

MACBETH



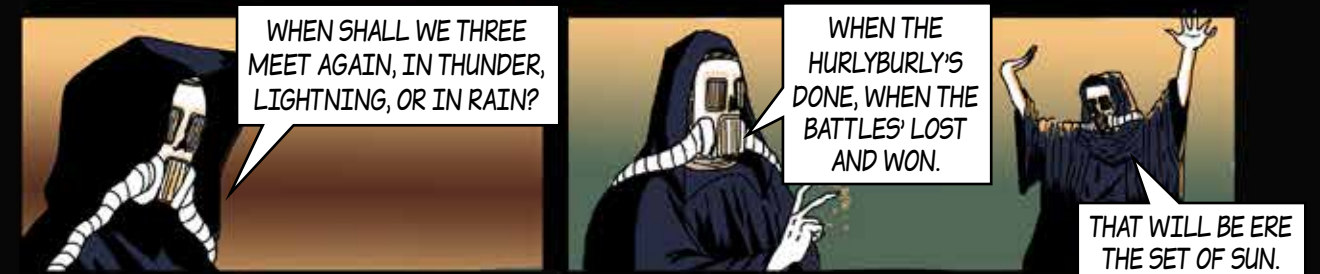
Defy Destiny

INSIDE COVER:

CREDITS,

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DOUBTFUL IT STOOD, AS TWO SPENT SWIMMERS
THAT DO CLING TOGETHER AND CHOKE THEIR ART.



THE REBELLIOUS MACDONWALD, WITH MULTIPLYING VILLAINIES OF
NATURE, COMES ARMED FROM CAWDOR, BUT ALL'S TOO WEAK.

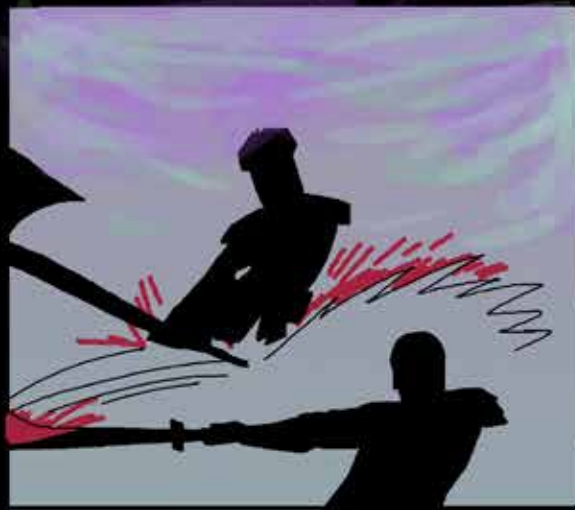


FOR BRAVE MACBETH, WELL HE DESERVES THAT NAME,
DISDAINING FORTUNE WITH HIS BRANDISHED STEEL, WHICH
SMOKED WITH BLOODY EXECUTION, LIKE VALOUR'S MINION,
CARVED OUT HIS PASSAGE TIL HE FACED MACDONWALD,





AND HE UNSEAMED HIM FROM THE NAVE TO'TH CHOPS
AND FIXED HIS HEAD UPON HIS BATTLEMENTS.
NO MORE THAT THANE OF CAWDOR SHALL DECEIVE
KING DUNCAN. WITH THAT TRAITOR'S PRESENT DEATH,
THE THANE OF CAWDOR'S TITLE GREET'S MACBETH.

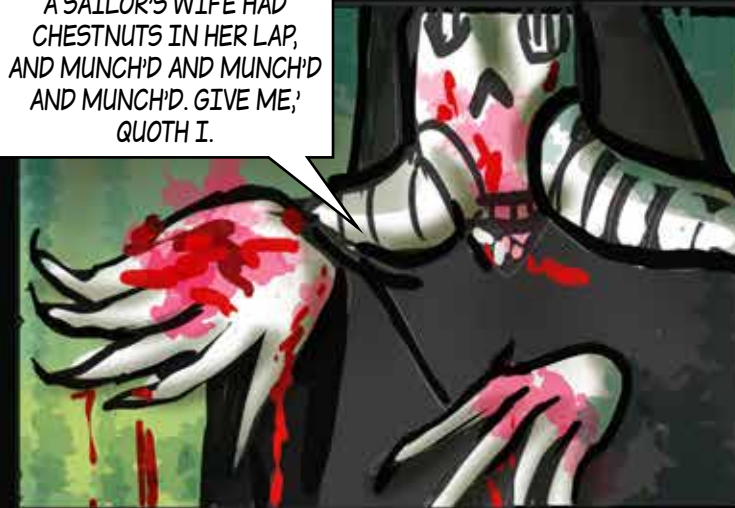


WHERE HAST THOU
BEEN SISTER?

KILLING SWINE.

SISTER, WHERE THOU?

A SAILOR'S WIFE HAD
CHESTNUTS IN HER LAP,
AND MUNCH'D AND MUNCH'D
AND MUNCH'D. GIVE ME,
QUOTH I.



AROUND THEE WITCH, THE
RUMP-FED RONYON CRIES.
HER HUSBAND'S TO ALEPPO
GONE, MASTER O' THE TIGER:



AND IN A SIEVE I'LL
THITHER SAIL, AND LIKE A
RAT WITHOUT A TAIL,
I'LL DO, I'LL DO AND I'LL DO.





I'LL GIVE THEE A WIND.

TH'ART KIND.

AND I ANOTHER.

I MYSELF HAVE ALL THE OTHER. LOOK WHAT I HAVE.

SHOW ME, SHOW ME.

HERE I HAVE THAT SAILOR'S THUMB, WRACKED AS HOMEWARD HE DID COME.



A DRUM, A DRUM.
MACBETH DOTH COME.
THE WEIRD SISTERS, HAND IN HAND,
POSTERS OF THE SEA AND LAND,
THUS DO GO ABOUT, ABOUT ...

AND THRICE AGAIN, TO
MAKE UP NINE. PEACE,
THE CHARM'S WOUND UP.

FAIR IS FOUL

AND THRICE TO MINE.

THRICE TO THINE

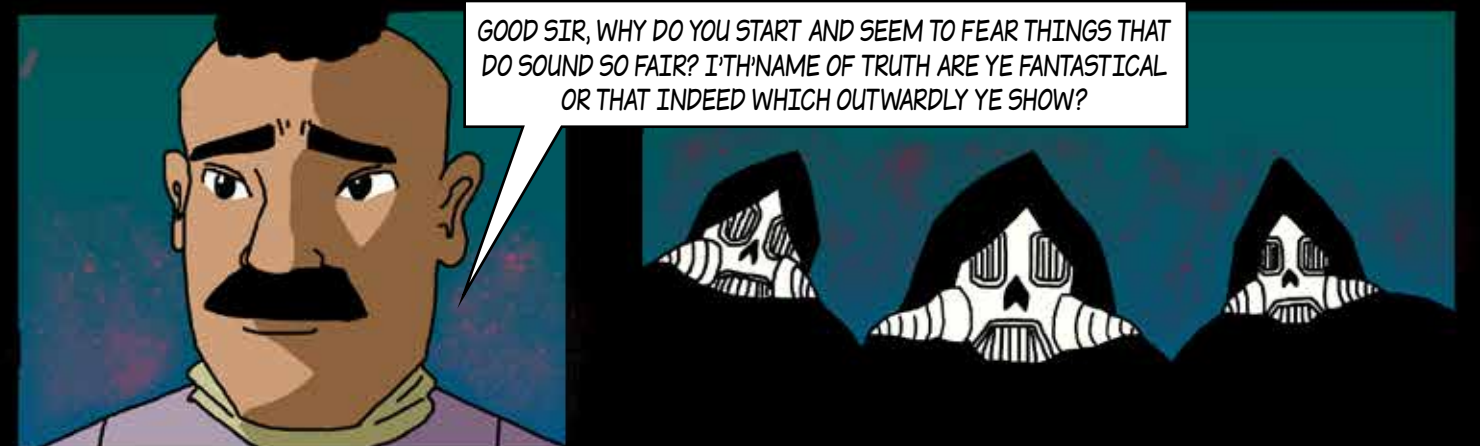
AND FOUL IS FAIR,

MACBETH AND BANQUO, HIS FELLOW WARRIOR AND FRIEND, STRANGELY FIND THEMSELVES TRANSPORTED TO THE HEATH.



