Act 1, Scene 6

**Original Text**

hautboys and torches. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and attendants

DUNCAN
This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO
This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN
See, see, our honored 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 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH
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. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

**Modern Text**

The stage is lit by torches. Hautboys play. DUNCAN enters, together with MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and their attendants.

DUNCAN
This castle is in a pleasant place. The air is sweet and appeals to my refined senses.

BANQUO
The fact that this summer bird, the house martin, builds his nests here proves how inviting the breezes are. There isn’t a single protrusion in the castle walls where these birds haven’t built their hanging nests to sleep and breed. I’ve noticed that they always like to settle and mate where the air is the nicest.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN
Look, here comes our honored hostess! Sometimes the love my subjects bring me is inconvenient, but I still accept it as love. In doing so, I’m teaching you to thank me for the inconvenience I’m causing you by being here, because it comes from my love to you.

LADY MACBETH
Everything we’re doing for you, even if it were doubled and then doubled again, is nothing compared to the honors you have brought to our family. We gladly welcome you as our guests, with gratitude for both the honors you’ve given us before and the new honors you’ve just given us.

DUNCAN
Where’s the thane of Cawdor? We coursed 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 tonight.

LADY MACBETH
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.

DUNCAN
Where is Macbeth, the thane of Cawdor? We followed closely after him. I hoped to arrive here before him, but he rides swiftly. And his great love, which is as sharp as his spur, helped him beat us here. Fair and noble hostess, we are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH
We are your servants, your highness, and as always our house and everything in it is at your disposal, for after all, we keep it in your trust and we’re glad to give you back what’s yours.
Original Text

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

They all exit.

Act 1, Scene 7

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a sewer and divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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 To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked newborn babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed 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 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on th' other.

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 2

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! What news?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

30 Hath he asked for me?
LADY MACBETH
Know you not he has?
MACBETH
We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
LADY MACBETH
Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed 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 afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valor
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' th' adage?
MACBETH
Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
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. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 3

MACBETH
If we should fail?
LADY MACBETH
We fail?
MACBETH
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto 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 warden of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
MACBETH
But if we fail—
LADY MACBETH
We, fail? If you get your courage up, we can't fail.
When Duncan is asleep—the day's hard journey
has definitely made him tired—I'll get his two
servants so drunk that their memory will go up in
smoke through the chimneys of their brains.
When they lie asleep like pigs, so drunk they'll be
dead to the world, what won't you and I be able to
do to the unguarded Duncan? And whatever we
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?

MACBETH
Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

MACBETH
May you only give birth to male children, because your fearless spirit should create nothing that isn't masculine. Once we have covered the two servants with blood, and used their daggers to kill, won't people believe that they were the culprits?

Act 1, Scene 7, Page 4

LADY MACBETH
Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH
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 2, Scene 1

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him

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
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

MACBETH
Give me my sword. Who's there?

10 A friend.
BANQUO
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.
MACBETH
Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

MACBETH
Because we were unprepared for the king’s visit,
we weren’t able to entertain him as well as we
would have wanted to.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 2

BANQUO
All’s well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
MACBETH
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.
BANQUO
At your kind’st leisure.
MACBETH
If you shall cleave to my consent, when ’tis,
It shall make honor for you.
BANQUO
So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
MACBETH
Good repose the while!
BANQUO
Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH
(to the SERVANT) 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

BANQUO
You’re not asleep yet, sir? The king’s in bed. He’s
been in an unusually good mood and has granted
many gifts to your household and servants. This
diamond is a present from him to your wife for her
boundless hospitality. (he hands MACBETH a
diamond)

MACBETH
Because we were unprepared for the king’s visit,
we weren’t able to entertain him as well as we
would have wanted to.

BANQUO
Everything’s OK. I had a dream last night about
the three witches. At least part of what they said
about you was true.
MACBETH
I don’t think about them now. But when we have
an hour to spare we can talk more about it, if
you’re willing.

BANQUO
Whenever you like.
MACBETH
If you stick with me, when the time comes, there
will be something in it for you.
BANQUO
I’ll do whatever you say, as long as I can do it
with a clear conscience.

MACBETH
Rest easy in the meantime.
BANQUO
Thank you, sir. You do the same.

BANQUO and FLEANCE exit.

MACBETH
(to the SERVANT) Go and tell your mistress to
strike the bell when my drink is ready. Get
yourself to bed.

The SERVANT exits.

Is this a dagger I see in front of me, with its
handle pointing toward my hand? (to the
dagger)Come, let me hold you. (he grabs at the
air in front of him without touching anything) I
don’t have you but I can still see you. Fateful
apparition, isn’t it possible to touch you as well as
see you? Or are you nothing more than a dagger
created by the mind, a hallucination from my
fevered brain? I can still see you, and you look as