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MACBETH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

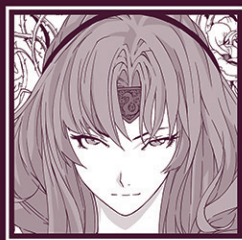


THE CAST



MACBETH

THANE OF GLAMIS AND CAWDOR



LADY MACBETH



BANQUO
THANE OF
LOCHABER



FLEANCE
SON OF
BANQUO



DUNCAN
KING OF
SCOTLAND



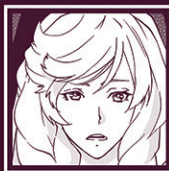
MALCOLM
ELDER SON
OF DUNCAN



DONALBAIN
YOUNGER SON
OF DUNCAN



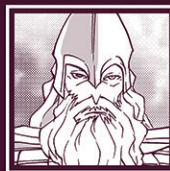
MACDUFF
THANE OF
FIFE



**LADY
MACDUFF**



**SON OF
MACDUFF**



SIWARD
EARL OF
NORTHUMBERLAND



**SON OF
SIWARD**



THREE MURDERERS



PORTER



HECATE



THREE WITCHES



SEYTON



CAITHNESS



LENNOX



ANGUS



MENTEITH



ROSS

< THANES OF SCOTLAND >

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MACBETH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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HOW TO READ **MANGA!**

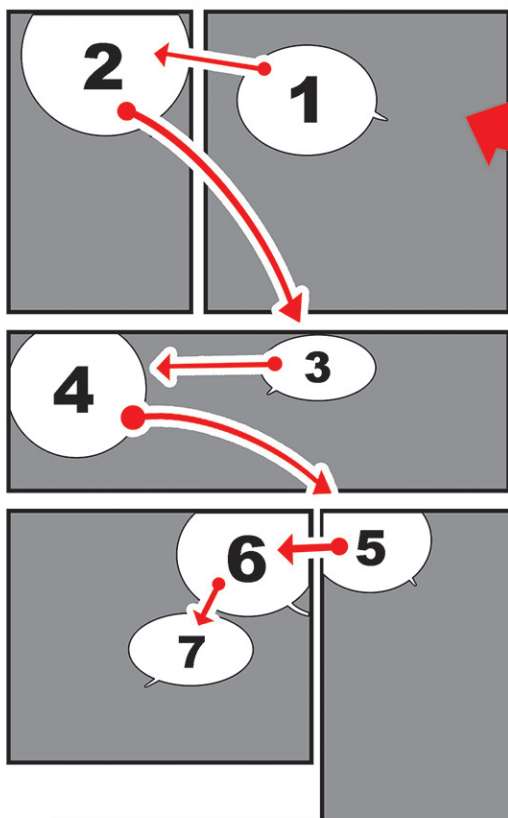
Hello there, and welcome to **Manga Classics!** "Manga" is a style of comic book originating in **Japan**.

A manga book is read from **right-to-left**, which is **backwards** from the normal books you know. This means that you will find the first page where you expect to find the last page! It also means that each page begins in the top right corner.

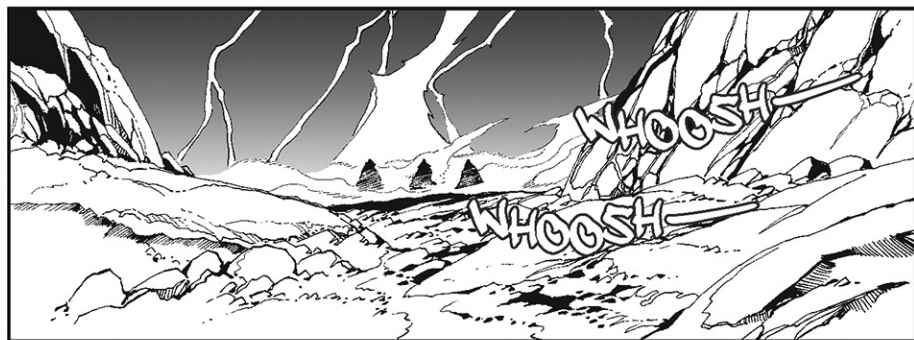
**START
HERE!**



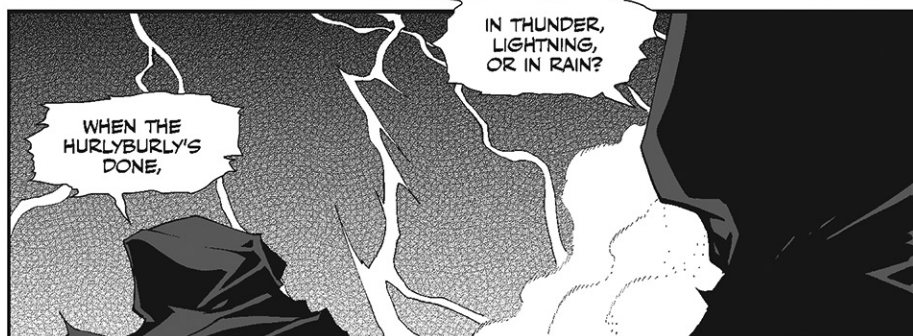
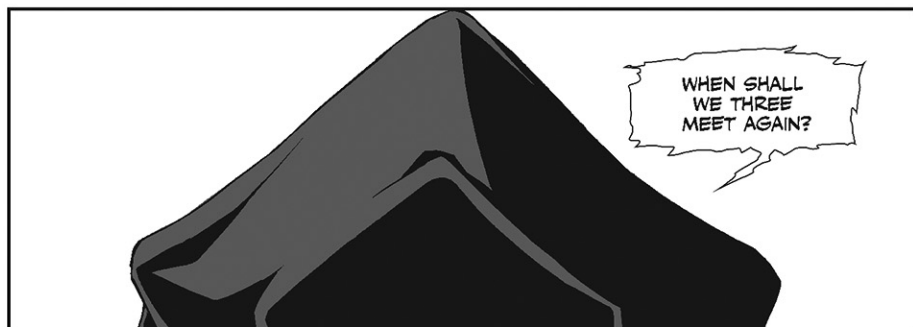
Got the hang of it?
Then you're ready to start reading **Manga Classics!**



A DESERT PLACE



ACT I SCENE I





I COME,
GRAYMALKIN!

PADDOCK CALLS.

ANON.

THERE TO MEET
WITH MACBETH.

UPON THE HEATH.

CRACK!



FAIR IS FOUL,
AND FOUL IS FAIR:

HOVER THROUGH
THE FOG AND
FILTHY AIR.

SMOOOSH

A MILITARY CAMP
NEAR FORRES

**ACT I
SCENE II**

DUNCAN -
THE KING OF
SCOTLAND

WHAT BLOODY
MAN IS THAT?
HE CAN REPORT,

AS
SEEMETH BY
HIS FLIGHT, OF
THE REVOLT THE
NEWEST STATE.





THIS IS THE
SERGEANT...

WHO LIKE A
GOOD AND HARDY
SOLDIER FOUGHT
'GAINST MY
CAPTIVITY.

MALCOLM-
ELDER SON OF
KING DUNCAN



SAY TO
THE KING THE
KNOWLEDGE OF THE
BROIL AS THOU
DIDST LEAVE
IT.

HAIL,
BRAVE
FRIEND!



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




THE
MERCILESS
MACDONWALD -
WORTHY TO BE
A REBEL,

FOR TO THAT
THE MULTIPLYING
VILLANIES OF
NATURE DO SWARM
UPON HIM -

FROM THE
WESTERN ISLES OF KERNS
AND GALLOWGLASSES
IS SUPPLIED; AND FORTUNE,
ON HIS DAMNED QUARREL
SMILING,

SHOW'D LIKE
A REBEL'S WHORE:
BUT ALL'S TOO
WEAK:



FOR
BRAVE MACBETH -
WELL HE DESERVES THAT
NAME - DISDAINING
FORTUNE,

MACBETH

WITH HIS
BRANDISH'D STEEL,
WHICH SMOKED WITH
BLOODY EXECUTION, LIKE
VALOUR'S MINION CARVED
OUT HIS PASSAGE TILL
HE FACED THE
SLAVE;

KLANK



WHICH NE'ER
SHOOK HANDS, NOR
BADE FAREWELL TO
HIM, TILL HE UNSEAM'D
HIM FROM THE NAVE
TO THE CHAPS,

AND
FIX'D HIS
HEAD UPON OUR
BATTLEMENTS.

O VALIANT
COUSIN! WORTHY
GENTLEMAN!

GASP

AS WHENCE
THE SUN 'GINS
HIS REFLECTION
SHIPWRECKING
STORMS AND
DIREFUL
THUNDERS
BREAK,

SO
FROM THAT
SPRING WHENCE
COMFORT SEEM'D
TO COME...

DISCOMFORT
SWELLS. MARK,
KING OF
SCOTLAND,
MARK:

NO SOONER
JUSTICE HAD WITH
VALOUR ARM'D
COMPELL'D THESE
SKIPPING KERNS TO
TRUST THEIR
HEELS,



BUT THE
NORWEYAN LORD
SURVEYING
VANTAGE,

WITH FURBISH'D
ARMS AND
NEW SUPPLIES
OF MEN...

BEGAN
A FRESH
ASSAULT.



YES;

DISMAY'D NOT
THIS OUR CAPTAINS,
MACBETH AND
BANQUO?

AS SPARROWS
EAGLES, OR
THE HARE
THE LION.

IF I SAY SOOTH,
I MUST REPORT THEY WERE
AS CANNONS OVERCHARGED
WITH DOUBLE CRACKS, SO THEY
DOUBLY REDOUBLED
STROKES UPON
THE FOE:

EXCEPT THEY MEANT
TO BATHE IN REEKING
WOUNDS, OR MEMORISE
ANOTHER GOLGOTHA,
I CANNOT TELL.





WHERE
THE NORWEYAN
BANNERS FLOUT
THE SKY...

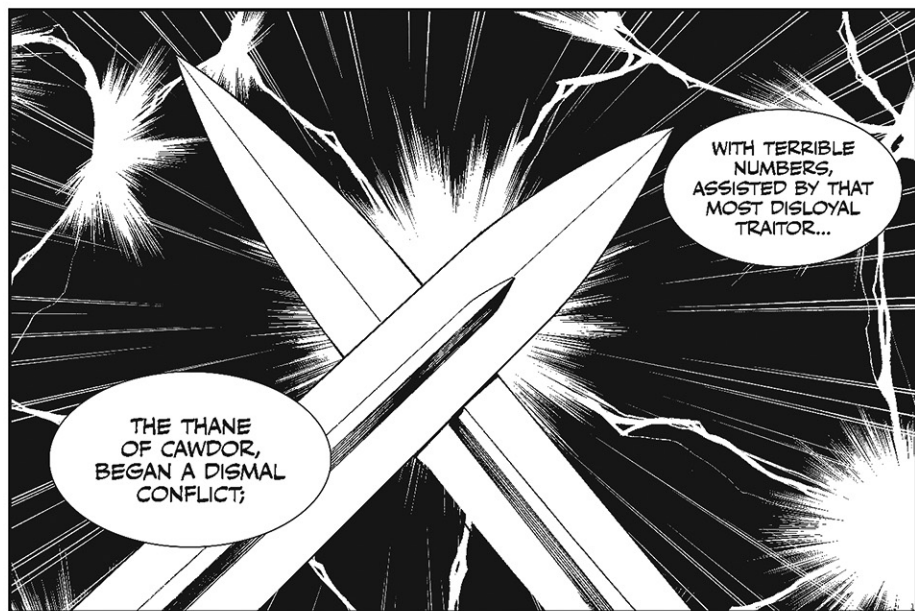
FROM FIFE,
GREAT KING;



WHENCE
CAMEST THOU,
WORTHY THANE?



AND FAN
OUR PEOPLE
COLD. NORWAY
HIMSELF,



WITH TERRIBLE
NUMBERS,
ASSISTED BY THAT
MOST DISLOYAL
TRAITOR...

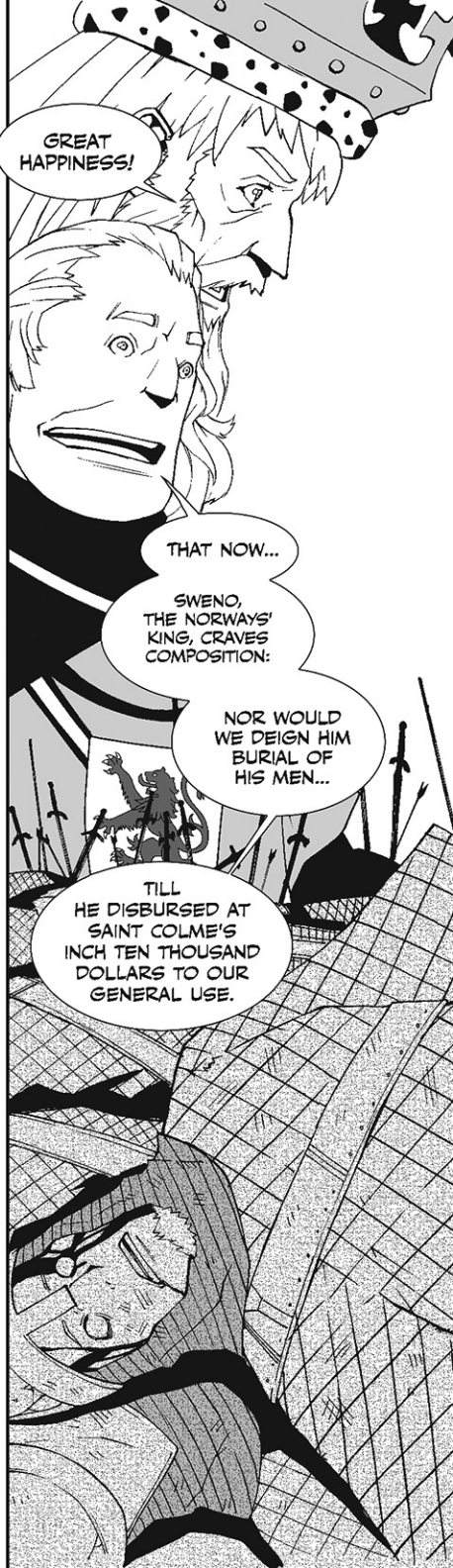
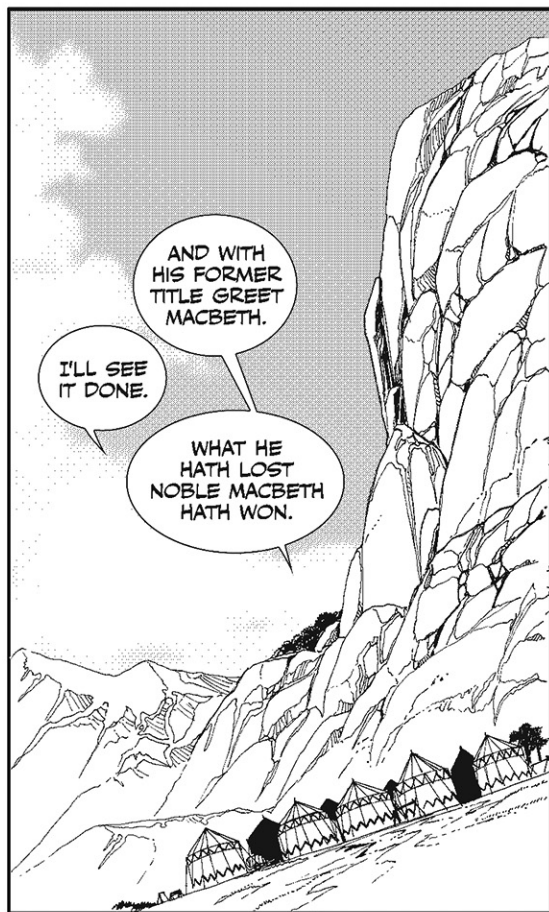
THE THANE
OF CAWDOR,
BEGAN A DISMAL
CONFLICT;

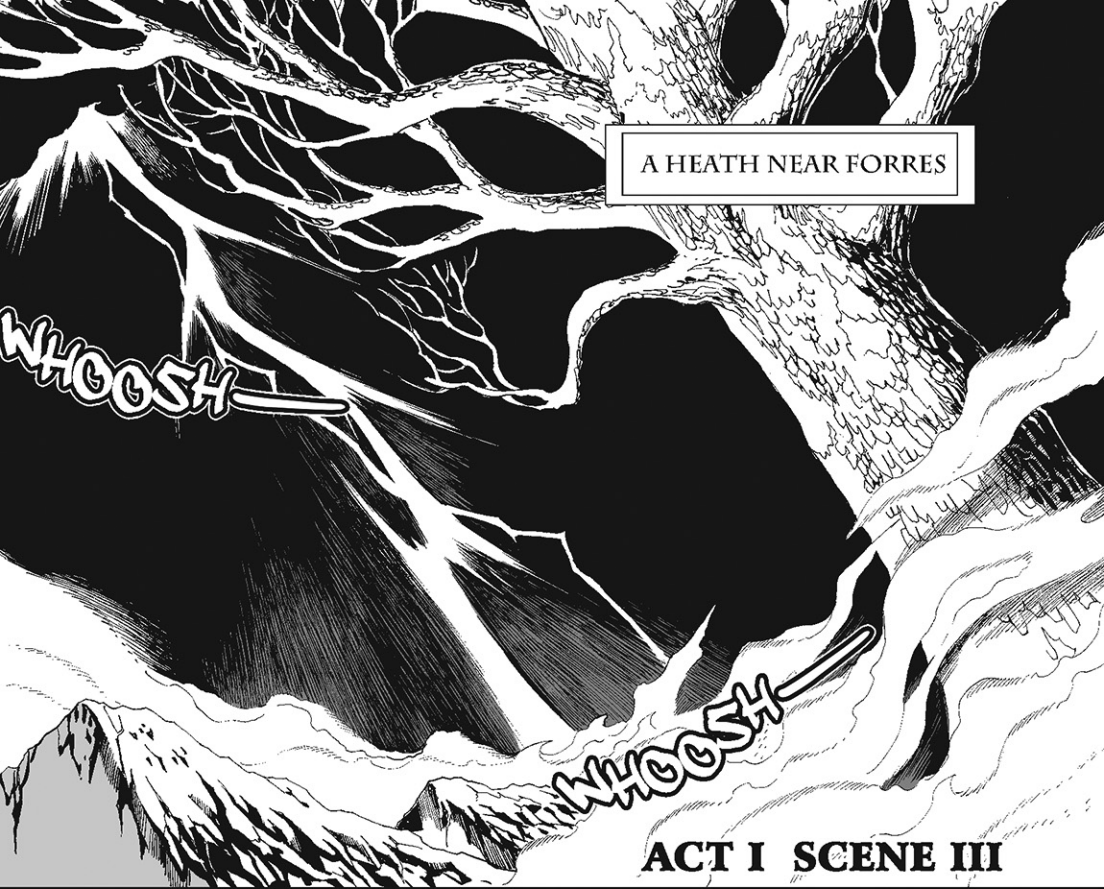


TILL THAT
BELLONA'S
BRIDEGROOM,
LAPP'D IN PROOF,

CONFRONTED
HIM WITH
SELF-COMPARISONS,
POINT AGAINST POINT
REBELLIOUS, ARM
'GAINST ARM.

CURBING HIS
LAVISH SPIRIT:
AND, TO CONCLUDE,
THE VICTORY FELL
ON US.





A HEATH NEAR FORRES

ACT I SCENE III



WHERE HAST THOU
BEEN, SISTER?



KILLING SWINE.





'GIVE ME,
QUOTH I. 'AROINT
THEE, WITCH!' THE
RUMP-FED RONYON
CRIES.

A SAILOR'S WIFE
HAD CHESTNUTS IN HER
LAP, AND MOUNCH'D,
AND MOUNCH'D, AND
MOUNCH'D.

SISTER,
WHERE THOU?

HER
HUSBAND'S
TO ALEPPO
GONE, MASTER
O' TH' TIGER:

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

I'LL GIVE
THEE A
WIND.

THOU'RT
KIND.

I'LL
DO, I'LL DO,
AND I'LL DO.

AND I
ANOTHER.

I MYSELF
HAVE ALL THE
OTHER,





I' THE
SHIPMAN'S CARD.

I
WILL DRAIN HIM
DRY AS HAY:

SLEEP SHALL
NEITHER NIGHT NOR DAY
HANG UPON HIS
PENTHOUSE LID;

AND THE VERY
PORTS THEY BLOW,
ALL THE QUARTERS
THAT THEY KNOW,

HE SHALL LIVE A
MAN FORBID: WEARY SE'N
NIGHTS NINE TIMES NINE,
SHALL HE DWINDLE, PEAK,
AND PINE;

THOUGH HIS
BARK CANNOT BE
LOST, YET IS SHALL
BE TEMPEST-TOSS'D.

PA-RUM!

A DRUM,
A DRUM!

PA-RUM!

MACBETH
DOTH COME.



HERE I HAVE
A PILOT'S THUMB,
WRECK'D AS
HOMeward HE
DID COME.

LOOK
WHAT I
HAVE.



SHOW ME,
SHOW ME.



THE
WEIRD SISTERS,
HAND IN HAND,
POSTERS OF THE
SEA AND LAND,

THUS
DO GO ABOUT,
ABOUT, THrice TO
THINE, AND THrice TO
MINE,

AND THrice
AGAIN, TO MAKE
UP NINE.

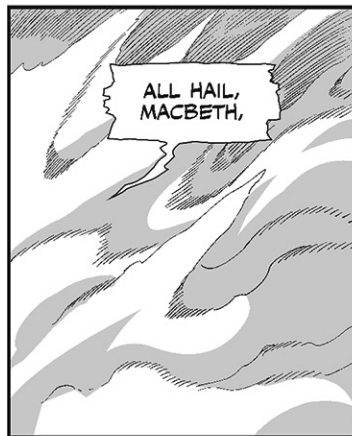
WHOOOSH

WHOOOSH

PEACE! THE
CHARM'S WOUND
UP.

FWOOO





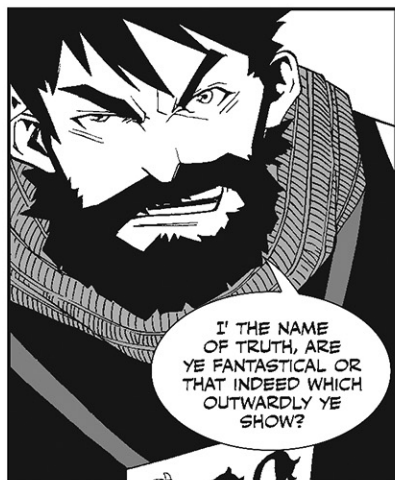


HAIL TO THEE,
THANE OF GLAMIS!

ALL HAIL,
MACBETH, HAIL TO
THEE, THANE OF
CAWDOR!



ALL HAIL, MACBETH,
THOU SHALT BE KING
HEREAFTER!





SPEAK THEN
TO ME, WHO
NEITHER BEG
NOR FEAR

YOUR
FAVORS NOR
YOUR HATE.



AND SAY
WHICH GRAIN
WILL GROW AND
WHICH WILL
NOT,



HAIL!



LESSER THAN
MACBETH, AND
GREATER.



HAIL!

HAIL!





STAY, YOU
IMPERFECT
SPEAKERS,
TELL ME
MORE.

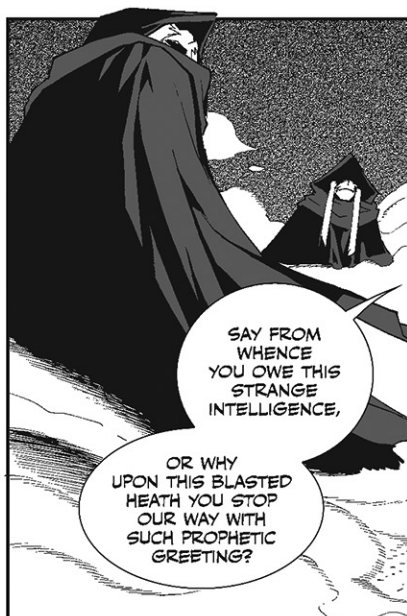
BY
SINEL'S
DEATH I
KNOW I AM
THANE OF
GLAMIS;

BUT
HOW OF
CAWDOR?

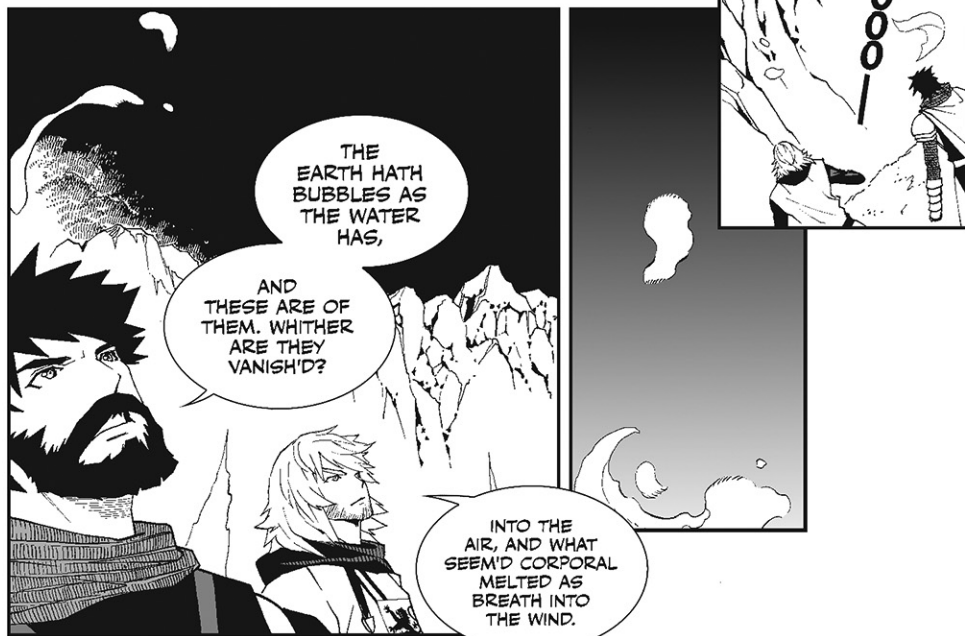
THE THANE OF
CAWDOR LIVES,
A PROSPEROUS
GENTLEMAN;

AND TO BE
KING STANDS
NOT WITHIN THE
PROSPECT OF
BELIEF,

NO
MORE
THEN TO BE
CAWDOR.









THE
NEWS OF THY
SUCCESS; AND WHEN
HE READS THY PERSONAL
VENTURE IN THE
REBELS' FIGHT,

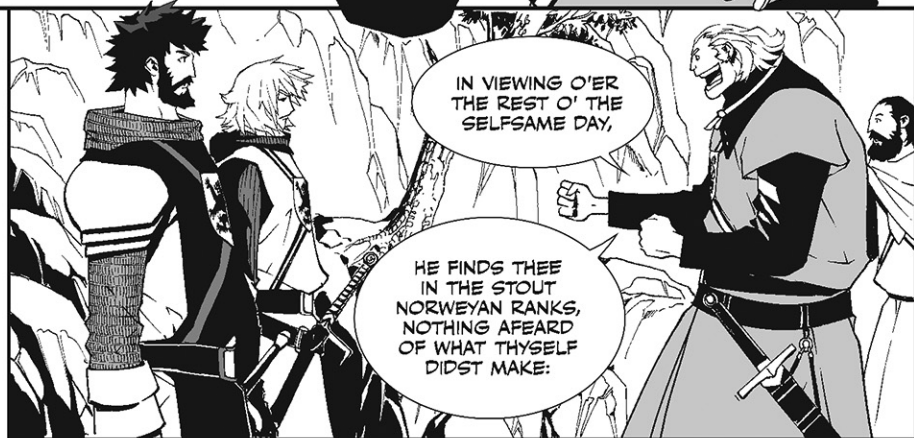
HIS
WONDERS
AND HIS PRAISES
DO CONTEND WHICH
SHOULD BE THINE OR
HIS. SILENCED WITH
THAT,

THE
KING HATH
HAPPILY RECEIVED,
MACBETH,



IN VIEWING O'ER
THE REST O' THE
SELFSAME DAY,

HE FINDS THEE
IN THE STOUT
NORWEYAN RANKS,
NOTHING AFRAID OF
WHAT THYSELF
DIDST MAKE:



ANGUS

WE
ARE
SENT...

STRANGE
IMAGES OF DEATH.
AS THICK AS HAIL
CAME POST WITH
POST,

AND EVERY ONE
DID BEAR THY PRAISES
IN HIS KINGDOM'S GREAT
DEFENSE, AND POUR'D
THEM DOWN
BEFORE HIM.





IN WHICH
ADDITION, HAIL,
MOST WORTHY
THANE,

FOR IT
IS THINE.

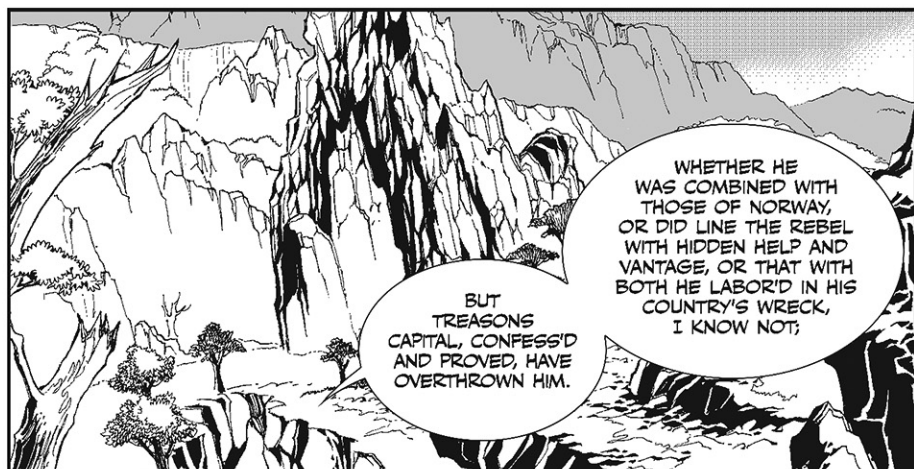
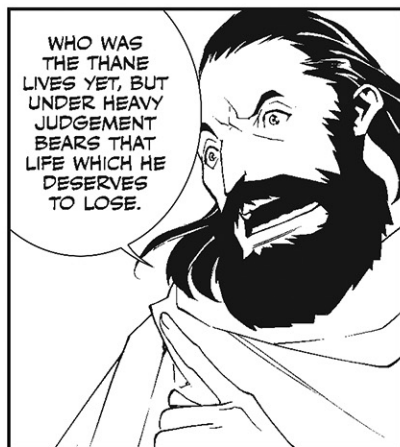


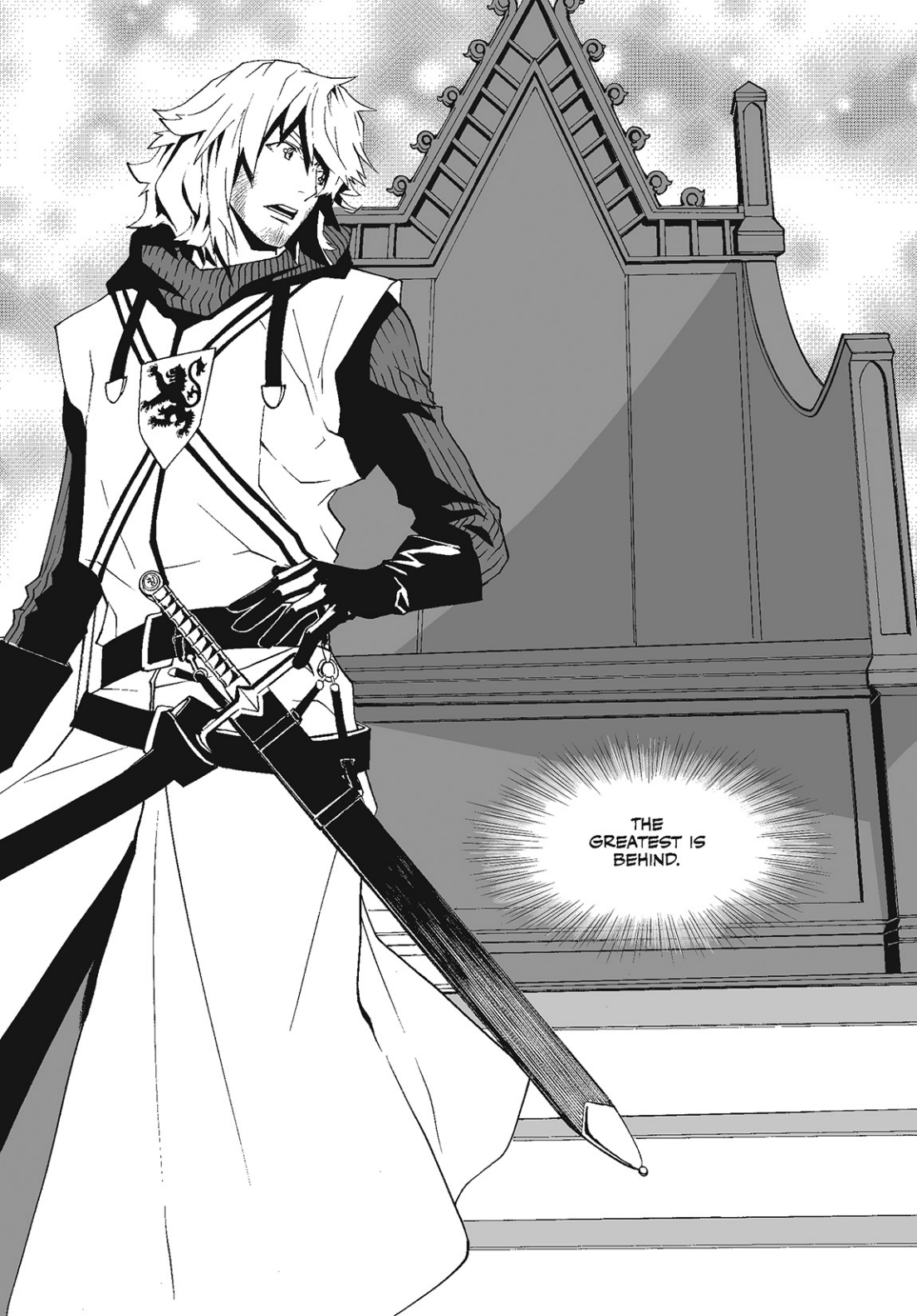
TO
GIVE THEE,
FROM OUR ROYAL
MASTER, THANKS; ONLY
TO HERALD THEE INTO
HIS SIGHT, NOT PAY
THEE.

AND, FOR AN
EARNEST OF A
GREATER HONOUR,
HE BADE ME,
FROM HIM, CALL
THEE THANE OF
CAWDOR.



WHAT, CAN
THE DEVIL
SPEAK TRUE?





THE
GREATEST IS
BEHIND.





THE
INSTRUMENTS
OF DARKNESS
TELL US
TRUTHS,

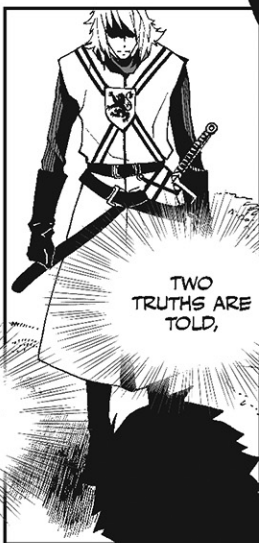
WIN
US WITH
HONEST TRIFLES,
TO BETRAY'S
IN DEEPEST
CONSEQUENCE.



COUSINS,
A WORD,
I PRAY
YOU.



AS HAPPY
PROLOGUES TO
THE SWELLING
ACT...



TWO
TRUTHS ARE
TOLD,





OF
THE IMPERIAL
THEME.



I
THANK YOU,
GENTLEMEN.

IF ILL?
WHY HATH IT GIVEN
ME EARNEST OF
SUCCESS,

COMMENCING
IN A TRUTH? I
AM THANE OF
CAWDOR:

IF GOOD, WHY
DO I YIELD TO THAT
SUGGESTION WHOSE
HORRID IMAGE DOTH
UNFIX MY HAIR AND MAKE
MY SEATED HEART
KNOCK AT MY RIBS,

AGAINST THE
USE OF NATURE?
PRESENT FEARS ARE
LESS THAN HORRIBLE
IMAGININGS:

THAT
FUNCTION IS
SMOTHER'D IN SURMISE,
AND NOTHING IS, BUT
WHAT IS NOT.

MY
THOUGHT, WHOSE
MURDER YET IS BUT
FANTASTICAL, SHAKES
SO MY SINGLE STATE
OF MAN...

THIS
SUPERNATURAL
SOLICITING CANNOT
BE ILL; CANNOT
BE GOOD.





TIME
AND THE HOUR
RUNS THROUGH
THE ROUGHEST
DAY.



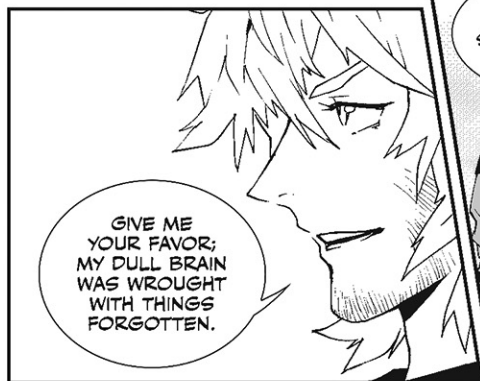
NEW HONORS
COME UPON HIM,
LIKE OUR STRANGE
GARMENTS, CLEAVE
NOT TO THEIR
MOULD...



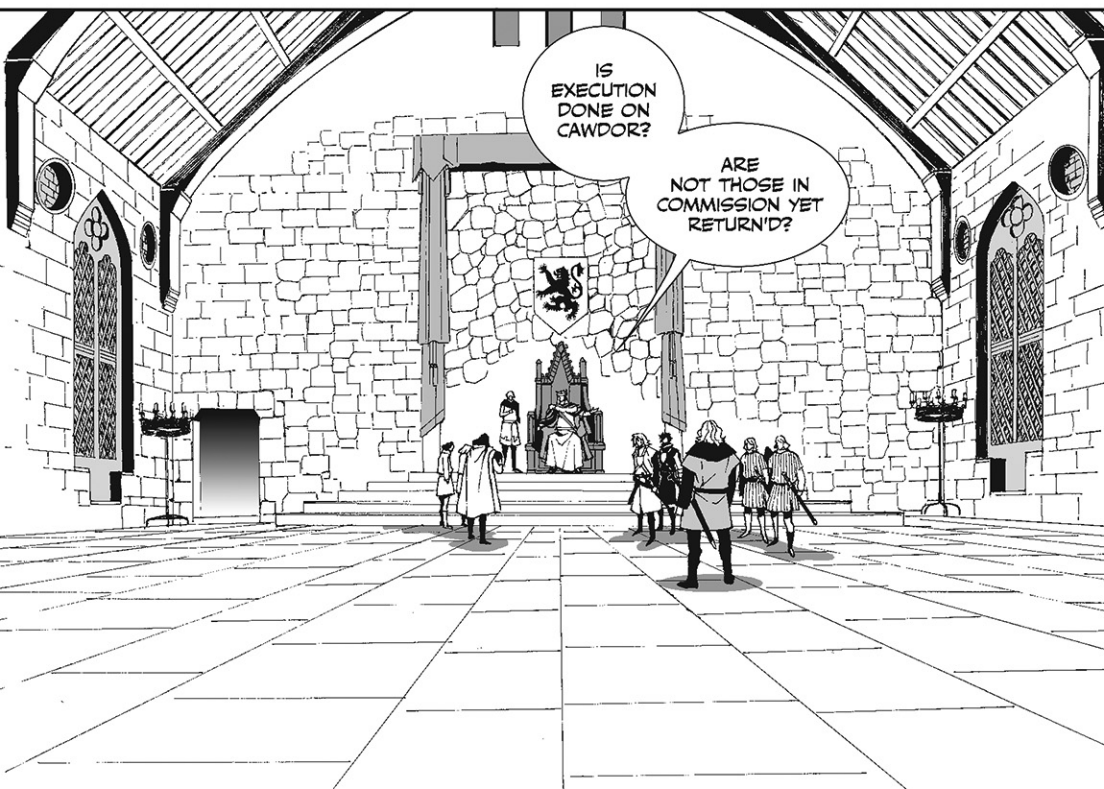
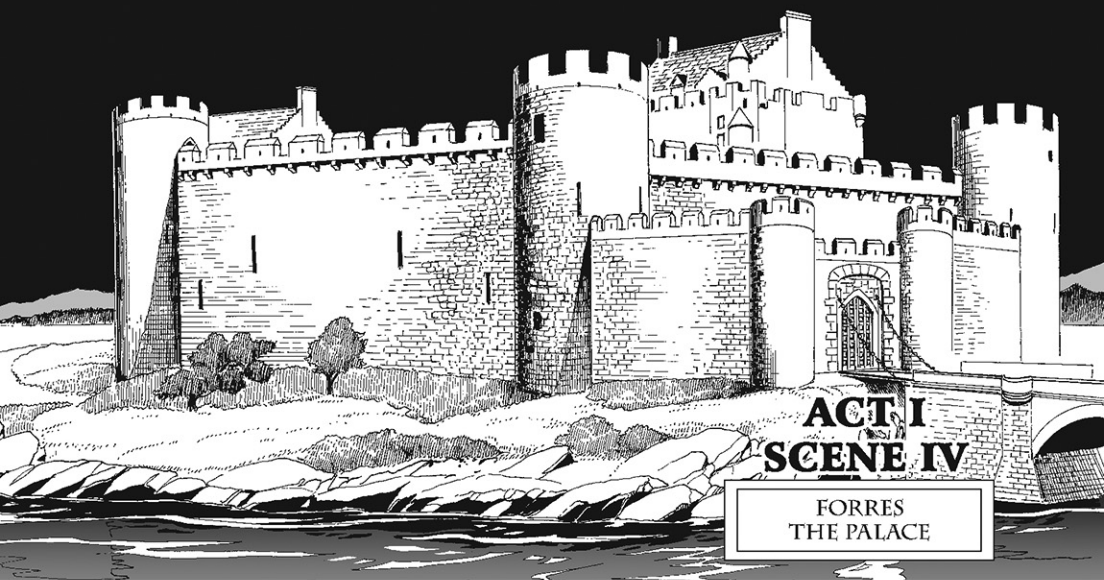
BUT WITH
THE AID OF
USE.