SO FOUL AND
FAIR A DAY I
HAVE NOT SEEN.

HOW FAR IS IT TO
FORRES? 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? LIVE YOU OR
ARE YOU AUGHT THAT
MAN MAY QUESTION?

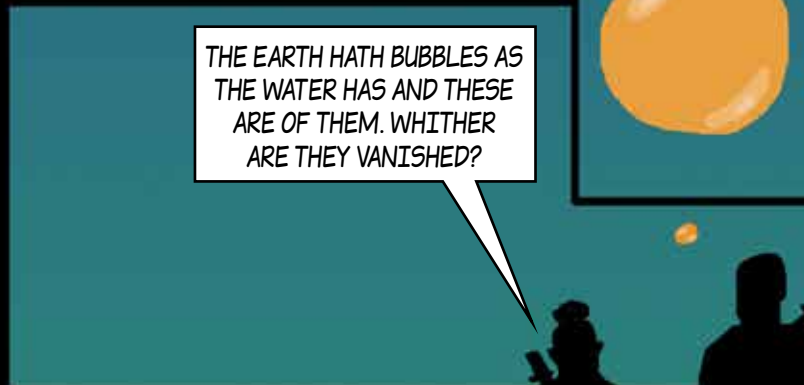




STAY YOU IMPERFECT
SPEAKERS, TELL ME
MORE. BY SINEL'S
DEATH I KNOW I AM
THANE OF GLAMIS,
BUT HOW OF CAWDOR?
THE THANE OF
CAWDOR LIVES A
PROSPEROUS
GENTLEMAN



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 MY WAY WITH SUCH
PROPHETIC GREETING? SPEAK, I CHARGE YOU.



THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES AS
THE WATER HAS AND THESE
ARE OF THEM. WHITHER
ARE THEY VANISHED?

INTO THE AIR - AND WHAT
SEEMED CORPORAL MELTED
AS BREATH INTO THE WIND.
DO YOU NOT HOPE YOUR
CHILDREN SHALL BE KINGS?



YOU SHALL BE KING.



AND THANE OF
CAWDOR TOO, WENT
IT NOT SO?

THIS MIGHT ENKINDLE
YOU UNTO THE CROWN,
BESIDES THE THANE OF
CAWDOR. BUT 'TIS STRANGE
AND OFTENTIMES TO WIN
US TO OUR HARM THE
INSTRUMENTS OF CHAOS
TELL US TRUTHS, WIN US
WITH HONEST TRIFLES,
TO BETRAY US IN
DEEPEST CONSEQUENCE.



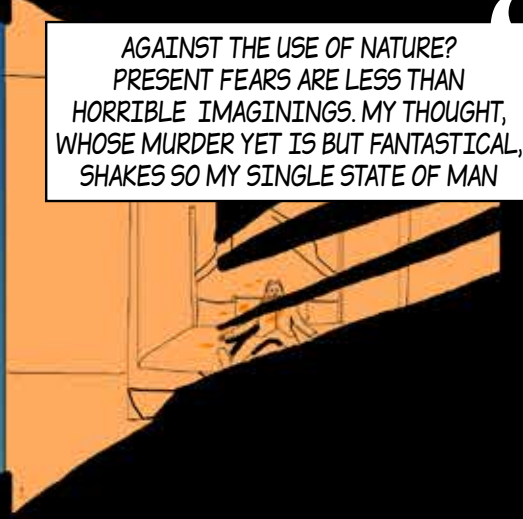
THIS SUPERNATURAL
SOLICITING CANNOT BE
ILL, CANNOT BE GOOD.



IF ILL WHY HATH IT
GIVEN ME EARNEST
OF SUCCESS? 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



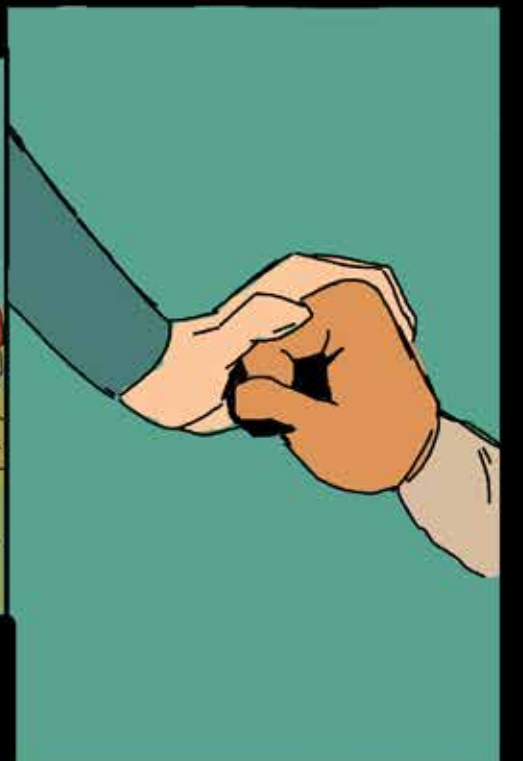
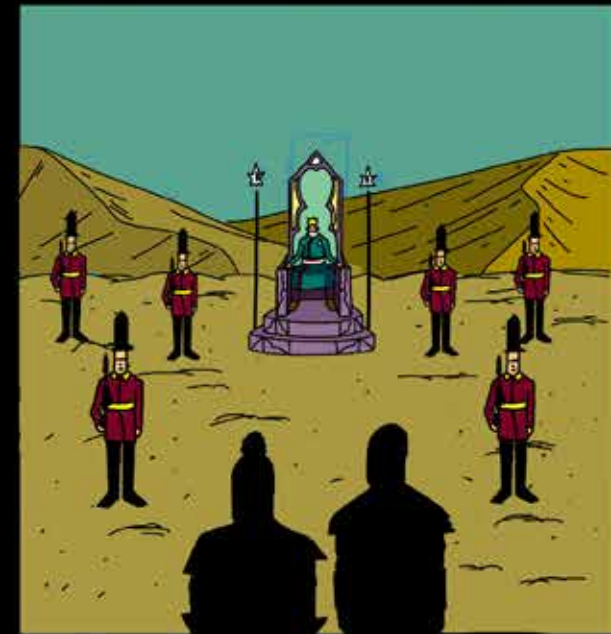
AGAINST THE USE OF NATURE?
PRESENT FEARS ARE LESS THAN
HORRIBLE IMAGININGS. MY THOUGHT,
WHOSE MURDER YET IS BUT FANTASTICAL,
SHAKES SO MY SINGLE STATE OF MAN

THAT FUNCTION IS SMOTHERED
IN SURMISE AND NOTHING IS,
BUT WHAT IS NOT. IF CHANCE
WILL HAVE ME KING,



WHY CHANCE MAY CROWN ME
WITHOUT MY STIR. COME WHAT
COME MAY TIME AND THE HOUR
RUNS THROUGH THE ROUGHEST DAY.

