in tomb...Enter Romeo*

**ROMEO**

Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
Eyes, look your last!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Dies*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard,  
FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! Where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

*Noise within*

(14)

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit FRIAR LAURENCE*

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's  
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after?

*A Noise outside..*

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;

*Stabs herself*

there rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies*

*Enter the PRINCE*

**PRINCE**

What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's  
rest?

*Re-enter Friar Lawrence*

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:

(15)

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I am the greatest, able to do least,  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

**PRINCE**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful  
wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely  
death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the  
city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
But when I came, here untimely lay  
true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know...

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad  
things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt*

(16)

PART TWO

**HAMLET**

**\*Act 1, Scene 4**

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO*

**HORATIO**

Hail to your lordship!

**HAMLET**

I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,--or I do forget myself.

**HORATIO**

The same, my lord, and your poor servant  
ever.

**HAMLET**

Sir, my good friend;  
I'll change that name with you:  
And what make you from Wittenberg?

**HORATIO**

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

**HAMLET**

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

**HORATIO**

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

**HAMLET**

My father!--methinks I see my father.

**HORATIO**

Where, my lord?

**HAMLET**

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

**HORATIO**

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

**HAMLET**

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

**HORATIO**

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

**HAMLET**

Saw? Who?

**HORATIO**

My lord, the king your father.

(1)

**HAMLET**

The king my father!

**HORATIO**

Two nights together had two gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your  
father,  
Armed at point exactly, This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them the third night kept the  
watch;  
The apparition came: I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

**HAMLET**

Did you not speak to it?

**HORATIO**

My lord, I did;  
But answer made it none:  
Then it vanish'd from our sight.

**HAMLET**

And saw you not his face?

**HORATIO**

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

**HAMLET**

And fix'd his eyes upon you? I would I had  
been there.

**HORATIO**

It would have much amazed you.

**HAMLET**

I will watch to-night;  
Perchance 'twill walk again.

**HORATIO**

Look, my lord, it comes!

*Enter Ghost*

**HAMLET**

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
I will speak to thee,  
I'll call the King, Father, Royal Dane!  
Oh Answer me!

*Ghost beckons HAMLET*

(2)

**HORATIO**

It beckons you to go away with it,

**HAMLET**

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

**HORATIO**

Do not, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Why, what should be the fear?

**HORATIO**

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness?

**HORATIO**

Be ruled; you shall not go.

**HAMLET**

Unhand me, Horatio.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET*

**HORATIO**

He waxes desperate with imagination.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Heaven will direct it.

I will follow him.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GHOST and HAMLET*

**HAMLET**

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

**GHOST**

Mark me.

**HAMLET**

I will.

(3)

**GHOST**

My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

**HAMLET**

Alas, poor ghost!

**GHOST**

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

**HAMLET**

Speak; I am bound to hear.

**GHOST**

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

**HAMLET**

What?

**GHOST**

I am thy father's spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away. List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love--

**HAMLET**

O God!

**GHOST**

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

**HAMLET**

Murder!

**GHOST**

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

**HAMLET**

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

**GHOST**

Now, Hamlet, hear:  
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; but know, thou noble  
youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

**HAMLET**

O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

(4)

**GHOST**

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leperous distilment;  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
Fare thee well at once!  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

*Exit*

**HAMLET**

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?  
And shall I couple hell? Remember thee!  
Thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,--meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile,  
and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

*Writing*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'  
I have sworn 't.

*Exit Hamlet*

(5)

**\* Act One, Scene 3:**

**Laertes, Ophelia, Lord Polonius**

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA*

**LAERTES**

My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:  
And let me hear from you.

**OPHELIA**

Do you doubt that?

**LAERTES**

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
No more.

**OPHELIA**

No more but so?

**LAERTES**

Think it no more;  
Perhaps he loves you now,  
but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state;  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,  
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

**OPHELIA**

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman to my heart.

**LAERTES**

I stay too long: but here our father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS*

**LORD POLONIUS**

There; my blessing with thee!  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;

(6)

This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

**LAERTES**

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

**LORD POLONIUS**

The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

**LAERTES**

Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

**OPHELIA**

'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

**LAERTES**

Farewell.

*Exit*

**LORD POLONIUS**

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

**OPHELIA**

So please you, something touching the Lord  
Hamlet.

**LORD POLONIUS**

What is between you? give me up the truth.