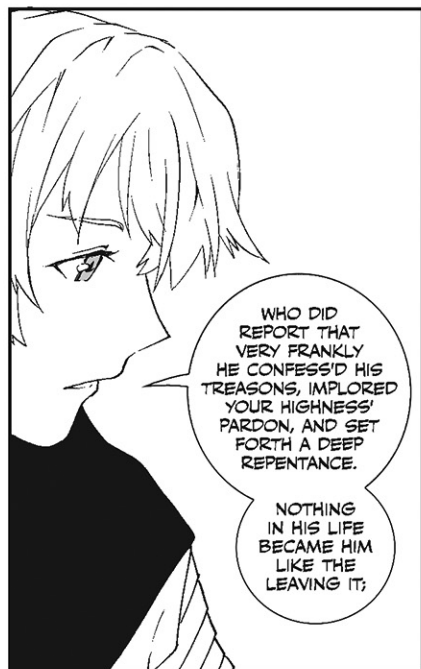


COME
WHAT COME
MAY,









WHO DID
REPORT THAT
VERY FRANKLY
HE CONFESS'D HIS
TREASONS, IMPLORED
YOUR HIGHNESS'
PARDON, AND SET
FORTH A DEEP
REPENTANCE.

NOTHING
IN HIS LIFE
BECAME HIM
LIKE THE
LEAVING IT;



MY
LIEGE,
THEY ARE
NOT
YET COME
BACK.

BUT I
HAVE
SPOKE
WITH ONE
THAT
SAW HIM
DIE:

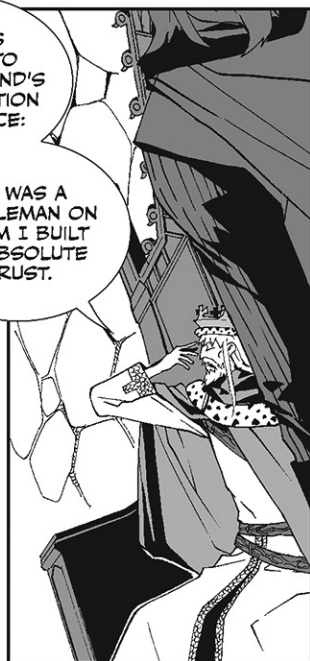


HE
DIED AS ONE
THAT HAD BEEN
STUDIED IN HIS DEATH,
TO THROW AWAY THE
DEAREST THING HE
OWED AS 'TWERE A
CARELESS TRIFLE.



THERE'S
NO ART TO
FIND THE MIND'S
CONSTRUCTION
IN THE FACE:

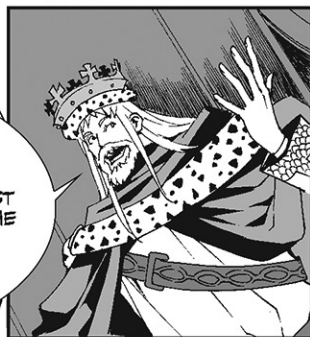
HE WAS A
GENTLEMAN ON
WHOM I BUILT
AN ABSOLUTE
TRUST.



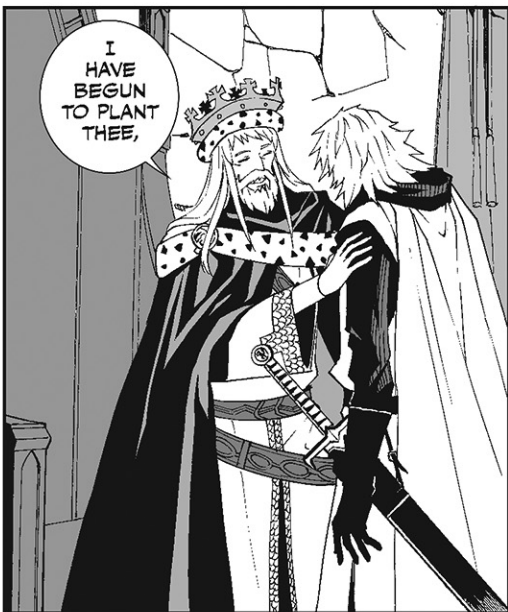
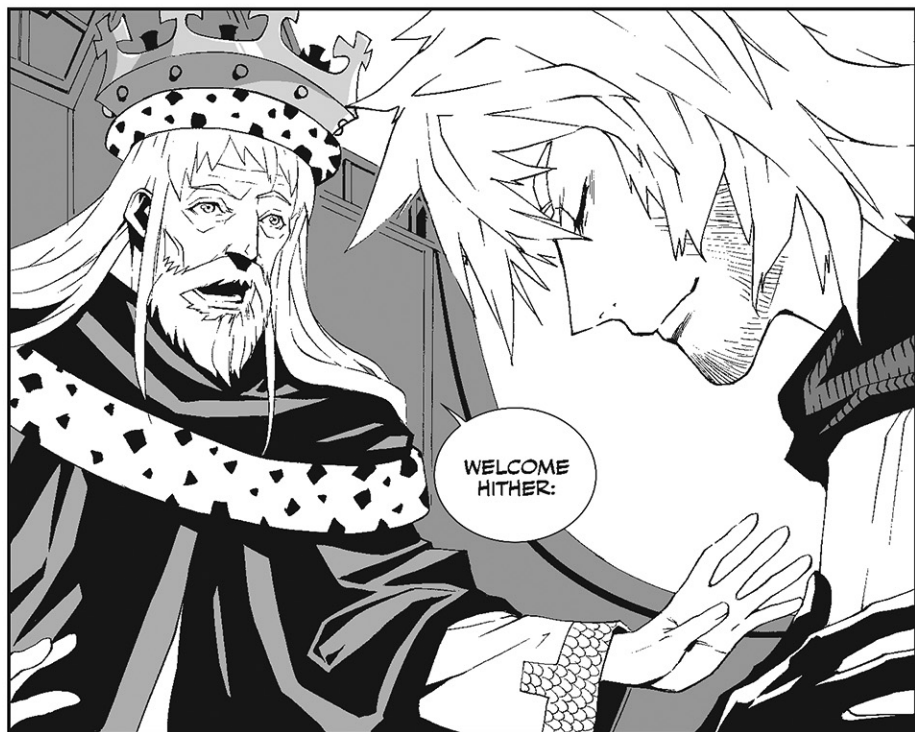
○
WORTHIEST
COUSIN!

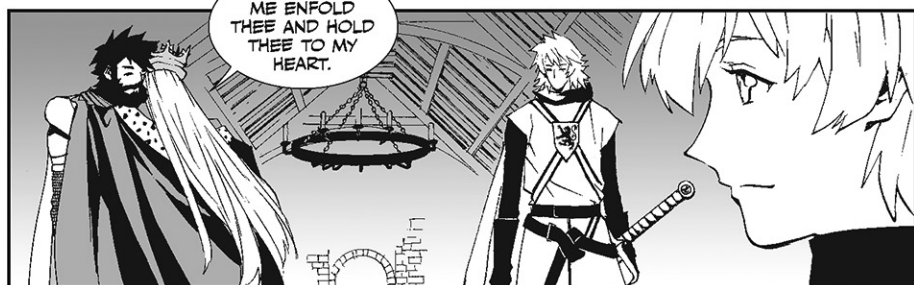
THE SIN OF
MY INGRATITUDE
EVEN NOW WAS
HEAVY ON ME.
THOU ART SO
FAR BEFORE,

THAT
SWIFTEST WING
OF RECOMPENSE
IS SLOW TO OVERTAKE
THEE. WOULD THOU HADST
LESS DESERVED, THAT THE
PROPORTION BOTH OF
THANKS AND PAYMENT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
MINE!











MY
PLENTEOUS
JOYS, WANTON IN
FULNESS, SEEK TO
HIDE THEMSELVES
IN DROPS OF
SORROW.



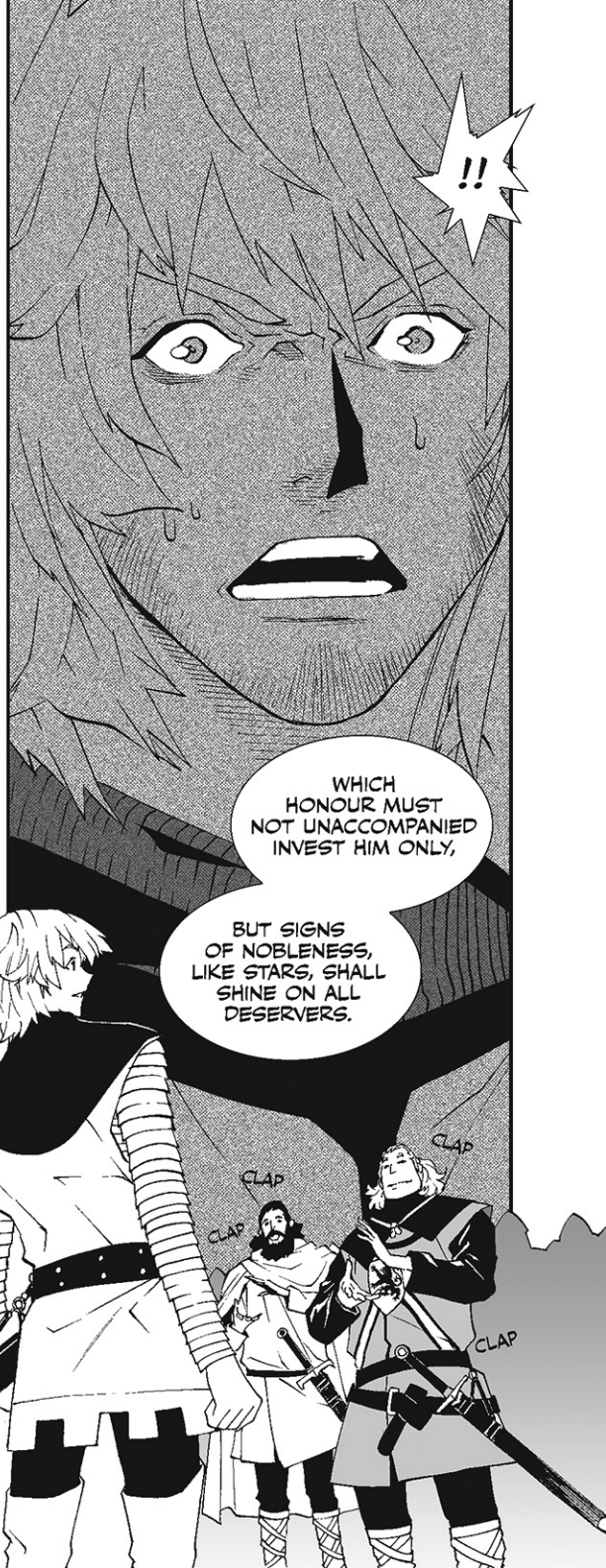
SONS,
KINSMEN,
THANES, AND
YOU WHOSE
PLACES
ARE THE
NEAREST,

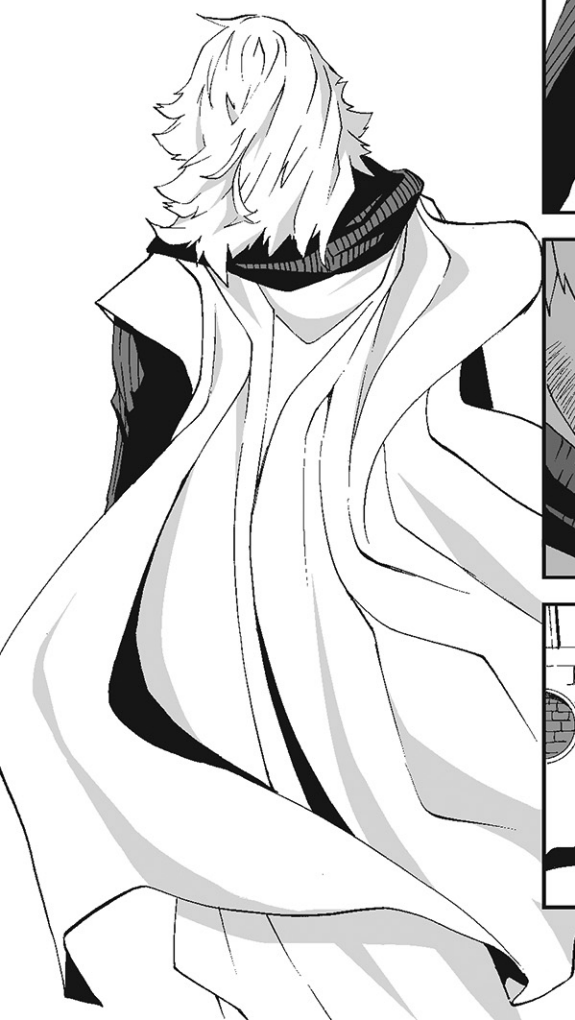



KNOW WE
WILL ESTABLISH
OUR ESTATE
UPON OUR ELDEST,
MALCOLM,

WHOM WE
NAME HEREAFTER
THE PRINCE OF
CUMBERLAND;







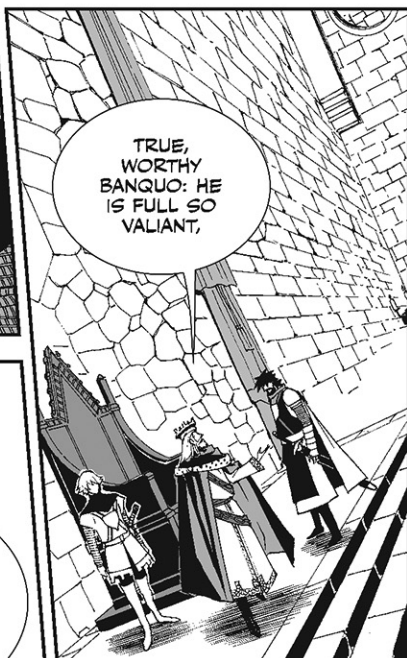


THE
PRINCE OF
CUMBERLAND! THAT
IS A STEP ON WHICH I
MUST FALL DOWN, OR
ELSE O'ERLEAP, FOR
IN MY WAY IT LIES.
STARS, HIDE YOUR
FIRES;

LET
NOT LIGHT
SEE MY BLACK
AND DEEP
DESIRES.

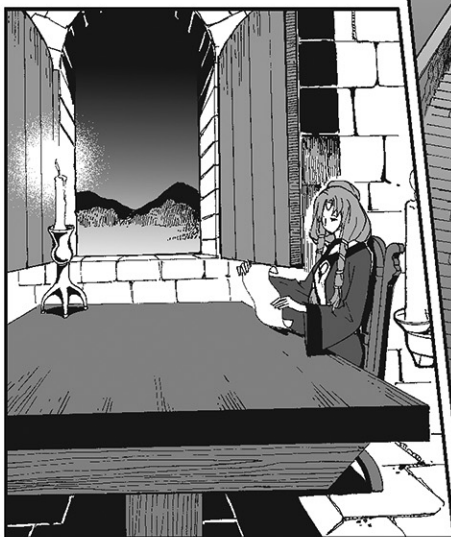
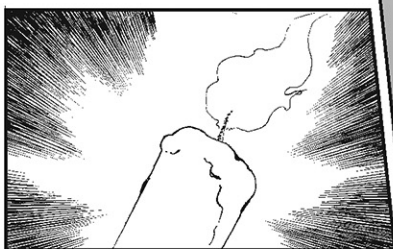
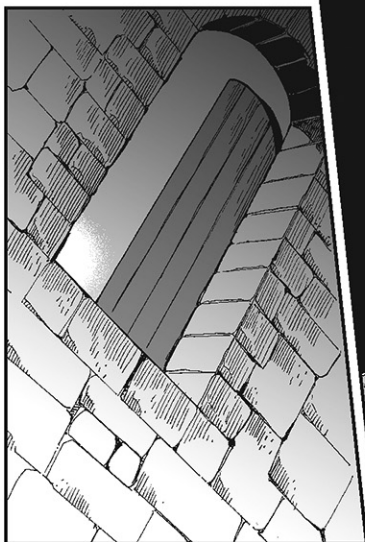
THE EYE
WINK AT THE
HAND; YET LET
THAT BE,

WHICH THE
EYE FEARS, WHEN
IT IS DONE, TO
SEE.



ACT I SCENE V

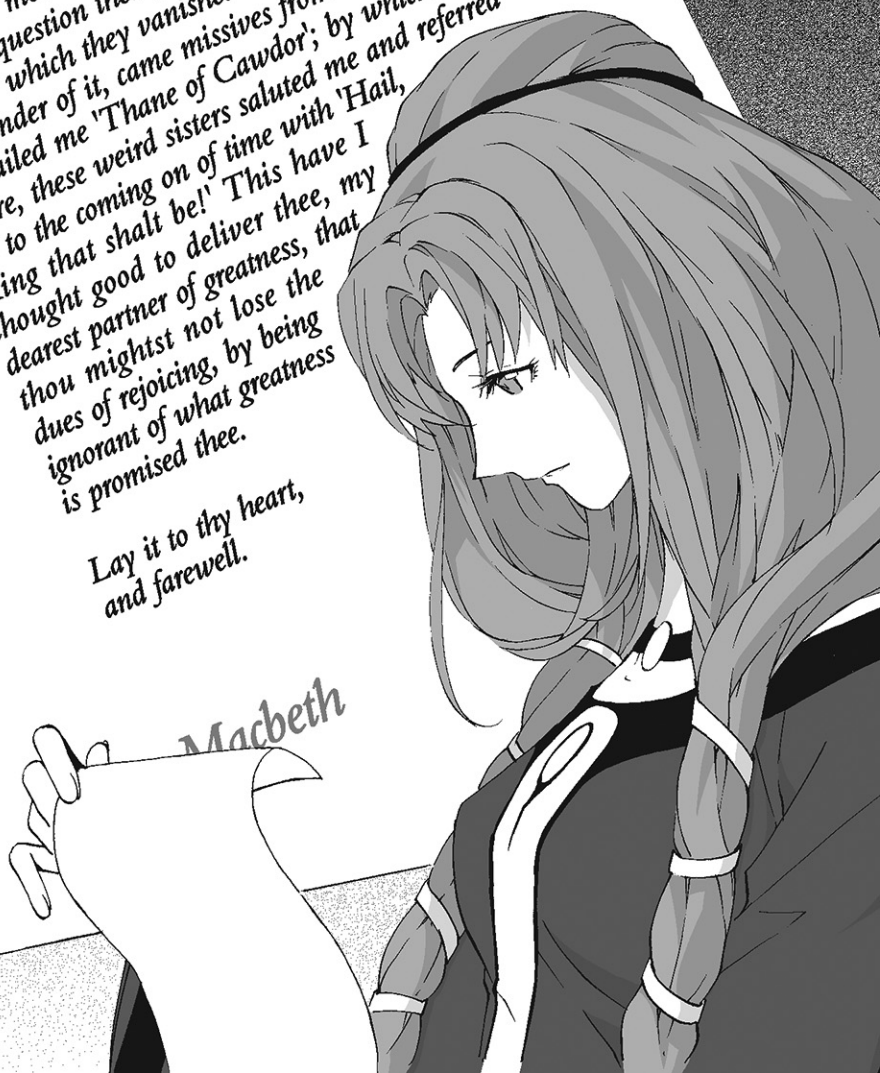
INVERNESS
MACBETH'S CASTLE




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. Whiles I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred
me to the coming on of time with 'Hail,
King that shalt be!' This have I
thought good to deliver thee, my
dearest partner of greatness, that
thou mightst not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee.

Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.

Macbeth






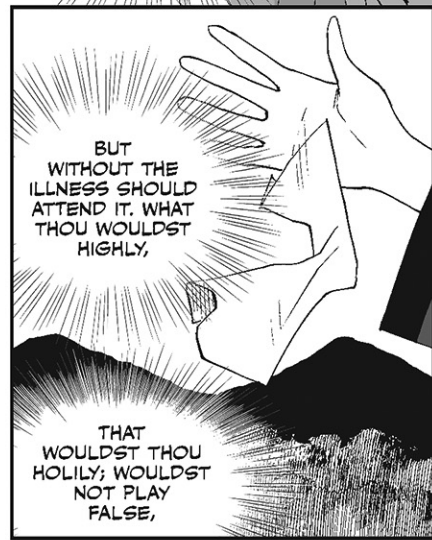
GLAMIS THOU
ART, AND CAWDOR,
AND SHALT BE WHAT
THOU ART PROMISED.
YET DO I FEAR THY
NATURE.



GRAB



IT IS TOO
FULL O' THE MILK
OF HUMAN KINDNESS
TO CATCH THE NEAREST
WAY. THOU WOULDST
BE GREAT;




BUT
WITHOUT THE
ILLNESS SHOULD
ATTEND IT. WHAT
THOU WOULDST
HIGHLY,

THAT
WOULDST THOU
HOLILY; WOULDST
NOT PLAY
FALSE,



ART NOT
WITHOUT
AMBITION,



THOU'LDST
HAVE, GREAT
GLAMIS, THAT
WHICH CRIES,

AND YET
WOULDST
WRONGLY
WIN.

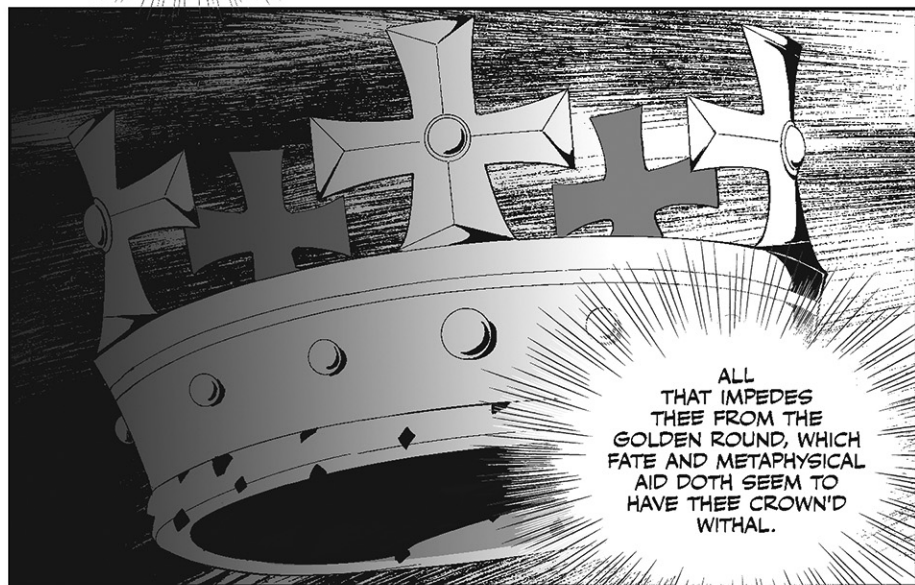
'THUS THOU
MUST DO, IF THOU
HAVE IT; AND THAT
WHICH RATHER THOU
DOST FEAR TO DO THAN
WISHEST SHOULD BE
UNDONE.'

HIE THEE
HITHER!

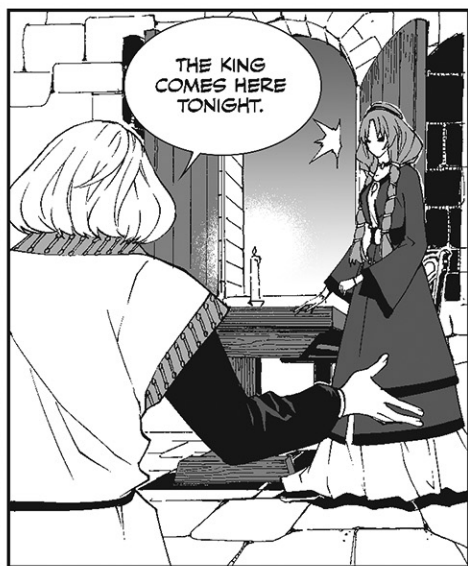


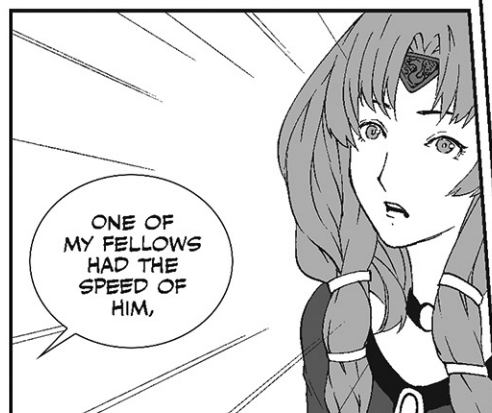
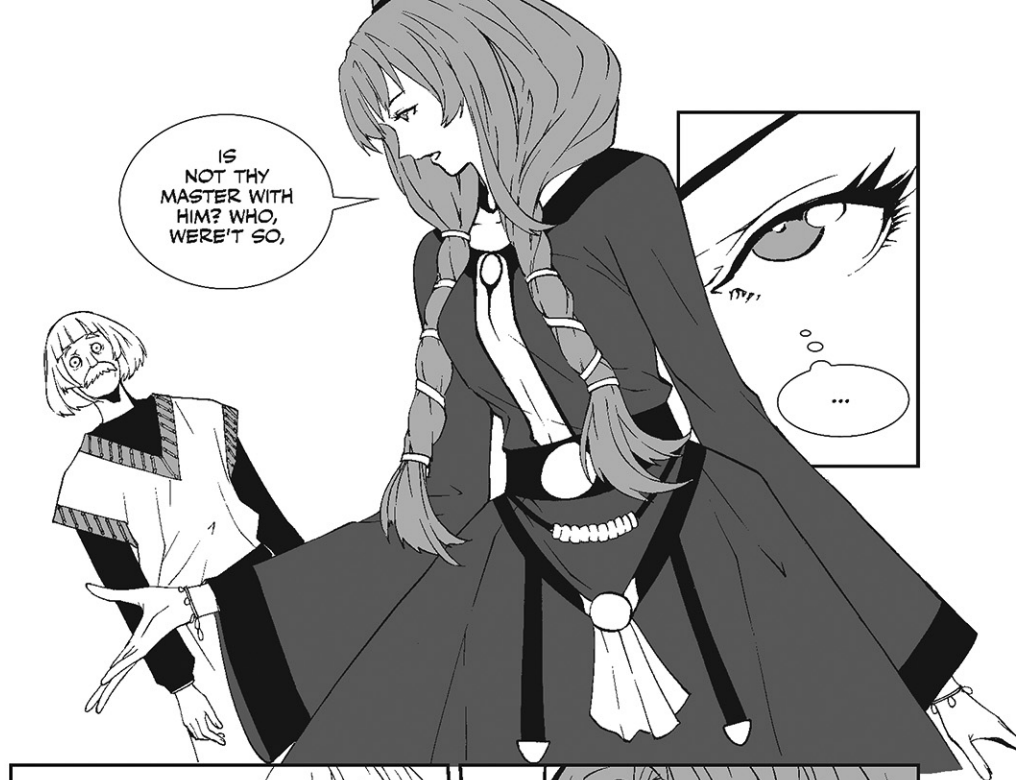
THAT I
MAY POUR
MY SPIRITS IN
THINE EAR,

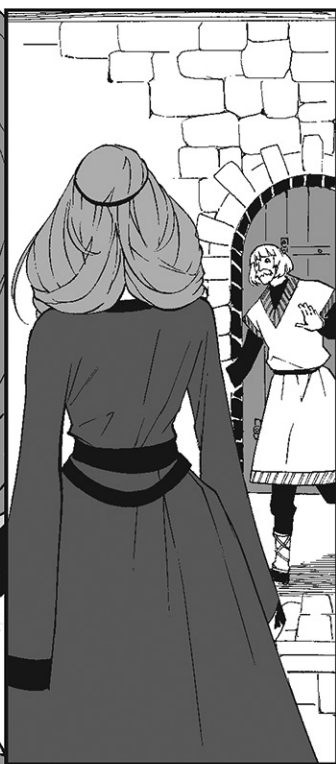
AND
CHASTISE WITH
THE VALOR OF
MY TONGUE...



ALL
THAT IMPEDES
THEE FROM THE
GOLDEN ROUND, WHICH
FATE AND METAPHYSICAL
AID DOTH SEEM TO
HAVE THEE CROWN'D
WITHAL.










THAT CROAKS
THE FATAL
ENTRANCE OF
DUNCAN UNDER MY
BATTLEMENTS.



COME, YOU
SPIRITS, THAT
TEND ON MORTAL
THOUGHTS,



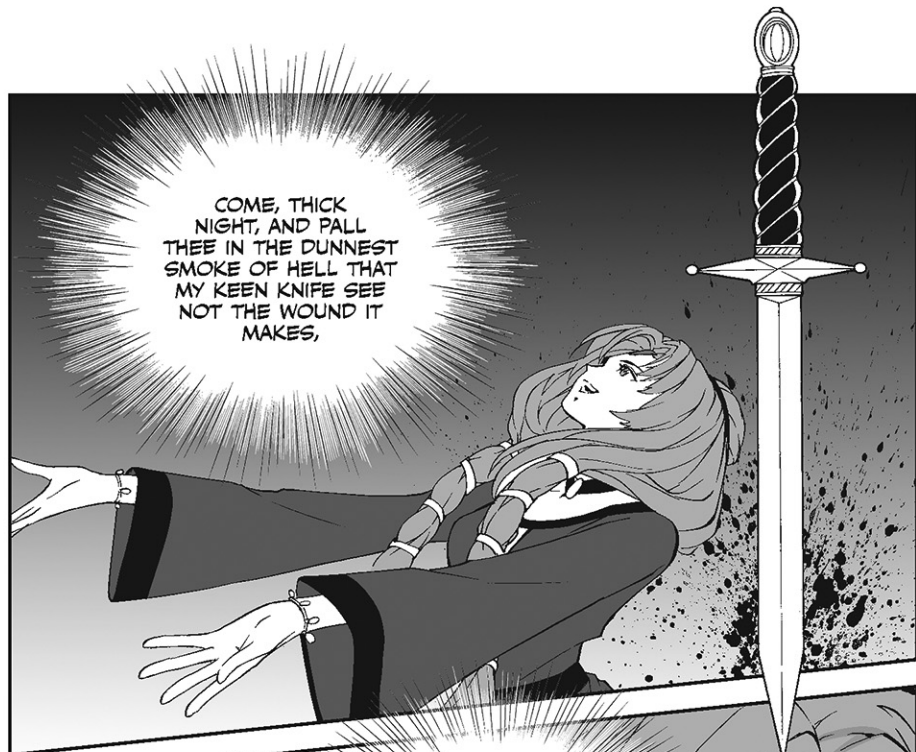
UNSEX ME
HERE, AND FILL ME
FROM THE CROWN TO
THE TOE TOP-FULL
OF DIREST
CRUELTY!

MAKE THICK MY
BLOOD, STOP UP THE
ACCESS AND PASSAGE
TO REMORSE,

THAT NO
COMPUNCTIOUS
VISITINGS OF NATURE
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,

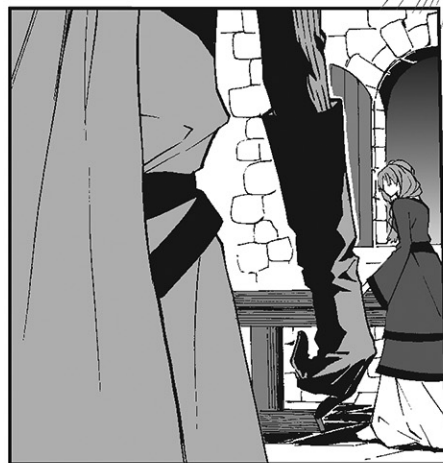
WHEREVER IN
YOUR SIGHTLESS
SUBSTANCES YOU
WAIT ON NATURE'S
MISCHIEF!

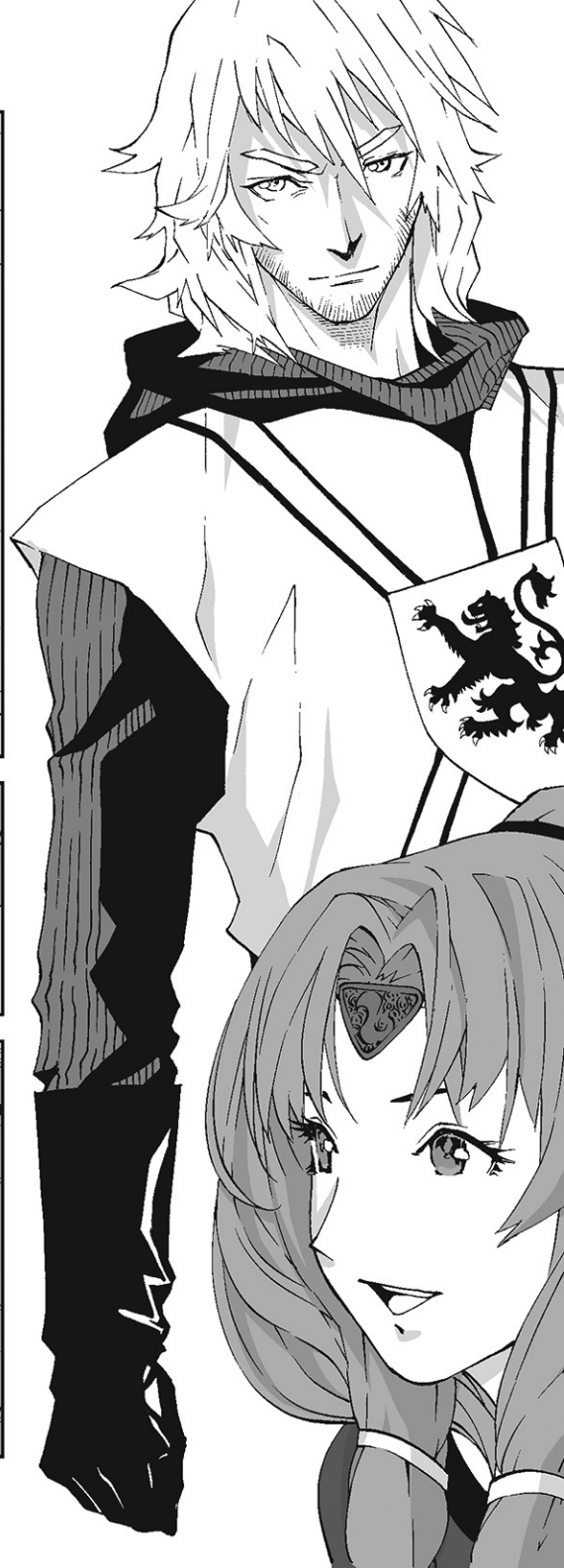


COME, THICK
NIGHT, AND PALL
THEE IN THE DUNNEST
SMOKE OF HELL THAT
MY KEEN KNIFE SEE
NOT THE WOUND IT
MAKES,



NOR HEAVEN
PEEP THROUGH
THE BLANKET OF
THE DARK TO CRY,
'HOLD, HOLD!'

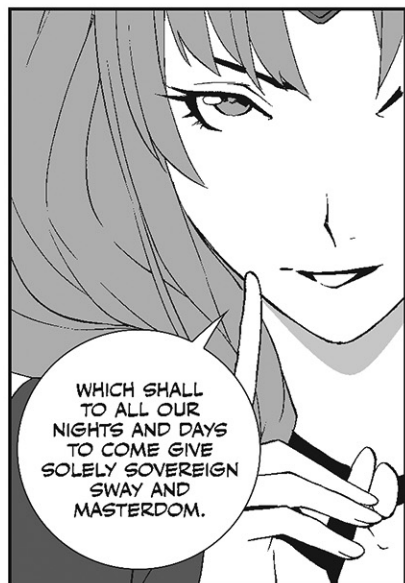




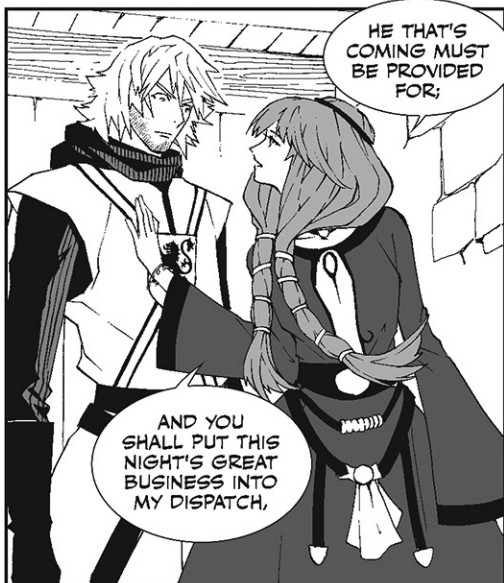








WHICH SHALL
TO ALL OUR
NIGHTS AND DAYS
TO COME GIVE
SOLELY SOVEREIGN
SWAY AND
MASTERDOM.



HE THAT'S
COMING MUST
BE PROVIDED
FOR;

AND YOU
SHALL PUT THIS
NIGHT'S GREAT
BUSINESS INTO
MY DISPATCH,



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



WE
WILL
SPEAK
FURTHER.



ACT I SCENE VI

OUTSIDE OF
MACBETH'S CASTLE

THIS
CASTLE HATH A
PLEASANT SEAT;
THE AIR NIMBLY
AND SWEETLY
RECOMMENDS
ITSELF UNTO
OUR GENTLE
SENSES.

THE
TEMPLE-HAUNTING
MARTLET, DOES
APPROVE, BY HIS LOVED
MANSIONRY THAT THE
HEAVEN'S BREATH SMELLS
WOOLINGLY HERE.

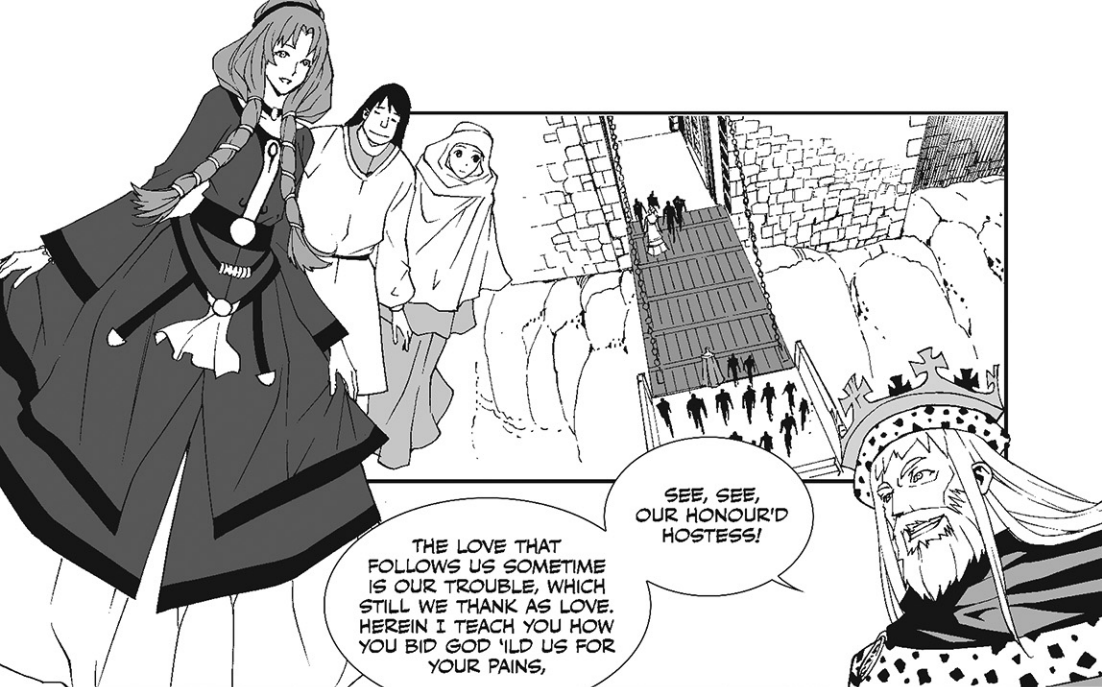
THIS
GUEST OF
SUMMER,

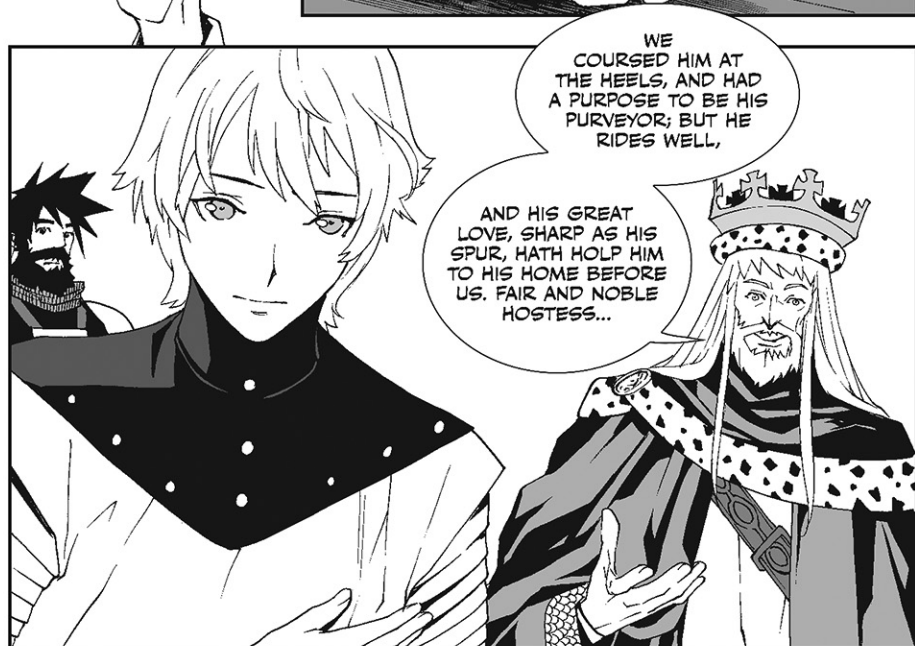
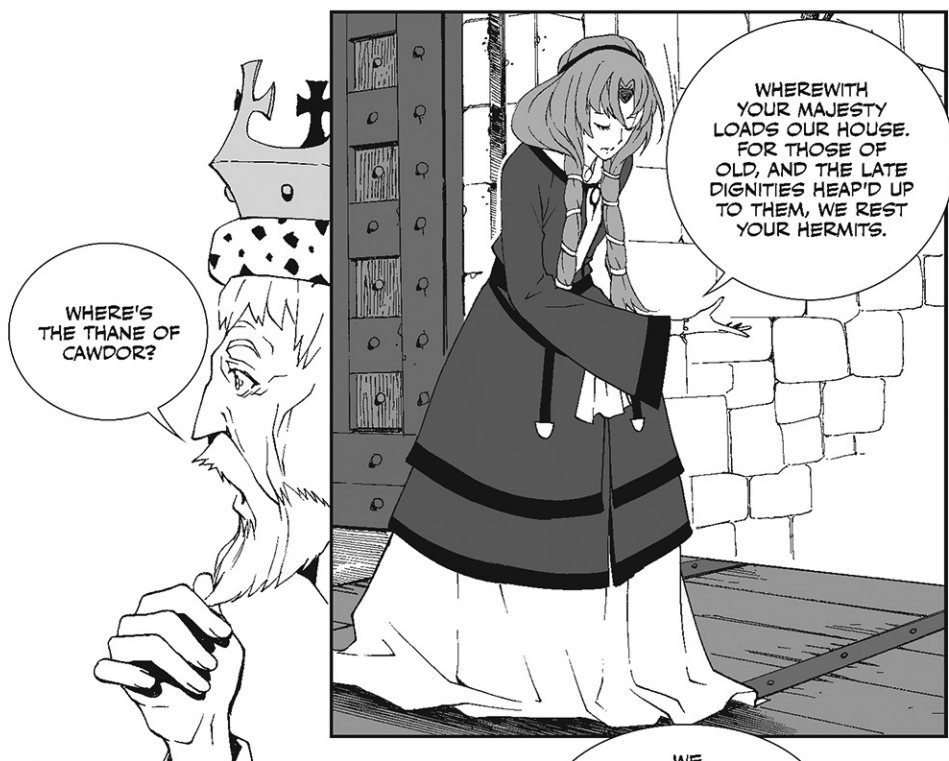
NO JUTTY,
FRIEZE,
BUTTRESS,
NOR COIGN OF
VANTAGE,

BUT THIS
BIRD HATH MADE
HIS PENDANT BED
AND PROCREANT
CRADLE;

WHERE THEY
MOST BREED
AND HAUNT, I HAVE
OBSERVED, THE AIR
IS DELICATE.