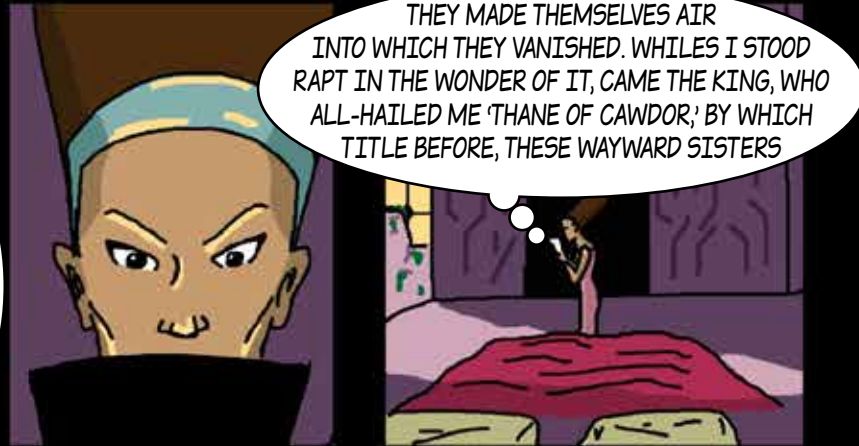
AS MACBETH AND BANQUO CONTINUE HOME THEY REUNITE WITH KING DUNCAN, WHO FULFILLS
THE WITCHES' PROPHECY BY PROCLAIMING MACBETH, THANE OF CAWDOR...



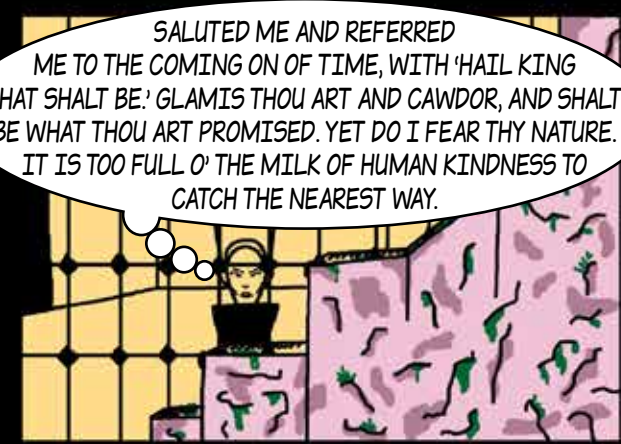
MEANWHILE AT MACBETH'S CASTLE, LADY MACBETH READS A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND.



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,



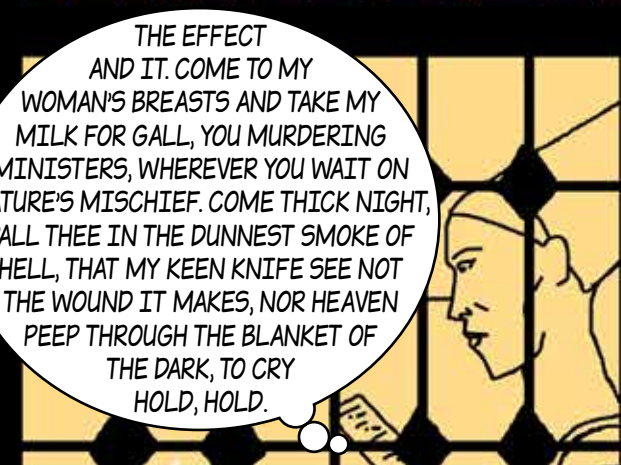
THEY MADE THEMSELVES AIR INTO WHICH THEY VANISHED. WHILE I STOOD RAPT IN THE WONDER OF IT, CAME THE KING, WHO ALL-HAILED ME 'THANE OF CAWDOR,' BY WHICH TITLE BEFORE, THESE WAYWARD SISTERS



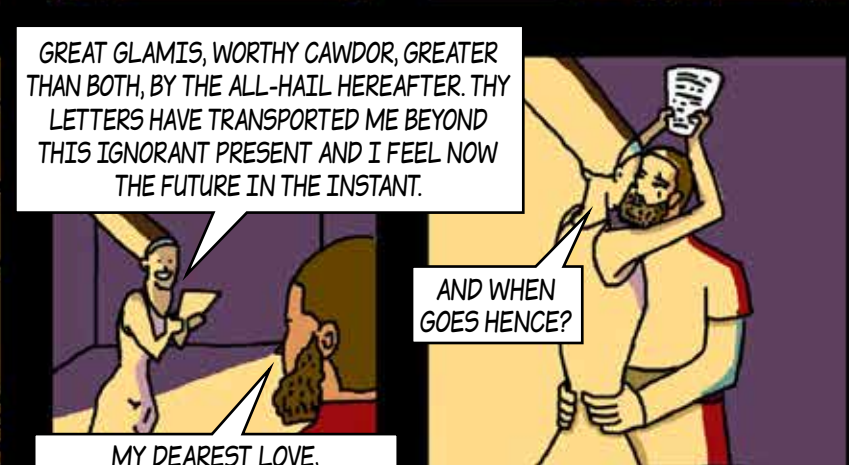
SALUTED ME AND REFERRED ME TO THE COMING ON OF TIME, WITH 'HAIL KING THAT SHALT BE.' GLAMIS THOU ART AND CAWDOR, AND SHALT BE WHAT THOU ART PROMISED. YET DO I FEAR THY NATURE. IT IS TOO FULL O' THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS TO CATCH THE NEAREST WAY.



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 SHAKE 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 YOU WAIT ON NATURE'S MISCHIEF. COME THICK NIGHT, PALL THEE IN THE DUNNEST 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.



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.



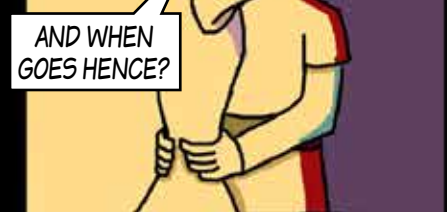
TOMORROW AS HE PURPOSES.



MY DEAREST LOVE, DUNCAN COMES HERE TONIGHT.

O NEVER SHALL SUN THAT MORROW SEE. YOUR FACE MY THANE IS AS A BOOK WHERE MEN MAY READ STRANGE MATTERS.

TO BEGUILLE 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.



AND WHEN GOES HENCE?



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.

WE WILL SPEAK FURTHER.



ONLY LOOK UP CLEAR, TO ALTER FAVOR EVER IS TO FEAR. LEAVE ALL THE REST TO ME.

KING DUNCAN AND MACDUFF ARRIVE AT MACBETH'S CASTLE. THEY ARE GREETED BY LADY MACBETH, WHILE MACBETH LOOKS ON FROM ABOVE.

THIS CASTLE HATH A PLEASANT SEAT,
THE AIR NIMBLY AND SWEETLY
RECOMMENDS ITSELF UNTO OUR
GENTLE SENSES. SEE, SEE OUR HONORED
HOSTESS! THE LOVE THAT FOLLOWS US
SOMETIME IS OUR TROUBLE, WHICH
STILL WE THANK AS LOVE.

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.

WHERE'S THE THANE OF CAWDOR? GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
CONDUCT ME TO MACBETH WE LOVE HIM HIGHLY AND
SHALL CONTINUE OUR GRACES TOWARDS HIM.

SHE LEADS THE KING AND HIS
MEN TO REST UP FOR THE FEAST.





I HAVE NO SPUR TO PRICK THE SIDES OF MY INTENT, BUT ONLY VAULTING AMBITION, WHICH O'ERLEAPS ITSELF AND FALLS ON THE OTHER. HOW NOW, WHAT NEWS?

HE HAS ALMOST SUPP'D.



HATH HE ASK'D FOR ME?