**OPHELIA**

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

**OPHELIA**

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Marry, I'll teach you: Tender yourself more  
dearly;

**OPHELIA**

My lord, he hath importuned me with love  
In honourable fashion.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

(7)

**OPHELIA**

And hath given countenance to his speech,  
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

**LORD POLONIUS**

For Lord Hamlet,  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time  
forth,  
Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

**OPHELIA**

I shall obey, my lord.

*Exeunt Ophelia*

(8)

**\*ACT II, Scene 2:**

**Hamlet and Polonius**

**LORD POLONIUS**

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

**HAMLET**

Well, God-a-mercy.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Do you know me, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Excellent well; you are a *fishmonger*.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Not I, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Then I would you were **so** honest a man.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Honest, my lord!

**HAMLET**

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,  
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

**LORD POLONIUS**

That's very true, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Have you a daughter?

**LORD POLONIUS**

I have, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a  
blessing:

but not as your daughter may conceive.

Friend, look to 't.

**LORD POLONIUS**

[*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on  
my

daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I  
was a fishmonger: he is *far gone, far gone*.

[*back to Hamlet*] What do you read, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Words... words... words.

**LORD POLONIUS**

What is the matter, my lord?

**HAMLET**

*Slanders, sir.*

(9)

**LORD POLONIUS**

[*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

[*back to Hamlet*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Into my grave.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Indeed, that is out o' the air!

[*Aside*] I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—

[*back to Hamlet*] My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

**HAMLET**

You cannot, sir,  
take from me any thing that I will  
more willingly part withal: *except my  
life...except my life... except my life.*

**LORD POLONIUS**

Fare you well, my lord. [*Exit*]

**HAMLET**

*These tedious old fools!!!!*

**\*Act Three, Scene 1:**

**Hamlet & Ophelia**

**OPHELIA**

How does your honour for this many a day?

**HAMLET**

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

**OPHELIA**

My lord, I have remembrances of yours, that I have longed long to re-deliver;

I pray you, now receive them.

**HAMLET**

No, not I; I never gave you aught.

**OPHELIA**

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;

And, with them,

words of *so sweet* breath composed

As made the things more rich...*There*, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Ha, ha! are you honest?

**OPHELIA**

My lord?

**HAMLET**

Are you fair?

**OPHELIA**

What means your lordship?

**HAMLET**

I did love you once.

**OPHELIA**

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

**HAMLET**

You should not have believed me; *I loved you not.*

**OPHELIA**

I was the more deceived.

**HAMLET**

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?

*Where's your father?*

**OPHELIA**

At home, my lord.

**HAMLET**

*LET THE DOORS BE SHUT UPON HIM,*

(11)

that he may play the  
fool no where but in's own house!

**OPHELIA**

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

**HAMLET**

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool;  
*for wise men know well enough what monsters  
you make of them!*

**OPHELIA**

O heavenly powers, restore him!

**HAMLET**

God has given you one face, and you make  
yourselves another.  
Go to, I'll no more on't; *it hath made me mad.*  
I say, we will have no more marriages:  
***To a nunnery, go.***  
*(Exit)*

**OPHELIA**

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
*O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen,  
**see what I see!***

*Hamlet Exit*

(12)

**\*Act Three, Scene 3:**

**Lord Polonius, King Claudius, Hamlet**

*Enter Polonius/Claudius*

**LORD POLONIUS**

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process; Fare you well, my liege:  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Thanks, dear my lord.

*Exit POLONIUS*

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow?  
But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my  
foul murder'?  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the  
murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
All may be well.

*kneels*

*Enter HAMLET*

**HAMLET**

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;  
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

(13)

No! Up, sword; and know thou a more  
horrid hent:  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd  
and black as hell, whereto it goes.  
My mother stays:  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

*Exit*

**KING CLAUDIUS**

[Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below:  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

*Exit*

**\*Act Three, Scene 4:**

**Hamlet & Gertrude and Polonius**

*Gertrude enters*

**HAMLET**

Mother!! Mother!!

(enters)

Now, mother, what's the matter?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

**HAMLET**

Mother, *you* have my father much offended.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

**HAMLET**

Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

What's the matter now?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Have you forgot me?

**HAMLET**

No, you are the queen, your husband's  
brother's wife;

*And--would it were not so!--you are my  
mother.*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

**HAMLET**

Come, come, and sit you down; *you shall not  
budge.*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

*Help, help, ho!*

**\*LORD POLONIUS, (from behind the curtain)**

What, ho! help, help, help!

**HAMLET**

How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead!