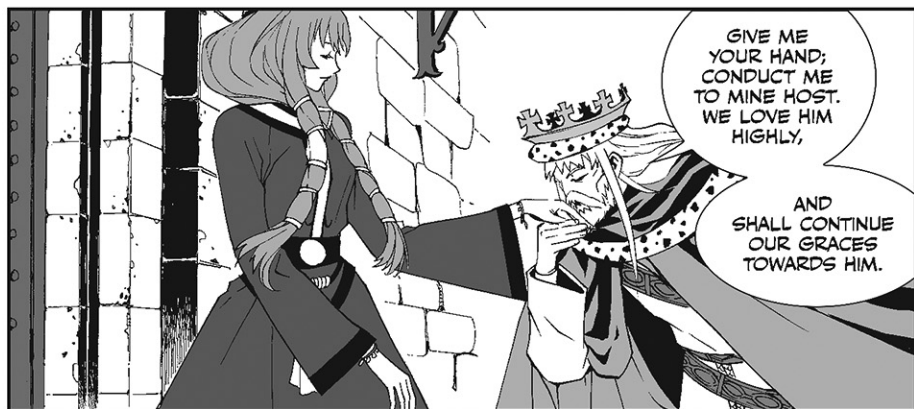


YOUR SERVANTS
EVER HAVE THEIRS,
THEMSELVES, AND WHAT
IS THEIRS, IN COMPT, TO
MAKE THEIR AUDIT AT
YOUR HIGHNESS' PLEASURE,

STILL TO
RETURN YOUR
OWN.

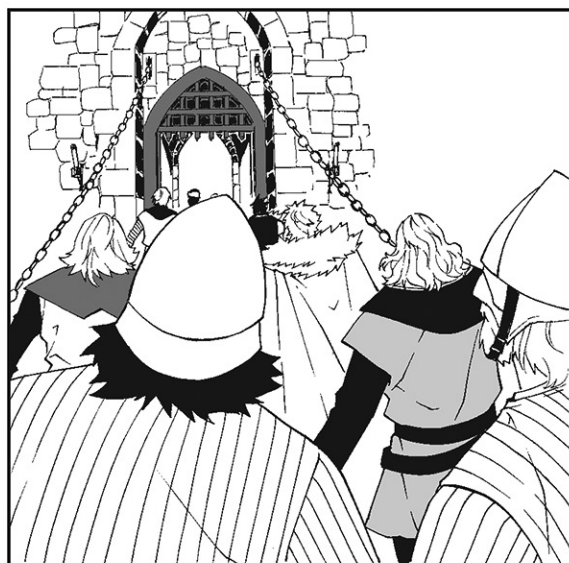


WE
ARE YOUR
GUEST
TONIGHT.

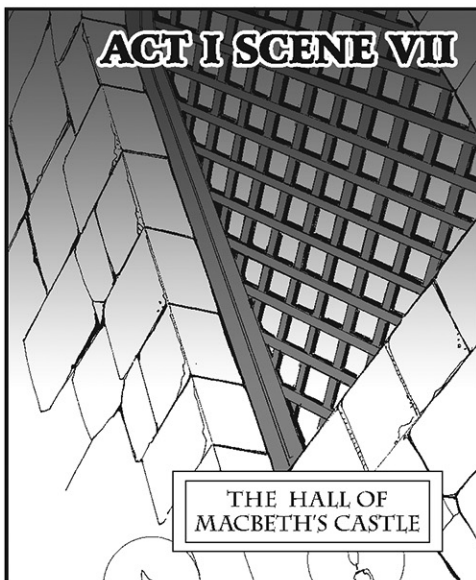
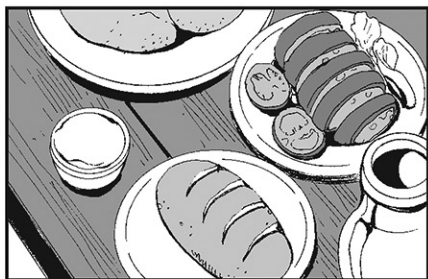



GIVE ME
YOUR HAND;
CONDUCT ME
TO MINE HOST.
WE LOVE HIM
HIGHLY,

AND
SHALL CONTINUE
OUR GRACES
TOWARDS HIM.




BY
YOUR LEAVE,
HOSTESS.







BUT HERE,
UPON THIS BANK
AND SHOAL OF
TIME, WE'D JUMP
THE LIFE TO
COME.



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
IN THESE CASES
WE STILL HAVE
JUDGEMENT HERE, THAT
WE BUT TEACH BLOODY
INSTRUCTIONS, WHICH
BEING TAUGHT RETURN
TO PLAGUE THE
INVENTOR.

THIS
EVEN-HANDED
JUSTICE COMMENDS
THE INGREDIENTS OF
OUR POISON'D
CHALICE TO OUR
OWN LIPS.



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
NEW-BORN BABE
STRIDING THE
BLAST, OR
HEAVEN'S
CHERUBIM,

HORSED
UPON THE
SIGHTLESS
COURIERS OF THE
AIR, SHALL BLOW
THE HORRID DEED
IN EVERY EYE,



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.



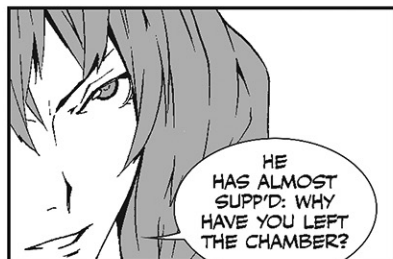
THAT TEARS
SHALL DROWN
THE WIND.

I HAVE NO
SPUR TO PRICK THE
SIDES OF MY INTENT,
BUT ONLY VAULTING
AMBITION,

WHICH
O'ERLEAPS ITSELF
AND FALLS ON THE
OTHER.

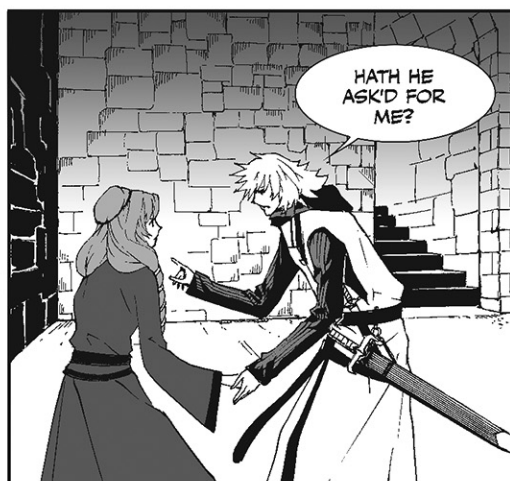


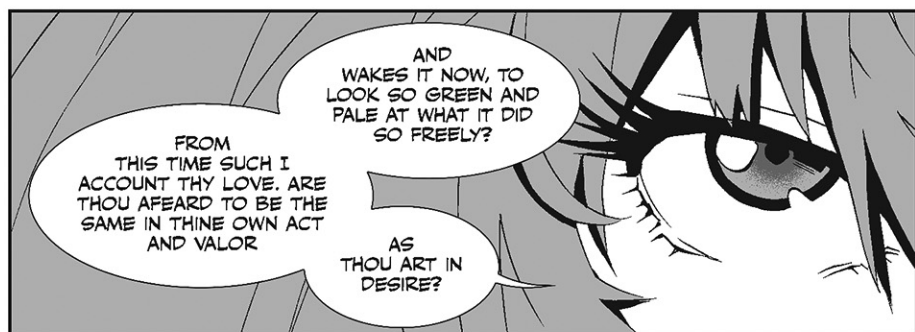
HOW NOW,
WHAT NEWS?



HE
HAS ALMOST
SUPP'D: WHY
HAVE YOU LEFT
THE CHAMBER?







FROM
THIS TIME SUCH I
ACCOUNT THY LOVE. ARE
THOU AFEAED TO BE THE
SAME IN THINE OWN ACT
AND VALOR

AND
WAKES IT NOW, TO
LOOK SO GREEN AND
PALE AT WHAT IT DID
SO FREELY?

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,

PRITHEE,
PEACE!

I DARE DO
ALL THAT MAY
BECOME A MAN;
WHO DARES DO
MORE IS
NONE.

LETTING 'I
DARE NOT' WAIT
UPON 'I WOULD'
LIKE THE POOR
CAT 'I' THE
ADAGE?

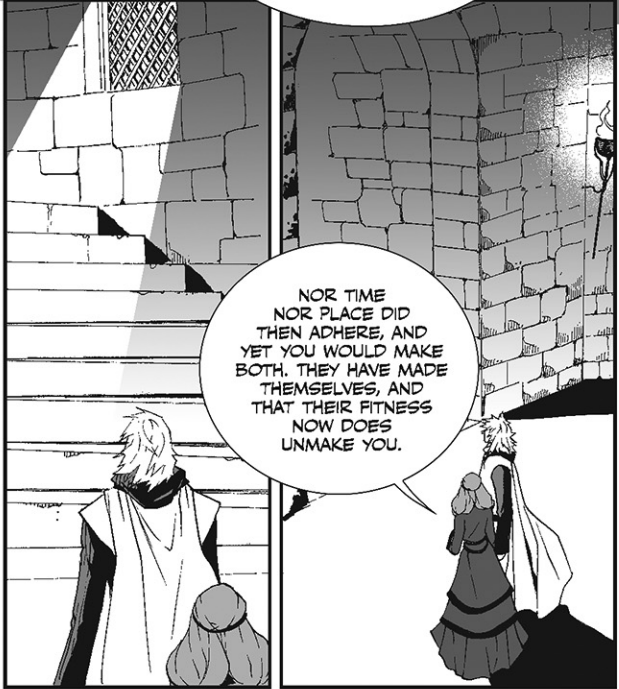


WHAT
BEAST WAS'T THEN
THAT MADE YOU BREAK
THIS ENTERPRISE TO
ME?

WHEN YOU
DURST DO IT, THEN
YOU WERE A MAN, AND
TO BE MORE THEN
WHAT YOU WERE, YOU
WOULD BE SO MUCH
MORE THE MAN.

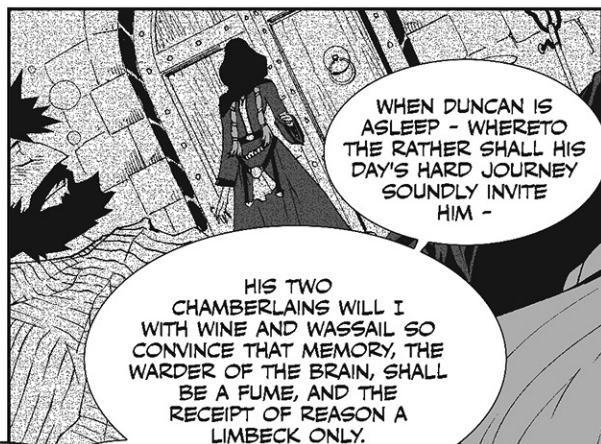


I
HAVE GIVEN
SUCK AND
KNOW HOW
TENDER 'TIS TO
LOVE THE BABE
THAT MILKS
ME -



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.



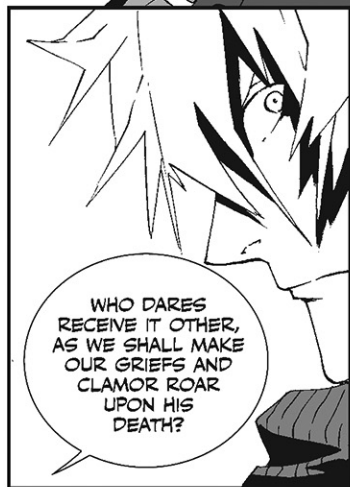


WHEN DUNCAN IS
ASLEEP - WHERETO
THE RATHER SHALL HIS
DAY'S HARD JOURNEY
SOUNDLY INVITE
HIM -

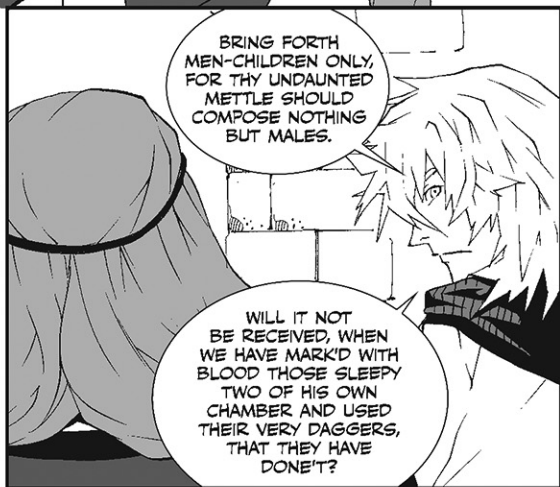
HIS TWO
CHAMBERLAINS WILL I
WITH WINE AND WASSAIL SO
CONVINCE THAT MEMORY, THE
WARDER OF THE BRAIN, SHALL
BE A FUME, AND THE
RECEIPT OF REASON A
LIMBECK ONLY.

WHEN IN
SWINISH SLEEP
THEIR DRENCHED
NATURES LIE AS IN A
DEATH, WHAT CANNOT
YOU AND I PERFORM
UPON THE
UNGUARDED
DUNCAN?

WHAT NOT PUT
UPON HIS SPONGY
OFFICERS, WHO
SHALL BEAR THE
GUILT OF OUR
GREAT QUELL?




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



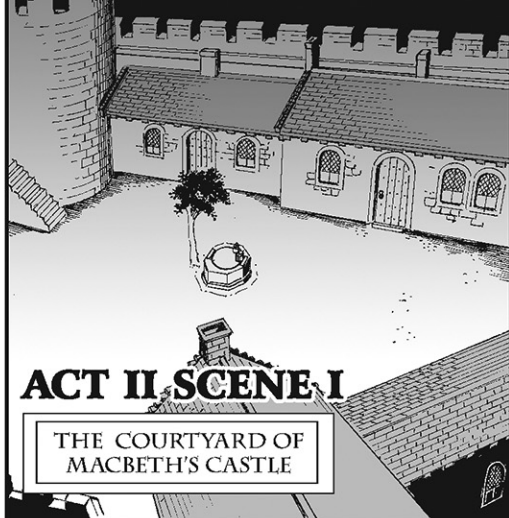
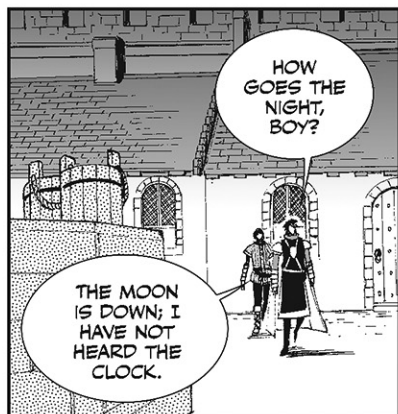
BRING FORTH
MEN-CHILDREN ONLY,
FOR THY UNDAUNTED
METTLE SHOULD
COMPOSE NOTHING
BUT MALES.

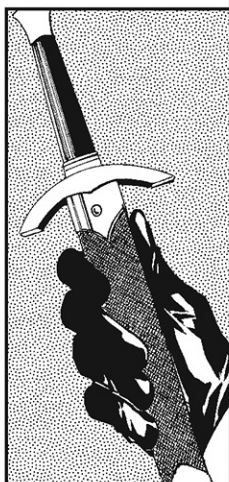
WILL IT NOT
BE RECEIVED, WHEN
WE HAVE MARK'D WITH
BLOOD THOSE SLEEPY
TWO OF HIS OWN
CHAMBER AND USED
THEIR VERY DAGGERS,
THAT THEY HAVE
DONE IT?



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.



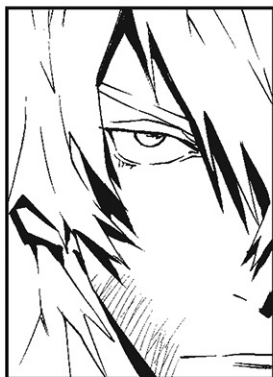






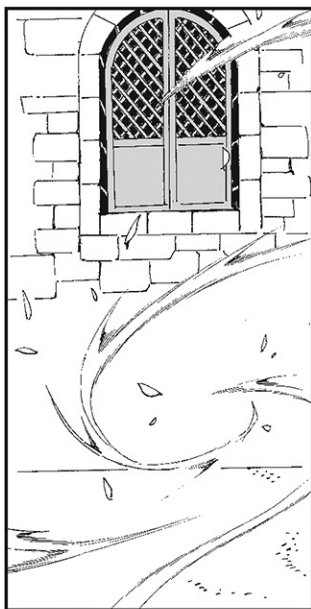


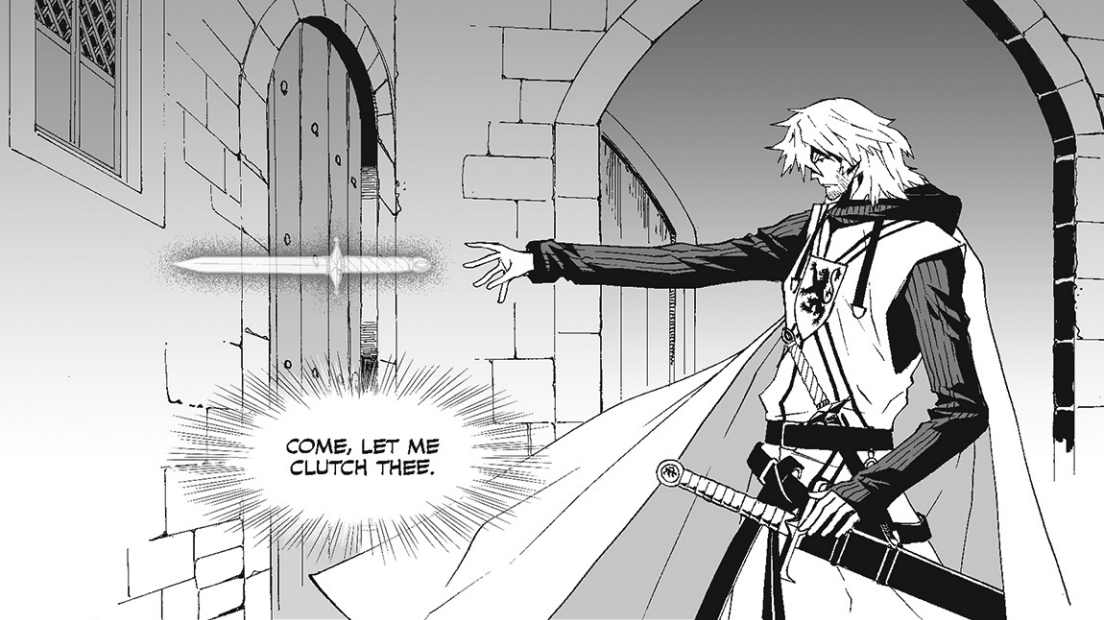
IF
YOU SHALL
CLEAVE TO MY
CONSENT, WHEN
'TIS, IT SHALL
MAKE HONOUR
FOR YOU.



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

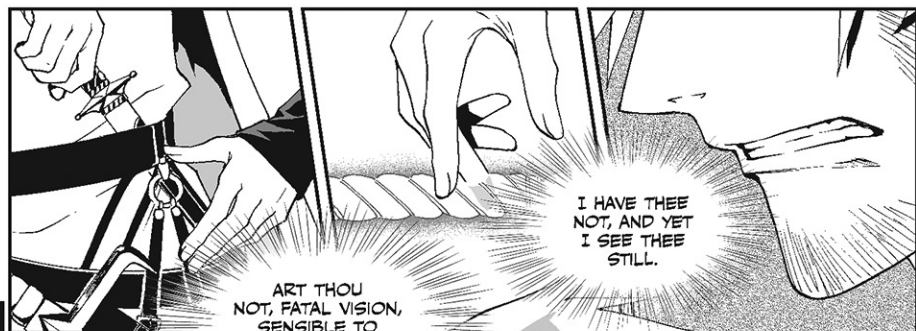






COME, LET ME
CLUTCH THEE.





ART THOU
NOT, FATAL VISION,
SENSIBLE TO
FEELING AS TO
SIGHT?

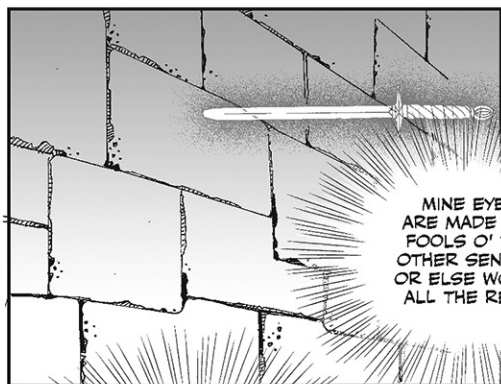
I HAVE THEE
NOT, AND YET
I SEE THEE
STILL.

OR ART THOU
BUT A DAGGER
OF THE MIND, A
FALSE CREATION,
PROCEEDING FROM THE
HEAT-OPPRESSED
BRAIN?

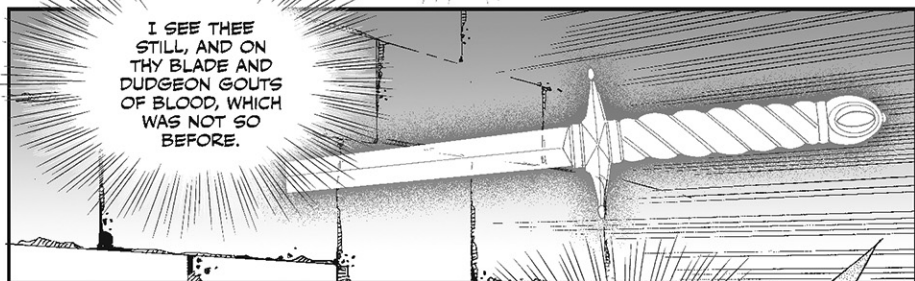
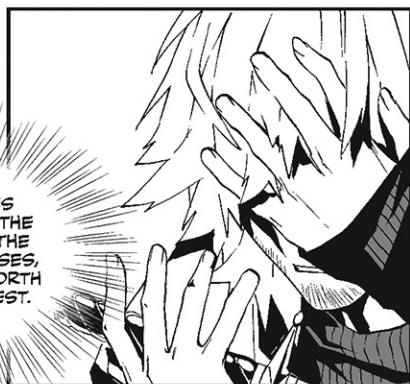
I
SEE THEE
YET, IN FORM AS
PALPABLE AS THIS
WHICH NOW I
DRAW.

THOU
MARSHAL'ST
ME THE WAY THAT
I WAS GOING,
AND SUCH AN
INSTRUMENT I WAS
TO USE.





MINE EYES
ARE MADE THE
FOOLS O' THE
OTHER SENSES,
OR ELSE WORTH
ALL THE REST.

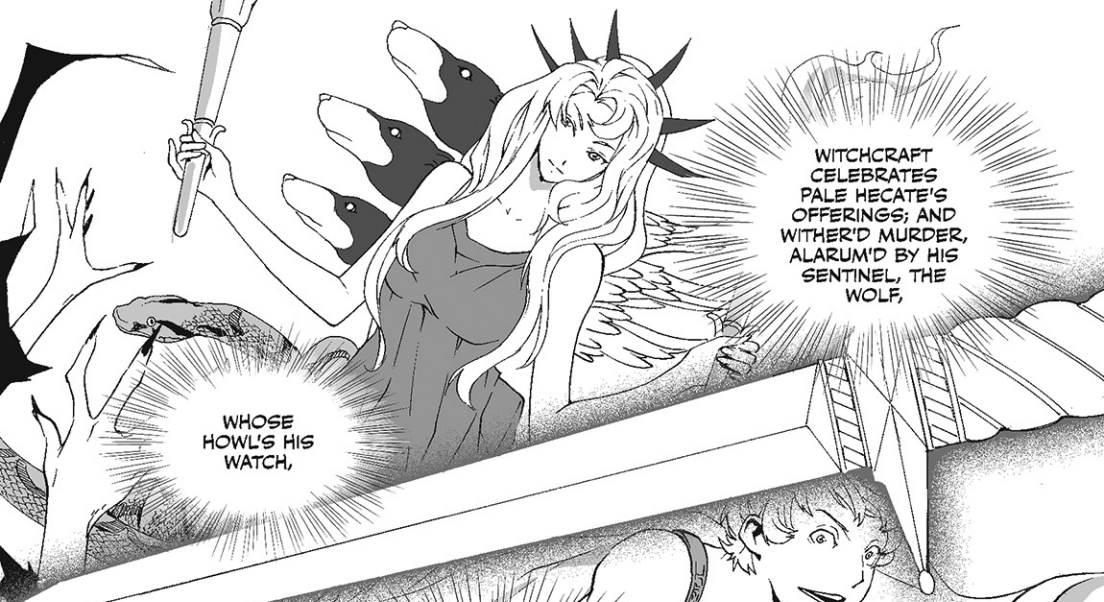


I SEE THEE
STILL, AND ON
THY BLADE AND
DUDGEON GOITS
OF BLOOD, WHICH
WAS NOT SO
BEFORE.



THERE'S NO
SUCH THING: IT IS
THE BLOODY BUSINESS
WHICH INFORMS THUS
TO MINE EYES.

NOW O'ER THE
ONE HALF-WORLD
NATURE SEEMS
DEAD, AND WICKED
DREAMS ABUSE THE
CURTAIN'D SLEEP;

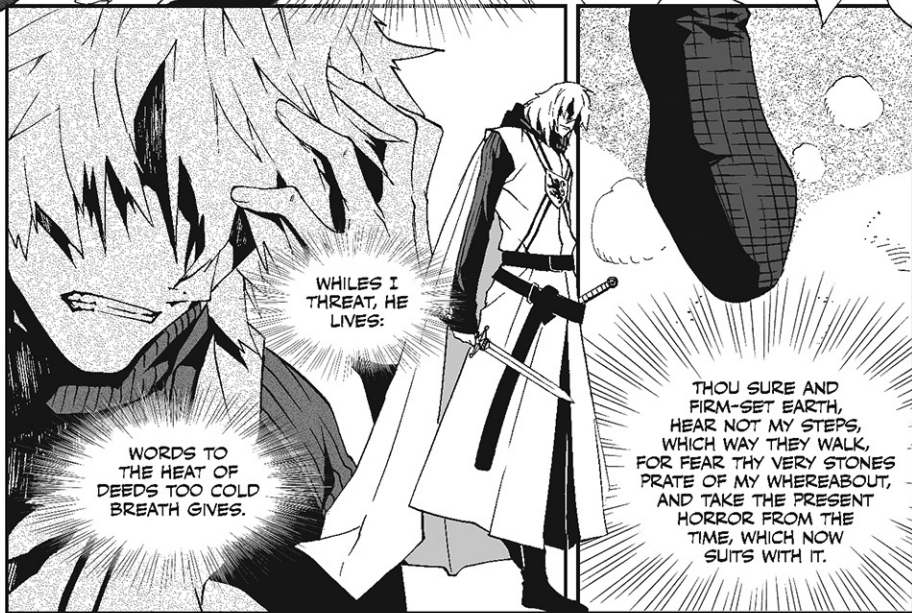


WITCHCRAFT
CELEBRATES
PALE HECATE'S
OFFERINGS; AND
WITHER'D MURDER,
ALARUM'D BY HIS
SENTINEL, THE
WOLF,

WHOSE
HOWL'S HIS
WATCH,



THUS WITH HIS
STEALTHY PACE, WITH
TARQUIN'S RAVISHING
STRIDES, TOWARDS HIS
DESIGN MOVES LIKE
A GHOST.



WHILES I
THREAT, HE
LIVES:

WORDS TO
THE HEAT OF
DEEDS TOO COLD
BREATH GIVES.

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.

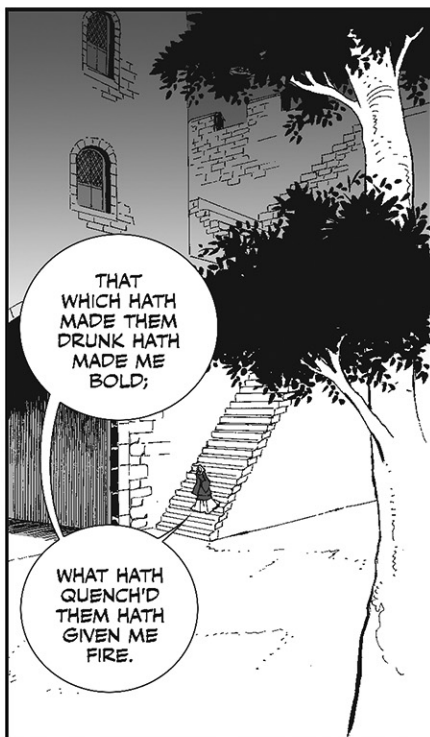
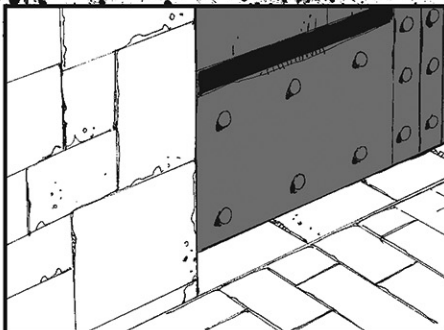
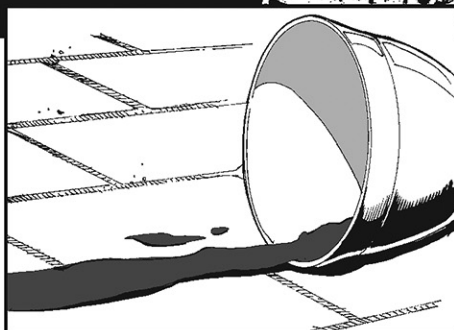
DONG!

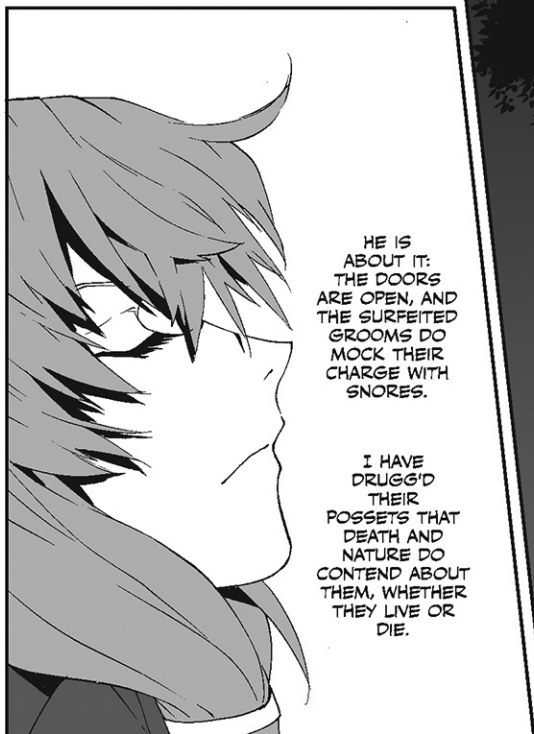
I GO, AND IT IS
DONE: THE BELL
INVITES ME.

HEAR IT NOT,
DUNCAN, FOR IT
IS A KNELL THAT
SUMMONS THEE
TO HEAVEN, OR
TO HELL.

ACT II SCENE II

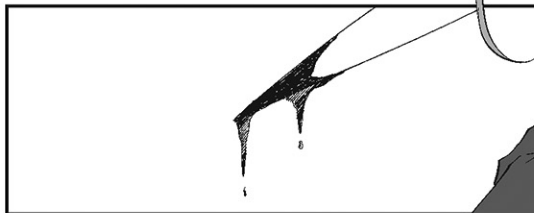
THE COURTYARD OF
MACBETH'S CASTLE





HE IS
ABOUT IT:
THE DOORS
ARE OPEN, AND
THE SURFEITED
GROOMS DO
MOCK THEIR
CHARGE WITH
SNORES.

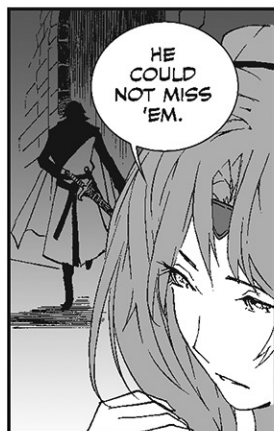
I HAVE
DRUGG'D
THEIR
POSSESS THAT
DEATH AND
NATURE DO
CONTEND ABOUT
THEM, WHETHER
THEY LIVE OR
DIE.



HARK!
PEACE!

IT WAS
THE OWL THAT
SHRIEK'D, THE
FATAL BELLMAN,
WHICH GIVES THE
STERN'ST GOOD
NIGHT.



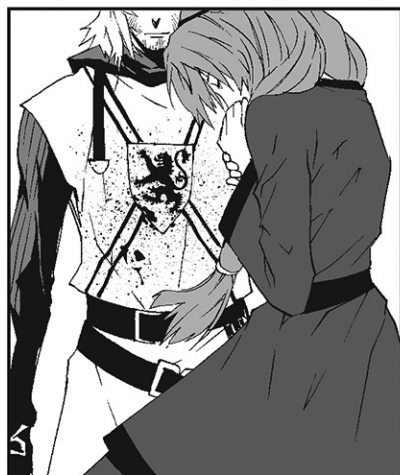


HE
COULD
NOT MISS
'EM.



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;



HAD HE NOT
RESEMBLED
MY FATHER AS
HE SLEPT, I HAD
DONE'T.



MY
HUSBAND?







HARK!

WHO LIES IN
THE SECOND
CHAMBER?



DONALBAIN.



H
A
A
A

H
A
A
A

H
A
A
A

H
A
A
A

THIS
IS A SORRY
SIGHT.





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!'




Ugh

BUT
WHEREFORE
COULD NOT I
PRONOUNCE
AMEN?

I HAD
MOST NEED OF
BLESSING AND
AMEN STUCK IN
MY THROAT.



CONSIDER
IT NOT SO
DEEPLY.



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

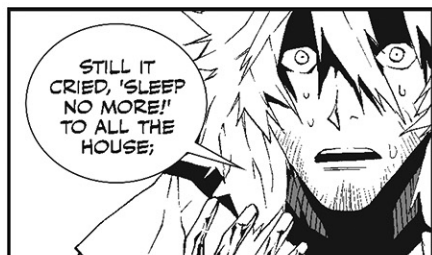
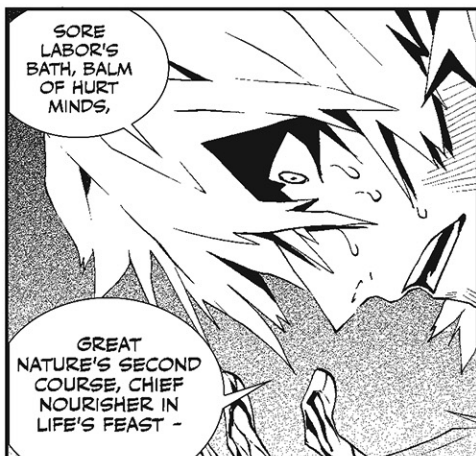
METHOUGHT
I HEARD A VOICE
CRY, 'SLEEP NO
MORE! MACBETH
DOES MURDER
SLEEP! -

THE
INNOCENT
SLEEP, SLEEP
THAT KNITS UP THE
RAVEL'D SLEAVE OF
CARE, THE DEATH
OF EACH DAY'S
LIFE,

GASP—

GASP—

GASP—

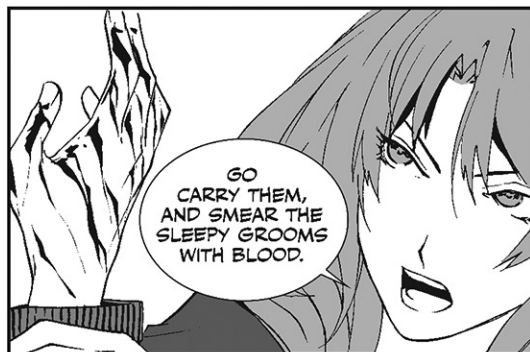




GO,
GET SOME
WATER, AND WASH
THIS FILTHY WITNESS
FROM YOUR
HAND.

WHY, WORTHY
THANE, YOU DO
UNBEND YOUR NOBLE
STRENGTH, TO THINK
SO BRAINSICKLY
OF THINGS.

WHO
WAS IT
THAT THUS
CRIED?



GO
CARRY THEM,
AND SMEAR THE
SLEEPY GROOMS
WITH BLOOD.



WHY
DID YOU
BRING THESE
DAGGERS
FROM THE
PLACE?

THEY
MUST LIE
THERE.

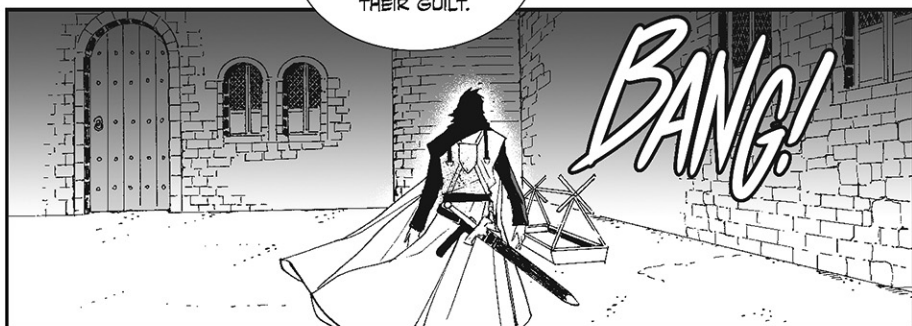


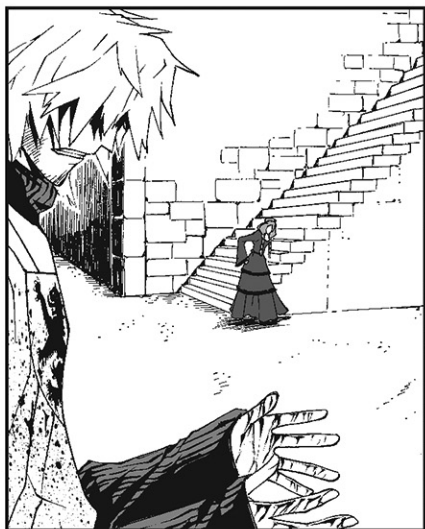
I'LL
GO NO
MORE.

I AM AFRAID TO
THINK WHAT I HAVE
DONE; LOOK ON'T
AGAIN I DARE
NOT.

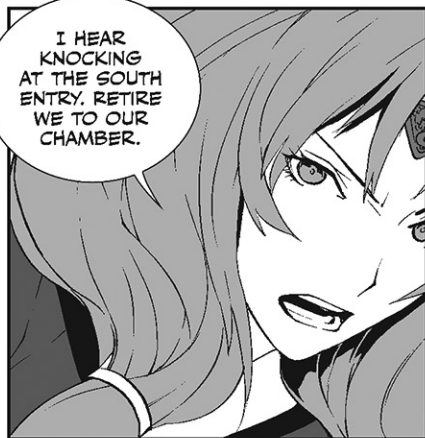


'TIS THE EYE OF CHILDHOOD THAT FEARS A PAINTED DEVIL.

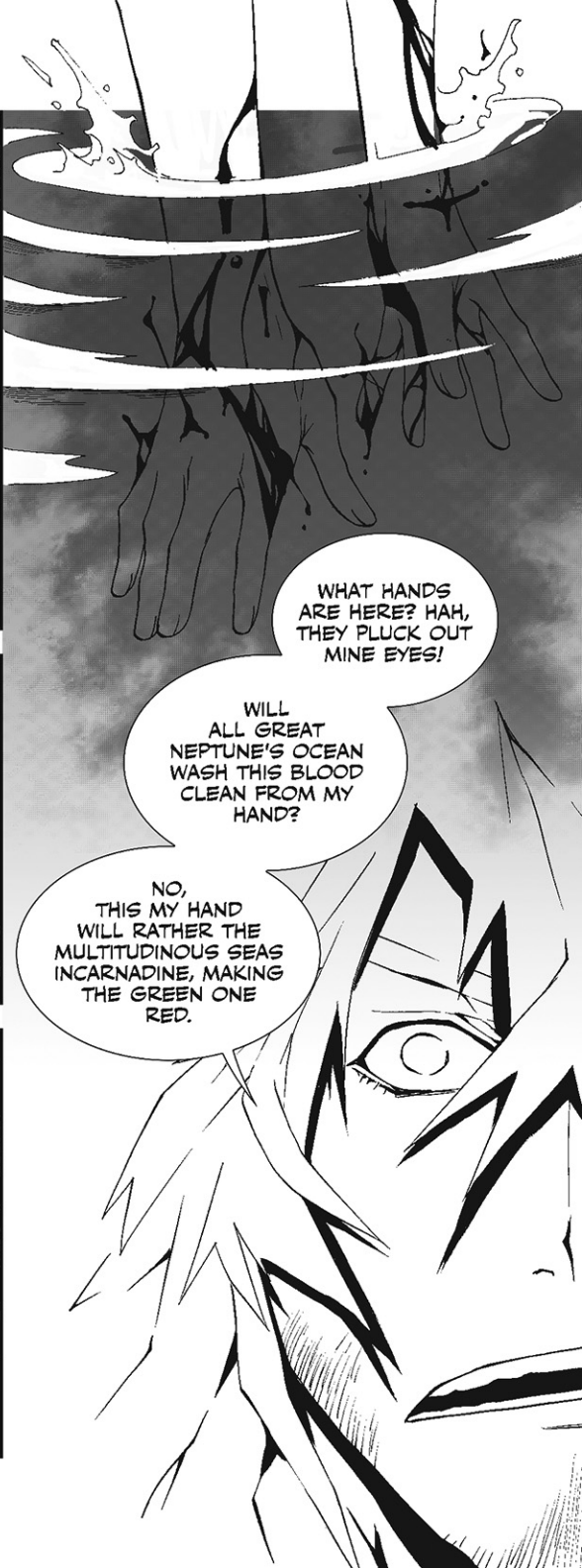




MY HANDS
ARE OF YOUR
COLOR, BUT I
SHAME TO WEAR
A HEART SO
WHITE.