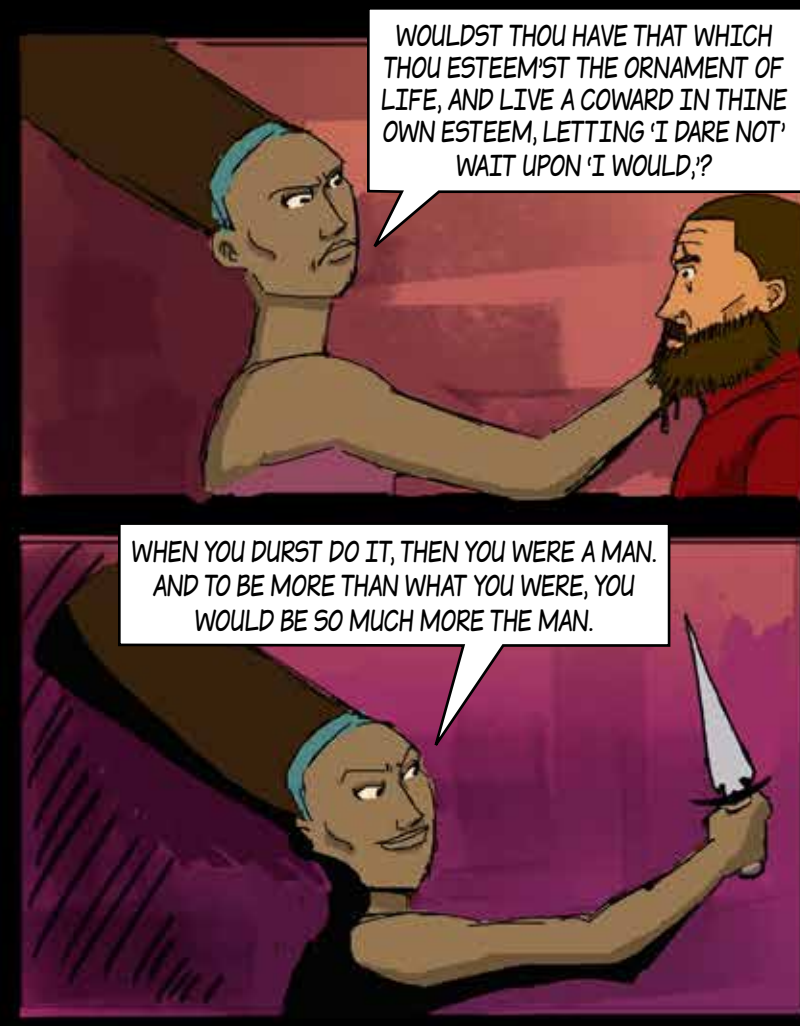
KNOW YOU NOT HE HAS?

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 VALOR AS THOU ART IN DESIRE?

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.



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';?

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 THEIR FITNESS NOW DOES UNMAKE YOU.



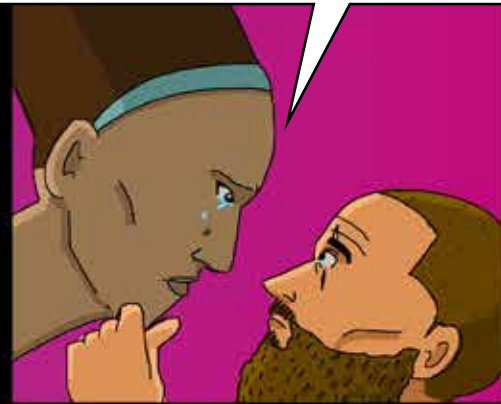
PRITHEE PEACE. I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN, WHO DARES DO MORE IS NONE.

WHAT BEAST WAST THEN THAT MADE YOU BREAK THIS ENTERPRISE TO ME?

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.



IF WE
SHOULD FAIL?



WE FAIL? BUT SCREW YOUR
COURAGE TO THE STICKING
PLACE, AND WE'LL NOT FAIL.



WHEN DUNCAN IS ASLEEP (WHERE TO THE RATHER SHALL HIS DAY'S HARD
JOURNEY SOUNDLY INVITE HIM) HIS TWO CHAMBERLAINS WILL 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?



WHO DARES RECEIVE IT OTHER, AS
WE SHALL MAKE OUR GRIEFS AND
CLAMOR ROAR UPON HIS DEATH?



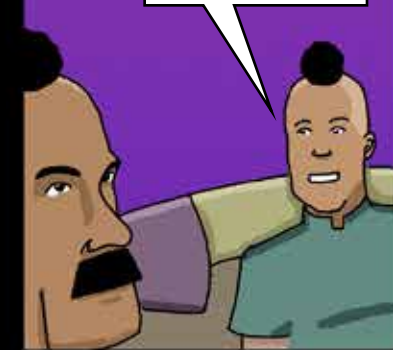
I AM SETTLED AND BEND UP
EACH CORPORAL AGENT TO THIS
TERRIBLE FEAT. AWAY AND MOCK
THE TIME WITH FAIREST SHOW,
FALSE FACE MUST HIDE WHAT
THE FALSE HEART DOT KNOW.



HOW GOES THE NIGHT, SON?



THE MOON IS
DOWN FATHER.
I HAVE NOT
HEARD THE CLOCK.



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.



GIVE ME MY SWORD.



WHO'S THERE?



MACBETH GREETS BANQUO AND HIS SON
FLEANCE ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR BED CHAMBER.

WHAT SIR, NOT YET AT REST? THE
KING'S ABED. HE HATH BEEN IN
UNUSUAL PLEASURE. THIS DIAMOND
HE GREETS YOUR WIFE WITHAL.

ALL'S WELL.

A FRIEND.

I DREAMT LAST NIGHT
OF THE THREE WAYWARD
SISTERS, TO YOU THEY HAVE
SHOWN SOME TRUTH.

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.

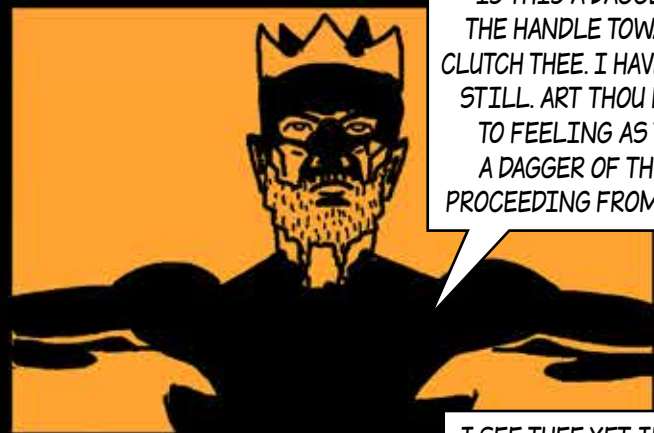
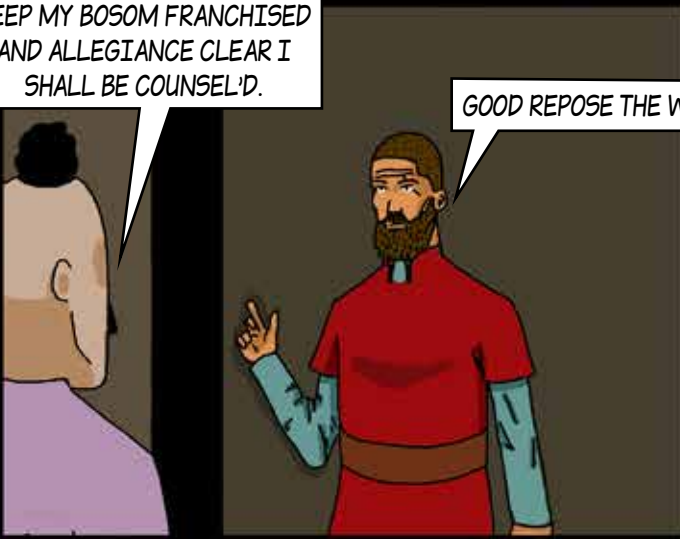
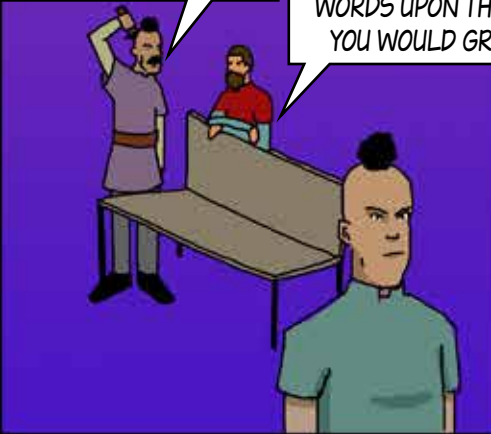
AT YOUR KIND'ST LEISURE.