*(Stabs Polonius through the curtain)*

**\*LORD POLONIUS**

O, I am slain! *(Falls and rolls out, dies)*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

O me, what hast thou done?!!

(15)

**HAMLET**

Nay, I know not: Is it the king? (*THEN sees that it is Polonius, not Claudius*)

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

**HAMLET**

A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, as kill a king, and marry with his brother.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

As kill a king!

**HAMLET**

Ay, lady, 'twas my word. Peace! sit you down, And let me wring your heart;

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?

**HAMLET**

Look here, upon *this* picture, and on *this*, the counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, *this was* your husband.

*Here is* your husband;

Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love!

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

O Hamlet, speak no more: Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul!

**HAMLET**

Nay, but to live, stew'd in corruption...

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

O, speak to me no more; these words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;

**HAMLET**

A murderer and a villain...

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

No more!

**HAMLET**

*A king of shreds and patches,--*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

*Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!*

*Hamlet Exit. Enter Claudius*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

**KING CLAUDIUS**

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

O heavy deed!  
It had been so with us, had we been there:  
His liberty is full of threats to all;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, Where is he gone?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

**LAERTES**

Where is this King?!

*Enter Laertes*

O thou vile king, Give me my father!

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Calmly, good Laertes.

**LAERTES**

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me  
bastard,

**KING CLAUDIUS**

What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?  
Let him go, Gertrude;  
Speak, man.

**LAERTES**

Where is my father?

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Dead.

(17)

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

But not by him.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Let him demand his fill.

*EXIT Gertrude*

**LAERTES**

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:  
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Why, now you speak  
Like a good child and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensible in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.

*Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE*

How now, sweet queen!

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd,  
Laertes.

**LAERTES**

Drown'd! O, where?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long  
purples  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide;  
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:  
but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

**LAERTES**

Alas, then, she is drown'd?

(18)

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Drown'd, drown'd.

**LAERTES**

Oh heat, dry up my brains!

Tears seven times salt burn out the sense

And virtue of mine eye. Oh rose of May

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia.

Oh heavens! Is't possible a young maids wits  
should be

As mortal as a young mans life?

Do you see this oh God?

Adieu, my lord:

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it.

*Exit*

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow.

*Exit Claudius/Gertrude*

(19)

**\*Act Five, Scene 1:**

**Gravedigger, Hamlet, Horatio**

*Enter one gravedigger, with spades,*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO*

**HAMLET**

Whose  
grave's this, sirrah?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

Mine, sir.

**HAMLET**

I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

**GRAVEDIGGER**

I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

**HAMLET**

What man dost thou dig it for?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

For no man, sir.

**HAMLET**

What woman, then?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

For none, neither.

**HAMLET**

Who is to be buried in't?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul,  
she's dead.

**HORATIO**

How absolute the knave is!  
We must speak by the  
card, or equivocation will undo us.

**HAMLET**

How long hast thou been a  
grave-maker?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it  
was the very day that young Hamlet was born;

**HORATIO**

How long will a man lie I' the earth ere he rot?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die he will  
last you some eight year  
or nine year

(20)

**HAMLET**

Why he more than another?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

Here's a skull now;  
this skull has lain in the earth  
three and twenty years.

**HORATIO**

Whose was it?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do  
you think it was?

**HAMLET**

Nay, I know not.

**GRAVEDIGGER**

This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the  
king's jester.

**HAMLET**

This?

**GRAVEDIGGER**

E'en that.

**HAMLET**

Let me see.

*Takes the skull*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him,

Horatio: a fellow

of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath  
borne me on his back a thousand times; and  
now, how  
abhorred in my imagination it is! Prithee,  
Horatio, tell me one thing.

**HORATIO**

What's that, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this  
fashion i' the earth?

**HORATIO**

E'en so.

**HAMLET**

And smelt so? pah!  
Alexander died, Alexander was buried,  
Alexander returneth into dust;

(21)

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that that earth,  
which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw!  
there's a special providence in the fall of a  
sparrow. If it be now,  
'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be  
now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the  
readiness is all.

*Exits with Gravediggers leaving Horatio Alone*

**HORATIO**

Let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about:  
so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
truly deliver.  
Now cracks a noble heart.  
Goodnight sweet prince  
And flights of angels sing thee  
To thy rest.

PART THREE

**MACBETH**

\* **Act One, Scene 1:**

**THREE WITCHES, Macbeth, Banquo, Ross**

**FIRST WITCH**

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

**SECOND 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?

**SECOND WITCH**

Upon the heath.