I HEAR
KNOCKING
AT THE SOUTH
ENTRY. RETIRE
WE TO OUR
CHAMBER.



WHAT HANDS
ARE HERE? HAH,
THEY PLUCK OUT
MINE EYES!

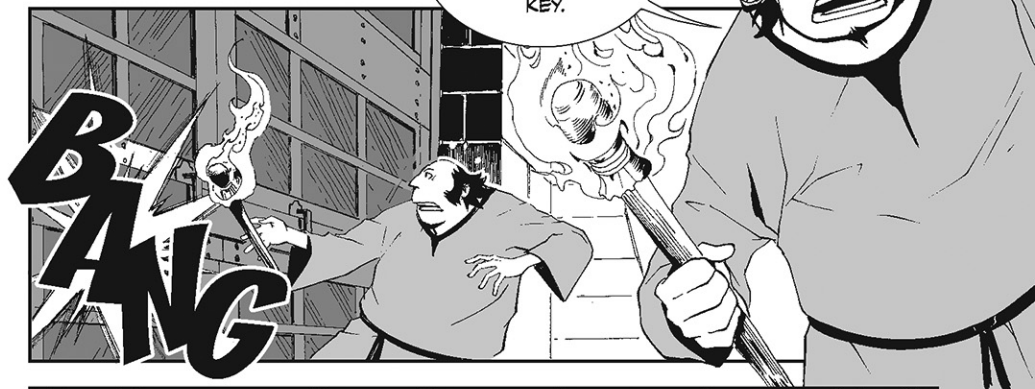
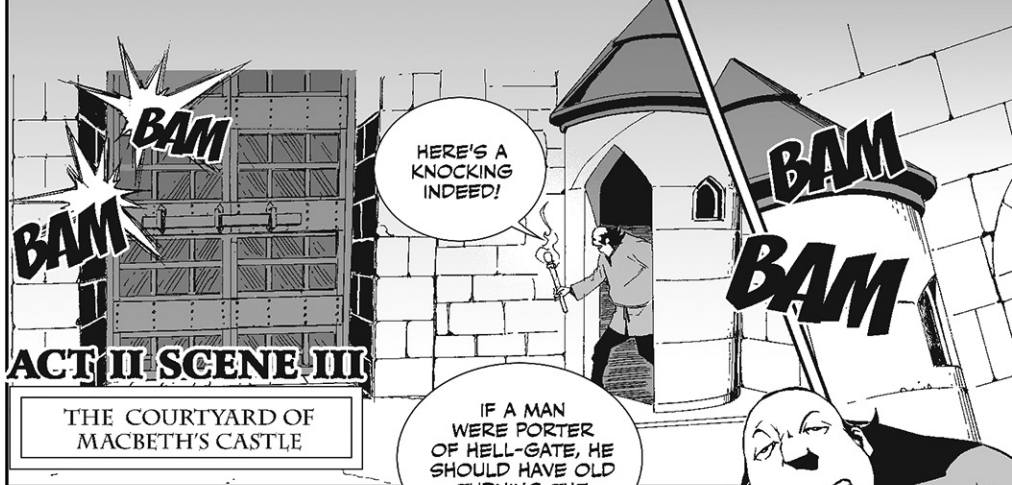
WILL
ALL GREAT
NEPTUNE'S OCEAN
WASH THIS BLOOD
CLEAN FROM MY
HAND?

NO,
THIS MY HAND
WILL RATHER THE
MULTITUDINOUS SEAS
INCARNADINE, MAKING
THE GREEN ONE
RED.



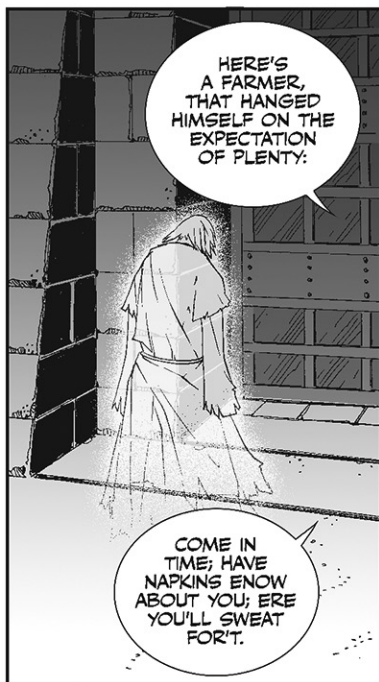


WAKE
DUNCAN WITH
THY KNOCKING!
I WOULD THOU
COULDST!





KNOCK,
KNOCK! WHO'S
THERE, IN THE
OTHER DEVIL'S
NAME?



HERE'S
A FARMER,
THAT HANGED
HIMSELF ON THE
EXPECTATION
OF PLENTY:

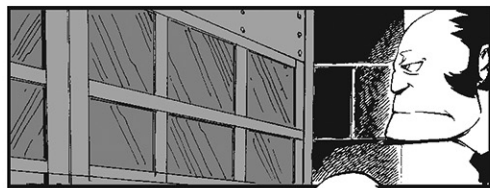
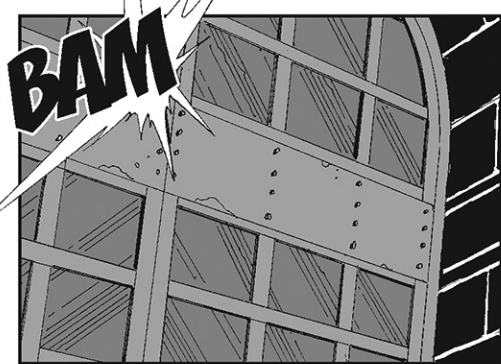
COME IN
TIME; HAVE
NAPKINS ENOW
ABOUT YOU; ERE
YOU'LL SWEAT
FOR'T.

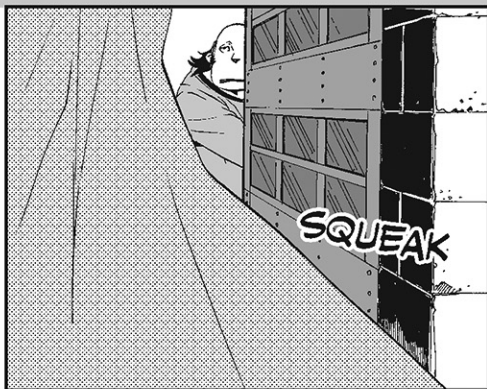


FAITH, HERE'S
AN EQUIVOCATOR,
THAT COULD SWEAR
IN BOTH THE SCALES
AGAINST EITHER
SCALE;

WHO
COMMITTED
TREASON ENOUGH
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
YET COULD NOT
EQUIVOCATE TO
HEAVEN:

O, COME IN,
EQUIVOCATOR.





MACDUFF

WAS IT SO
LATE, FRIEND,
ERE YOU WENT TO
BED, THAT YOU
DO LIE SO
LATE?



'FAITH SIR,
WE WERE
CAROUSING TILL
THE SECOND
COCK:


AND DRINK,
SIR, IS A GREAT
PROVOKER
OF THREE
THINGS.

MARRY, SIR,
NOSE-PAINTING, SLEEP,
AND URINE. LECHERY, SIR, IT
PROVOKES, AND UNPROVOKES;
IT PROVOKES THE DESIRE,
BUT IT TAKES AWAY THE
PERFORMANCE:

THEREFORE, MUCH
DRINK MAY BE SAID TO
BE AN EQUIVOCATOR WITH
LECHERY: IT MAKES HIM,
AND IT MARS HIM;

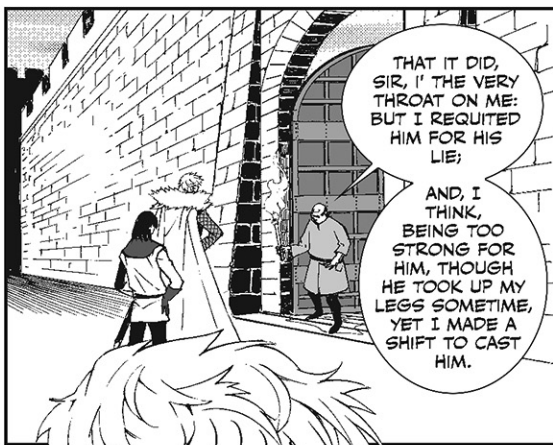


WHAT
THREE THINGS
DOES DRINK
ESPECIALLY
PROVOKE?



IT SETS HIM ON,
AND IT TAKES HIM OFF;
IT PERSUADES HIM, AND
DISHEARTENS HIM; MAKES
HIM STAND TO, AND NOT
STAND TO;

IN CONCLUSION,
EQUIVOCATES HIM IN A
SLEEP, AND, GIVING HIM
THE LIE, LEAVES HIM.



THAT IT DID,
SIR, I' THE VERY
THROAT ON ME:
BUT I REQUITED
HIM FOR HIS
LIE;

AND, I
THINK,
BEING TOO
STRONG FOR
HIM, THOUGH
HE TOOK UP MY
LEGS SOMETIME,
YET I MADE A
SHIFT TO CAST
HIM.



I BELIEVE
DRINK GAVE
THEE THE LIE
LAST NIGHT.



IS THY MASTER
STIRRING?



OUR
KNOCKING
HAS AWAKED
HIM;

HERE HE
COMES.



STEP



GOOD
MORROW,
NOBLE SIR.

GOOD
MORROW,
BOTH.

IS
THE KING
STIRRING,
WORTHY
THANE?

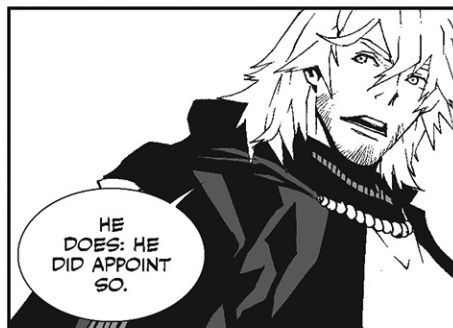
NOT YET.

HE
DID COMMAND
ME TO CALL
TIMELY ON HIM:
I HAVE ALMOST
SLIPP'D THE
HOUR.

I'LL
BRING
YOU TO
HIM.

I
KNOW THIS
IS A JOYFUL
TROUBLE TO
YOU; BUT YET
'TIS ONE.

THE
LABOUR
WE DELIGHT
IN PHYSICS
PAIN.





AH!

TMP TMP TMP TMP



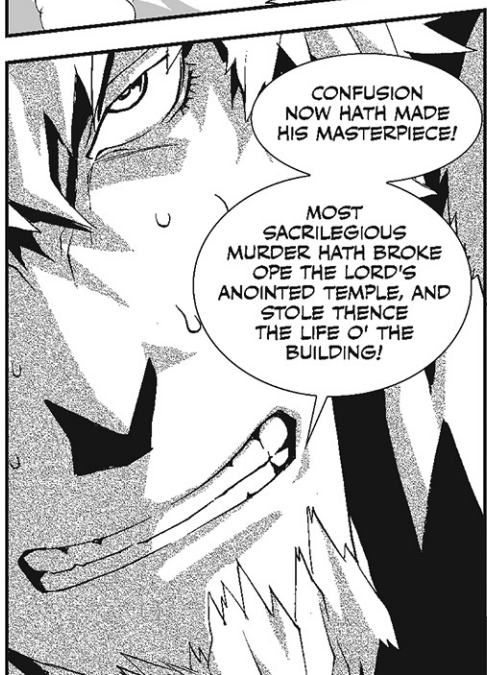
'T WAS A
ROUGH
NIGHT.

MY YOUNG
REMEMBRANCE
CANNOT PARALLEL
A FELLOW TO IT.



O HORROR,
HORROR,
HORROR!

TONGUE NOR
HEART CANNOT
CONCEIVE NOR
NAME THEE!

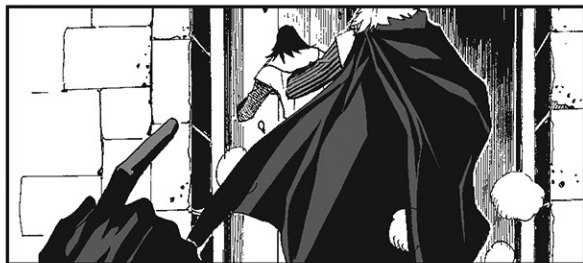
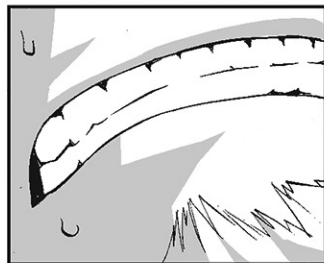
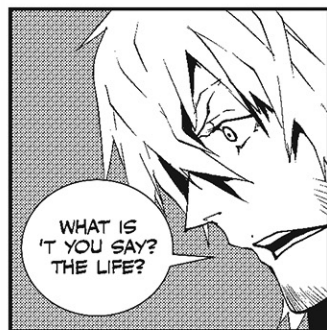


CONFUSION
NOW HATH MADE
HIS MASTERPIECE!

MOST
SACRILEGIOUS
MURDER HATH BROKE
OPE THE LORD'S
ANOINTED TEMPLE, AND
STOLE THENCE
THE LIFE O' THE
BUILDING!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

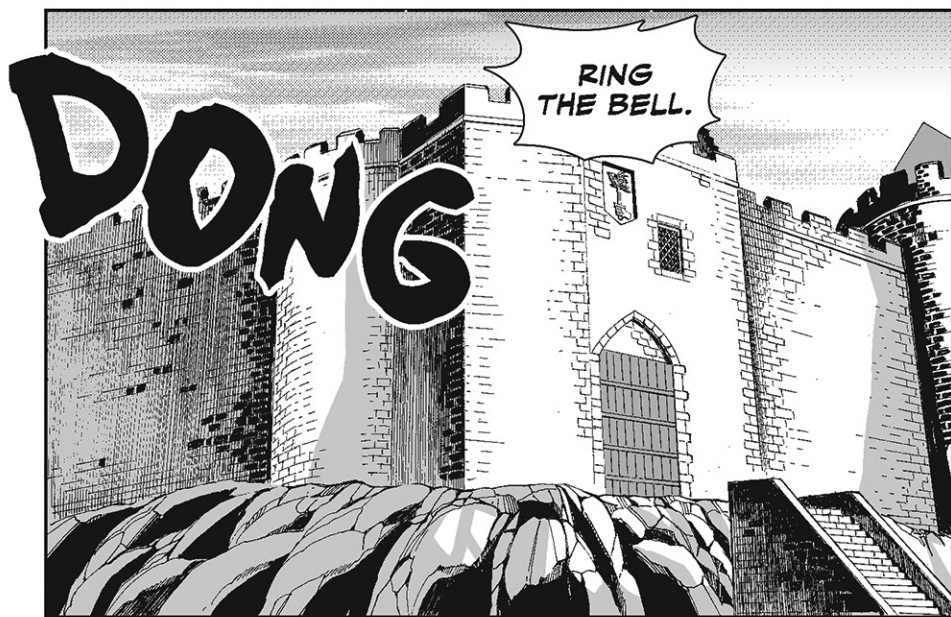




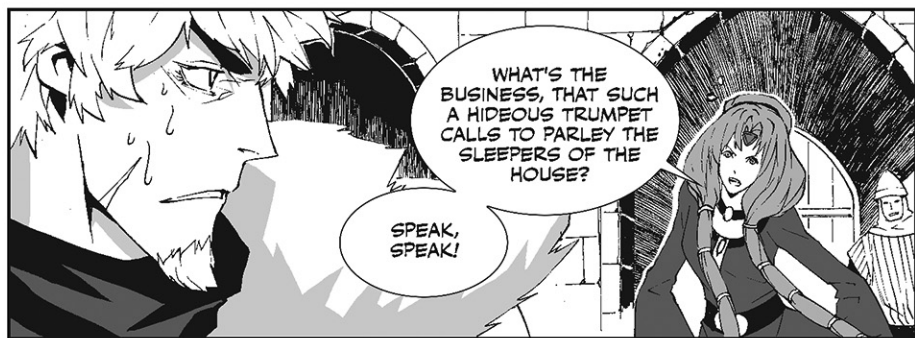
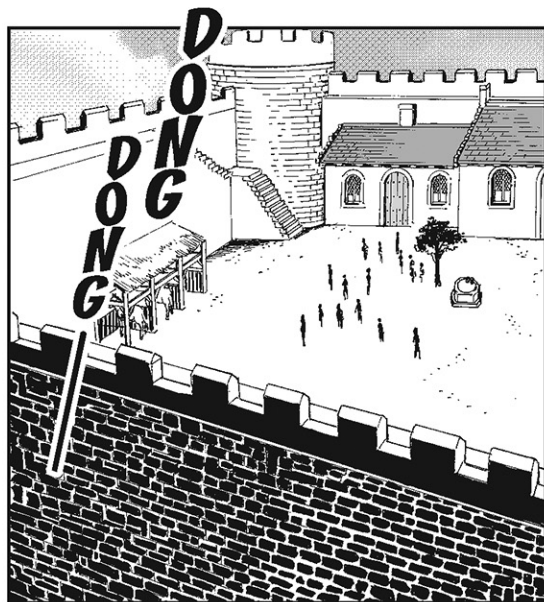
AWAKE,
AWAKE! RING
THE ALARUM-BELL.
MURDER AND
TREASON! BANQUO
AND DONALBAIN!
MALCOLM! AWAKE!

SHAKE OFF
THIS DOWNY SLEEP,
DEATH'S COUNTERFEIT,
AND LOOK ON DEATH
ITSELF! UP, UP, AND SEE
THE GREAT DOOM'S
IMAGE!

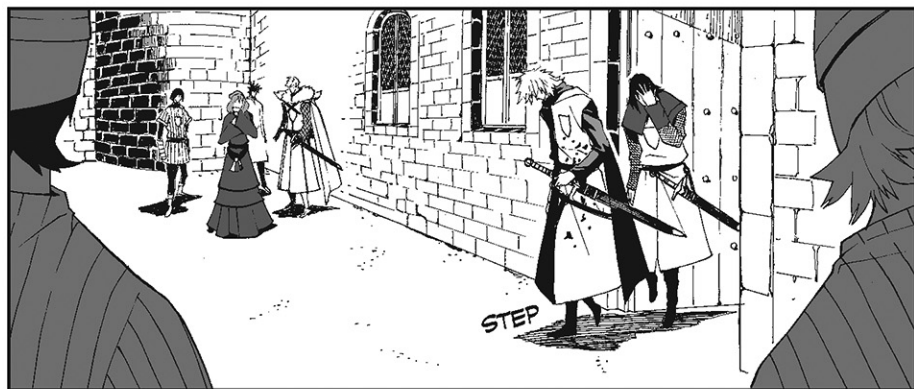
MALCOLM!
BANQUO! AS FROM
YOUR GRAVES RISE UP,
AND WALK LIKE SPRITES,
TO COUNTERANCE THIS
HORROR!

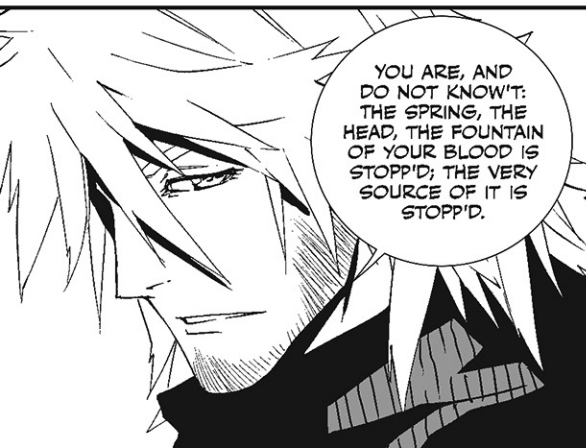
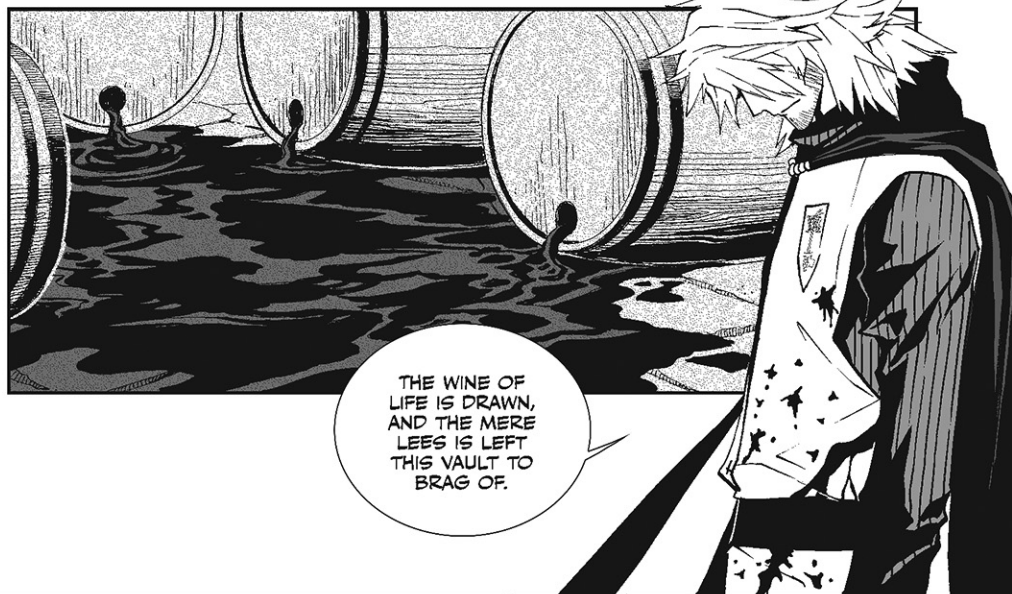
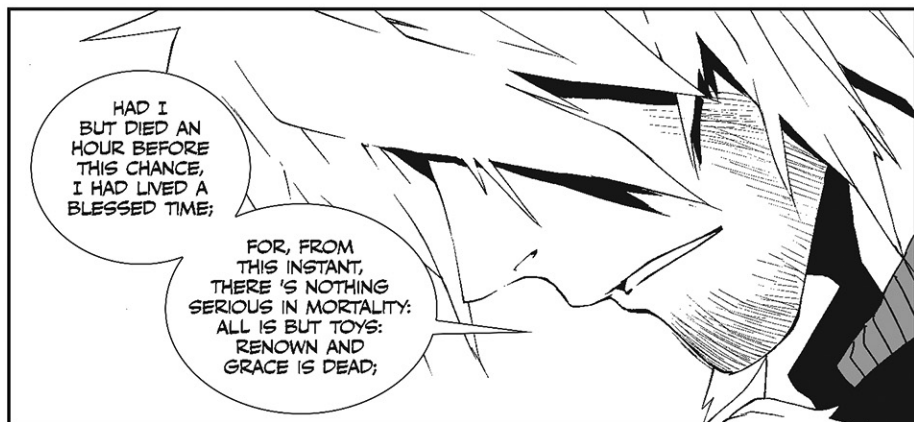


RING
THE BELL.















WHO
CAN BE WISE,
AMAZED, TEMPERATE
AND FURIOUS, LOYAL AND
NEUTRAL, IN A MOMENT?
NO MAN:

THE
EXPEDITION
MY VIOLENT LOVE
OUTRUN THE PAUSER,
REASON.

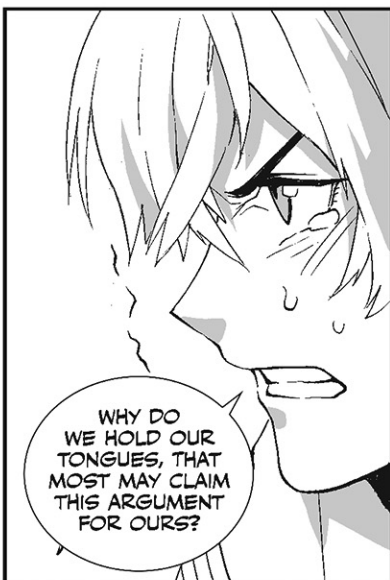


WHO
COULD REFRAIN,
THAT HAD A HEART
TO LOVE, AND IN THAT
HEART COURAGE TO
MAKE 'S LOVE
KNOWN?



HERE LAY
DUNCAN, HIS
SILVER SKIN LACED
WITH HIS GOLDEN
BLOOD; AND HIS
GASH'D STABS LOOK'D
LIKE A BREACH
IN NATURE FOR
RUIN'S WASTEFUL
ENTRANCE:

THERE, THE
MURDERERS,
STEEP'D IN THE
COLOURS OF THEIR
TRADE, THEIR DAGGERS
UNMANNERLY
BREACH'D WITH
GORE:





NOR OUR
STRONG SORROW
UPON THE FOOT OF
MOTION.



LOOK TO
THE LADY:

AND WHEN WE
HAVE OUR NAKED
FRILTIES HID, THAT
SUFFER IN EXPOSURE, LET
US MEET, AND QUESTION
THIS MOST BLOODY PIECE
OF WORK, TO KNOW IT
FURTHER. FEARS AND
SCRUPLES SHAKE
US:



AND SO
DO I.



IN
THE GREAT
HAND OF GOD
I STAND; AND
THENCE AGAINST
THE UNDIVULGED
PRETENCE I FIGHT
OF TREASONOUS
MALICE.



LET'S BRIEFLY
PUT ON MANLY
READINESS, AND
MEET I' THE HALL
TOGETHER.

SO
ALL.

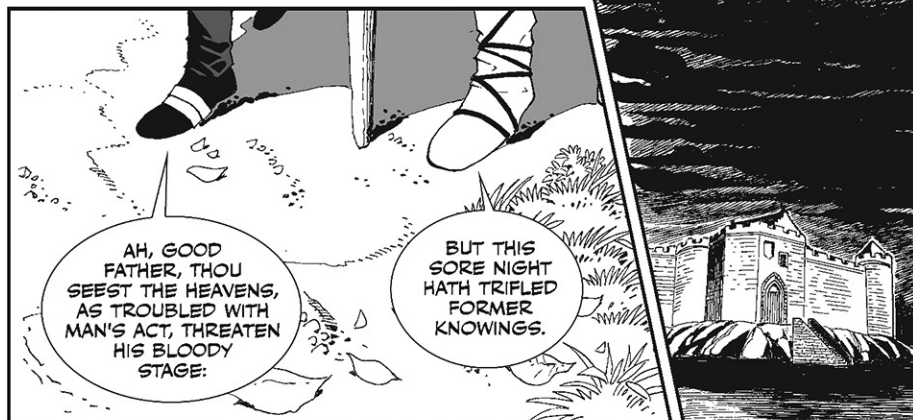
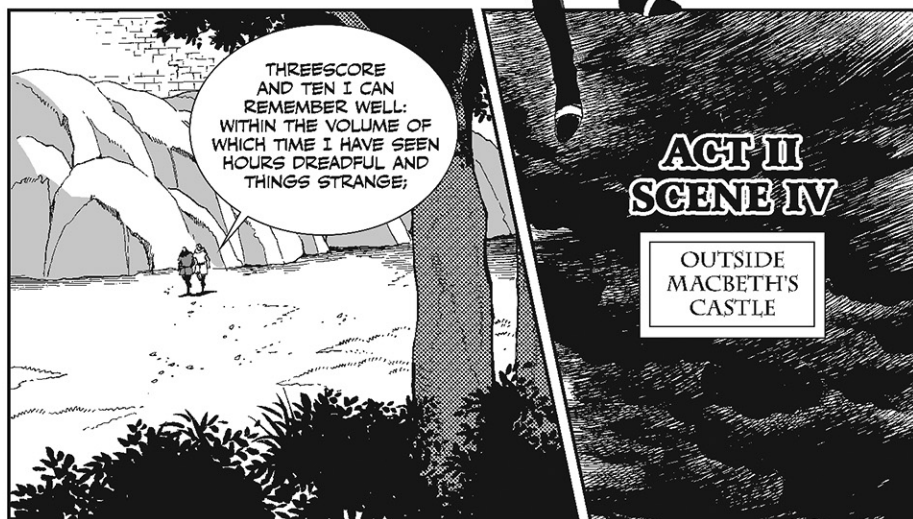
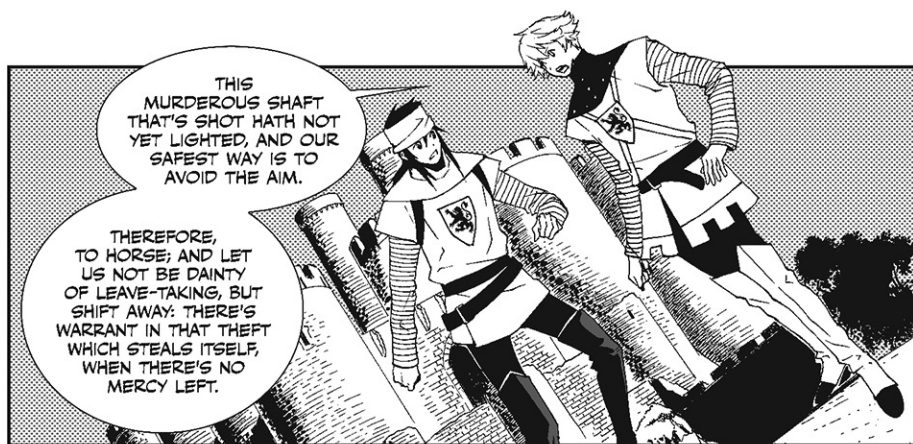


WELL
CONTENTED.



TO IRELAND,
I; OUR SEPARATED
FORTUNE SHALL KEEP
US BOTH THE SAFER:
WHERE WE ARE, THERE'S
DAGGERS IN MEN'S
SMILES: THE NEAR IN
BLOOD, THE NEARER
BLOODY.

WHAT WILL
YOU DO? LET'S
NOT CONSORT WITH
THEM: TO SHOW AN
UNFELT SORROW IS
AN OFFICE WHICH THE
FALSE MAN DOES
EASY. I'LL TO
ENGLAND.





BY THE CLOCK,
'TIS DAY, AND
YET DARK NIGHT
STRANGLES THE
TRAVELLING
LAMP:

IS'T NIGHT'S
PREDOMINANCE, OR
THE DAY'S SHAME, THAT
DARKNESS DOES THE FACE
OF EARTH ENTOMB, WHEN
LIVING LIGHT SHOULD
KISS IT?

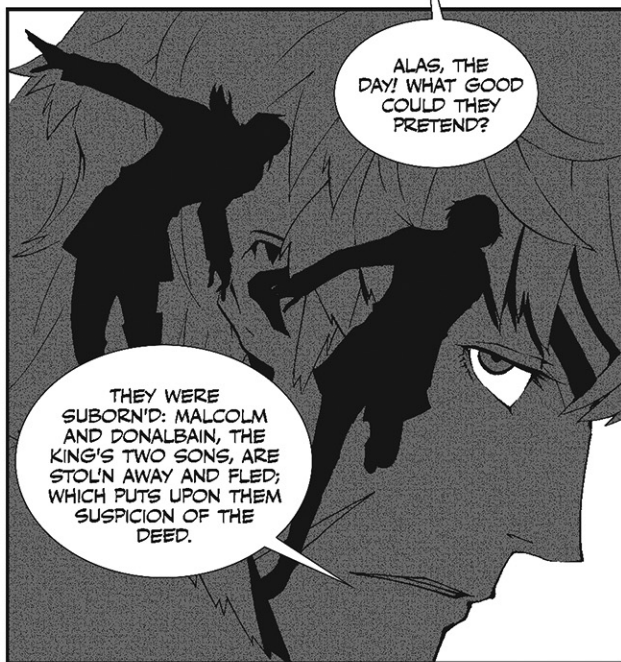
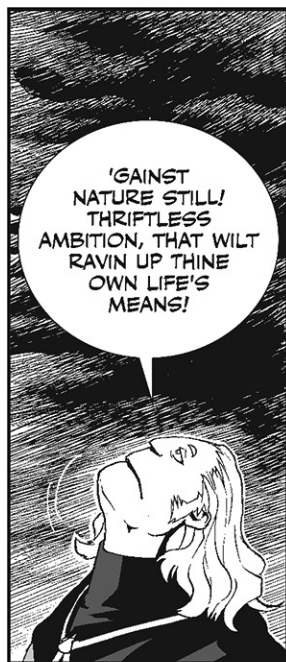
'TIS
UNNATURAL,
EVEN LIKE THE
DEED THAT'S DONE.
ON TUESDAY LAST, A
FALCON, TOWERING IN
HER PRIDE OF PLACE,
WAS BY A MOUSING
OWL HAWK'D AT
AND KILL'D.

AND DUNCAN'S
HORSES - A THING
MOST STRANGE AND
CERTAIN - BEAUTEIOUS AND
SWIFT, THE MINIONS OF THEIR
RACE, TURN'D WILD IN NATURE,
BROKE THEIR STALLS, FLUNG
OUT, CONTENDING 'GAINST
OBEDIENCE, AS THEY
WOULD MAKE WAR
WITH MANKIND.

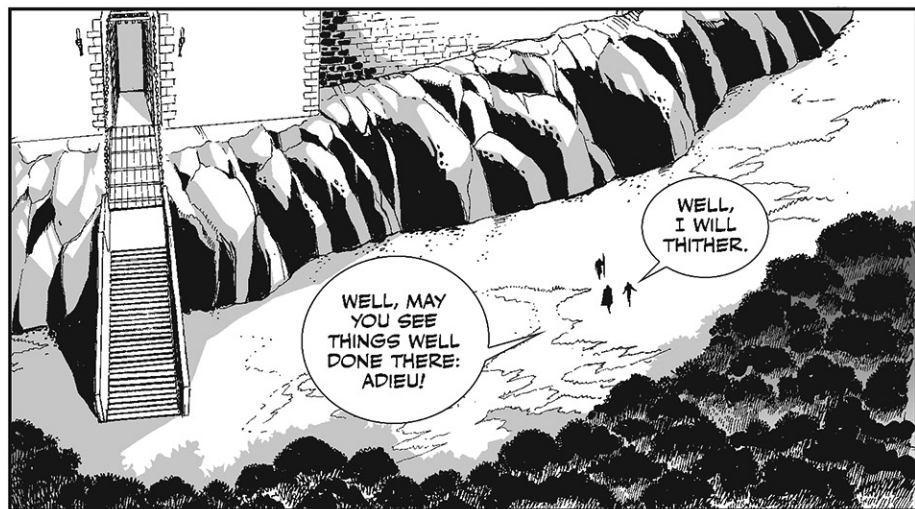
'TIS
SAID THEY
EAT EACH
OTHER.

THEY DID
SO, TO THE
AMAZEMENT OF
MINE EYES
THAT LOOK'D
UPON'T.

HERE
COMES
THE GOOD
MACDUFF.

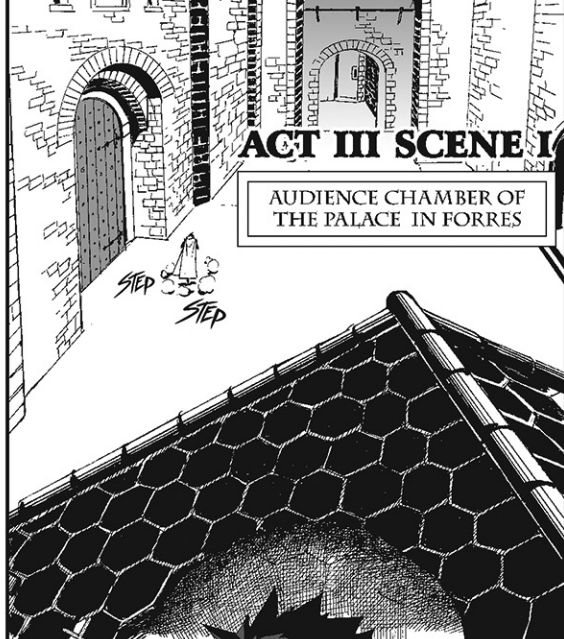






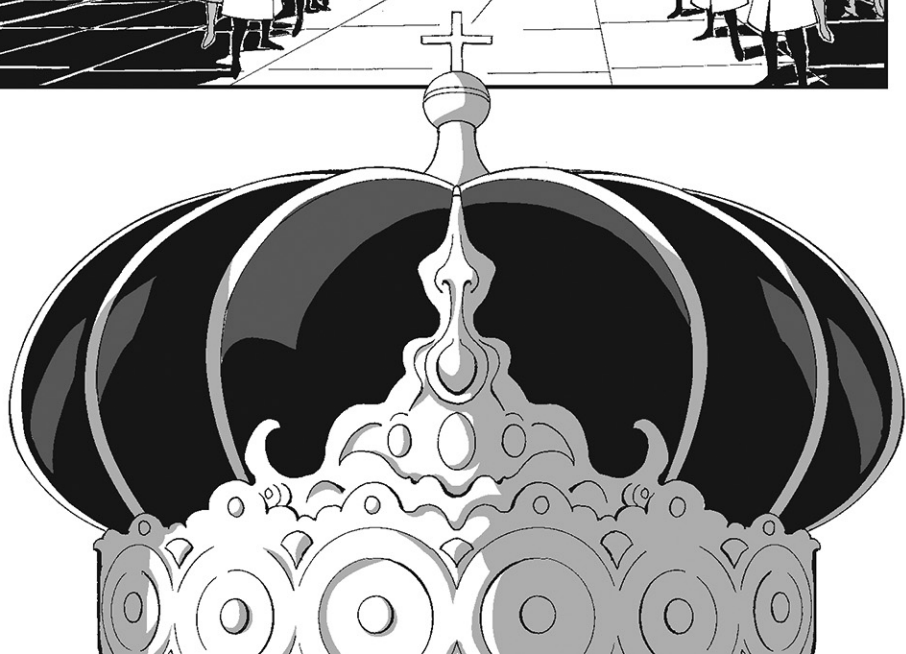
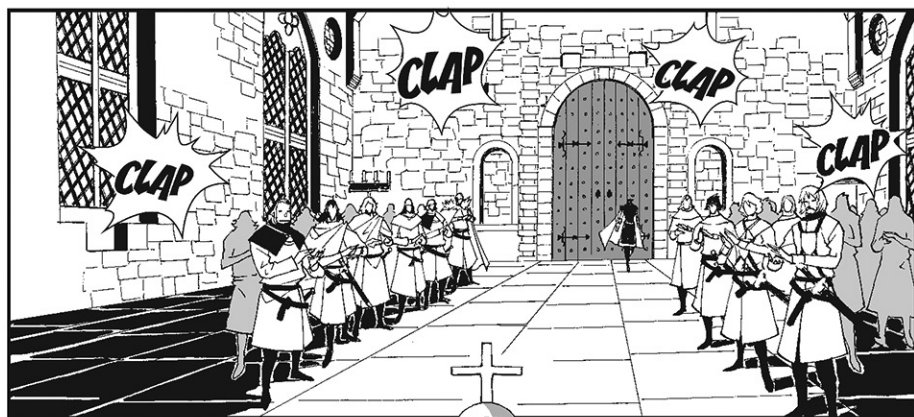
GOD'S BENISON GO WITH YOU; AND WITH THOSE THAT WOULD MAKE GOOD OF BAD, AND FRIENDS OF FOES!







BUT HUSH,
NO MORE.







HERE'S
OUR CHIEF
GUEST.



TONIGHT WE
HOLD A SOLEMN
SUPPER, SIR, AND
I'LL REQUEST YOUR
PRESENCE.



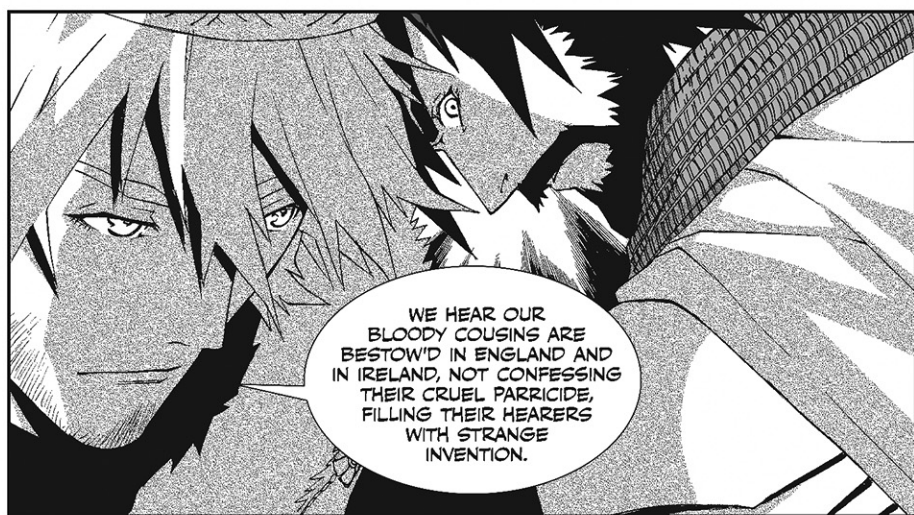
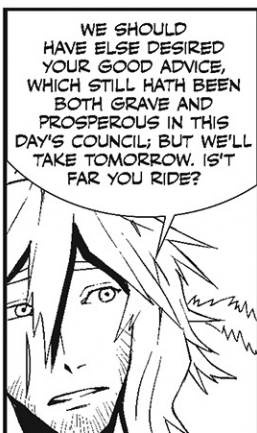
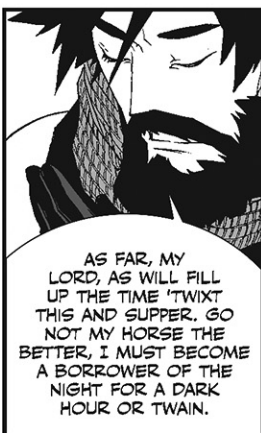
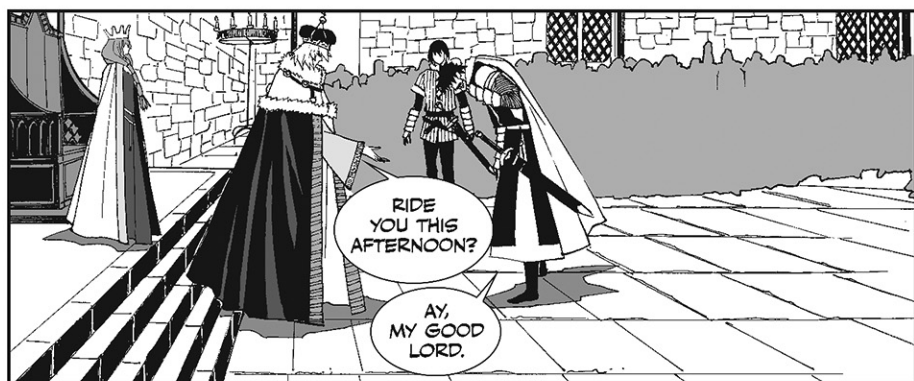
IF HE
HAD BEEN
FORGOTTEN, IT HAD
BEEN AS A GAP IN
OUR GREAT FEAST
AND ALL THING
UNBECOMING.