AND IF YOU CLEAVE TO MY
ASCENT WHEN 'TIS, IT
SHALL MAKE HONOR FOR YOU.

GOOD REPOSE THE WHILE.

THANKS FRIEND, THE
LIKE TO YOU.

SO I LOSE NONE, BUT STILL
KEEP MY BOSOM FRANCHISED
AND ALLEGIANCE CLEAR I
SHALL BE COUNSEL'D.



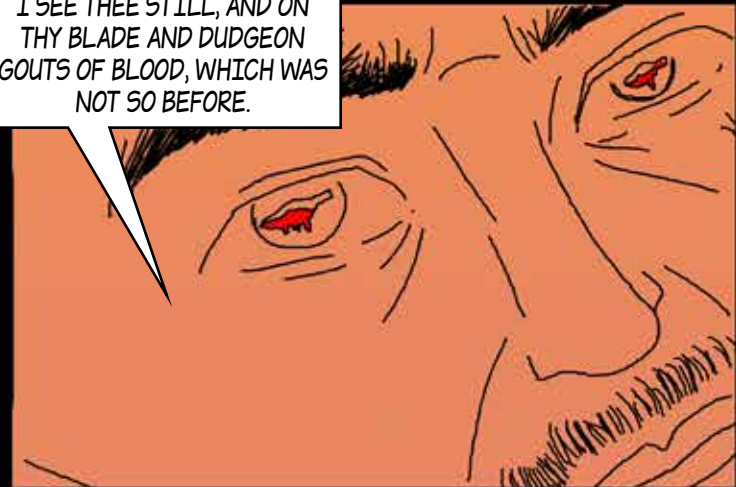
IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME,
THE HANDLE TOWARD MY HAND? COME LET ME
CLUTCH THEE. I HAVE THEE NOT AND YET I SEE THEE
STILL. ART THOU NOT FATAL VISION, SENSIBLE
TO FEELING AS TO SIGHT? OR ART THOU BUT
A DAGGER OF THE MIND, A FALSE CREATION,
PROCEEDING FROM THE HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?



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' TH' 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. 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. WHILES 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.



THAT WHICH HATH MADE THEM DRUNK, HATH MADE ME BOLD. WHAT HATH QUENCH'D THEM, HATH GIVEN ME FIRE. 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.



WHO'S THERE, WHAT HO?

ALACK, I AM AFRAID THEY HAVE AWAKED, AND 'TIS NOT DONE. TH'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'T. MY HUSBAND?



I HAVE DONE THE DEED. DIDST THOU NOT HEAR A NOISE?



I HEARD THE OWL SCREAM AND THE CRICKETS CRY. DID NOT YOU SPEAK?

WHEN?

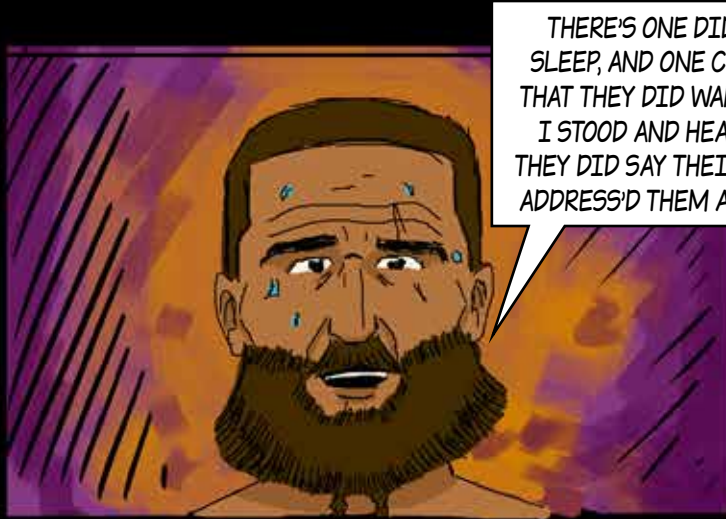
NOW.

AS I DESCENDED?

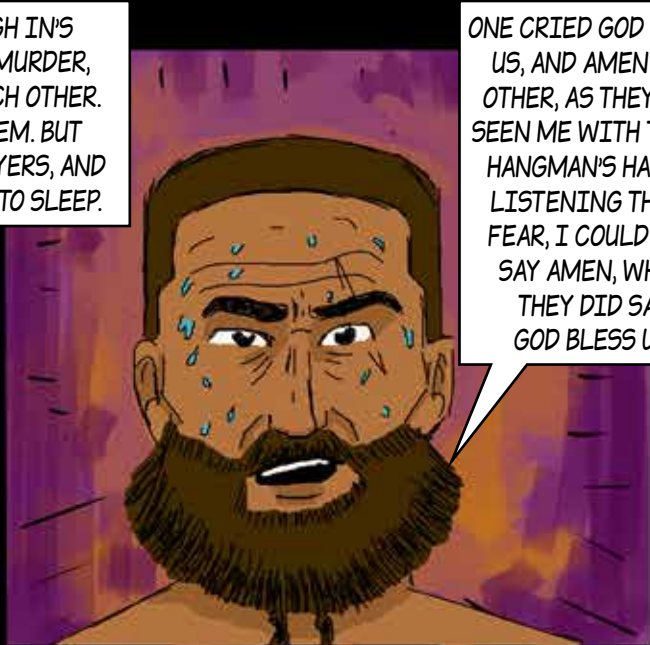
AY.

THIS IS A SORRY SIGHT.

A FOOLISH THING TO SAY, A SORRY SIGHT.



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.



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.



METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, SLEEP NO MORE: MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP, THE INNOCENT SLEEP, SLEEP THAT KNOTS UP THE RAVELL'D SLEEVE OF CARE, THE DEATH OF EACH DAY'S LIFE, SORE LABOR'S BATH, BALM OF HURT MINDS, GREAT NATURE'S SECOND COURSE, CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE'S FEAST.



CONSIDER IT NOT SO DEEPLY.

BUT WHEREFORE COULD I NOT PRONOUNCE AMEN? I HAD MOST NEED OF BLESSING AND AMEN STUCK IN MY THROAT.

THESE DEEDS MUST NOT BE THOUGHT AFTER THESE WAYS: SO IT WILL MAKE US MAD.

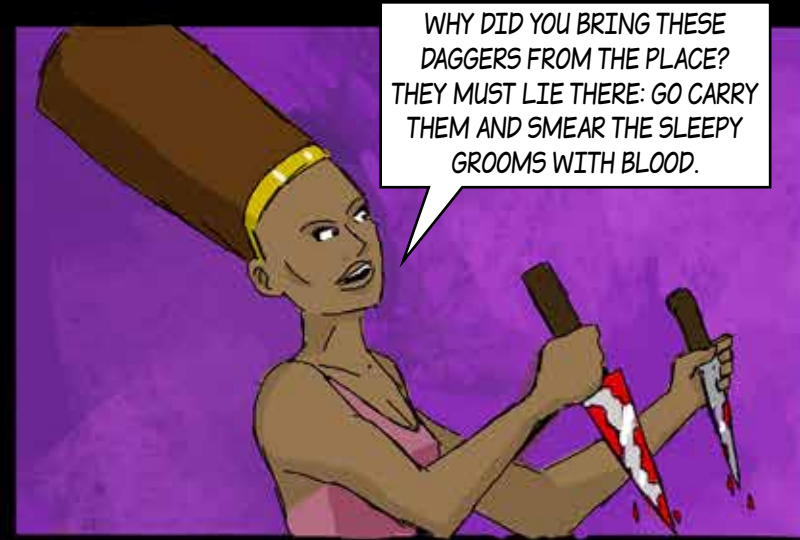


WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU DO UNBEND YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH, TO THINK SO BRAINSICKLY OF THINGS. GO GET SOME WATER AND WASH THIS FILTHY WITNESS FROM YOUR HAND.