**THIRD WITCH**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**THIRD WITCH**

By the pricking of my thumbs, something  
wicked this way comes. Open locks, whoever  
knocks.

*[Enter Macbeth, Banquo]*

**MACBETH:**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**BANQUO:**

What are these, so wither'd and so wild in  
their attire, that look not like the inhabitants  
o' the earth, and yet are on't?

**MACBETH:**

Speak, if you can, what are you?

**FIRST WITCH:**

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

**SECOND WITCH:**

All hail Macbeth, hail to thee thane of Cawdor!

**THIRD WITCH:**

All hail Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

(1)

**BANQUO:**

If you can look into the seeds of time, speak then to me.

**FIRST WITCH:**

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**SECOND WITCH:**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**THIRD WITCH:**

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

**ALL WITCHES:**

All hail Banquo and Macbeth...

*[witches fade back to exit]*

**MACBETH:**

I know I am thane of Glamis, but how of Cawdor?

Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence?

**BANQUO:**

Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH:**

Into the air and what seem'd corporal melted as breath into the wind.

Your children shall be kings!

**BANQUO:**

You shall be king!

**MACBETH:**

And thane of Cawdor too, went it not so?

*[Enter Ross]*

**ROSS:**

The king hath happily received Macbeth, the news of thy success; 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.

I am sent to give thee from our royal master thanks; and for an earnest of a greater honour, he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;

(2)

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane for it is thine!

**BANQUO:**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH:**

The thane of Cawdor lives, why do you dress me in borrow'd robes?

**ROSS:**

Who was the thane lives yet, but under heavy judgment bears that life

which he deserves to lose. Treasons capital, confess'd and proved, have overthrown him.

**MACBETH:**

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor. The greatest is behind. Thanks for you pains.

Do you not hope your children shall be kings when those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me promised no less to them?

**BANQUO:**

That trusted home might yet inkindle 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.

**[EXIT]**

**\*Act One, Scene 7:**

**Lady Macbeth, Macbeth**

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: that but this blow  
might be the be-all and end-all here, but here,  
upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump  
the life to come.

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

*[Enter LADY MACBETH]*

How now! what news?

**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the  
chamber?

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

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 MACBETH**

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?

**MACBETH**

Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become  
a man.

Who dares do more is none.

(4)

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't, then, that made you break  
this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man.  
And, to be more than what you were, you  
would be so much more the man.

Nor time nor place did then adhere, and yet  
you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their  
fitness now does unmake you.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

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

When Duncan is asleep, 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  
lies as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon Th'  
unguarded Duncan?

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

We shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
upon his death!

**MACBETH**

I am settled.

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

**[EXIT]**

(5)

**\*Act Two, Scene 2:**

**Macbeth, Lady Macbeth**

**LADY MACBETH**

Hark, Peace... Alack I am afraid they have awaked and tis not done.

The attempt and not the deed confounds us.

Hark, I laid their daggers ready, He could not miss em.

Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it...

My Husband!

**MACBETH**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

**MACBETH**

When?

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*(Looking on his hands)*

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**MACBETH**

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;  
Listening 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.

(6)

**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...

**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 reveals the daggers]***

Why did you bring these daggers from the  
place?  
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear  
the sleepy grooms with blood.

**MACBETH**

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

**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.

***[Exit].***

**MACBETH**

What hands are here?  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No.

***(Re-enter LADY MACBETH)***

(7)

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your colour; but I shame to wear a heart so white.

*(Knocking within)*

I hear a knocking: retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it, then!

*(Knocking within)*

Hark! more knocking.  
Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

*(Knocking within)*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*[Exit together]*

**\*Act Two, Scene 3:  
the Porter, Macduff, Lennox, Macbeth,  
Banquo, Lady Macbeth**

**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?

***[Knocking within]***

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name?

***[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:

***[Knocking within]***

Anon, anon! 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  
bell:

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**PORTER**

That it did, sir.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

***[Enter MACBETH]***

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

(9)

**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 slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him....This is the door.

**MACDUFF**

I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

*[Exit]*

**LENNOX**

Goes the king hence to-day?

**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 i' the air;

strange screams of death,

and prophesying with accents terrible...

Of dire combustion and confused 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.

**MACBETH**

'Twas a rough night.

**LENNOX**

My young remembrance cannot parallel a  
fellow to it.