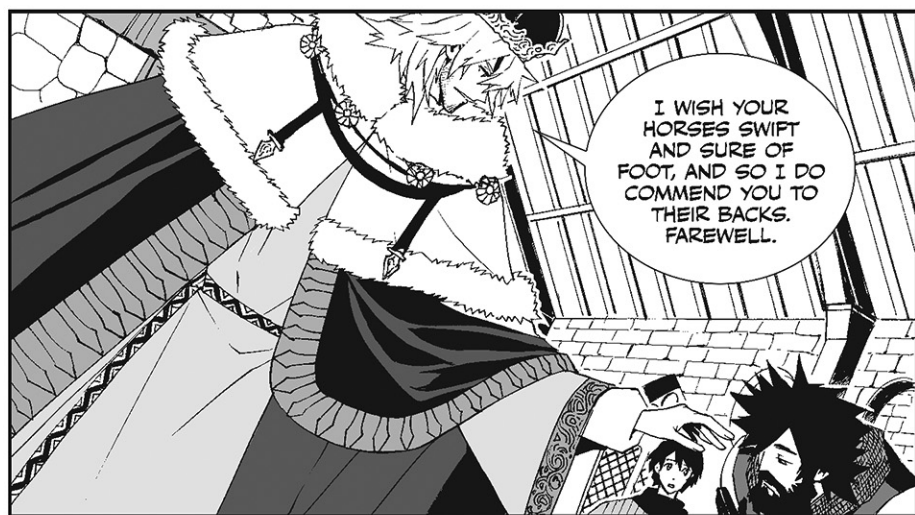


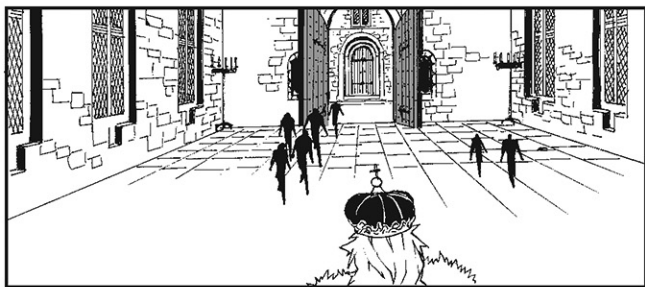
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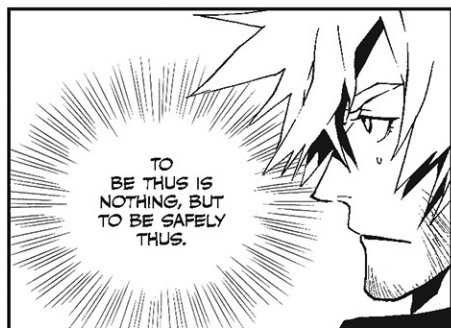
〇〇

LET
YOUR HIGHNESS
COMMAND UPON ME,
TO THE WHICH MY
DUTIES ARE WITH A
MOST INDISSOLUBLE
TIE FOREVER
KNIT.

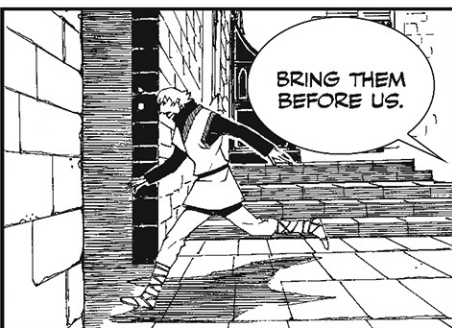








TO
BE THUS IS
NOTHING, BUT
TO BE SAFELY
THUS.

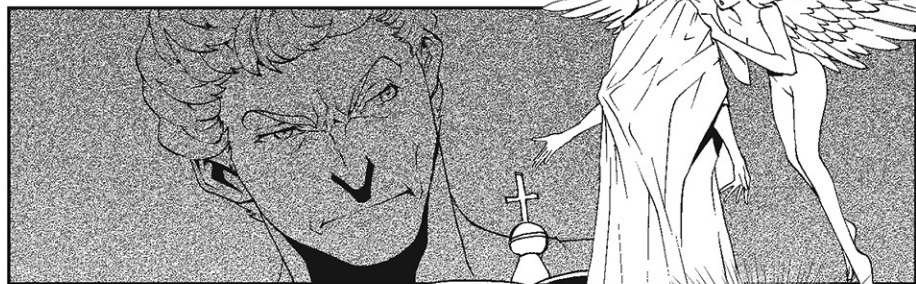


BRING THEM
BEFORE US.



OUR FEARS IN
BANQUO STICK
DEEP, AND IN HIS
ROYALTY OF NATURE
REIGNS THAT WHICH
WOULD BE FEAR'D. 'TIS
MUCH HE DARES, AND, TO
THAT DAUNTLESS TEMPER
OF HIS MIND, HE HATH A
WISDOM THAT DOTH
GUIDE HIS VALOR
TO ACT IN
SAFETY.

THERE IS NONE
BUT HE WHOSE BEING
I DO FEAR; AND UNDER
HIM MY GENIUS IS
REBUKED,




AS IT IS SAID
MARK ANTONY'S
WAS BY CAESAR.

HE CHID THE
SISTERS WHEN
FIRST THEY PUT
THE NAME OF KING
UPON ME AND BADE
THEM SPEAK TO
HIM;

THEN
PROPHET-LIKE
THEY HAIL'D HIM
FATHER TO A
LINE OF KINGS.

UPON MY HEAD
THEY PLACED A
FRUITLESS CROWN AND
PUT A BARREN SCEPTER IN
MY GRIP, THENCE TO BE
WRENCH'D WITH AN
UNLINEAL HAND, NO
SON OF MINE
SUCCEEDING.

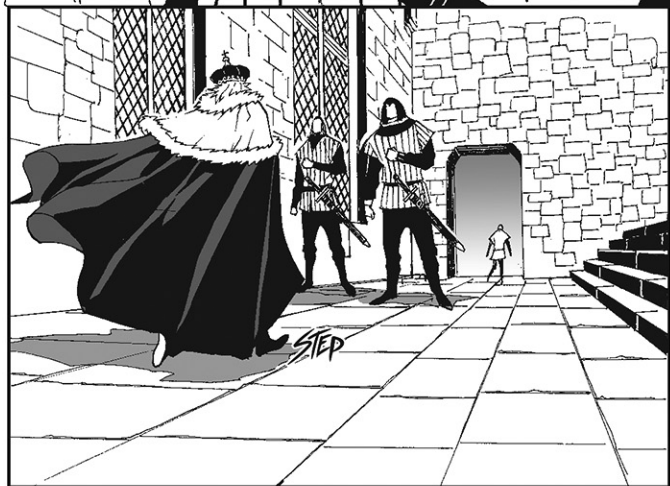
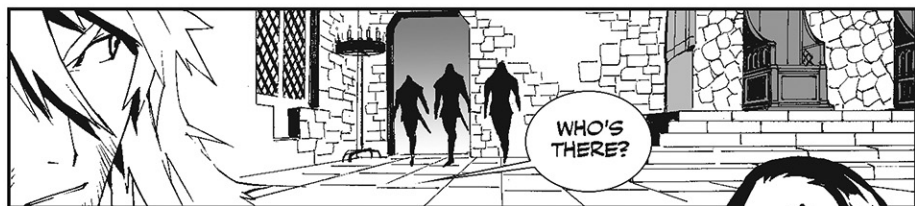


IF'T
BE SO, FOR
BANQUO'S ISSUE
HAVE I FILED MY MIND,
FOR THEM THE
GRACIOUS DUNCAN
HAVE I MURDER'D,

PUT
RANCORS IN THE
VESSEL OF MY PEACE
ONLY FOR THEM, AND
MINE ETERNAL JEWEL
GIVEN TO THE COMMON
ENEMY OF MAN, TO MAKE
THEM KINGS - THE
SEED OF BANQUO
KINGS!

RATHER
THAN SO,

COME, FATE,
INTO THE LIST, AND
CHAMPION ME TO
THE UTTERANCE!







WE
ARE MEN,
MY LIEGE.



ARE YOU SO
GOSPELD, TO PRAY
FOR THIS GOOD MAN
AND FOR HIS ISSUE,
WHOSE HEAVY HAND HATH
BOW'D YOU TO THE
GRAVE AND BEGGAR'D
YOURS FOREVER?



AY, IN THE
CATALOGUE YE GO FOR
MEN, AS HOUNDS AND
GREYHOUNDS, MONGRELS,
SPANIELS, CURS, SHOUGHS,
WATERRUGGS, AND
DEMI-WOLVES ARE CLEPT
ALL BY THE NAME OF
DOGS:

THE
VALUED FILE
DISTINGUISHES THE
SWIFT, THE SLOW,
THE SUBTLE, THE
HOUSE-KEEPER,
THE HUNTER,

EVERY
ONE ACCORDING TO
THE GIFT WHICH BOUNTEOUS
NATURE HATH IN HIM CLOSED,
WHEREBY HE DOES RECEIVE
PARTICULAR ADDITION, FROM THE
BILL THAT WRITES THEM ALL
ALIKE;

AND SO
OF MEN.



NOW IF YOU
HAVE A STATION
IN THE FILE, NOT I'
THE WORST RANK
OF MANHOOD,
SAY IT,

AND I WILL PUT
THAT BUSINESS IN
YOUR BOSOMS WHOSE
EXECUTION TAKES YOUR
ENEMY OFF, GRAPPLES
YOU TO THE HEART
AND LOVE OF US,



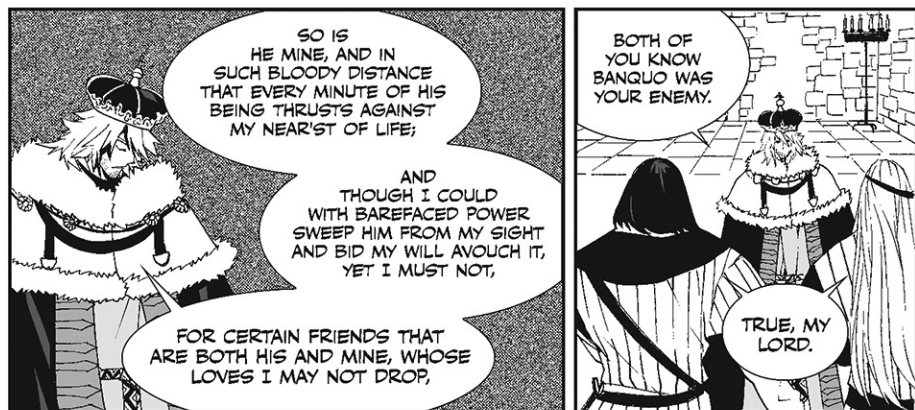
WHO
WEAR OUR HEALTH
BUT SICKLY IN HIS LIFE,
WHICH IN HIS DEATH
WERE PERFECT.



AND
I ANOTHER
SO WEARY WITH
DISASTERS, TUGG'D
WITH FORTUNE, THAT
I WOULD SET MY
LIFE ON ANY
CHANCE,

TO
MEND IT OR
BE RID ON'T.

I AM ONE, MY
LIEGE, WHOM THE
VILE BLOWS AND
BUFFETS OF THE WORLD
HAVE SO INCENSED THAT
I AM RECKLESS WHAT I
DO TO SPITE THE
WORLD.



SO IS
HE MINE, AND IN
SUCH BLOODY DISTANCE
THAT EVERY MINUTE OF HIS
BEING THRUSTS AGAINST
MY NEAR'ST OF LIFE;

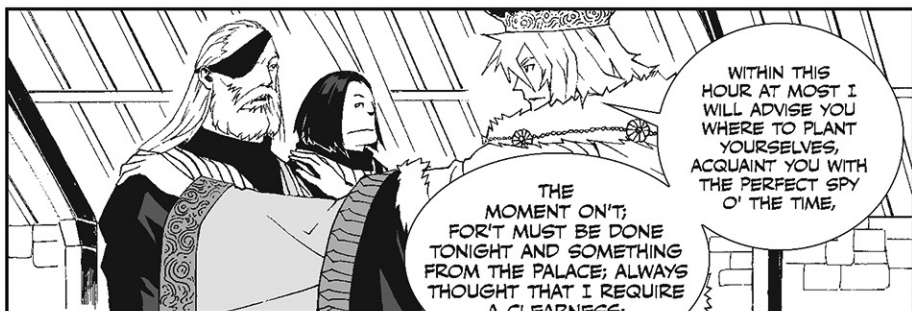
AND
THOUGH I COULD
WITH BAREFACED POWER
SWEEP HIM FROM MY SIGHT
AND BID MY WILL AVOUCH IT,
YET I MUST NOT,

FOR CERTAIN FRIENDS THAT
ARE BOTH HIS AND MINE, WHOSE
LOVES I MAY NOT DROP,

BOTH OF
YOU KNOW
BANQUO WAS
YOUR ENEMY.

TRUE, MY
LORD.






THE
MOMENT ON'T;
FOR'T MUST BE DONE
TONIGHT AND SOMETHING
FROM THE PALACE; ALWAYS
THOUGHT THAT I REQUIRE
A CLEARNESS;

WITHIN THIS
HOUR AT MOST I
WILL ADVISE YOU
WHERE TO PLANT
YOURSELVES,
ACQUAINT YOU WITH
THE PERFECT SPY
O' THE TIME,


AND
WITH HIM - TO
LEAVE NO RUBS NOR
BOTCHES IN THE WORK
- FLEANCE HIS SON,
THAT KEEPS HIM
COMPANY,

WHOSE ABSENCE
IS NO LESS MATERIAL
TO ME THAN IS HIS
FATHER'S, MUST EMBRACE
THE FATE OF THAT DARK
HOUR.





IT IS
CONCLUDED:
BANQUO, THY SOUL'S
FLIGHT, IF IT FIND
HEAVEN, MUST FIND IT
OUT TONIGHT.



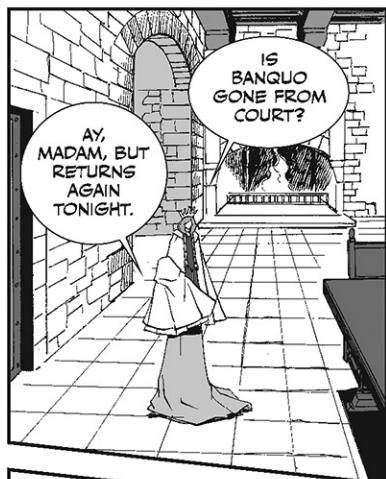
RESOLVE
YOURSELVES
APART; I'LL
COME TO YOU
ANON.



WE ARE
RESOLVED,
MY LORD.

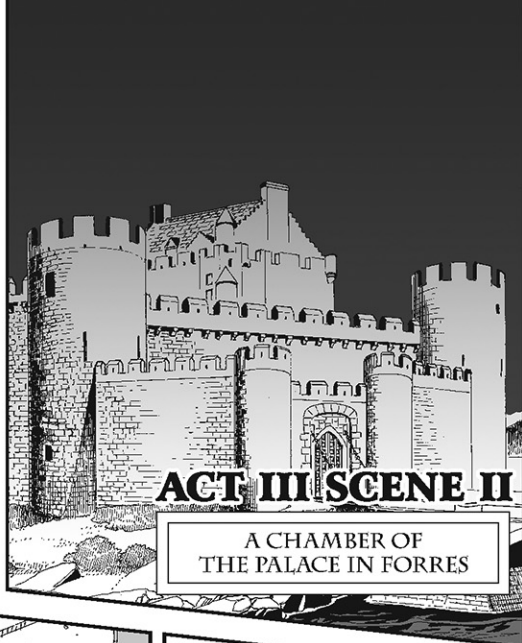


I'LL
CALL UPON
YOU STRAIGHT:
ABIDE WITHIN.



AY,
MADAM, BUT
RETURNS
AGAIN
TONIGHT.

IS
BANQUO
GONE FROM
COURT?



ACT III SCENE II

A CHAMBER OF
THE PALACE IN FORRES



'TIS
SAFER TO
BE THAT WHICH
WE DESTROY THAN
BY DESTRUCTION
DWELL IN
DOUBTFUL
JOY.

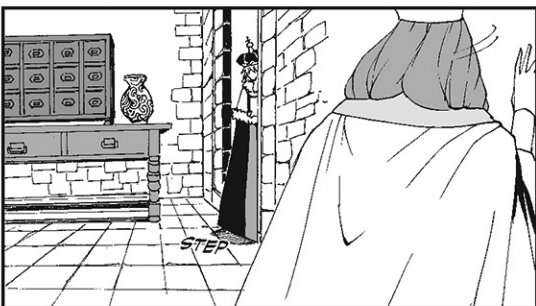
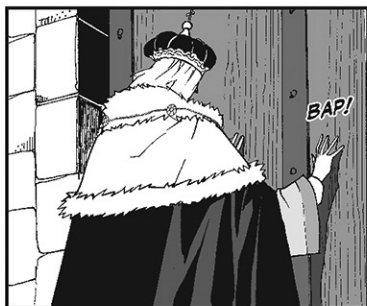
NOUGHT'S
HAD, ALL'S
SPENT, WHERE
OUR DESIRE IS
GOT WITHOUT
CONTENT.



SAY TO
THE KING I
WOULD ATTEND
HIS LEISURE
FOR A FEW
WORDS.



MADAME,
I WILL.



HOW
NOW, MY LORD?
WHY DO YOU KEEP
ALONE, OF SORRIEST
FANCIES YOUR
COMPANIONS
MAKING,


USING THESE
THOUGHTS WHICH
SHOULD INDEED
HAVE DIED WITH
THEM THEY
THINK ON?

THINGS
WITHOUT ALL
REMEDY SHOULD BE
WITHOUT REGARD.
WHAT'S DONE IS
DONE.

WE
HAVE SCOTCH'D
THE SNAKE, NOT KILL'D
IT. SHE'LL CLOSE AND BE
HERSELF, WHILST OUR POOR
MALICE REMAINS IN DANGER
OF HER FORMER
TOOTH.

BUT
LET THE FRAME
OF THINGS DISJOINT,
BOTH THE WORLD'S SUFFER,
ERE WE WILL EAT OUR MEAL
IN FEAR AND SLEEP IN THE
AFFLICTION OF THESE
TERRIBLE DREAMS THAT
SHAKE US NIGHTLY.





BETTER BE WITH
THE DEAD, WHOM WE,
TO GAIN OUR PEACE, HAVE
SENT TO PEACE, THAN ON
THE TORTURE OF THE MIND
TO LIE IN RESTLESS
ECSTASY.



DUNCAN IS
IN HIS GRAVE;
AFTER LIFE'S
FITFUL FEVER HE
SLEEPS WELL.

TREASON
HAS DONE HIS
WORST; NOR STEEL,
NOR POISON, MALICE
DOMESTIC, FOREIGN
LEVY, NOTHING,
CAN TOUCH HIM
FURTHER.

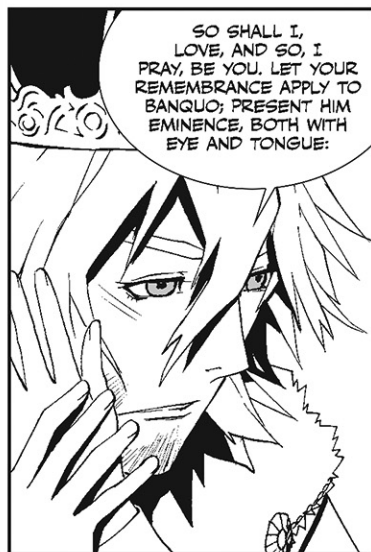


COME ON,
GENTLE MY
LORD, SLEEK O'ER
YOUR RUGGED
LOOKS; BE BRIGHT
AND JOVIAL AMONG
YOUR GUESTS
TONIGHT.



UNSAFE THE
WHILE, THAT WE
MUST LAVE OUR
HONOURS IN THESE
FLATTERING
STREAMS,

AND
MAKE OUR
FACES VIZARDS TO
OUR HEARTS,
DISGUIISING WHAT
THEY ARE.



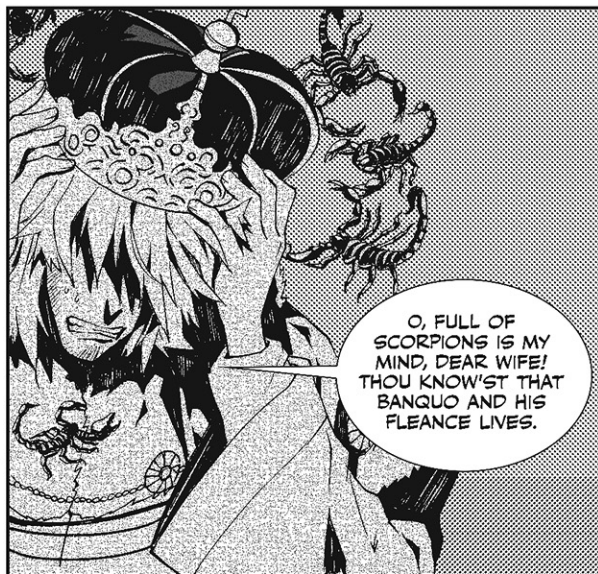
SO SHALL I,
LOVE, AND SO, I
PRAY, BE YOU. LET YOUR
REMEMBRANCE APPLY TO
BANQUO; PRESENT HIM
EMINENCE, BOTH WITH
EYE AND TONGUE:



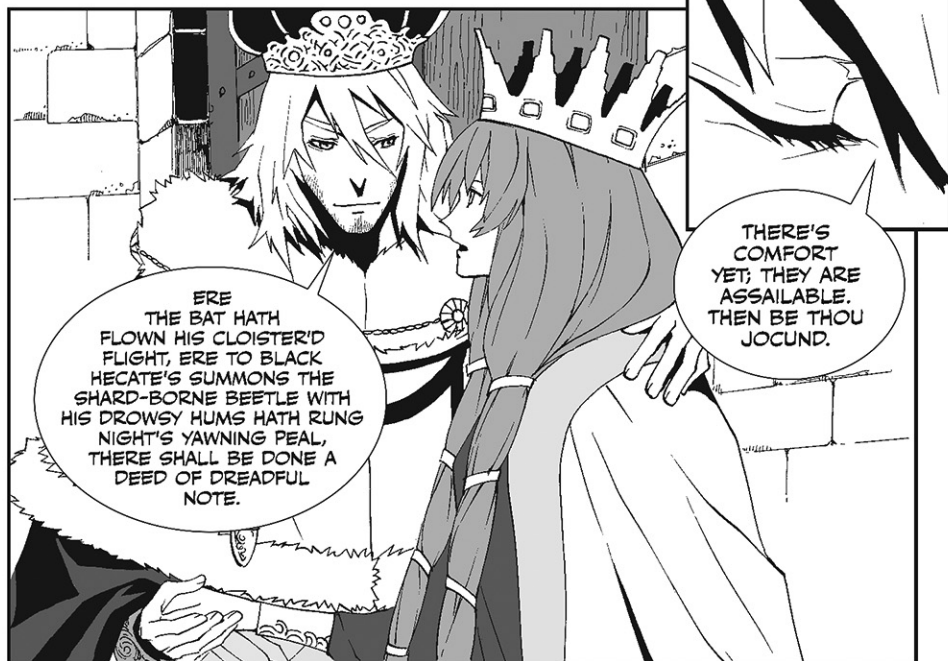
YOU
MUST LEAVE
THIS.



BUT
IN THEM
NATURE'S
COPY'S NOT
ETERNE.



O, FULL OF
SCORPIONS IS MY
MIND, DEAR WIFE!
THOU KNOW'ST THAT
BANQUO AND HIS
FLEANCE LIVES.



ERE
THE BAT HATH
FLOWN HIS CLOISTER'D
FLIGHT, ERE TO BLACK
HECATE'S SUMMONS THE
SHARD-BORNE BEETLE WITH
HIS DROWSY HUMS HATH RUNG
NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL,
THERE SHALL BE DONE A
DEED OF DREADFUL
NOTE.

THERE'S
COMFORT
YET; THEY ARE
ASSAILABLE.
THEN BE THOU
JOCUND.




COME,
SEEKING 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!

WHAT'S
TO BE
DONE?



BE
INNOCENT OF
THE KNOWLEDGE,
DEAREST CHUCK,
TILL THOU APPLAUD
THE DEED.



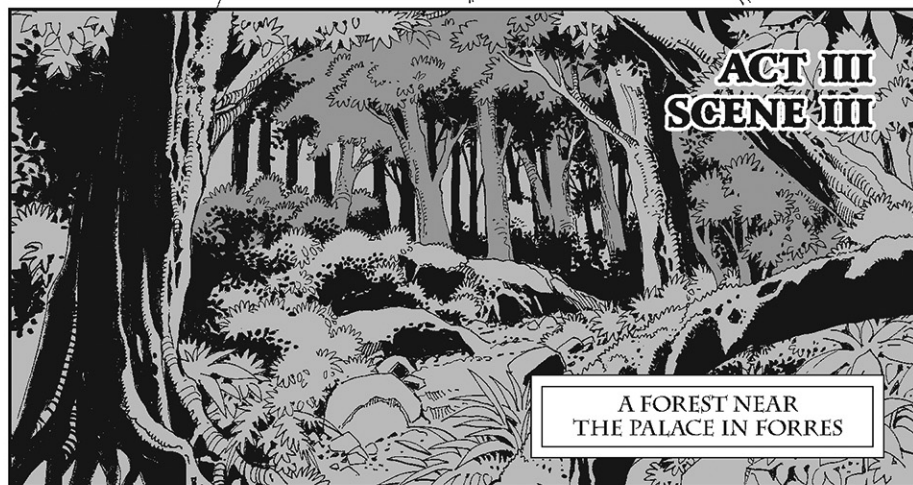
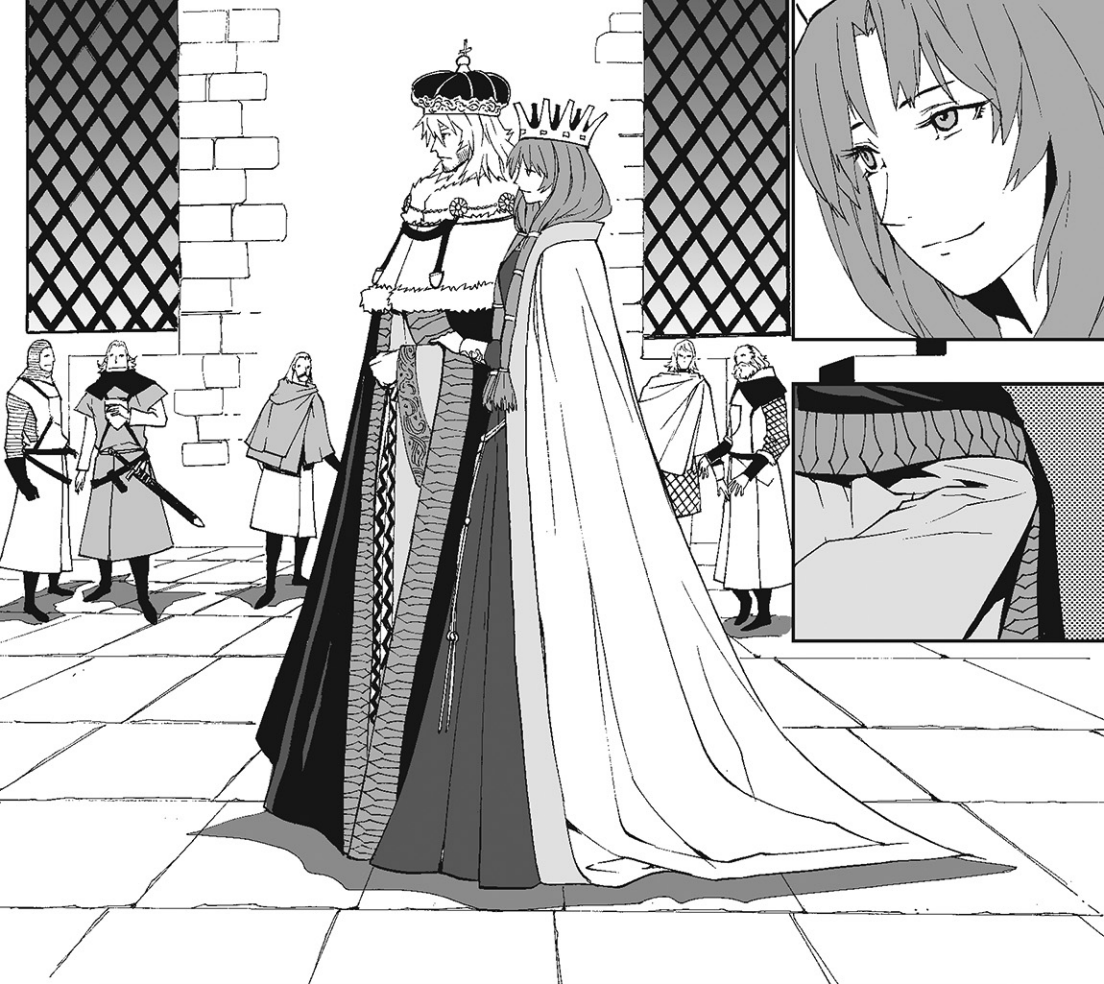
LIGHT
THICKENS, AND THE
CROW MAKES WING
TO THE ROOKY WOOD;
GOOD THINGS OF DAY
BEGIN TO DROOP AND
DROWSE, WHILE NIGHT'S
BLACK AGENTS TO
THEIR PREYS DO
ROUSE.



THOU
MARVEL'ST AT
MY WORDS, BUT
HOLD THEE STILL:
THINGS BAD BEGUN
MAKE STRONG
THEMSELVES
BY ILL.

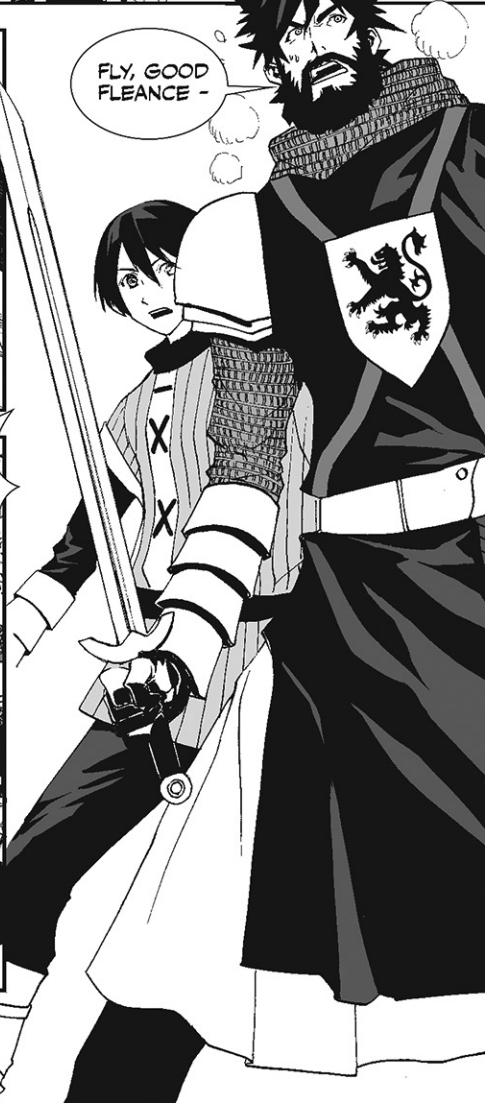


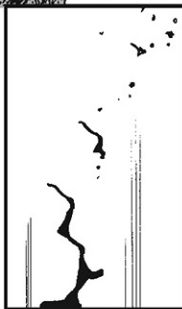
SO,
PRITHEE,
GO WITH
ME.











AND SAY
HOW MUCH
IS DONE.



WHO DID
STRIKE OUT
THE LIGHT?

WAST
NOT THE
WAY?

THERE'S
BUT ONE
DOWN; THE
SON IS FLED.



WE
HAVE LOST
BEST HALF
OF OUR
AFFAIR.



WELL,
LET'S AWAY,



ACT III SCENE IV

THE HALL OF
THE PALACE IN FORRES

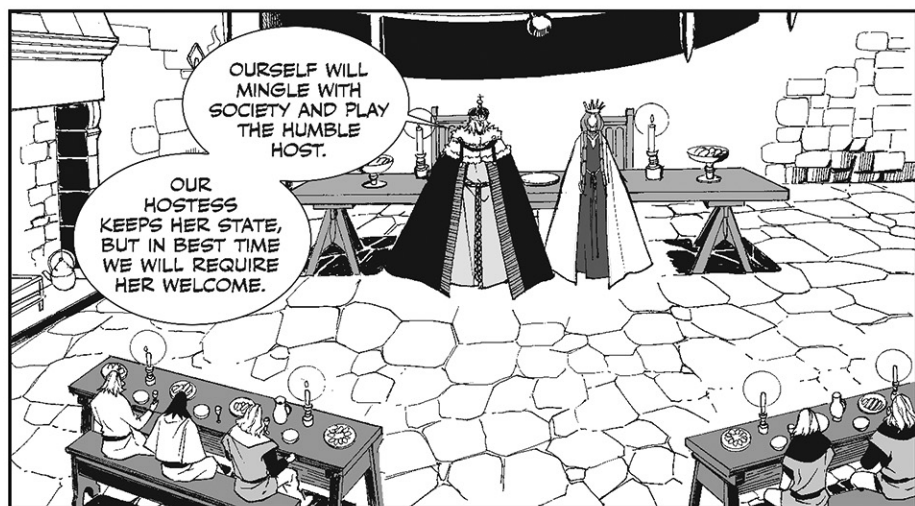


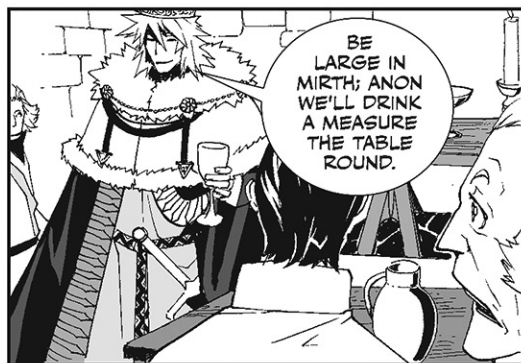
YOU
KNOW YOUR
OWN DEGREES; SIT
DOWN. AT FIRST AND
LAST THE HEARTY
WELCOME.



THANKS
TO YOUR
MAJESTY.







BE
LARGE IN
MIRTH; ANON
WE'LL DRINK
A MEASURE
THE TABLE
ROUND.



BOTH
SIDES ARE
EVEN; HERE
I'LL SIT I'
THE MIDST.



'TIS
BETTER
THEE WITHOUT
THAN HE
WITHIN. IS HE
DISPATCH'D?

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



THERE'S
BLOOD
UPON THY
FACE.

'TIS
BANQUO'S
THEN.





THANKS
FOR THAT.

THERE THE
GROWN SERPENT
LIES; THE WORM THAT'S
FLED HATH NATURE THAT
IN TIME WILL VENOM
BREED, NO TEETH FOR
THE PRESENT.



AY,
MY GOOD
LORD. SAFE
IN A DITCH HE
BIDES, WITH TWENTY
TRENCHED GASHES
ON HIS HEAD, THE
LEAST A DEATH
TO NATURE.



MY
ROYAL LORD,
YOU DO NOT GIVE
THE CHEER. THE
FEAST IS SOLD THAT IS
NOT OFTEN VOUCH'D,
WHILE 'TIS A-MAKING,
'TIS GIVEN WITH
WELCOME.

TO FEED WERE
BEST AT HOME;

FROM THENCE
THE SAUCE TO
MEAT IS CEREMONY;
MEETING WERE BARE
WITHOUT IT.

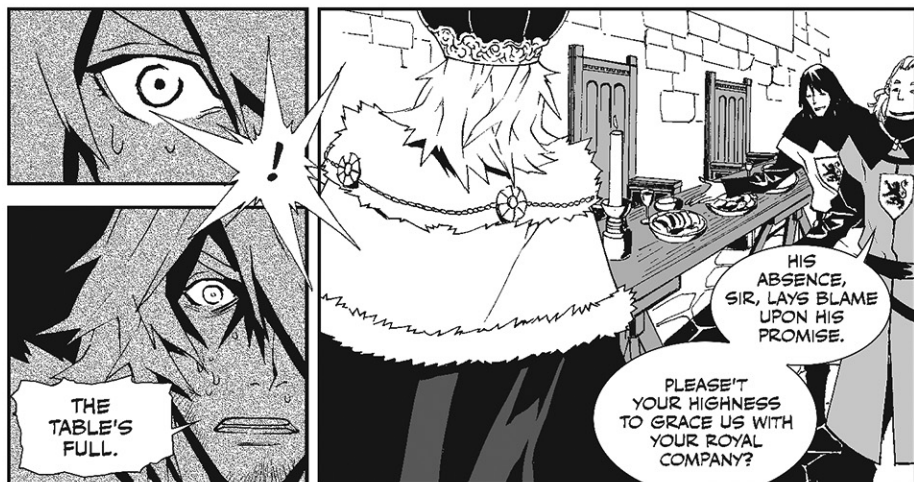


GET
THEE GONE.
TOMORROW
WE'LL HEAR
OURSELVES
AGAIN.



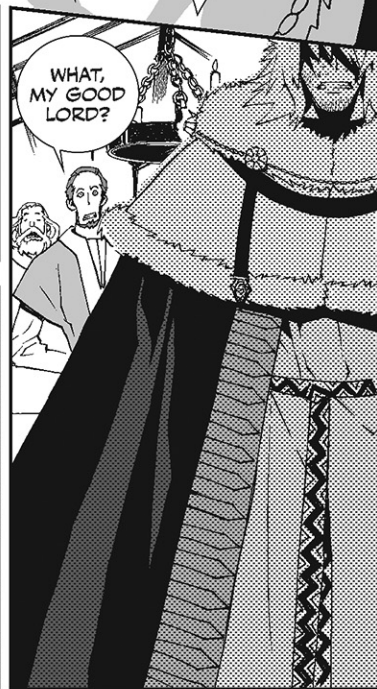
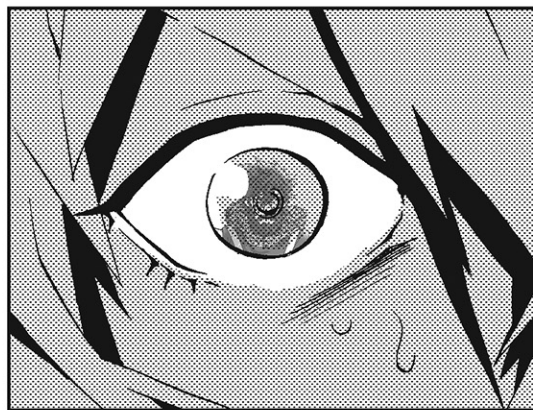
STEP
STEP







**WHICH OF
YOU HAVE
DONE THIS?**



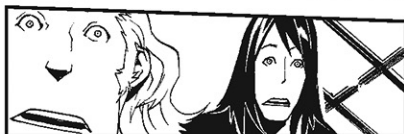
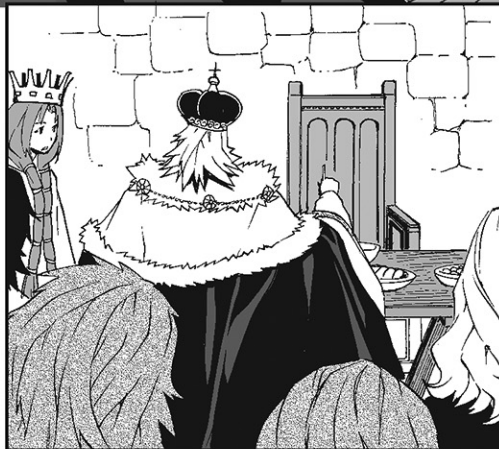
WHAT,
MY GOOD
LORD?

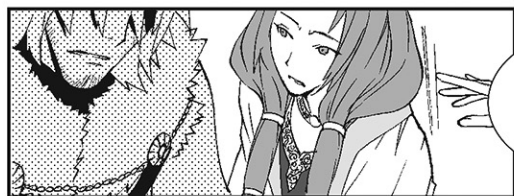
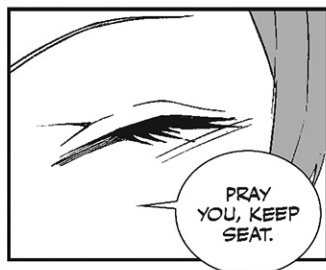
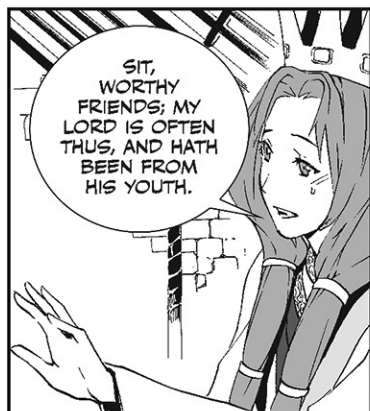




THOU CANST
NOT SAY I
DID IT;

NEVER SHAKE
THY GORY
LOCKS AT ME.