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.



WHY DID YOU BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE? THEY MUST LIE THERE: GO CARRY THEM AND SMEAR THE SLEEPY GROOMS WITH BLOOD.



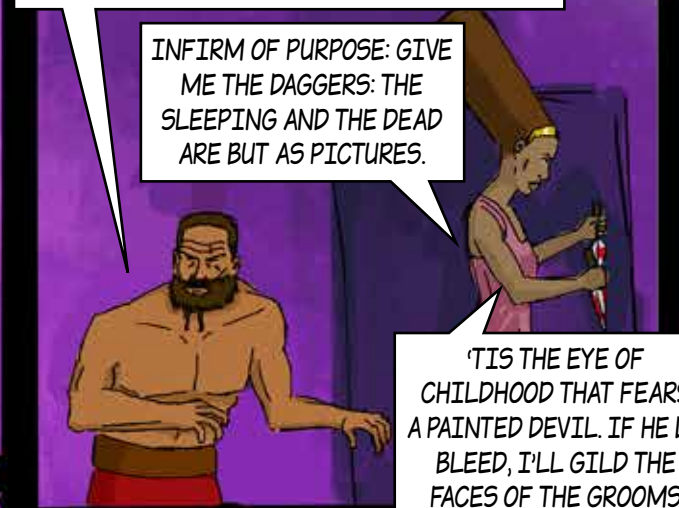
WHENCE IS THAT KNOCKING? HOW IS'T WITH ME WHEN EVERY NOISE APPALLS ME? WHAT HANDS ARE HERE?



HAH, THEY PLUCK OUT MINE EYES.



I'LL GO NO MORE: I AM AFRAID TO THINK WHAT I HAVE DONE. LOOK ON'T AGAIN I DARE NOT.



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.



WILL ALL GREAT NEPTUNE'S OCEAN WASH THIS BLOOD CLEAN FROM MY HAND? NO, THIS MY HAND WILL RATHER THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS IN INCARNADINE, MAKING THE GREEN ONE, RED.



MY HANDS ARE OF YOUR COLOR, BUT I SHAME TO WEAR A HEART SO WHITE. 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. HARK, MORE KNOCKING. GET ON YOUR NIGHTGOWN, LEST OCCASION CALL US, AND SHOW US TO BE WATCHERS. BE NOT LOST SO POORLY IN YOUR THOUGHTS.

KNOCK KNOCK



TO KNOW MY DEED, 'TWERE BEST NOT KNOW MYSELF. WAKE DUNCAN WITH THY KNOCKING, I WOULD THOU COULDST.



GOOD MORROW, SIR.

GOOD MORROW, NOBLE MACDUFF.

IS THE KING STIRRING, WORTHY THANE?

NOT YET.



HE DID COMMAND ME TO CALL TIMELY ON HIM, I HAVE ALMOST SKIPPED THE HOUR.



THIS WAY IS HIS CHAMBER.



I'LL MAKE SO BOLD TO CALL, FOR 'TIS MY LIMITED SERVICE.



THE NIGHT HAS BEEN UNRULY.

WHERE WE LAY, OUR CHIMNEYS WERE BLOWN DOWN.



SOME SAY THE EARTH WAS FEVEROUS AND SHOOK.

CONFUSION NOW HATH MADE HIS MASTERPIECE.

MOST SACRILEGIOUS MURDER HATH BROKE OPE.



O, HORROR, HORROR, HORROR!
AWAKE, AWAKE, RING THE
ALARUM BELL.



MURDER AND
TREASON. AS FROM YOUR
GRAVES RISE UP AND WALK
LIKE SPRITES TO COUNTENANCE
THIS HORROR. RING THE BELL.

WHAT'S THE BUSINESS
THAT SUCH A HIDEOUS TRUMPET
CALLS TO PARLEY THE SLEEPERS
OF THE HOUSE, SPEAK?



O GENTLE LADY, 'TIS NOT FOR
YOU TO HEAR WHAT I CAN SPEAK.
O BANQUO, BANQUO, OUR ROYAL
MASTER'S MURTHER'D.

BY WHOM?

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.



LORDS, HELP ME
HENCE HO!

LOOK TO THE LADY AND THEN
LET US MEET, AND QUESTION
THIS MOST BLOODY PIECE OF
WORK TO KNOW IT FURTHER.





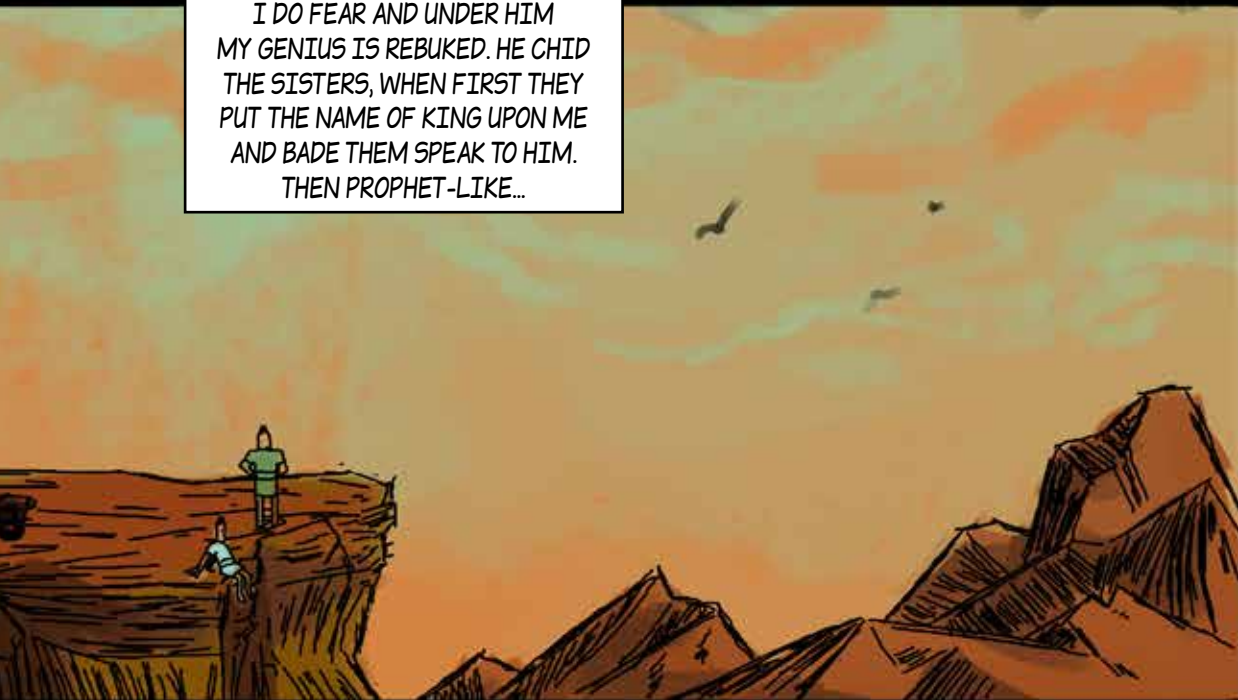
TO BE THUS IS NOTHING,
BUT TO BE SAFELY THUS.
MY FEARS IN BANQUO
STICK DEEP AND IN
HIS ROYALTY OF NATURE
REIGNS THAT WHICH
WOULD BE FEARED.



THE TEMPER OF
HIS MIND HATH A
WISDOM THAT DOTH
GUIDE HIS VALOR
TO ACT IN SAFETY.