*[Re-enter MACDUFF]*

(10)

**MACDUFF**

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

**MACBETH and LENNOX**

What's the matter?

**MACDUFF**

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke open  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
the life o' the building!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight. See, and then speak yourselves.

*[Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX]*

**MACDUFF**

Awake, awake! Ring the alarum-bell. Murder  
and treason!  
Banquo and Ross, Malcolm! awake! Malcolm!  
Banquo!  
Ring the bell!!!!

*[Bell rings, Enter LADY MACBETH]*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business? Speak, speak!

**MACDUFF**

O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I  
can speak:

*[Enter BANQUO]*

O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master 's  
murder'd!

**BANQUO**

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

*[Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with  
ROSS]*

(11)

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas! What, in our house? O! by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:

Their hands and faces were and 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, temperate and furious? No man:

There lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with his golden blood...

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

*[She pretends to faint]*

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

let us meet, and question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further.

In the great hand of God I stand;

and thence against the undivulged pretence

I fight of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

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

**ALL**

Well contented.

(12)

***[Exeunt all but BANQUO]***

**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, 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.

***[EXIT]***

(13)

**\*Act Four, Scene 1:  
THREE WITHCHES, Macbeth**

**MACBETH**

How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags! What is't you do?

**ALL**

A deed without a name.

**MACBETH**

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
answer me to what I ask you.

**FIRST WITCH**

Speak.

**SECOND WITCH**

Demand.

**THIRD WITCH**

We'll answer.

**First Witch**

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

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**ALL**

Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

**FIRST WITCH**

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

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks; but one  
word more,--

**FIRST WITCH**

I will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.

**SECOND WITCH**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

**SECOND WITCH**

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

(14)

**MACBETH**

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

**THIRD WITCH**

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

**MACBETH**

That will never be  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet  
bodements! good!  
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.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let  
me know.

**FIRST WITCH**

Show!

**SECOND WITCH**

Show!

**THIRD WITCH**

Show!

**ALL**

Shown his eyes, and grieved his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone?  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX*

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

(15)

**MACBETH**

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?

**LENNOX**

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

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' 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 more sights!

*Exeunt*

(16)

**\*Act Five, Scene 1:  
Doctor, Gentlewoman, Lady Macbeth**

**DOCTOR**

When was it she last walked?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Since his majesty went into the field,  
I have seen  
her rise from her bed,  
throw her night-gown upon  
her, yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

**DOCTOR**

A great perturbation in nature, In this  
slumbery agitation, besides her  
walking and other actual performances,  
what, at any time, have you heard her say?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

**DOCTOR**

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a light*

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

**DOCTOR**

How came she by that light?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

**DOCTOR**

You see, her eyes are open.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**DOCTOR**

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

(17)

**GENTLEWOMAN**

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem  
thus washing her hands:

I have known her continue in this  
a quarter of an hour.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

Hark! she speaks:

I will set down what comes from her,  
to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LADY MACBETH**

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.

**DOCTOR**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

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.

**DOCTOR**

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

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the  
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little  
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

**DOCTOR**

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

**GENTLEWOMAN**

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

(18)

**DOCTOR**

This disease is beyond my practise:

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown;  
look not so pale.—

I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he  
cannot come out on's grave.

**DOCTOR**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

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*

**DOCTOR**

Will she go now to bed?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Directly.

**DOCTOR**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: God forgive us  
all! So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amazed  
My sight I think, but dare not speak

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*

(19)

**\*Act Five, Scene 7:**

**Macbeth, Macduff – FIGHT**

**MACBETH**

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
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  
And then is heard no more.  
It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and  
fury signifying nothing.

*[Exit, as Macduff Enters]*

**MACDUFF**

Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'est slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me  
still.  
Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

*[Exit, as Macbeth Enters]*

**MACBETH**

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

*[Enter Macduff]*

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much  
charged with blood of thine already.

**MACDUFF**

I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword:

(20)

thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!

*(They fight, Macduff is wounded)*

**MACBETH**

Thou lovest labour:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield, to  
one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm; and let the angel whom  
thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's  
womb untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, for it  
hath cow'd my better part of man!  
I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

Then yield thee, coward, and live to be the  
show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, [as our rarer monsters are],  
painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

**MACBETH**

I will not yield to kiss the ground before  
young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Yet I will try the last.  
Before my body, I throw my warlike shield.  
Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first  
cries, "Hold, enough!"

*(They fight, Macbeth falls)*

**MACDUFF**

The time is free...