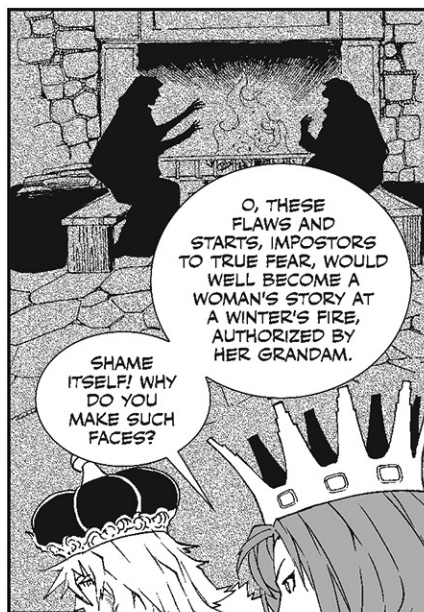




THE FIT IS
MOMENTARY;
UPON A THOUGHT
HE WILL AGAIN
BE WELL.

IF MUCH YOU
NOTE HIM, YOU
SHALL OFFEND
HIM AND EXTEND
HIS PASSION.

FEED, AND
REGARD HIM
NOT -

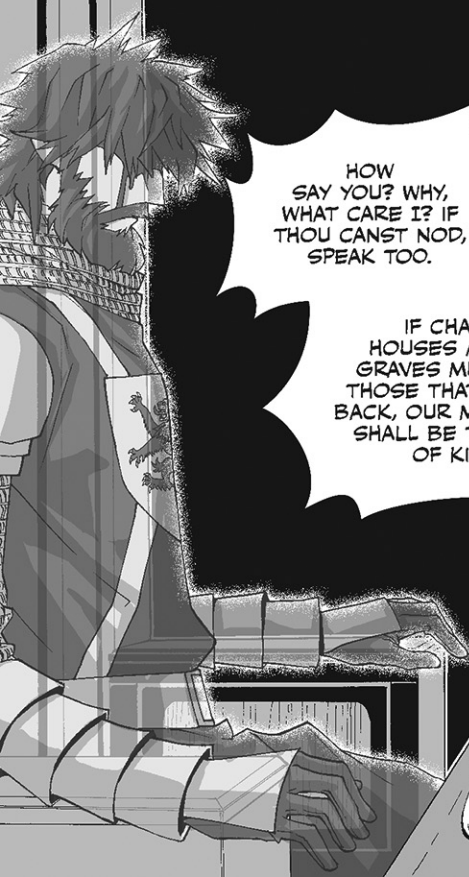




PRITHEE,
SEE THERE!
BEHOLD!
LOOK! LO!



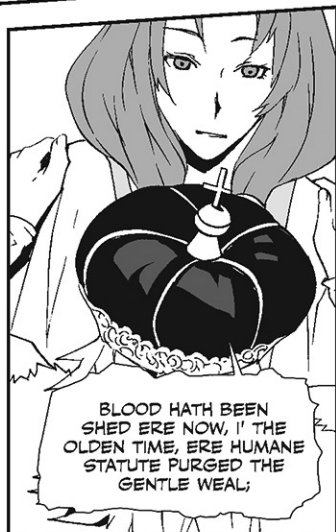
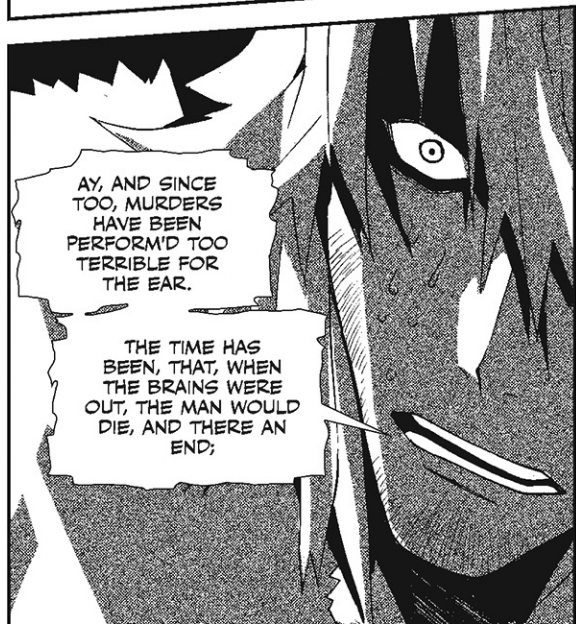
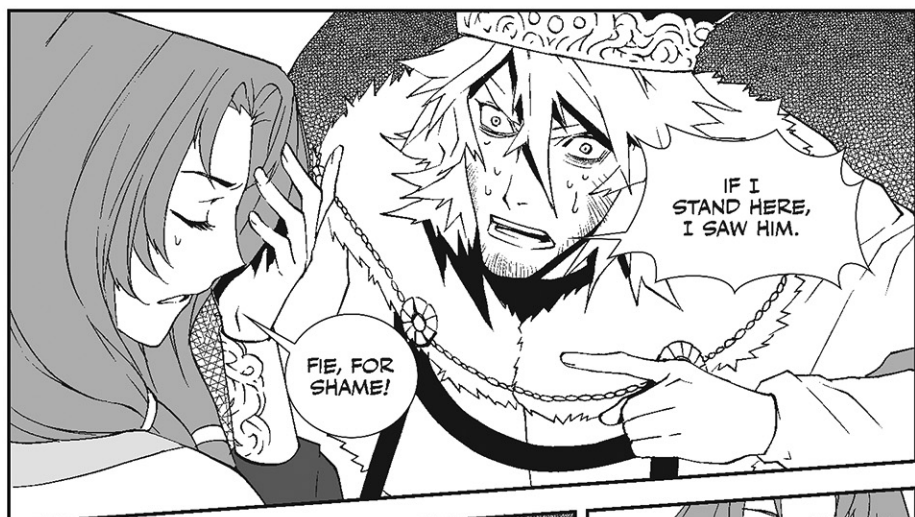
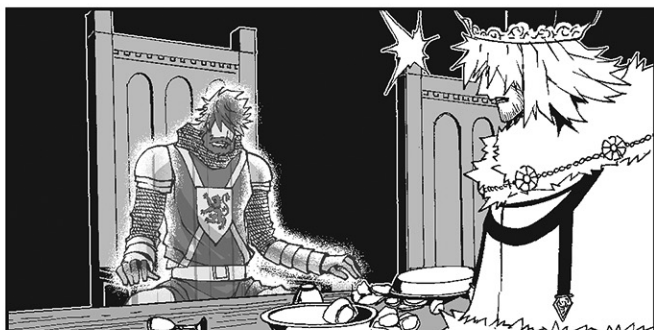
WHEN
ALL'S DONE,
YOU LOOK
BUT ON A
STOOL.

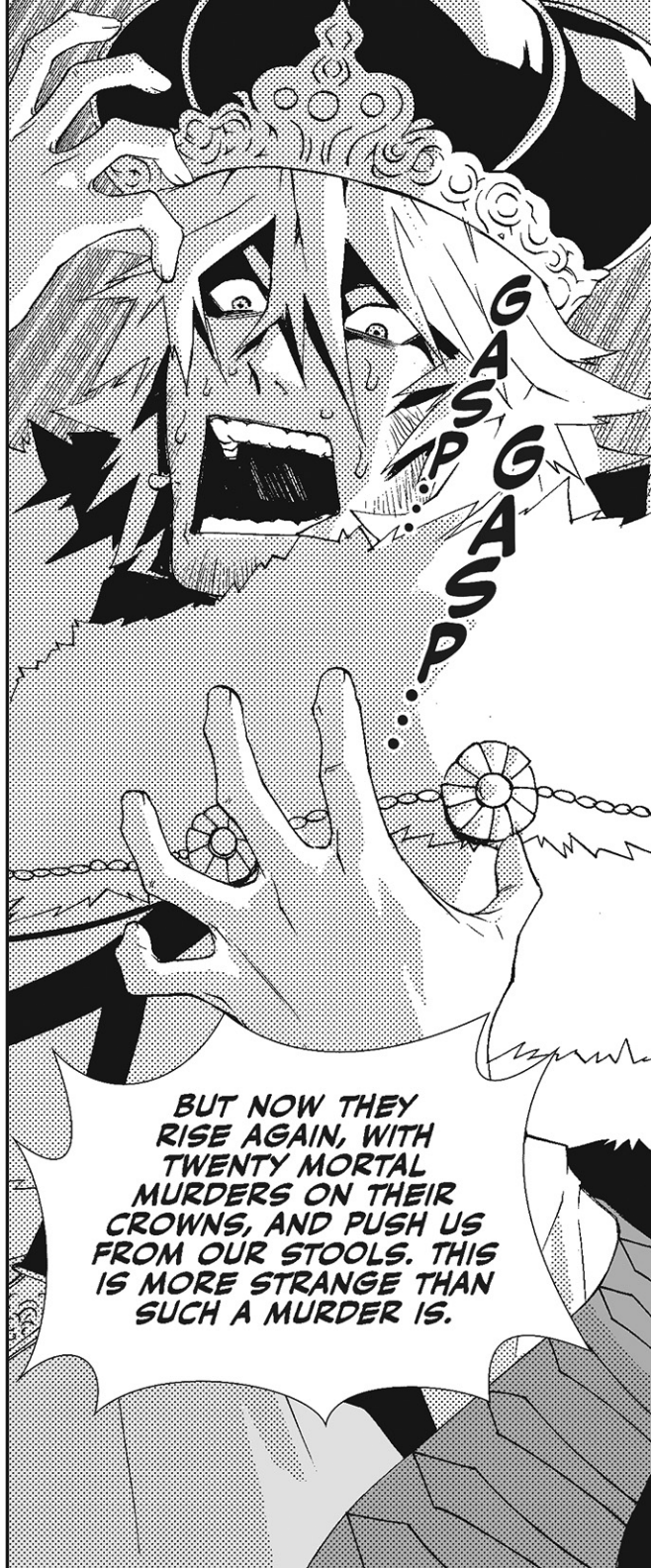
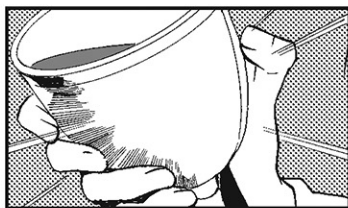
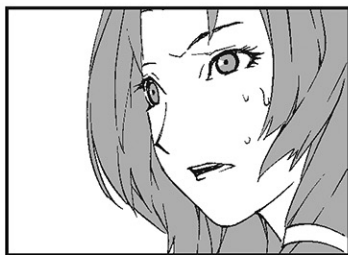


HOW
SAY YOU? WHY,
WHAT CARE I? IF
THOU CANST NOD,
SPEAK TOO.

IF CHARNEL
HOUSES AND OUR
GRAVES MUST SEND
THOSE THAT WE BURY
BACK, OUR MONUMENTS
SHALL BE THE MAWS
OF KITES.

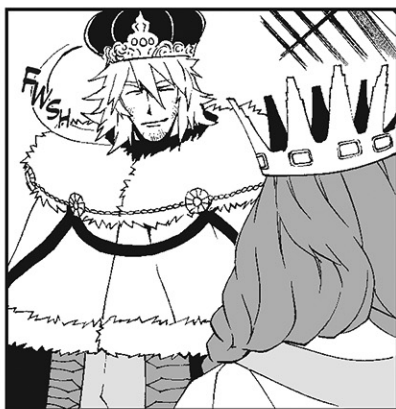
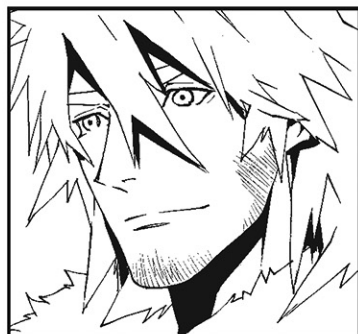


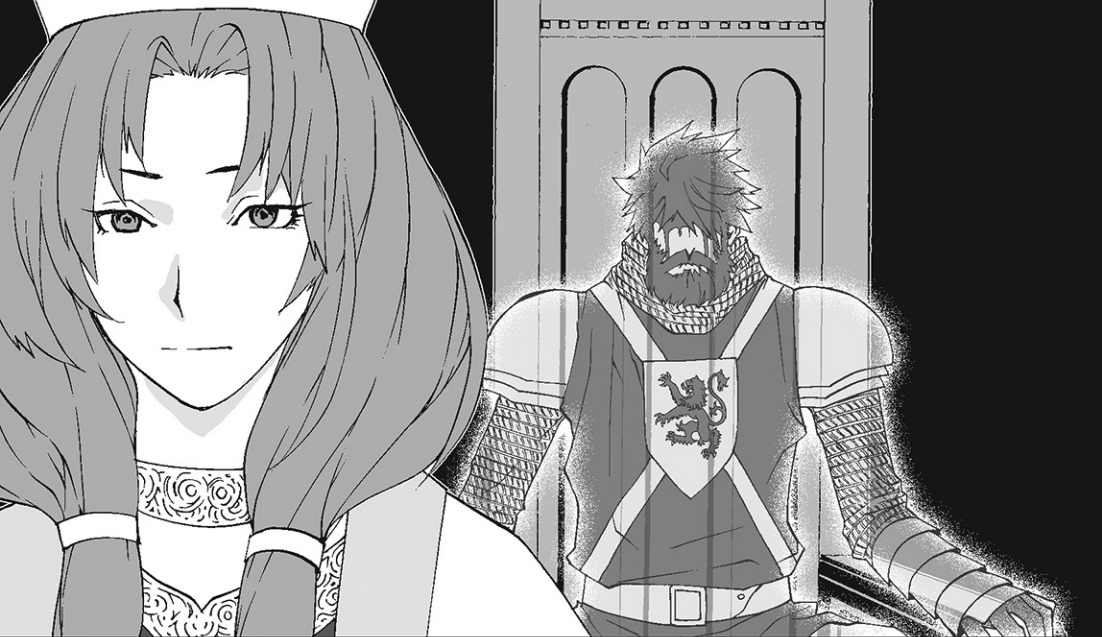




**BUT NOW THEY
RISE AGAIN, WITH
TWENTY MORTAL
MURDERS ON THEIR
CROWNS, AND PUSH US
FROM OUR STOOLS. THIS
IS MORE STRANGE THAN
SUCH A MURDER IS.**







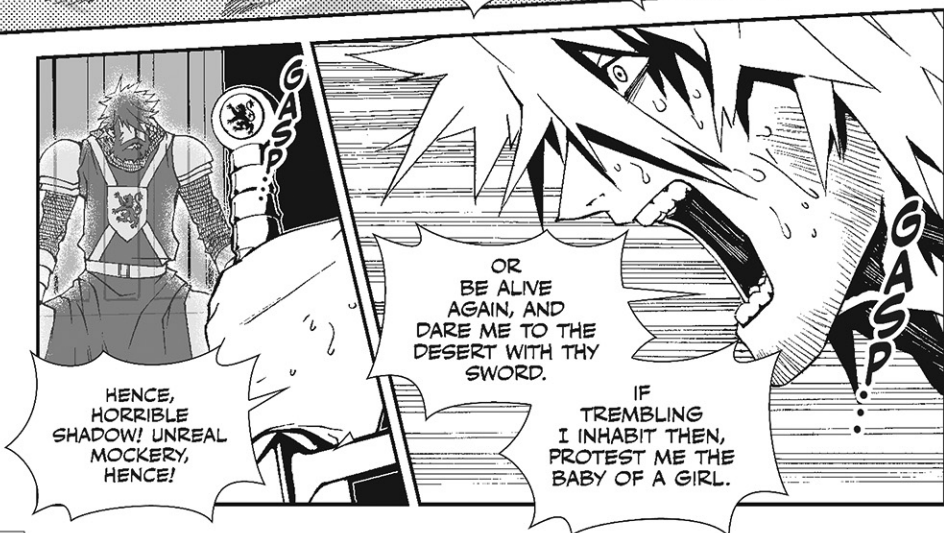
THY BONES ARE
MARROWLESS, THY BLOOD
IS COLD; THOU HAS NO
SPECULATION IN THOSE
EYES WHICH THOU DOST
GLARE WITH.



THINK OF
THIS, GOOD
PEERS, BUT AS A
THING OF CUSTOM.
'TIS NO OTHER, ONLY
IT SPOILS THE
PLEASURE OF
THE TIME.

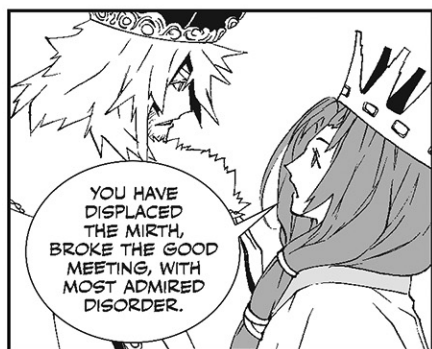


**AVAUNT, AND QUIT
MY SIGHT! LET THE
EARTH HIDE THEE!**





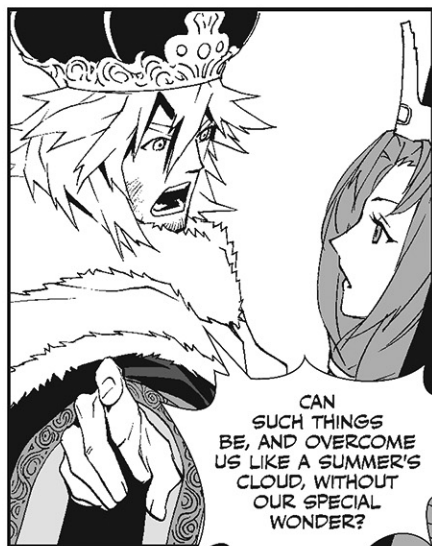
WHY, SO,
BEING GONE,
I AM A MAN
AGAIN.



YOU HAVE
DISPLACED
THE MIRTH,
BROKE THE GOOD
MEETING, WITH
MOST ADIRED
DISORDER.

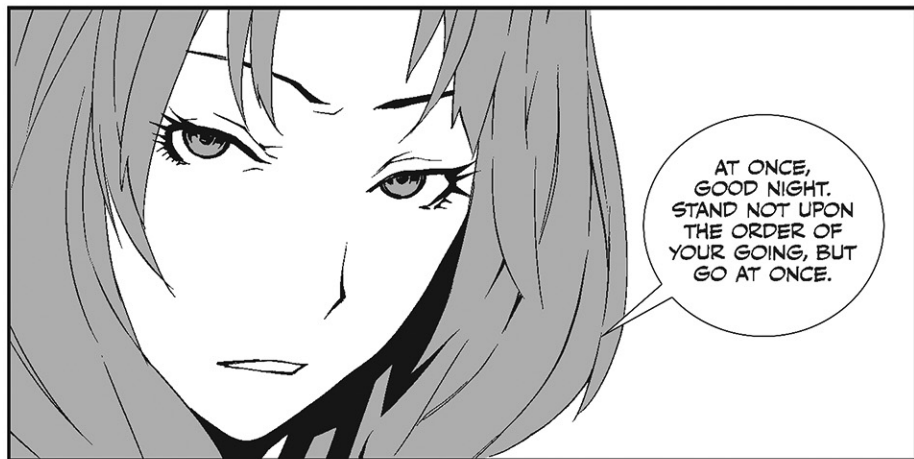


PRAY YOU,
SIT STILL.



CAN
SUCH THINGS
BE, AND OVERCOME
US LIKE A SUMMER'S
CLOUD, WITHOUT
OUR SPECIAL
WONDER?

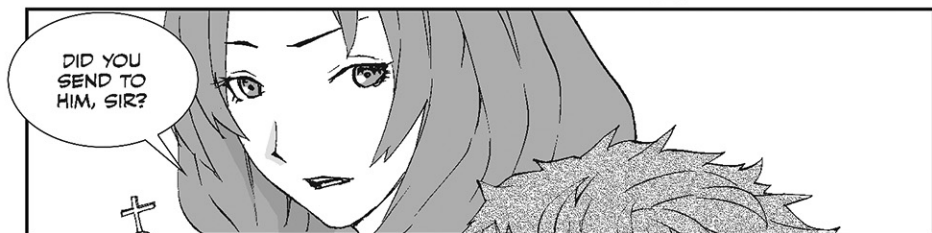
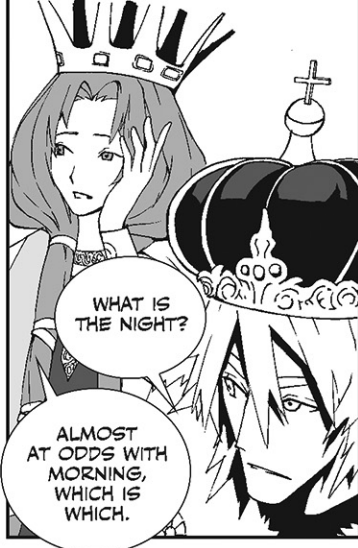
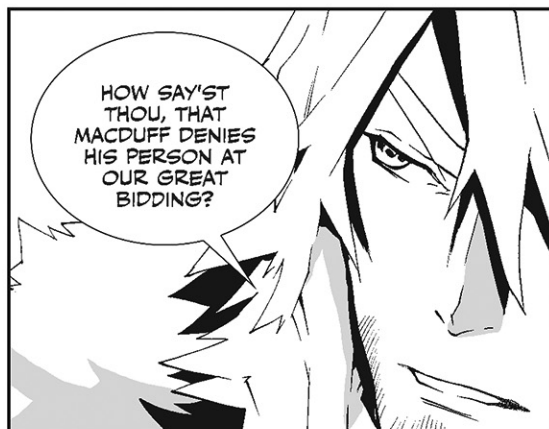






IT
WILL HAVE
BLOOD; THEY
SAY BLOOD
WILL HAVE
BLOOD.

STONES HAVE
BEEN KNOWN TO
MOVE AND TREES TO
SPEAK; AUGURS AND
UNDERSTOOD RELATIONS
HAVE BY MAGGOT PIES
AND CHOUGHS AND
ROOKS BROUGHT FORTH
THE SECRET'S MAN
OF BLOOD.





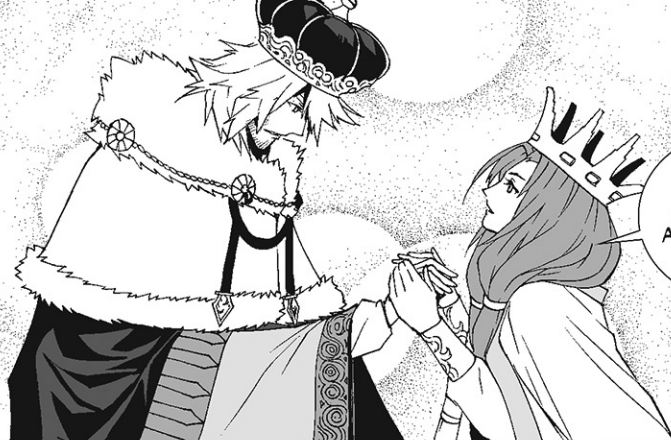
I WILL
TOMORROW, AND
BETIMES I WILL, TO
THE WEIRD SISTERS.
MORE SHALL THEY
SPEAK;

FOR
NOW I AM BENT
TO KNOW, BY THE
WORST MEANS, THE
WORST.

FOR
MINE OWN GOOD
ALL CAUSES SHALL
GIVE WAY.

I AM IN
BLOOD STEPP'D
IN SO FAR THAT,
SHOULD I WADE NO
MORE, RETURNING
WERE AS TEDIOUS
AS GO O'ER.

STRANGE
THINGS I HAVE IN
HEAD THAT WILL TO
HAND, WHICH MUST BE
ACTED ERE THEY MAY
BE SCANN'D.



YOU
LACK THE
SEASON OF
ALL NATURE'S,
SLEEP.



COME,
WE'LL TO
SLEEP.

MY STRANGE
AND SELF-ABUSE
IS THE INITIATE FEAR
THAT WANTS HARD
USE. WE ARE YET
BUT YOUNG IN
DEED.



WHY, HOW NOW,
HECATE? YOU LOOK
ANGERLY.

A MYSTERIOUS HEATH



BOOM

ACT III SCENE V



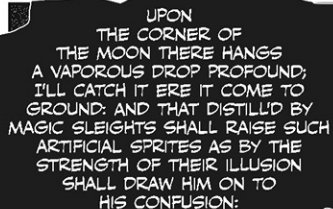
HECATE

HAVE
I NOT REASON,
BELDAMS AS YOU ARE,
SAUCY AND OVERBOLD?
HOW DID YOU DARE TO TRADE
AND TRAFFIC WITH MACBETH
IN RIDDLES AND AFFAIRS
OF DEATH;

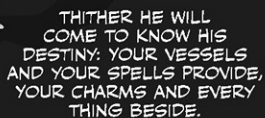
AND
I, THE MISTRESS OF
YOUR CHARMS, THE CLOSE
CONTRIVER OF ALL HARMS,
WAS NEVER CALL'D TO BEAR
MY PART, OR SHOW THE
GLORY OF OUR ART?

AND,
WHICH IS WORSE,
ALL YOU HAVE DONE
HATH BEEN BUT FOR A
WAYWARD SON, SPITEFUL AND
WRATHFUL, WHO, AS OTHERS
DO, LOVES FOR HIS OWN
ENDS, NOT FOR YOU.

BUT
MAKE AMENDS
NOW: GET YOU GONE,
AND AT THE PIT OF
ACHERON MEET ME 'T
THE MORNING:



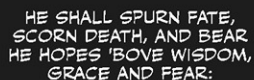
UPON
THE CORNER OF
THE MOON THERE HANGS
A VAPOROUS DROP PROFOUND;
I'LL CATCH IT ERE IT COME TO
GROUND: AND THAT DISTILL'D BY
MAGIC SLEIGHTS SHALL RAISE SUCH
ARTIFICIAL SPRITES AS BY THE
STRENGTH OF THEIR ILLUSION
SHALL DRAW HIM ON TO
HIS CONFUSION:



THITHER HE WILL
COME TO KNOW HIS
DESTINY: YOUR VESSELS
AND YOUR SPELLS PROVIDE,
YOUR CHARMS AND EVERY
THING BESIDE.



I AM
FOR THE AIR; THIS
NIGHT I'LL SPEND UNTO
A DISMAL AND A FATAL END:
GREAT BUSINESS MUST BE
WROUGHT ERE NOON:



HE SHALL SPURN FATE,
SCORN DEATH, AND BEAR
HE HOPES 'BOVE WISDOM,
GRACE AND FEAR:



AND YOU ALL KNOW,
SECURITY IS MORTALS'
CHIEFEST ENEMY.



COME, LET'S
MAKE HASTE; SHE'LL
SOON BE BACK
AGAIN.



SHOOM



COME AWAY... COME AWAY...




HARK! I AM
CALL'D;



MY
LITTLE SPIRIT,
SEE, SITS IN A
FOGGY CLOUD, AND
STAYS FOR ME.



FSHHH



MEN
MUST NOT WALK
TOO LATE. WHO CANNOT
WANT THE THOUGHT
HOW MONSTROUS IT WAS
FOR MALCOLM AND FOR
DONALBAIN TO KILL THEIR
GRACIOUS FATHER?

AND
THE RIGHT-VALIANT
BANQUO WALK'D TOO
LATE; WHOM, YOU MAY SAY,
IF IT PLEASE YOU, FLEANCE
KILL'D, FOR FLEANCE
FLED:

THE GRACIOUS
DUNCAN WAS
PITIED OF MACBETH:
MARRY, HE WAS
DEAD:

MY FORMER
SPEECHES HAVE BUT
HIT YOUR THOUGHTS,
WHICH CAN INTERPRET
FURTHER: ONLY, I SAY,
THINGS HAVE BEEN
STRANGELY BORNE.

ACT III SCENE VI

A FOREST NEAR THE PALACE
FORRES, SCOTLAND

DAMNED FACT!
HOW IT DID GRIEVE
MACBETH!

DID HE NOT
STRAIGHT IN PIOUS
RAGE THE TWO
DELINQUENTS TEAR, THAT
WERE THE SLAVES OF
DRINK AND THRALLS OF
SLEEP? WAS NOT THAT
NOBLY DONE?

THEY
SHOULD FIND
WHAT 'TWERE TO
KILL A FATHER;
SO SHOULD
FLEANCE.

BUT,
PEACE!

AS, AN'T
PLEASE
HEAVEN,
HE SHALL
NOT -

AY, AND WISELY
TOO; FOR 'TWOULD
HAVE ANGER'D ANY
HEART ALIVE TO HEAR
THE MEN DENY'T. SO THAT,
I SAY, HE HAS BORNE
ALL THINGS WELL: AND
I DO THINK THAT HAD
HE DUNCAN'S SONS
UNDER HIS KEY -



FOR FROM BROAD WORDS AND 'CAUSE HE FAIL'D HIS PRESENCE AT THE TYRANT'S FEAST, I HEAR MACDUFF LIVES IN DISGRACE:

SIR, CAN YOU TELL WHERE HE BESTOWS HIMSELF?

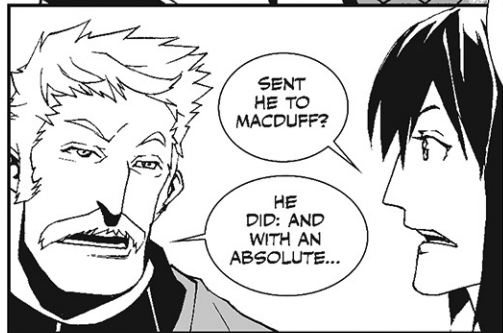
THE SON OF DUNCAN, FROM WHOM THIS TYRANT HOLDS THE DUE OF BIRTH, LIVES IN THE ENGLISH COURT,

AND IS RECEIVED OF THE MOST PIOUS EDWARD WITH SUCH GRACE THAT THE MALEVOLENCE OF FORTUNE NOTHING TAKES FROM HIS HIGH RESPECT:

THITHER MACDUFF IS GONE TO PRAY THE HOLY KING, UPON HIS AID TO WAKE NORTHUMBERLAND AND WARLIKE SIWARD:

THAT, BY THE HELP OF THESE - WITH HIM ABOVE TO RATIFY THE WORK - WE MAY AGAIN GIVE TO OUR TABLES MEAT, SLEEP TO OUR NIGHTS, FREE FROM OUR FEASTS AND BANQUETS BLOODY KNIVES, DO FAITHFUL HOMAGE AND RECEIVE FREE HONOURS: ALL WHICH WE PINE FOR NOW:

AND THIS REPORT HATH SO EXASPERATE THE KING THAT HE PREPARES FOR SOME ATTEMPT OF WAR.



SENT HE TO MACDUFF?

HE DID: AND WITH AN ABSOLUTE...

THE CLOUDY
MESSENGER
TURNS ME HIS BACK,
AND HUMS, AS WHO
SHOULD SAY 'YOU'LL
RUE THE TIME THAT
CLOGS ME WITH
THIS ANSWER.'

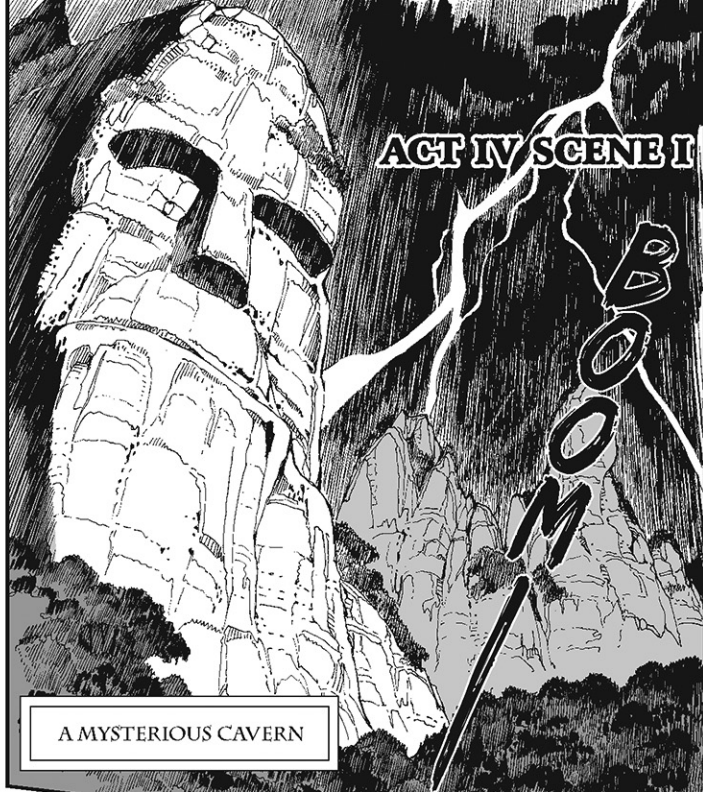
AND
THAT WELL
MIGHT ADVISE HIM
TO A CAUTION, TO
HOLD WHAT DISTANCE
HIS WISDOM CAN
PROVIDE.

SOME HOLY
ANGEL FLY TO THE
COURT OF ENGLAND
AND UNFOLD HIS
MESSAGE ERE HE
COME,

THAT A SWIFT
BLESSING MAY SOON
RETURN TO THIS OUR
SUFFERING COUNTRY
UNDER A HAND
ACCURSED!

I'LL SEND
MY PRAYERS
WITH HIM.

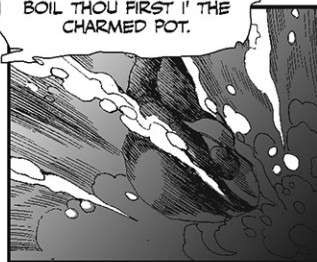
**SIR,
NOT I,**



ROUND ABOUT
THE CAULDRON GO;
IN THE POISON'D
ENTRAILS THROW.



TOAD, THAT
UNDER COLD STONE
DAYS AND NIGHT'S HAS
THIRTY-ONE SWELTER'D
VENOM SLEEPING GOT,
BOIL THOU FIRST I' THE
CHARMED POT.



HARPIER CRIES
'TIS TIME,
'TIS TIME.

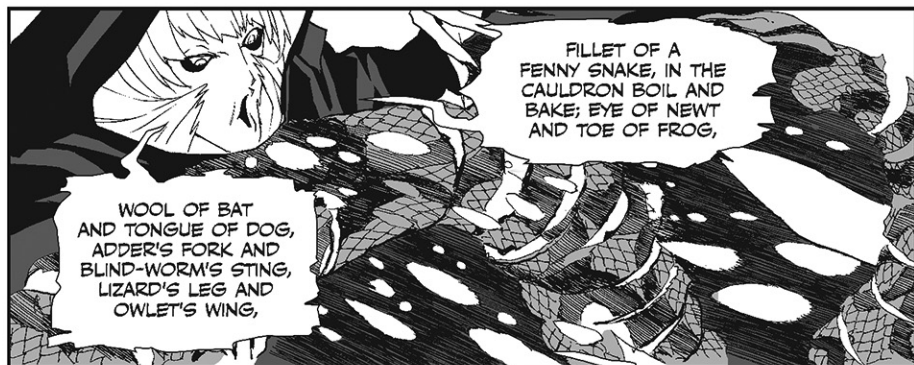


THRICE THE
BRINDED CAT
HATH MEW'D.

THRICE
AND ONCE THE
HEDGE-PIG
WHINED.

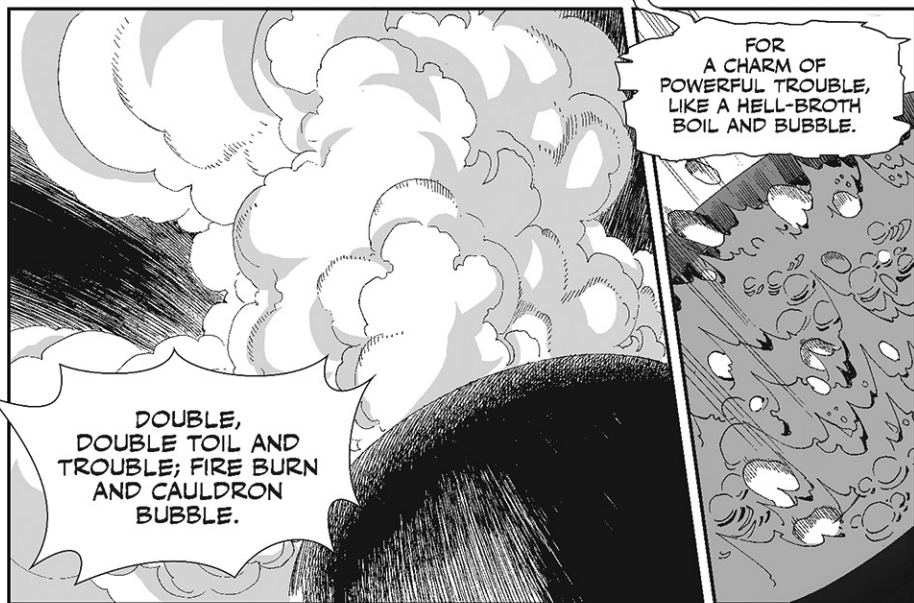


DOUBLE, DOUBLE
TOIL AND TROUBLE;
FIRE BURN, AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE.



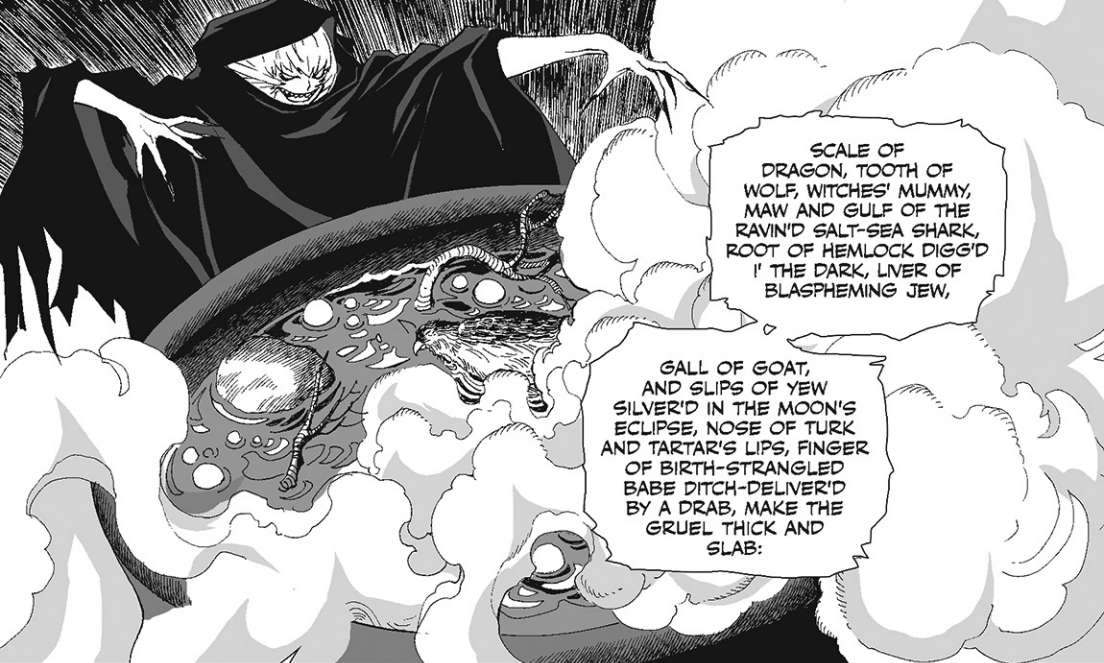
WOOL OF BAT
AND TONGUE OF DOG,
ADDER'S FORK AND
BLIND-WORM'S STING,
LIZARD'S LEG AND
OWLET'S WING,

FILLET OF A
FENNY SNAKE, IN THE
CAULDRON BOIL AND
BAKE; EYE OF NEWT
AND TOE OF FROG,



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

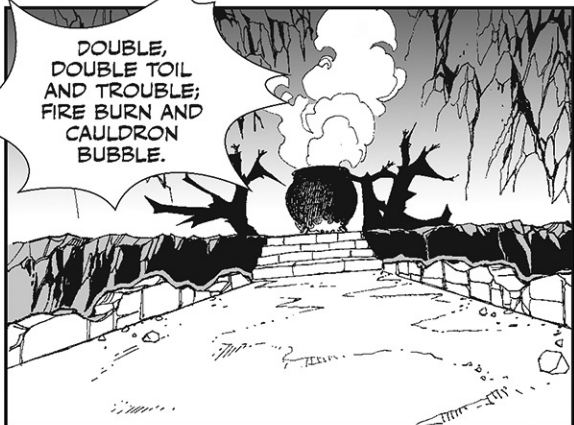
FOR
A CHARM OF
POWERFUL TROUBLE,
LIKE A HELL-BROTH
BOIL AND BUBBLE.



SCALE OF
DRAGON, TOOTH OF
WOLF, WITCHES' MUMMY,
MAW AND GULF OF THE
RAVIN'D SALT-SEA SHARK,
ROOT OF HEMLOCK DIGG'D
! THE DARK, LIVER OF
BLASPHEMING JEW,

GALL OF GOAT,
AND SLIPS OF YEW
SILVER'D IN THE MOON'S
ECLIPSE, NOSE OF TURK
AND TARTAR'S LIPS, FINGER
OF BIRTH-STRANGLER
BABE DITCH-DELIVER'D
BY A DRAB, MAKE THE
GRUEL THICK AND
SLAB:

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



ADD
THERETO A
TIGER'S CHAUDRON,
FOR THE INGREDIENTS
OF OUR CAULDRON.



O
WELL
DONE!



COOL IT WITH
A BABOON'S
BLOOD, THEN THE
CHARM IS FIRM
AND GOOD.



I COMMEND YOUR
PAINS; AND EVERY ONE
SHALL SHARE I' THE GAINS;
AND NOW ABOUT THE
CAULDRON SING, LIKE ELVES
AND FAIRIES IN A RING,
ENCHANTING ALL THAT
YOU PUT IN.



WOOSH!

BY THE
PRICKING OF
MY THUMBS,

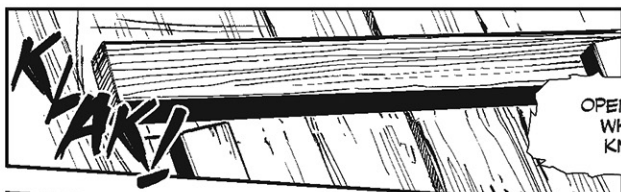
SOMETHING
WICKED THIS
WAY COMES.



ROUND, AROUND, AROUND,
ABOUT, ABOUT,
ALL ILL COME RUNNING IN,
ALL GOOD KEEP OUT.



WOOO




OPEN, LOCKS,
WHOEVER
KNOCKS!