THERE'S NONE BUT HE WHOSE BEING
I DO FEAR AND UNDER HIM
MY GENIUS IS REBUKED. HE CHID
THE SISTERS, WHEN FIRST THEY
PUT THE NAME OF KING UPON ME
AND BADE THEM SPEAK TO HIM.
THEN PROPHET-LIKE...



THEY HAILED HIM FATHER
TO A LINE OF KINGS.



UPON MY HEAD
THEY PLACED A
FRUITLESS CROWN,



NO SON OF MINE SUCCEEDING!
IF IT BE SO,



FOR BANQUO'S CHILDREN HAVE I FILED MY MIND?
FOR THEM THE GRACIOUS DUNCAN HAVE I MURDERED



TO MAKE THEM KING, THE SEED
OF BANQUO KINGS?
WHO'S THERE?



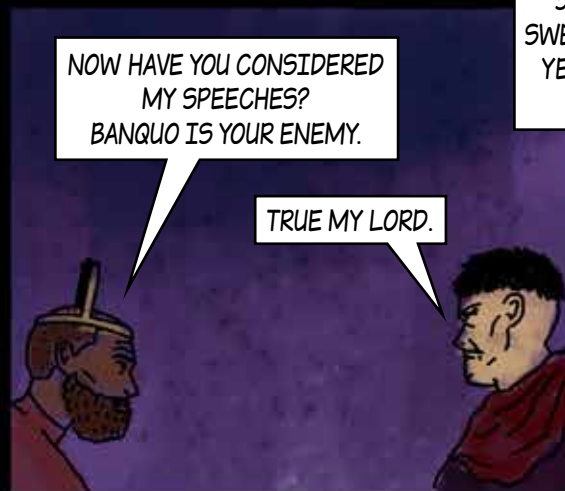
WAS IT NOT LAST WEEK WE
SPOKE TOGETHER?



IT WAS, SO PLEASE
YOUR HIGHNESS.



NOW HAVE YOU CONSIDERED
MY SPEECHES?
BANQUO IS YOUR ENEMY.



TRUE MY LORD.

SO IS HE MINE AND THOUGH I COULD
SWEEP HIM WITH POWER FROM MY SIGHT,
YET I MUST NOT FOR CERTAIN FRIENDS
THAT ARE BOTH HIS AND MINE.



I SHALL MY LORD, PERFORM
WHAT YOU COMMAND ME.

AND LEAVE NO RUBS NOR BOTCHES IN THE WORK. FLEANCE, HIS SON, WHO KEEPS HIM COMPANY, WHOSE ABSENCE IS NO LESS MATERIAL TO ME THAN IS HIS FATHERS, MUST EMBRACE THE FATE OF THAT SAME HOUR.

I AM RESOLVED, THOUGH MY LIFE -

YOUR SPIRIT SHINES THROUGH, NOW BEGONE.

HOW NOW MY LORD? THINGS WITHOUT REMEDY SHOULD BE WITHOUT REGARD, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

GENTLE MY LORD, SLEEK O'ER YOUR RUGGED LOOKS, BE BRIGHT AND JOVIAL AMONG YOUR GUESTS TONIGHT.

WE HAVE SCORCH'D THE SNAKE, NOT KILL'D IT. ERE WE WILL EAT OUR MEAL IN FEAR AND SLEEP IN THE AFFLICTION OF THESE TERRIBLE DREAMS THAT SHAKES US NIGHTLY, BETTER BE WITH THE DEAD.

O FULL OF SCORPIONS IS MY MIND DEAR WIFE! THOU KNOWEST BANQUO AND HIS FLEANCE LIVES. THERE'S COMFORT YET, THEY ARE ASSAILABLE - THEN BE THOU JOVIAL, THERE SHALL BE DONE A DEED OF DREADFUL NOTE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

BE INNOCENT OF THE KNOWLEDGE, DEAREST CHUCK, TIL 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. THOU MARVELST AT MY WORDS, BUT HOLD THEE STILL, BAD THINGS BEGUN MAKE STRONG THEMSELVES BY ILL.

BANQUO AND FLEANCE RETURN TO ATTEND MACBETH'S FEAST.

A LIGHT.

HERE IT IS FATHER.

IT WILL BE RAIN TONIGHT.

LET IT COME DOWN!

O TREACHERY FLY GOOD FLEANCE FLY, FLY, FLY THOU MAYST REVENGE.

FLY!!!



AT FIRST AND LAST A HEARTY WELCOME. BE LARGE IN MIRTH, ANON WE'LL DRINK A MEASURE THE TABLE ROUND.

HURRAH.

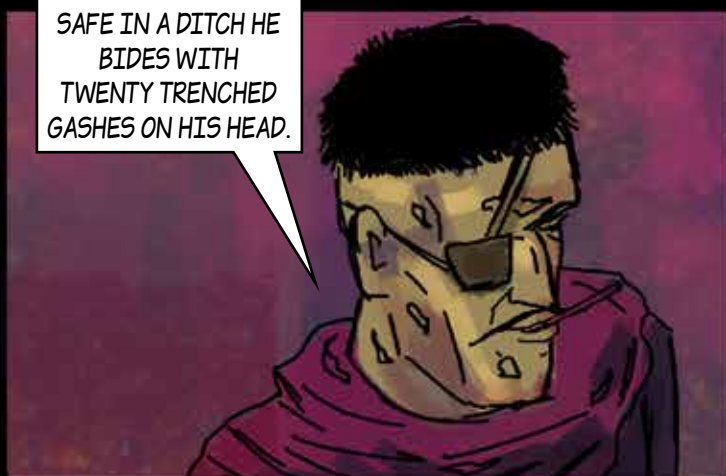


THERE'S BLOOD UPON THY FACE.

TIS BANQUO'S THEN.



MY LORD, HIS THROAT IS CUT. THAT I DID FOR HIM.



SAFE IN A DITCH HE BIDES WITH TWENTY TRENCHED GASHES ON HIS HEAD.



TIS BETTER THEE WITHOUT THAN HE WITHIN. IS HE DISPATCHED?



THOU ART THE BEST OF THE CUTTHROATS. YET, DID THEE THE LIKE FOR FLEANCE?

MOST ROYAL SIR, FLEANCE IS SCAPED.

THEN COMES MY FIT AGAIN.



GET THEE GONE. TOMORROW WE'LL HEAR OURSELVES AGAIN.



MY ROYAL LORD, YOU DO NOT GIVE THE TOAST -



NOW, GOOD DIGESTION WAIT ON APPETITE, AND HEALTH ON BOTH.



MAY'T PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS SIT.



WOULD THAT OUR GRACED PERSON BANQUO WERE HERE. HIS ABSENCE LAYS BLAME UPON HIS PROMISE.

HERE'S A PLACE RESERVED.



WHICH OF YOU HAVE DONE THIS?



DONE WHAT, MY LORD?



THOU CANST NOT
SAY I DID IT,

NEVER SHAKE
THY GORY LOCKS AT ME.
THY BLOOD IS COLD!



AVAUNT AND QUIT MY SIGHT!



HORRIBLE SHADOW,
UNREAL MOCKERY,
HENCE!

I PRAY YOU, SPEAK NOT.
THE KING'S NOT WELL.
GO AT ONCE AND
GOODNIGHT FRIENDS
STAND NOT UPON THE
ORDER OF YOUR GOING
A KIND GOODNIGHT
TO ALL.

GOODNIGHT, BETTER HEALTH
ATTEND HIS MAJESTY.

IT WILL HAVE BLOOD THEY
SAY, BLOOD WILL HAVE
BLOOD. STONES HAVE BEEN
KNOWN TO MOVE AND TREES
TO SPEAK. GOOD THINGS OF
DAY BEGIN TO DROOP AND
DROWSE, WHILE NIGHT'S
MINISTERS TO THEIR
PREYS DO ROUSE.

I WILL TOMORROW TO THE
WEIRD SISTERS. MORE SHALL
THEY SPEAK, FOR NOW I AM
BENT TO KNOW BY THE WORST
MEANS THE WORST. I AM IN
BLOOD STEPPED IN SO FAR,
THAT SHOULD I WADE NO
MORE, RETURNING WERE AS
TEDIOUS AS GO O'ER.

YOU LACK THE SEASON
OF ALL NATURES, SLEEP.

COME WE'LL SLEEP. WE ARE
YET BUT YOUNG IN DEED.

BUT MACBETH CANNOT SLEEP. HIS ONLY THOUGHTS ARE OF THE THREE WITCHES, HAUNTING HIS EVERY WAKING THOUGHT UNTIL HE EMBARKS TO SEEK THEM OUT.



THRICE THE BRINDED
CAT HATH MEW'D.

THRICE AND ONCE THE
HEDGE-PIG WHINED.

HARPIER CRIES 'TIS
TIME, 'TIS TIME.

ROUND ABOUT THE CAULDRON GO;
IN THE POISON'D ENTRAILS THROW.
TOAD, THAT UNDER COLD STONE DAYS
AND NIGHTS HAS THIRTY-ONE
SWELTER'D VENOM SLEEPING
GOT, BOIL THOU FIRST I'
THE CHARMED POT.



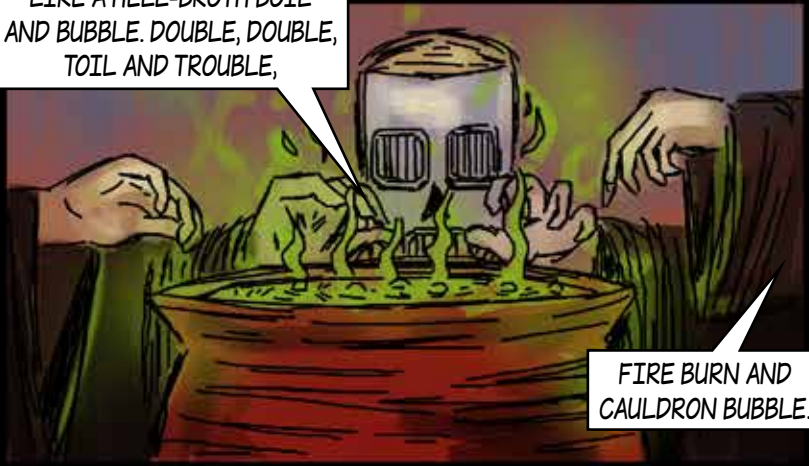
DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL
AND TROUBLE;

FIRE BURN AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE.

FILLET OF A FENNY SNAKE, IN THE CAULDRON BOIL AND
BAKE: EYE OF NEWT AND TOE OF FROG, WOOL OF BAT AND
TONGUE OF DOG, FOR A CHARM OF POWERFUL TROUBLE,



LIKE A HELL-BROTH BOIL
AND BUBBLE. DOUBLE, DOUBLE,
TOIL AND TROUBLE,



FIRE BURN AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE.

SCALE OF DRAGON, TOOTH OF WOLF,
WITCHES' MUMMY, MAW AND GULF OF
THE RAVIN'D SALT-SEA SHARK: ROOT
OF HEMLOCK DIGG'D I' THE DARK:





FINGER OF BIRTH-STRANGLER BABE DITCH-DELIVER'D BY A DRAB,
MAKE THE GRUEL THICK AND SLAB. ADD THERETO A TIGER'S
CHAUDRON, FOR THE INGREDIENTS OF OUR CAULDRON.



DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND
TROUBLE, FIRE BURN AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE.



BY THE PRICKING OF MY
THUMBS, SOMETHING WICKED
THIS WAY COMES. OPEN,
LOCKS, WHOEVER KNOCKS.



HOW NOW, YOU SECRET,
WAYWARD, MIDNIGHT HAGS,
WHAT IS'T YOU DO?

A DEED WITHOUT
A NAME.



I CONJURE YOU BY THAT WHICH YOU PROFESS, HOW'E'ER
YOU COME TO KNOW IT, ANSWER ME TO WHAT I ASK YOU.



SPEAK.

DEMAND.

WE'LL ANSWER.

SAY IF THOU'DST RATHER HEAR
IT FROM OUR MOUTHS, OR
FROM OUR MASTERS.



CALL 'EM, LET ME
SEE 'EM.

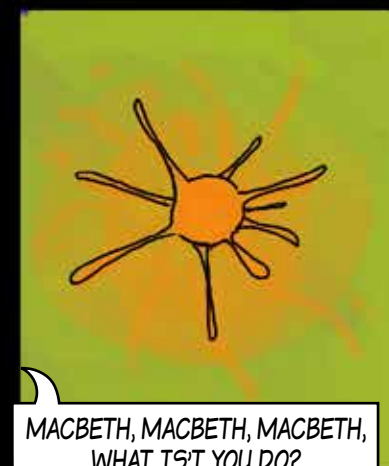


COME HIGH OR LOW,
THY SELF AND OFFICE
DEFTLY SHOW.



TELL ME, THOU UNKNOWN POWER-

HE KNOWS THY THOUGHT. HEAR HIS
SPEECH, BUT SAY THOU NOUGHT.



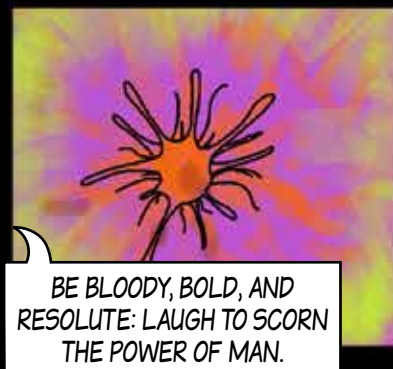
MACBETH, MACBETH, MACBETH,
WHAT IS'T YOU DO?
BEWARE MACDUFF,



BEWARE THE THANE OF FIFE: DISMISS ME. ENOUGH.



WHATE'ER THOU ART, FOR THY
GOOD CAUTION, THANKS. THOU
HAST HARP'D MY FEAR ARIGHT.
BUT ONE WORD MORE.



BE BLOODY, BOLD, AND
RESOLUTE: LAUGH TO SCORN
THE POWER OF MAN.



FOR NONE OF WOMAN BORN
SHALL HARM MACBETH.

THEN LIVE MACDUFF, WHAT
NEED I FEAR OF THEE?
BUT YET I'LL MAKE
ASSURANCE DOUBLE SURE,
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.



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.



SWEET BODEMENTS, GOOD.
WHY SINKS THE CAULDRON?
AND WHAT NOISE IS THIS?



WHERE ARE THEY? GONE? LET THIS
PERNICIOUS HOUR STAND AYE
ACCURSED IN THE CALENDAR.



THE CASTLE OF MACDUFF
I WILL SURPRISE,



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.

THE MURDERER ARRIVES AT MACDUFF'S CASTLE
TO DISCOVER MACDUFF'S WIFE AND CHILD.



WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND?

I HOPE IN NO PLACE
SO UNSANCTIFIED
WHERE SUCH AS THOU
MAYST FIND HIM.



HE IS A TRAITOR.



THOU LIEST,
THOU SHAG-HAIRED
VILLAIN.



WHAT, YOU EGG, YOUNG
FRY OF TREACHERY.



MACDUFF RETURNS TOO LATE.



O MY PRETTY ONES?
O HELL KITE.

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.

BE THIS THE WHETSTONE OF MY SWORD.



LET GRIEF CONVERT
TO ANGER. BLUNT NOT
THE HEART, ENRAGE IT.



BRING THOU THIS FIEND OF SCOTLAND
AND MYSELF WITHIN MY SWORD'S
LENGTH AND HEAVEN'S WAY, THE NIGHT
IS LONG THAT NEVER FINDS THE DAY.





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