HOW NOW, YOU
SECRET, BLACK,
AND MIDNIGHT HAGS!
WHAT IS'T YOU
DO?





A DEED
WITHOUT A
NAME.

I CONJURE YOU,
BY THAT WHICH YOU
PROFESS, HOW'E'R YOU
COME TO KNOW IT,
ANSWER ME:

THOUGH YOU
UNTIE THE WINDS
AND LET THEM
FIGHT AGAINST
THE CHURCHES;

THOUGH
BLADED CORN BE
LODGED AND TREES
BLOWN DOWN;

THOUGH CASTLES
TOPPLE ON THEIR
WARDERS' HEADS; THOUGH
PALACES AND PYRAMIDS DO
SLOPE THEIR HEADS TO THEIR
FOUNDATIONS; THOUGH THE
TREASURE OF NATURE'S
GERMENS TUMBLE ALL
TOGETHER,

THOUGH THE
YESTY WAVES
CONFOUND AND
SWALLOW
NAVIGATION UP;

DEMAND.

WE'LL
ANSWER.

SPEAK.

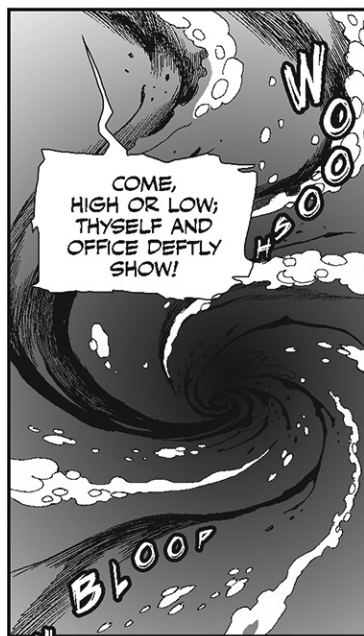
EVEN TILL
DESTRUCTION
SICKEN; ANSWER
ME TO WHAT I
ASK YOU.



CALL
'EM; LET
ME SEE
'EM.



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



COME,
HIGH OR LOW;
THYSELF AND
OFFICE DEFTLY
SHOW!



POUR
IN SOW'S BLOOD, THAT
HATH EATEN HER NINE
FARROW; GREASE THAT'S
SWEATEN FROM THE
MURDERER'S GIBBET THROW
INTO THE FLAME.



SWHOOSH

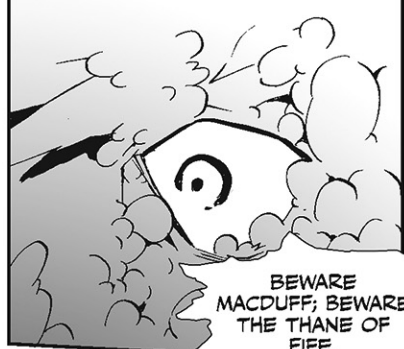
GASP

BAM

!!

TELL ME,
THOU
UNKNOWN
POWER -

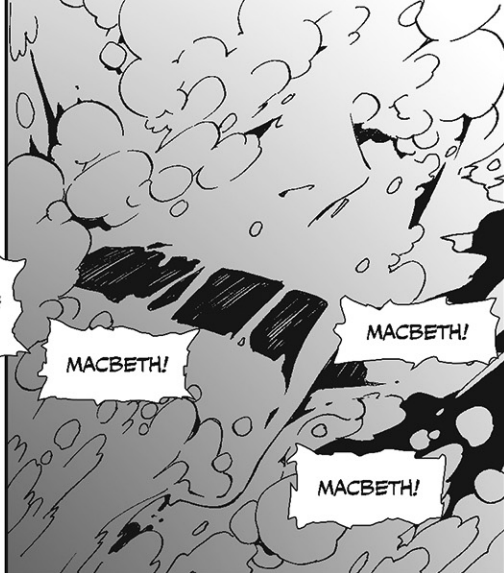
HE
KNOWS THY
THOUGHT: HEAR HIS
SPEECH, BUT SAY
THOU NOUGHT.



BEWARE
MACDUFF; BEWARE
THE THANE OF
FIFE.



DISMISS ME.
ENOUGH.



MACBETH!

MACBETH!

MACBETH!



HE
WILL NOT BE
COMMANDED:

HERE'S ANOTHER,
MORE POTENT THAN
THE FIRST.




MACBETH!




WHATE'ER
THOU ART, FOR
THY GOOD CAUTION,
THANKS; THOU HAST
HARP'D MY FEAR
ARIGHT:

BUT
ONE WORD
MORE -




HAD I THREE
EARS, I'D
HEAR THEE.




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:



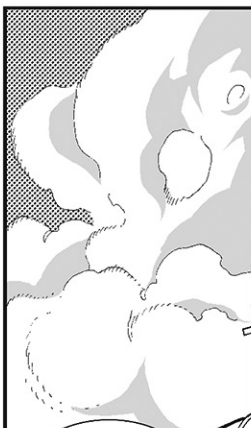
THOU SHALT NOT
LIVE; THAT I MAY TELL
PALE-HEARTED FEAR IT
LIES, AND SLEEP IN
SPITE OF THUNDER.



MACBETH!



MACBETH!



WHAT IS
THIS...

THAT RISES LIKE
THE ISSUE OF A
KING, AND WEARS UPON
HIS BABY-BROW THE
ROUND AND TOP OF
SOVEREIGNTY?



LISTEN,
BUT SPEAK
NOT TO'T.



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 DUNSLANE HILL
SHALL COME AGAINST
HIM.

FWOOOO





THAT WILL
NEVER BE.
WHO CAN IMPRESS
THE FOREST, BID THE
TREE UNFIX HIS
EARTH-BOUND
ROOT?

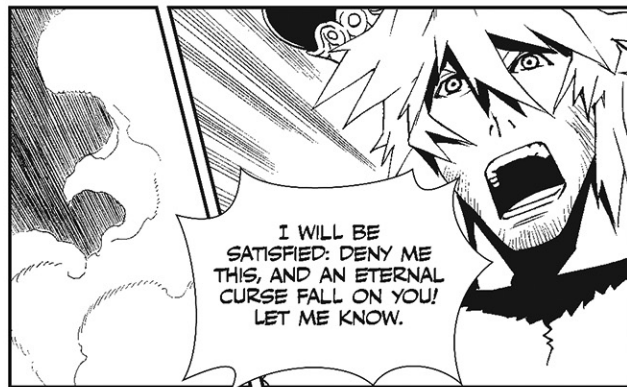
SWEET
BODEMENTS!
GOOD!

REBELLION'S
HEAD, RISE NEVER
TILL THE WOOD
OF BIRNAM RISE,

AND
OUR HIGH-PLACED
MACBETH SHALL LIVE
THE LEASE OF NATURE, PAY
HIS BREATH TO TIME AND
MORTAL CUSTOM.



YET
MY HEART
THROBS TO KNOW
ONE THING: TELL
ME, IF YOUR ART CAN
TELL SO MUCH: SHALL
BANQUO'S ISSUE
EVER REIGN IN THIS
KINGDOM?

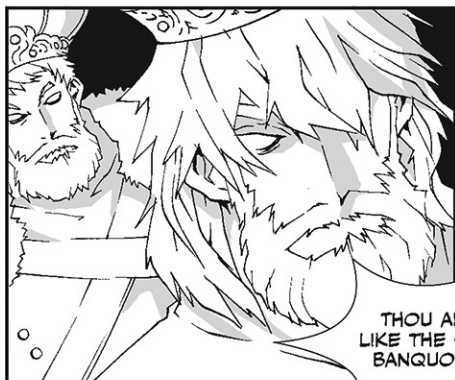


I WILL BE
SATISFIED: DENY ME
THIS, AND AN ETERNAL
CURSE FALL ON YOU!
LET ME KNOW.

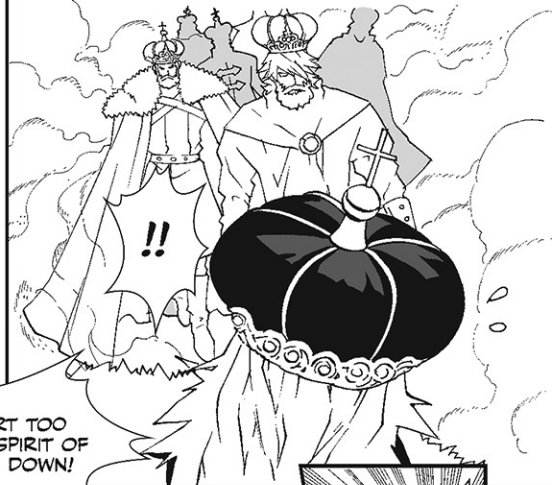


SEEK TO
KNOW NO
MORE.



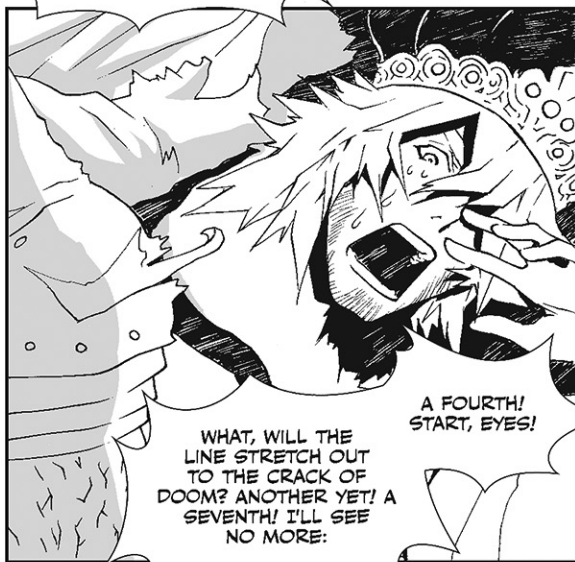


THOU ART TOO
LIKE THE SPIRIT OF
BANQUO: DOWN!



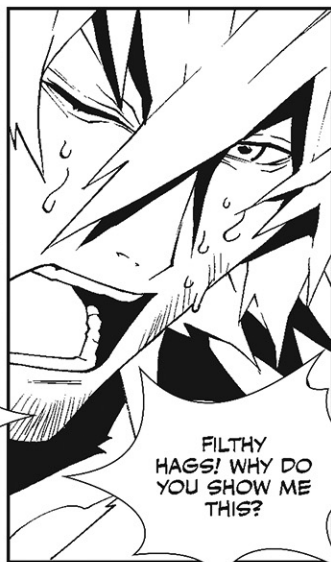
AND
THY HAIR, THOU
OTHER GOLD-BOUND
BROW, IS LIKE THE FIRST.
A THIRD IS LIKE THE
FORMER.

THY
CROWN DOES
SEAR MINE
EYE-BALLS.



WHAT, WILL THE
LINE STRETCH OUT
TO THE CRACK OF
DOOM? ANOTHER YET! A
SEVENTH! I'LL SEE
NO MORE:

A FOURTH!
START, EYES!



FILTHY
HAGS! WHY DO
YOU SHOW ME
THIS?




AND
YET THE EIGHTH
APPEARS, WHO
BEARS A GLASS WHICH
SHOWS ME MANY
MORE;

AND SOME I
SEE THAT TWO-FOLD
BALLS AND TREBLE
SCEPTERS CARRY: HORRIBLE
SIGHT! NOW, I SEE, 'TIS
TRUE; FOR THE BLOOD-
BOLTER'D BANQUO SMILES
UPON ME, AND POINTS
AT THEM FOR HIS.

WHOOOSH


FSHHH

WHAT, IS
THIS SO?



AY, SIR, ALL
THIS IS SO:
BUT WHY STANDS
MACBETH THUS
AMAZEDLY?

COME, SISTERS,
CHEER WE UP HIS SPRITES,
AND SHOW THE BEST OF
OUR DELIGHTS:



I'LL CHARM THE AIR
TO GIVE A SOUND, WHILE YOU
PERFORM YOUR ANTIC ROUND:
THAT THIS GREAT KING MAY
KINDLY SAY, OUR DUTIES DID
HIS WELCOME PAY.







FLED TO
ENGLAND!

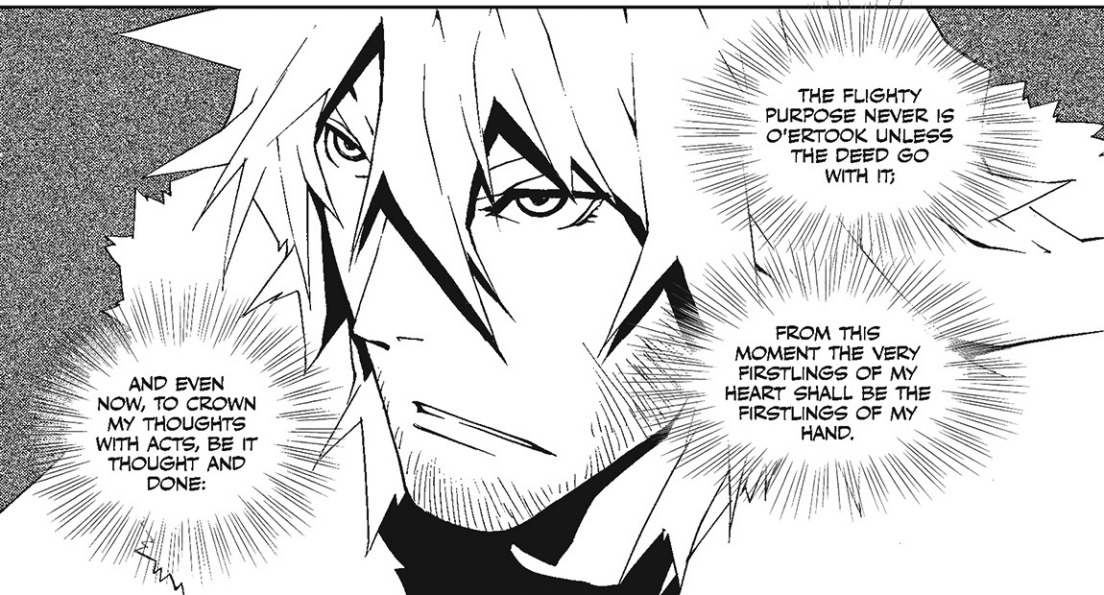
MACDUFF
IS FLED TO
ENGLAND.



TIME, THOU
ANTICIPATEST MY
DREAD EXPLOITS:



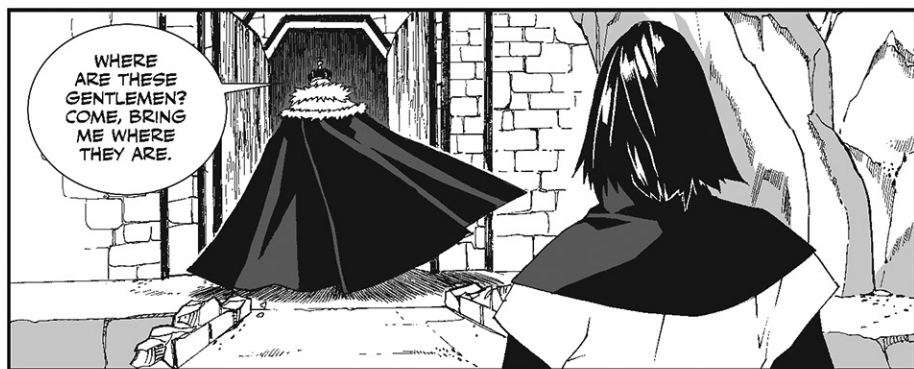
AY, MY
GOOD
LORD.

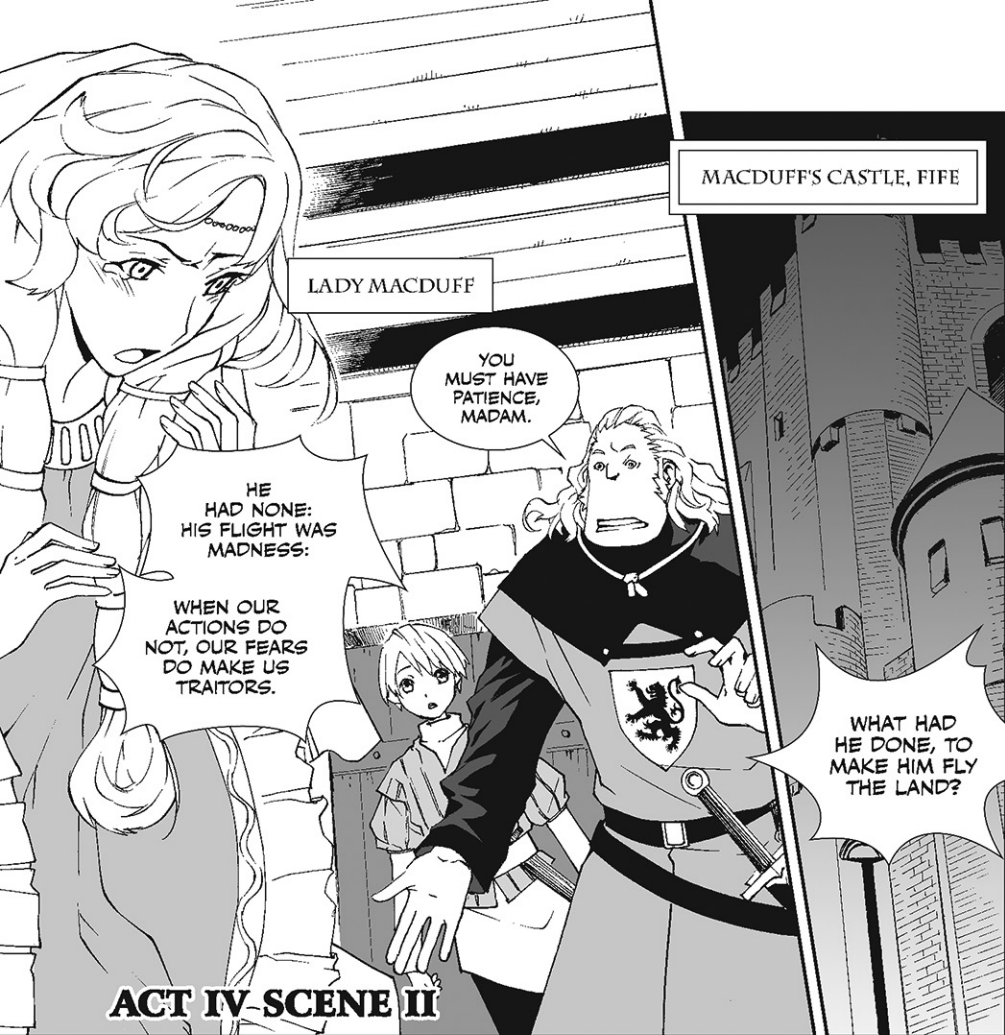


AND EVEN
NOW, TO CROWN
MY THOUGHTS
WITH ACTS, BE IT
THOUGHT AND
DONE:

THE FLIGHTY
PURPOSE NEVER IS
O'ERTOOK UNLESS
THE DEED GO
WITH IT;

FROM THIS
MOMENT THE VERY
FIRSTLINGS OF MY
HEART SHALL BE THE
FIRSTLINGS OF MY
HAND.





MACDUFF'S CASTLE, FIFE

LADY MACDUFF

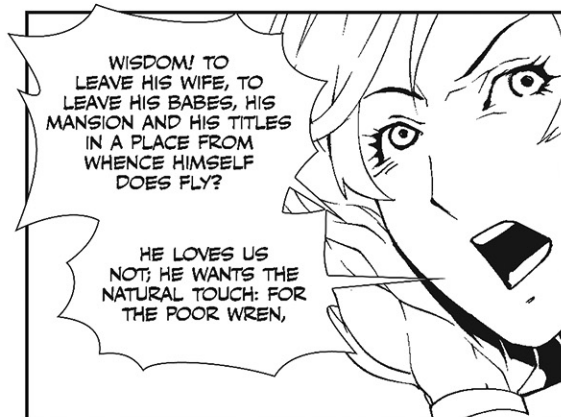
YOU
MUST HAVE
PATIENCE,
MADAM.

HE
HAD NONE:
HIS FLIGHT WAS
MADNESS:

WHEN OUR
ACTIONS DO
NOT, OUR FEARS
DO MAKE US
TRAITORS.

WHAT HAD
HE DONE, TO
MAKE HIM FLY
THE LAND?

ACT IV-SCENE II

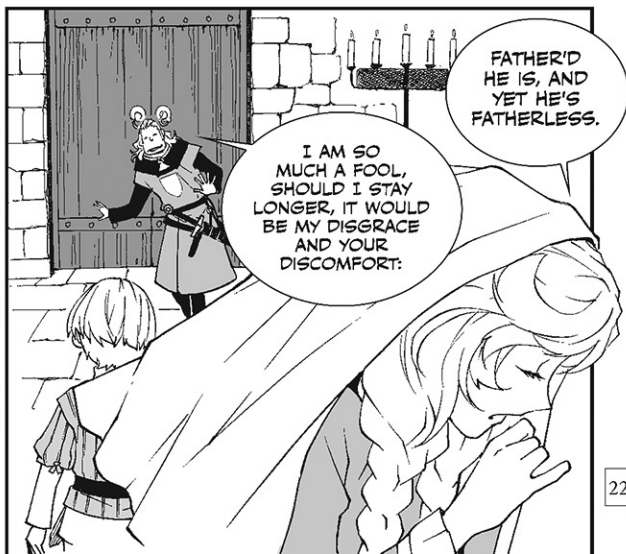


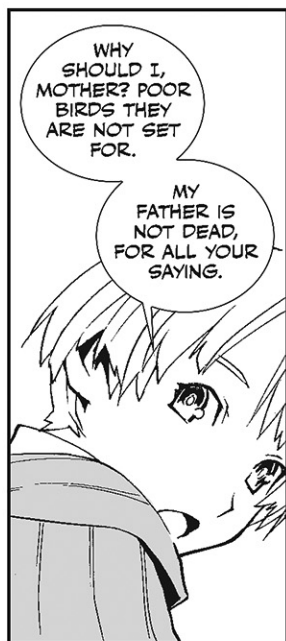
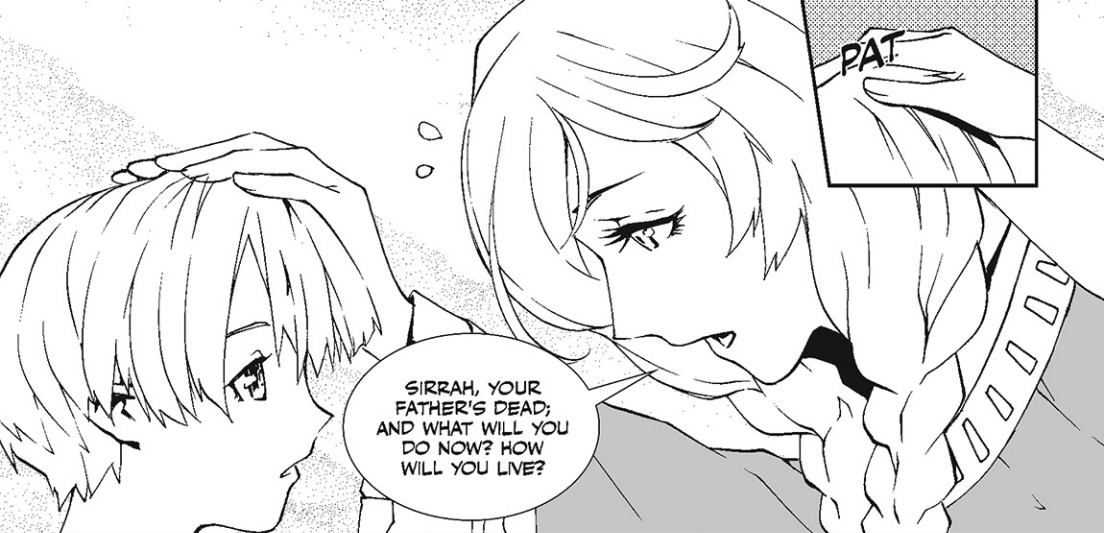
WISDOM! TO
LEAVE HIS WIFE, TO
LEAVE HIS BABES, HIS
MANSION AND HIS TITLES
IN A PLACE FROM
WHENCE HIMSELF
DOES FLY?

HE LOVES US
NOT; HE WANTS THE
NATURAL TOUCH: FOR
THE POOR WREN,



YOU
KNOW NOT
WHETHER IT WAS
HIS WISDOM OR
HIS FEAR.

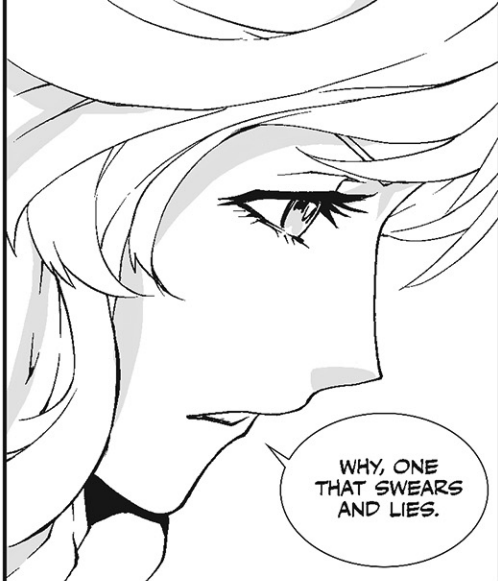








AND BE
ALL TRAITORS
THAT DO SO?



WHY, ONE
THAT SWEARS
AND LIES.

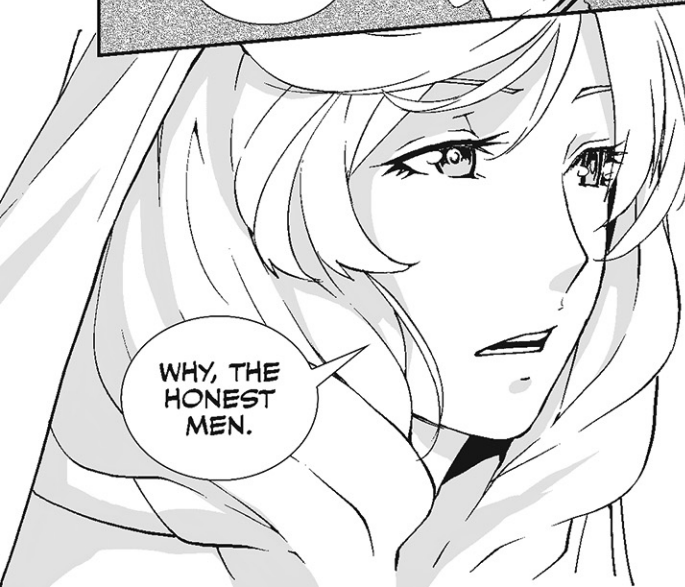


EVERY
ONE.

AND MUST
THEY ALL BE
HANGED THAT
SWEAR AND
LIE?



WHO
MUST HANG
THEM?




WHY, THE
HONEST
MEN.



EVERY ONE
THAT DOES SO
IS A TRAITOR,
AND MUST BE
HANGED.





THEN THE
LIARS AND
SWEARERS
ARE FOOLS, FOR
THERE ARE LIARS
AND SWEARERS
ENOW TO BEAT
THE HONEST MEN
AND HANG UP
THEM.




NOW,
GOD HELP
THEE, POOR
MONKEY!

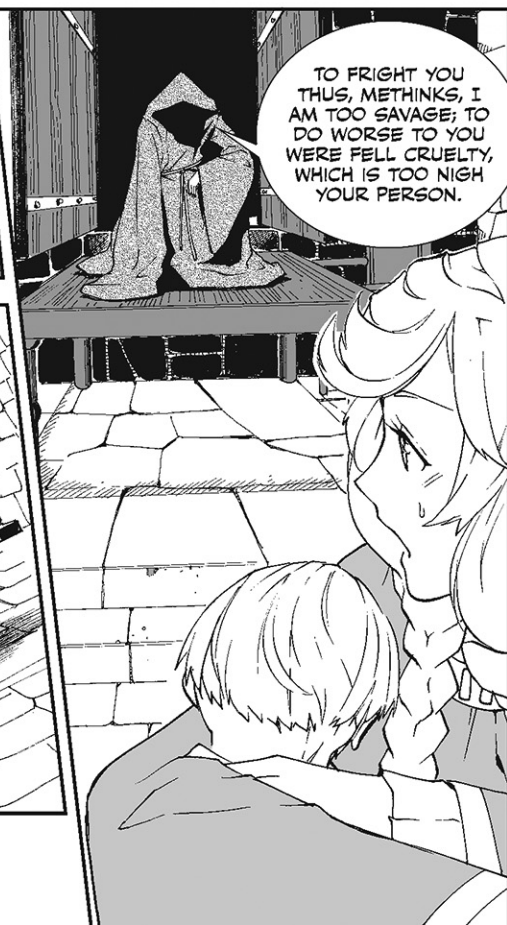
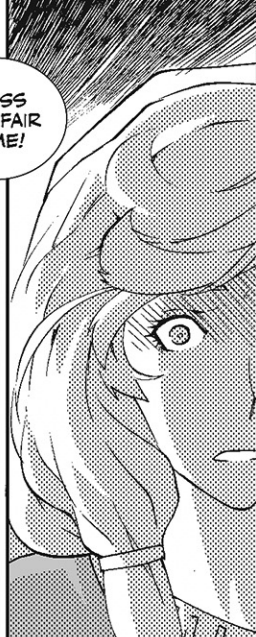
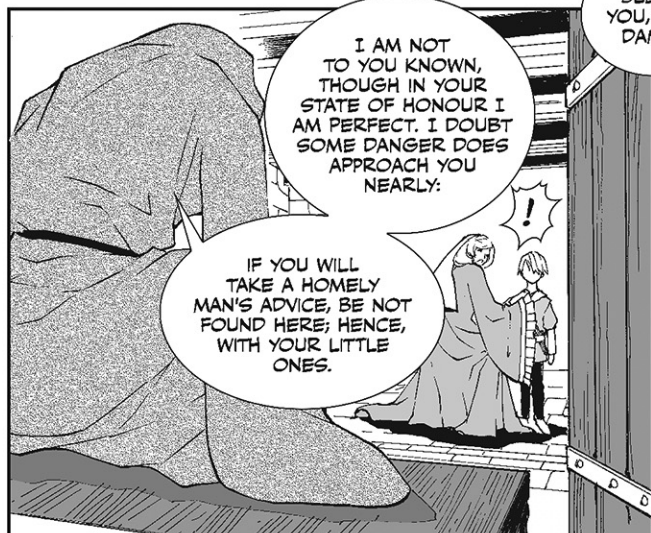
BUT HOW
WILT THOU
DO FOR A
FATHER?



POOR
PRATTLER,
HOW THOU
TALK'ST!



IF
HE WERE
DEAD, YOU'D
WEEP FOR HIM: IF
YOU WOULD NOT, IT
WERE A GOOD SIGN
THAT I SHOULD
QUICKLY HAVE A
NEW FATHER.







THOU
LIEST, THOU
SHAG-HAIR'D
VILLAIN!



HE'S A
TRAITOR.



WHAT,

YOU
EGG!

FMP!



HRAA!



YOUNG
FRY OF
TREACHERY!

SHNK



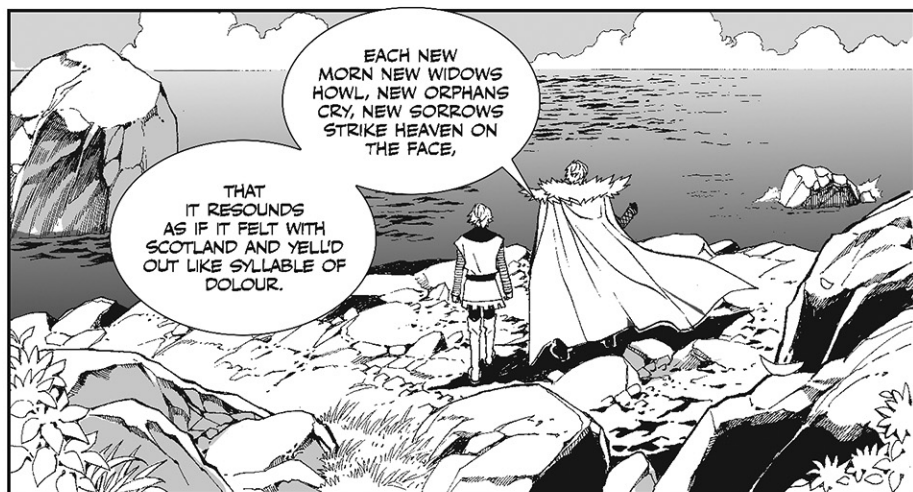
MURDER!

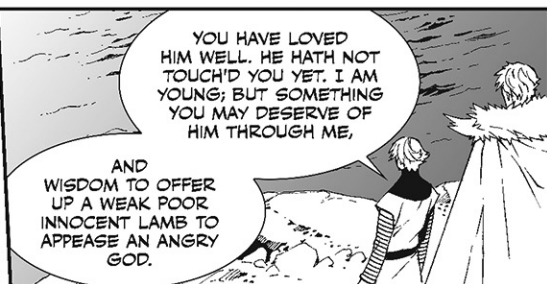


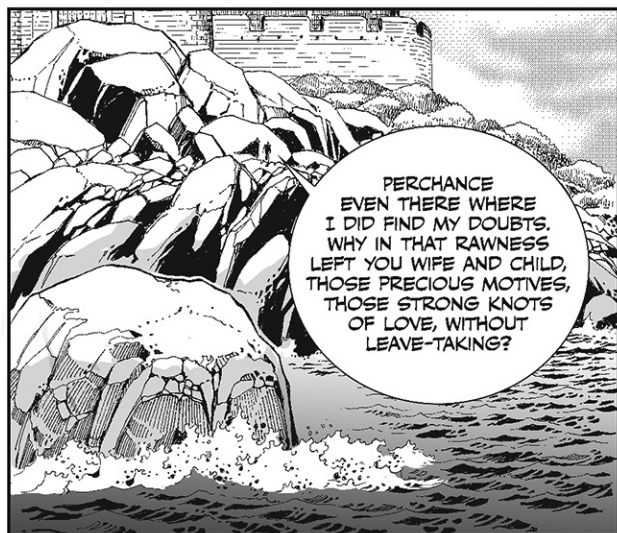
HE HAS KILL'D
ME, MOTHER: RUN
AWAY, I PRAY YOU!



ACT IV SCENE III







PERCHANCE
EVEN THERE WHERE
I DID FIND MY DOUBTS.
WHY IN THAT RAWNESS
LEFT YOU WIFE AND CHILD,
THOSE PRECIOUS MOTIVES,
THOSE STRONG KNOTS
OF LOVE, WITHOUT
LEAVE-TAKING?



I
HAVE LOST
MY HOPES.



LAY THOU THY
BASIS SURE, FOR
GOODNESS DARE NOT
CHEQUE THEE: WEAR THOU
THY WRONGS; THE TITLE
IS AFFEER'D!

BLEED, BLEED,
POOR COUNTRY!
GREAT TYRANNY!



I
PRAY YOU,
LET NOT MY
JEALOUSIES BE YOUR
DISHONOURS, BUT MINE
OWN SAFETIES. YOU
MAY BE RIGHTLY JUST,
WHATEVER I SHALL
THINK.



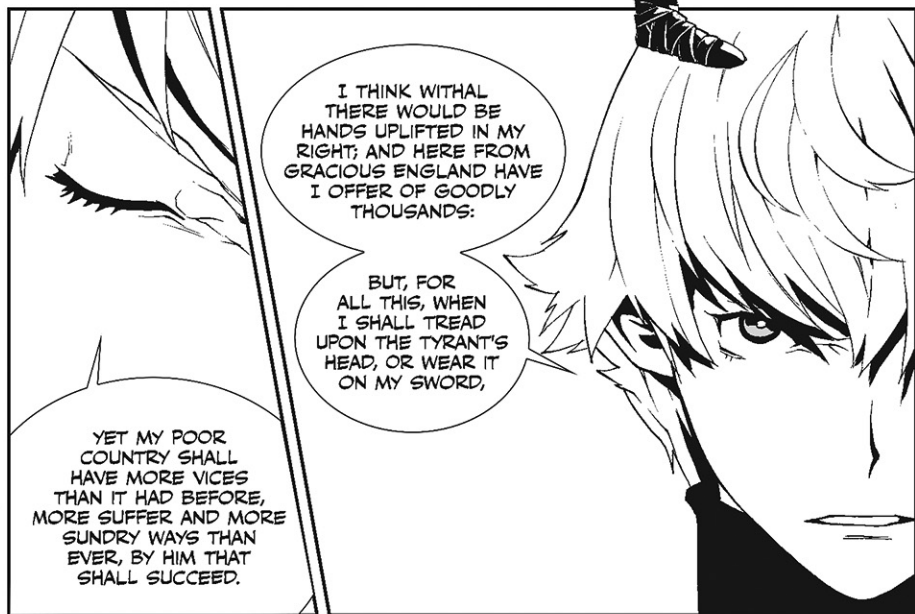
BE
NOT
OFFENDED:

I SPEAK
NOT AS IN
ABSOLUTE FEAR
OF YOU.

FARE THEE
WELL, LORD:

I WOULD NOT
BE THE VILLAIN THAT
THOU THINK'ST FOR THE
WHOLE SPACE THAT'S IN
THE TYRANT'S GRASP,
AND THE RICH EAST
TO BOOT.


I THINK OUR
COUNTRY SINKS
BENEATH THE YOKE; IT
WEEPS, IT BLEEDS; AND
EACH NEW DAY A GASH
IS ADDED TO
HER WOUNDS:



I THINK WITHAL
THERE WOULD BE
HANDS UPLIFTED IN MY
RIGHT; AND HERE FROM
GRACIOUS ENGLAND HAVE
I OFFER OF GOODLY
THOUSANDS:

BUT, FOR
ALL THIS, WHEN
I SHALL TREAD
UPON THE TYRANT'S
HEAD, OR WEAR IT
ON MY SWORD,

YET MY POOR
COUNTRY SHALL
HAVE MORE VICES
THAN IT HAD BEFORE,
MORE SUFFER AND MORE
SUNDRY WAYS THAN
EVER, BY HIM THAT
SHALL SUCCEED.



IT IS
MYSELF I MEAN: IN
WHOM I KNOW ALL THE
PARTICULARS OF VICE SO
GRAFTED THAT, WHEN THEY
SHALL BE OPEN'D, BLACK
MACBETH WILL SEEM AS
PURE AS SNOW,

WHAT
SHOULD HE
BE?

AND
THE POOR STATE
ESTEEM HIM AS A
LAMB, BEING COMPARED
WITH MY CONFINELESS
HARMS.



NOT
IN THE LEGIONS
OF HORRID HELL CAN
COME A DEVIL MORE
DAMN'D IN EVILS TO
TOP MACBETH.

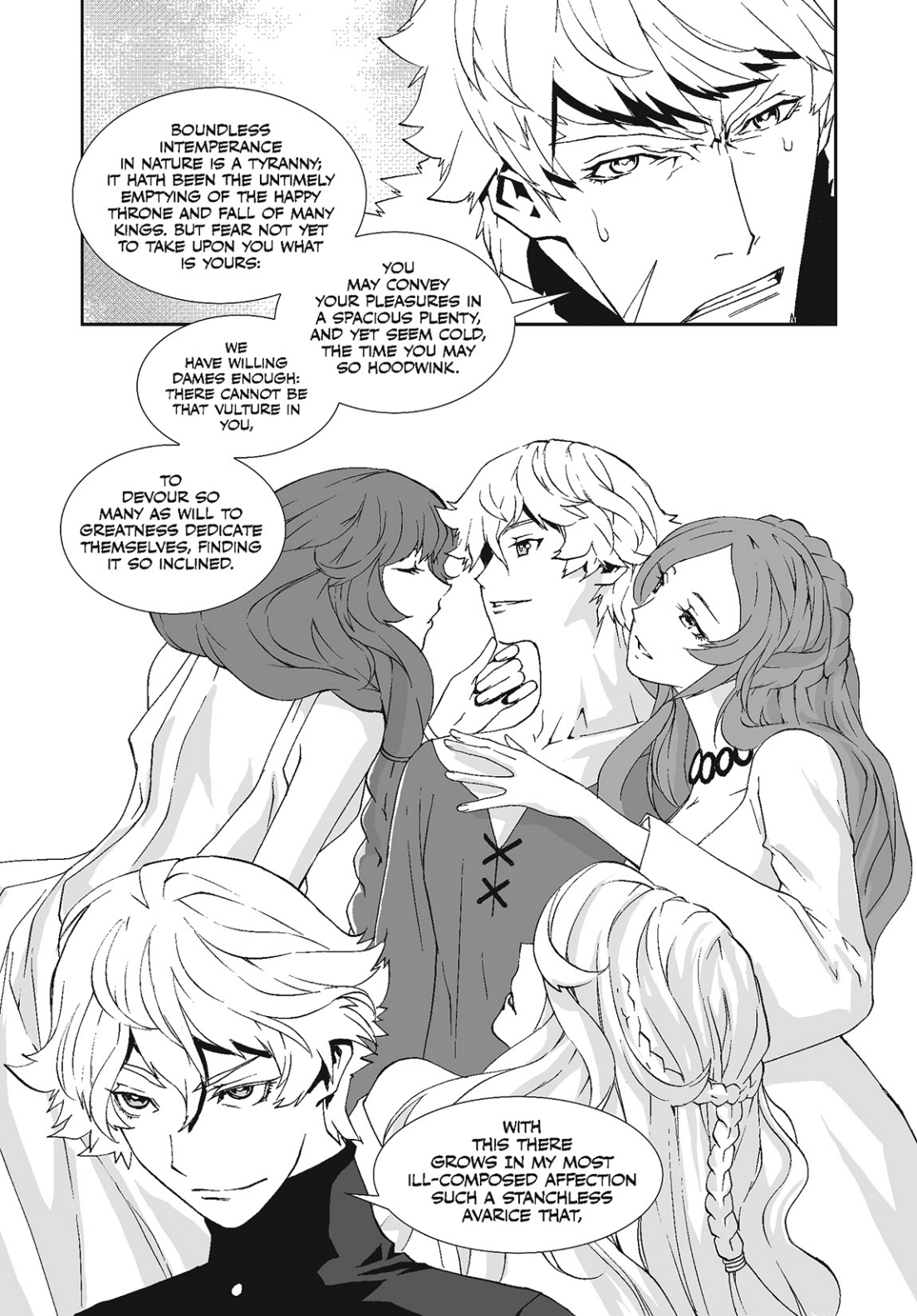


I GRANT HIM
BLOODY, LUXURIOUS,
AVARICIOUS, FALSE,
DECEITFUL, SUDDEN,
MALICIOUS, SMACKING
OF EVERY SIN THAT
HAS A NAME:

BUT
THERE'S NO
BOTTOM, NONE, IN
MY VOLUPTUOUSNESS:
YOUR WIVES, YOUR
DAUGHTERS, YOUR
MATRONS AND YOUR
MAIDS, COULD NOT FILL
UP THE CISTERN OF
MY LUST,

AND MY DESIRE
ALL CONTINENT
IMPEDIMENTS WOULD
O'ERBEAR THAT DID
OPPOSE MY WILL: BETTER
MACBETH THAN SUCH AN
ONE TO REIGN.





BOUNDLESS
INTEMPERANCE
IN NATURE IS A TYRANNY;
IT HATH BEEN THE UNTIMELY
EMPTYING OF THE HAPPY
THRONE AND FALL OF MANY
KINGS. BUT FEAR NOT YET
TO TAKE UPON YOU WHAT
IS YOURS:

YOU
MAY CONVEY
YOUR PLEASURES IN
A SPACIOUS PLENTY,
AND YET SEEM COLD,
THE TIME YOU MAY
SO HOODWINK.

WE
HAVE WILLING
DAMES ENOUGH:
THERE CANNOT BE
THAT VULTURE IN
YOU,

TO
DEVOUR SO
MANY AS WILL TO
GREATNESS DEDICATE
THEMSELVES, FINDING
IT SO INCLINED.

WITH
THIS THERE
GROWS IN MY MOST
ILL-COMPOSED AFFECTION
SUCH A STANCHLESS
AVARICE THAT,



THIS AVARICE
STICKS DEEPER,
GROWS WITH
MORE PERNICIOUS
ROOT THAN
SUMMER-SEEING
LUST, AND IT HATH
BEEN THE SWORD
OF OUR SLAIN
KINGS:

WERE I
KING,

YET
DO NOT
FEAR; SCOTLAND
HATH FOISONS TO
FILL UP YOUR WILL.
OF YOUR MERE
OWN:

ALL
THESE ARE
PORTABLE, WITH
OTHER GRACES
WEIGH'D.

BUT I HAVE NONE: THE
KING-BECOMING GRACES, AS
JUSTICE, VERITY, TEMPERANCE,
STABLENESS, BOUNTY,
PERSEVERANCE, MERCY,
LOWLINESS, DEVOTION,
PATIENCE, COURAGE,
FORTITUDE, I HAVE NO
RELISH OF THEM,

I SHOULD
CUT OFF THE
NOBLES FOR THEIR
LANDS, DESIRE
HIS JEWELS AND
THIS OTHER'S
HOUSE:

AND MY
MORE-HAVING
WOULD BE AS A SAUCE
TO MAKE ME HUNGER
MORE; THAT I SHOULD
FORGE QUARRELS UNJUST
AGAINST THE GOOD AND
LOYAL, DESTROYING
THEM FOR
WEALTH.

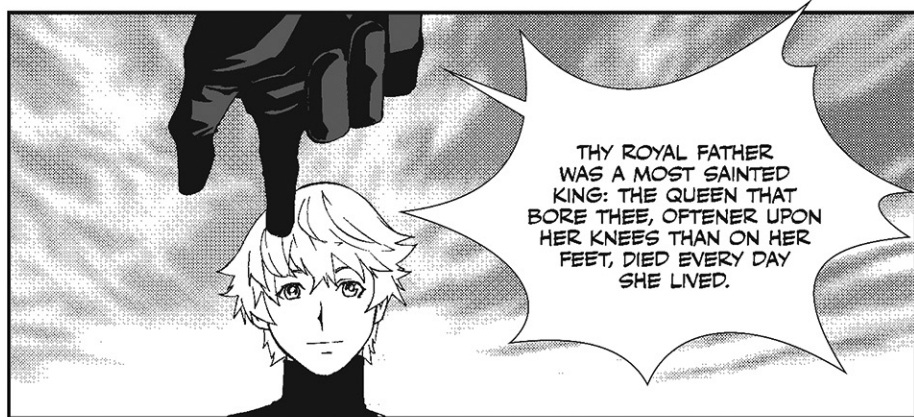


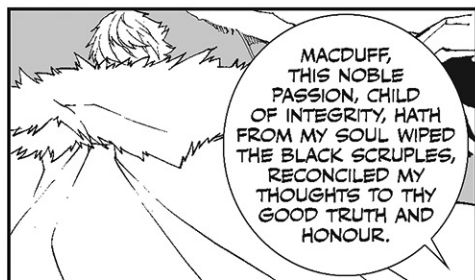
BUT
ABOUND IN THE
DIVISION OF EACH
SEVERAL CRIME, ACTING IT
MANY WAYS. NAY, HAD I POWER,
I SHOULD POUR THE SWEET
MILK OF CONCORD INTO HELL,
UPROAR THE UNIVERSAL
PEACE, CONFOUND ALL
UNITY ON EARTH.

IF
SUCH A
ONE BE FIT TO
GOVERN, SPEAK:
I AM AS I HAVE
SPOKEN.

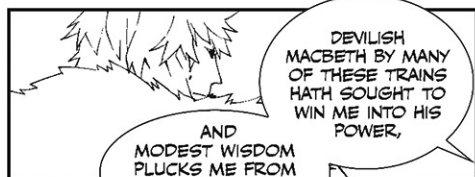


O
SCOTLAND,
SCOTLAND!



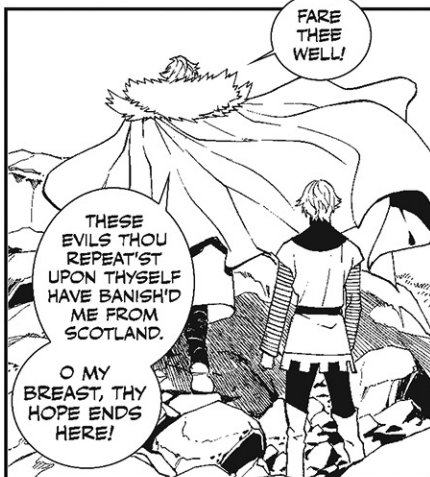


MACDUFF,
THIS NOBLE
PASSION, CHILD
OF INTEGRITY, HATH
FROM MY SOUL WIPED
THE BLACK SCRUPLES,
RECONCILED MY
THOUGHTS TO THY
GOOD TRUTH AND
HONOUR.



DEVILISH
MACBETH BY MANY
OF THESE TRAINS
HATH SOUGHT TO
WIN ME INTO HIS
POWER,

AND
MODEST WISDOM
PLUCKS ME FROM
OVER-CREDULOUS
HASTE:



FARE
THEE
WELL!

THESE
EVILS THOU
REPEAT'ST
UPON THYSELF
HAVE BANISH'D
ME FROM
SCOTLAND.

O MY
BREAST, THY
HOPE ENDS
HERE!




BUT
GOD ABOVE
DEAL BETWEEN THEE
AND ME! FOR EVEN
NOW I PUT MYSELF TO
THY DIRECTION, AND
UNSPEAK MINE OWN
DETRACTION,



HERE ABJURE
THE TAINTS AND
BLAMES I LAID
UPON MYSELF, FOR
STRANGERS TO MY
NATURE.





I AM YET
UNKNOWN TO
WOMAN, NEVER WAS
FORSWORN, SCARCELY
HAVE COVETED WHAT
WAS MINE OWN,

AT NO TIME
BROKE MY FAITH,
WOULD NOT BETRAY
THE DEVIL TO HIS
FELLOW AND DELIGHT
NO LESS IN TRUTH
THAN LIFE:

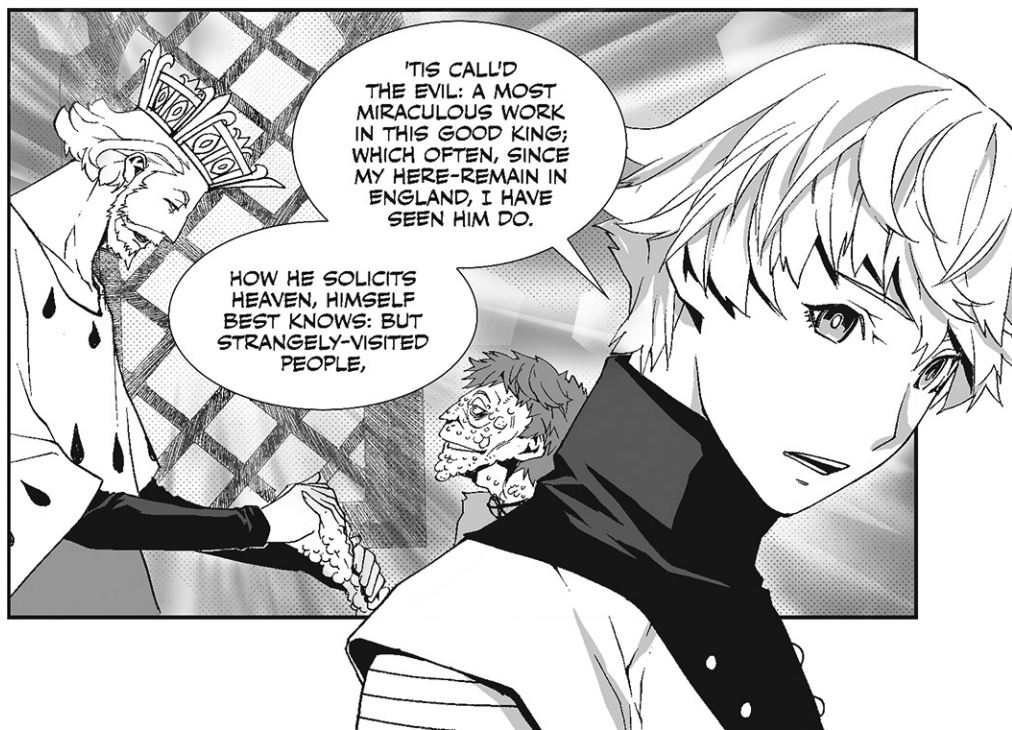
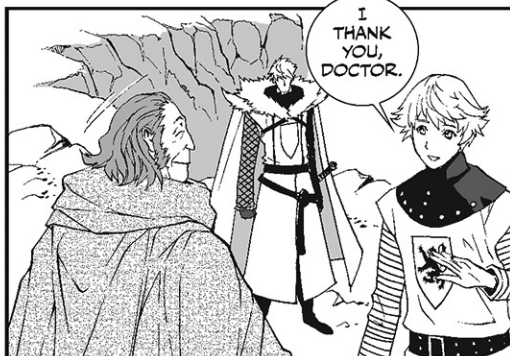
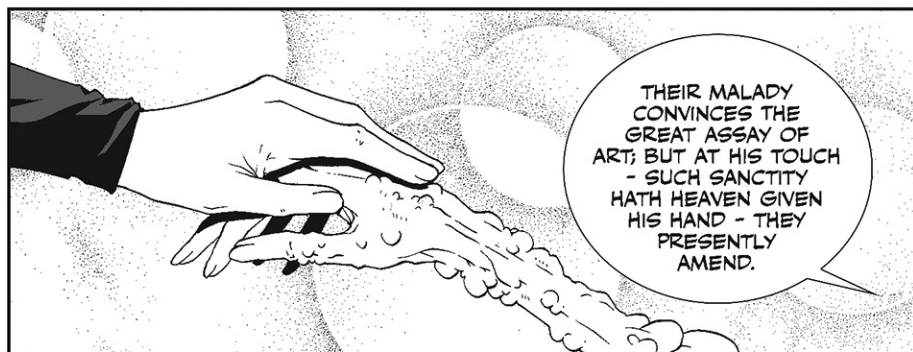
MY
FIRST FALSE
SPEAKING WAS
THIS UPON
MYSELF:

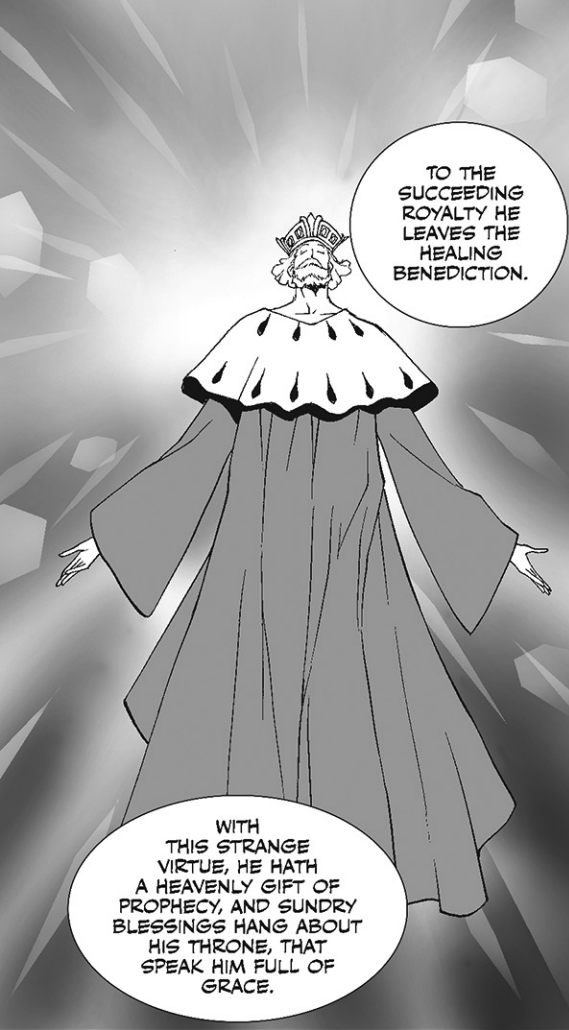
WHAT I AM
TRULY, IS THINE AND
MY POOR COUNTRY'S
TO COMMAND:

WHITHER
INDEED, BEFORE
THY HERE-APPROACH,
OLD SIWARD, WITH TEN
THOUSAND WARLIKE MEN,
ALREADY AT A POINT,
WAS SETTING
FORTH.

NOW WE'LL
TOGETHER; AND
THE CHANCE OF
GOODNESS BE LIKE
OUR WARRANTED
QUARREL!







TO THE
SUCCEEDING
ROYALTY HE
LEAVES THE
HEALING
BENEDICTION.

WITH
THIS STRANGE
VIRTUE, HE HATH
A HEAVENLY GIFT OF
PROPHECY, AND SUNDRY
BLESSINGS HANG ABOUT
HIS THRONE, THAT
SPEAK HIM FULL OF
GRACE.



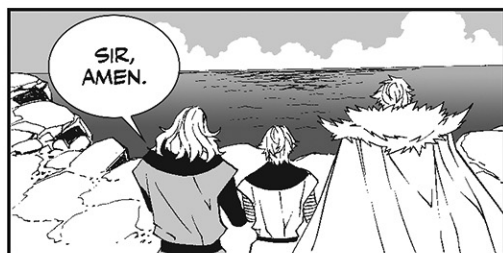
ALL SWOL'N AND
ULCEROUS, PITIFUL TO
THE EYE, THE MERE DESPAIR
OF SURGERY, HE CURES,
HANGING A GOLDEN STAMP
ABOUT THEIR NECKS, PUT ON
WITH HOLY PRAYERS: AND
'TIS SPOKEN,



SEE, WHO
COMES
HERE?

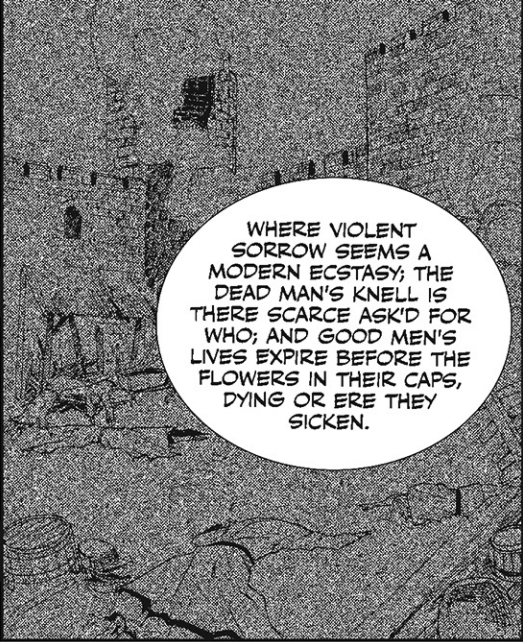
MY
COUNTRYMAN;
BUT YET I
KNOW HIM
NOT.



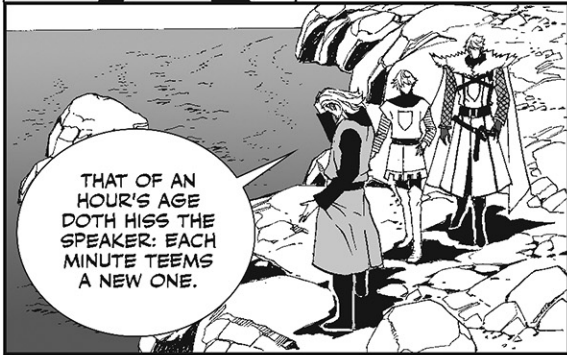




O,
RELATION
TOO NICE,
AND YET TOO
TRUE!



WHERE VIOLENT
SORROW SEEMS A
MODERN ECSTASY; THE
DEAD MAN'S KNEEL IS
THERE SCARCE ASK'D FOR
WHO; AND GOOD MEN'S
LIVES EXPIRE BEFORE THE
FLOWERS IN THEIR CAPS,
DYING OR ERE THEY
SICKEN.



THAT OF AN
HOUR'S AGE
DOETH HISS THE
SPEAKER: EACH
MINUTE TEEMS
A NEW ONE.



WHAT'S
THE NEWEST
GRIEF?



WELL
TOO.

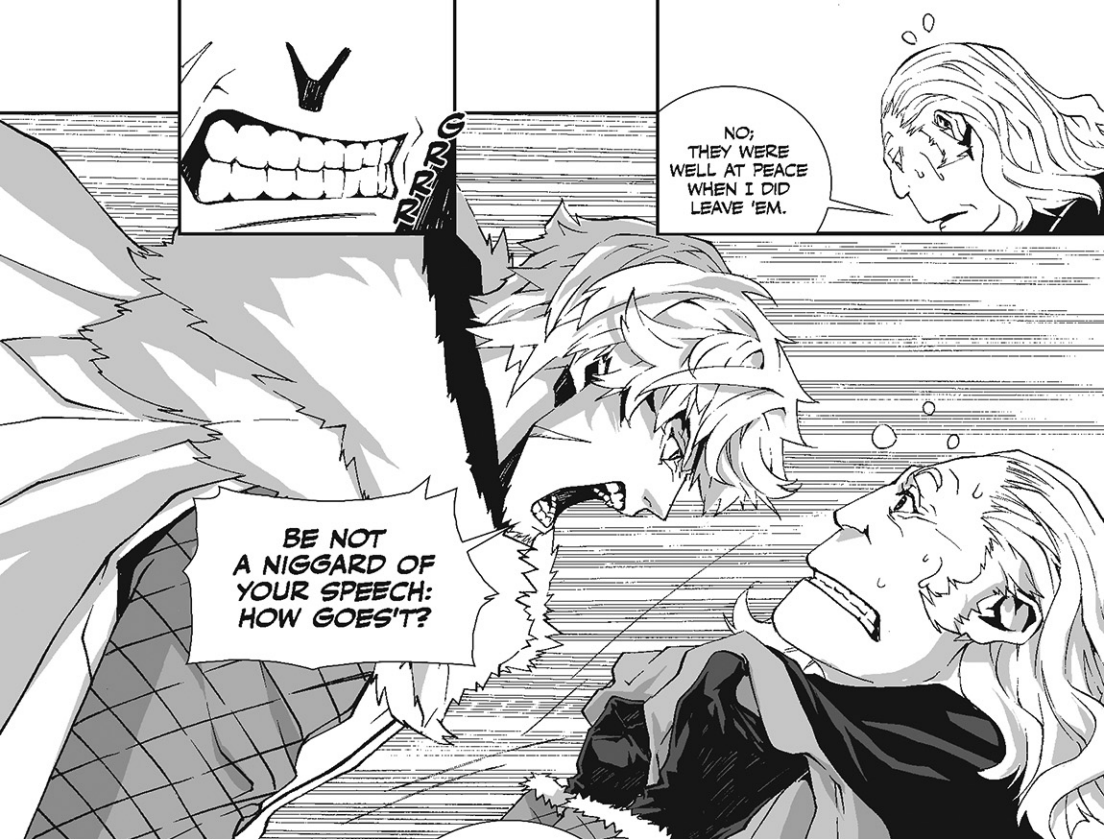
AND
ALL MY
CHILDREN?

THE
TYRANT HAS
NOT BATTER'D
AT THEIR
PEACE?



HOW
DOES MY
WIFE?

WHY,
WELL.



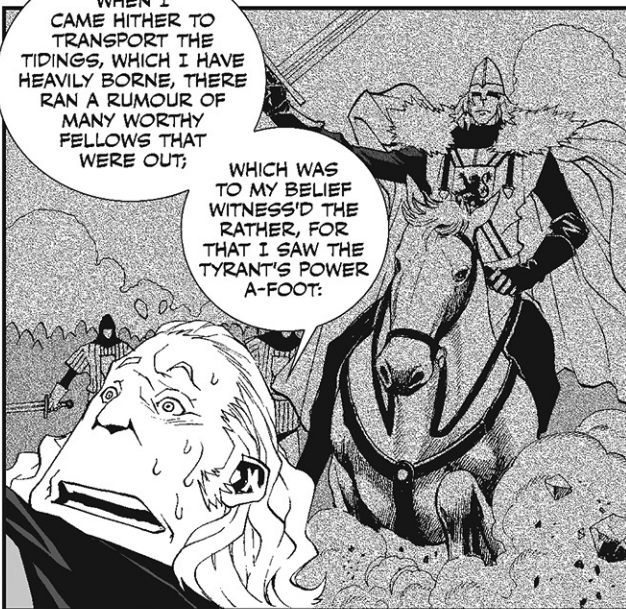
NO;
THEY WERE
WELL AT PEACE
WHEN I DID
LEAVE 'EM.

BE NOT
A NIGGARD OF
YOUR SPEECH:
HOW GOES'T?

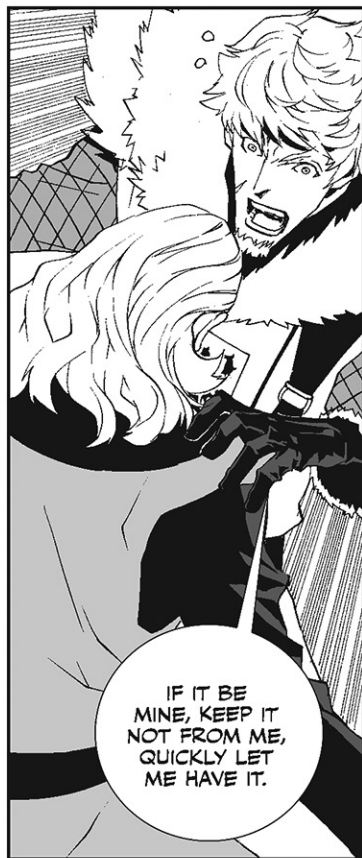


WHEN I
CAME HITHER TO
TRANSPORT THE
TIDINGS, WHICH I HAVE
HEAVILY BORNE, THERE
RAN A RUMOUR OF
MANY WORTHY
FELLOWS THAT
WERE OUT;

WHICH WAS
TO MY BELIEF
WITNESS'D THE
RATHER, FOR
THAT I SAW THE
TYRANT'S POWER
A-FOOT:









YOUR CASTLE
IS SURPRISED;
YOUR WIFE AND
BABES SAVAGELY
SLAUGHTER'D:

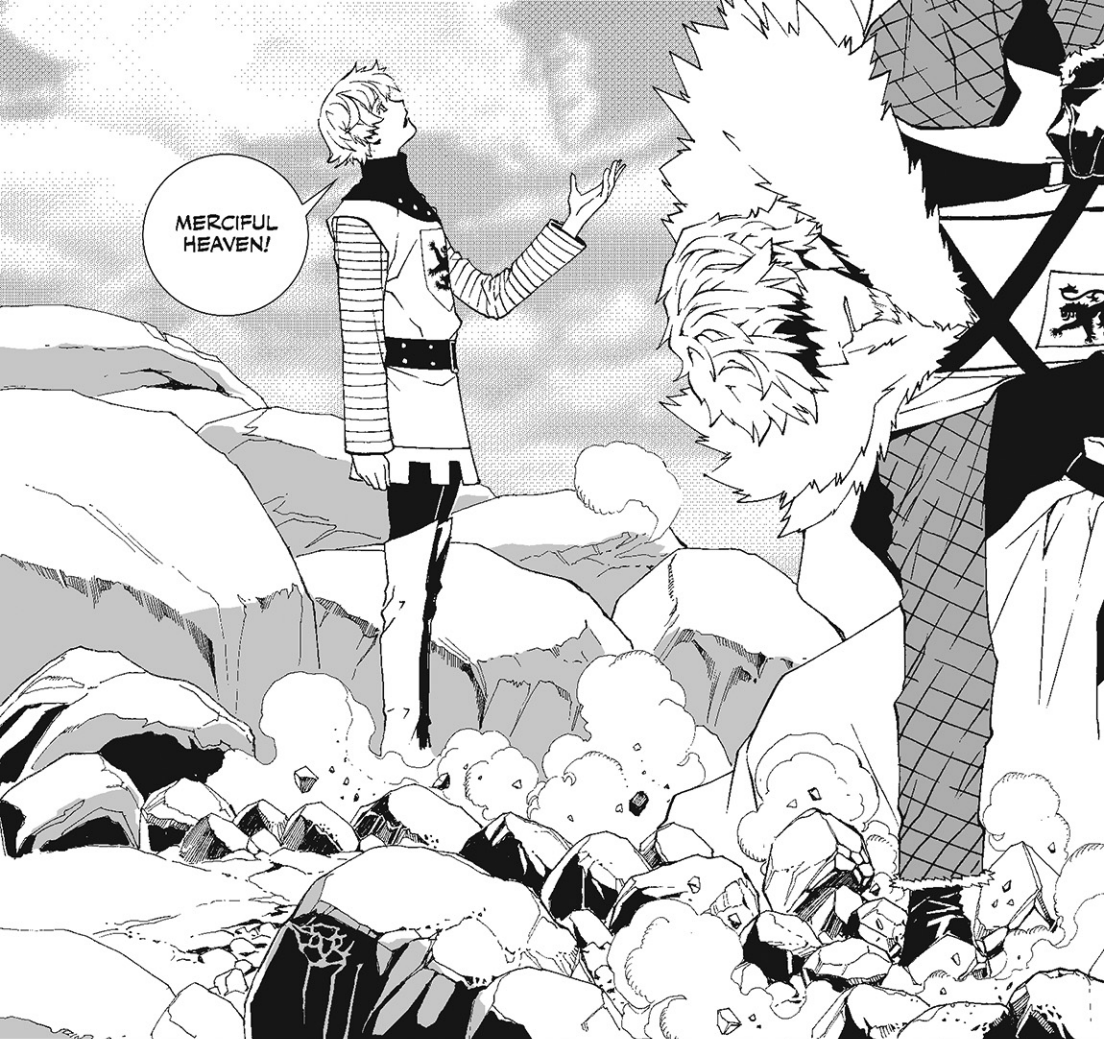
TO RELATE
THE MANNER,
WERE, ON THE
QUARRY OF THESE
MURDER'D DEER, TO
ADD THE DEATH
OF YOU.



GASP...

GASP...

GASP...



MERCIFUL
HEAVEN!



MY
CHILDREN
TOO?

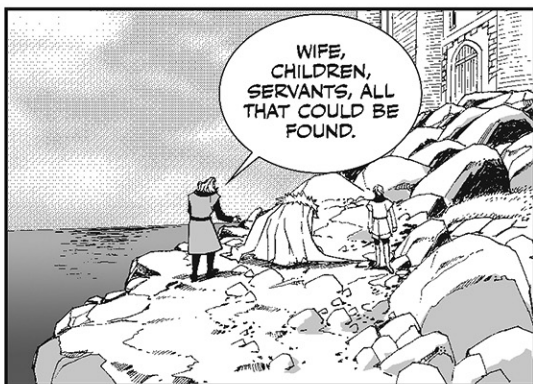
WHAT, MAN!
NE'ER PULL
YOUR HAT UPON
YOUR BROWS;

GIVE SORROW
WORDS: THE GRIEF
THAT DOES NOT
SPEAK WHISPERS THE
O'ER-FRAUGHT HEART
AND BIDS IT BREAK.





AND
I MUST BE
FROM THENCE!
MY WIFE KILL'D
TOO?



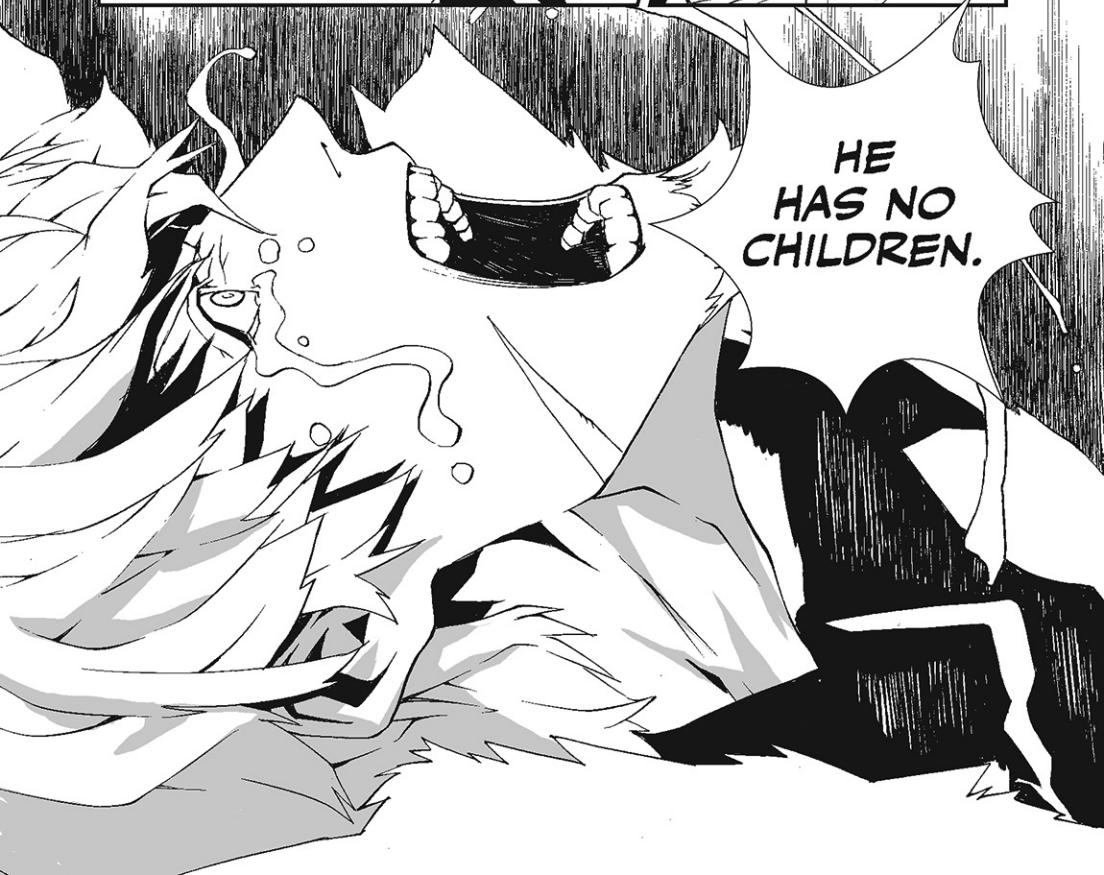
WIFE,
CHILDREN,
SERVANTS, ALL
THAT COULD BE
FOUND.



BE
COMFORTED:
LET'S MAKE US
MEDICINES OF OUR
GREAT REVENGE, TO
CURE THIS DEADLY
GRIEF.



I
HAVE
SAID.



HE
HAS NO
CHILDREN.



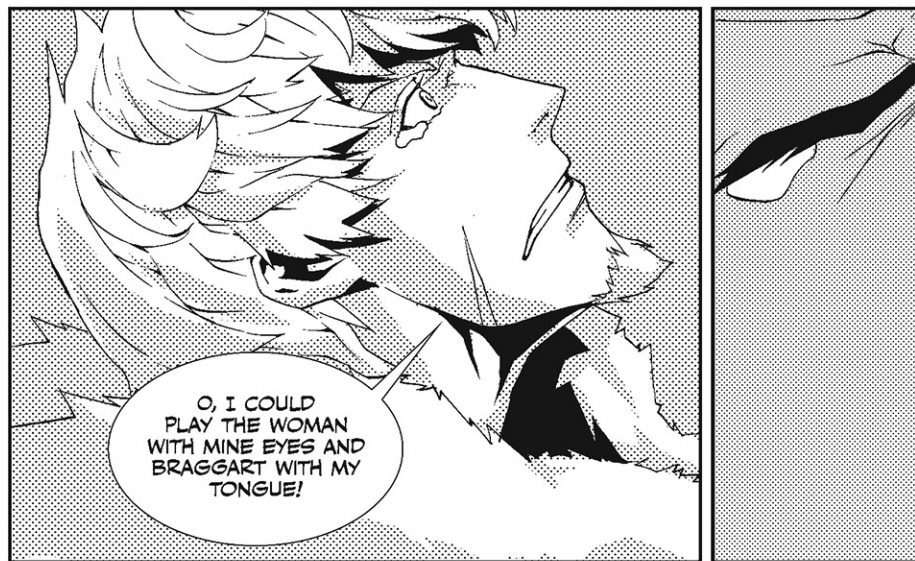


I CANNOT BUT
REMEMBER SUCH
THINGS WERE, THAT WERE
MOST PRECIOUS TO ME.
DID HEAVEN LOOK ON,
AND WOULD NOT TAKE
THEIR PART?

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!





THIS TUNE
GOES MANLY.
COME, GO WE
TO THE KING;

OUR POWER
IS READY; OUR
LACK IS NOTHING
BUT OUR
LEAVE;

BUT,
GENTLE HEAVENS,
CUT SHORT ALL
INTERMISSION; FRONT
TO FRONT BRING THOU
THIS FIEND OF SCOTLAND
AND MYSELF; WITHIN MY
SWORD'S LENGTH SET HIM;
IF HE 'SCAPE, HEAVEN
FORGIVE HIM TOO!





ACT V-SCENE I

DUNSINANE - ANTE-ROOM
IN THE CASTLE

I HAVE
TWO NIGHTS
WATCHED WITH
YOU, BUT CAN
PERCEIVE NO
TRUTH IN YOUR
REPORT.

SINCE HIS
MAJESTY WENT
INTO THE FIELD,
I HAVE SEEN HER
RISE FROM HER
BED, THROW HER
NIGHT-GOWN
UPON HER,

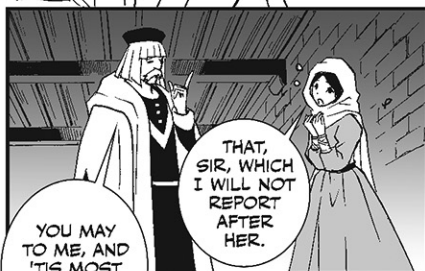
WHEN
WAS IT
SHE LAST
WALKED?

UNLOCK HER
CLOSET, TAKE
FORTH PAPER, FOLD
IT, WRITE UPON'T,
READ IT, AFTERWARDS
SEAL IT, AND AGAIN
RETURN TO BED;

YET
ALL THIS
WHILE IN A
MOST FAST
SLEEP.

IN THIS
SLUMBERY
AGITATION, BESIDES
HER WALKING AND
OTHER ACTUAL
PERFORMANCES, WHAT,
AT ANY TIME, HAVE
YOU HEARD HER
SAY?

A GREAT
PERTURBATION IN
NATURE, TO RECEIVE
AT ONCE THE BENEFIT
OF SLEEP, AND DO
THE EFFECTS OF
WATCHING!

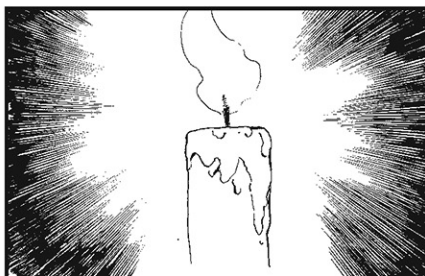
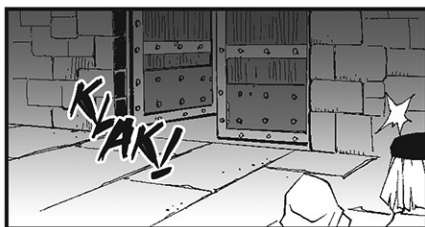


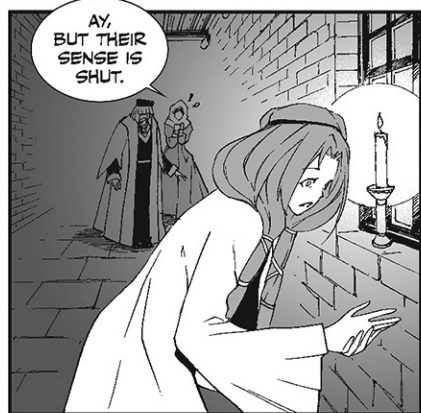
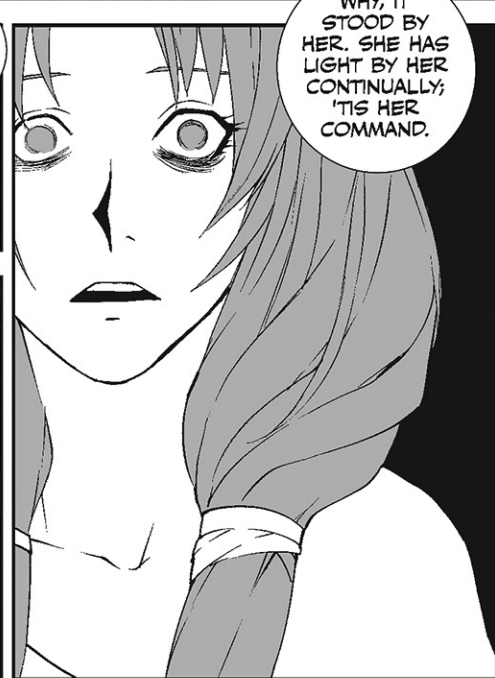
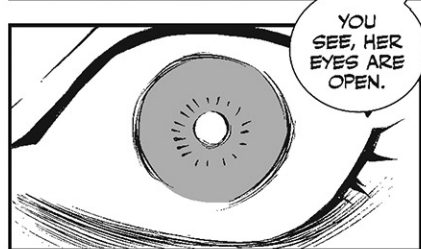
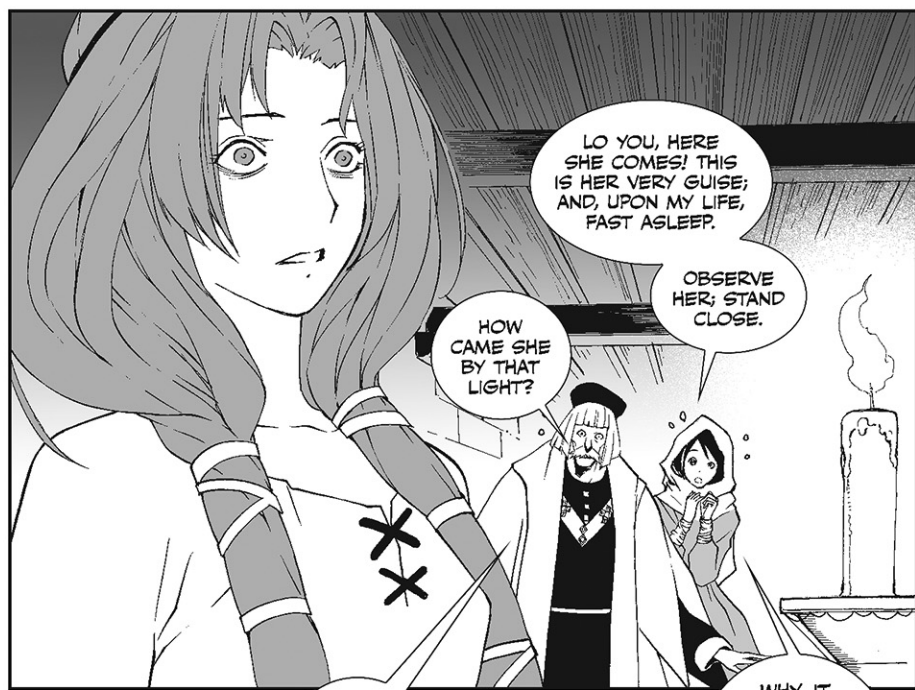
YOU MAY
TO ME, AND
'TIS MOST
MEET YOU
SHOULD.

THAT,
SIR, WHICH
I WILL NOT
REPORT
AFTER
HER.



NEITHER TO
YOU NOR ANYONE,
HAVING NO WITNESS
TO CONFIRM MY
SPEECH.









OUT,
DAMNED SPOT!
OUT, I SAY! -

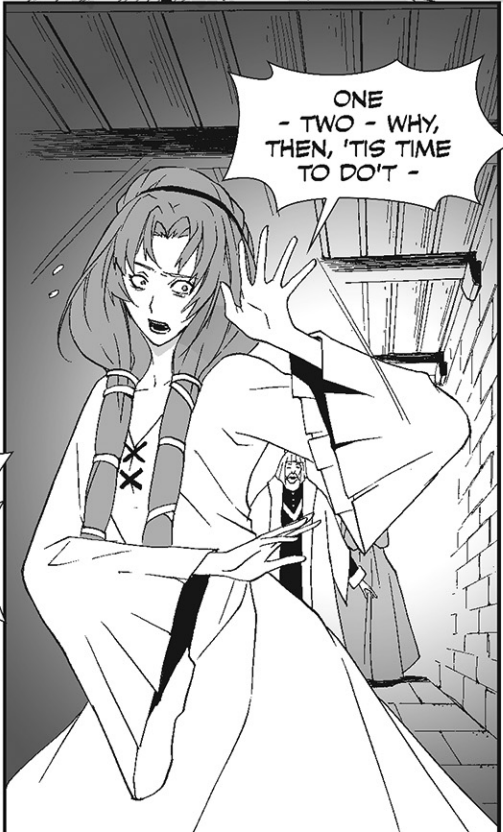


HELL IS
MURKY! -



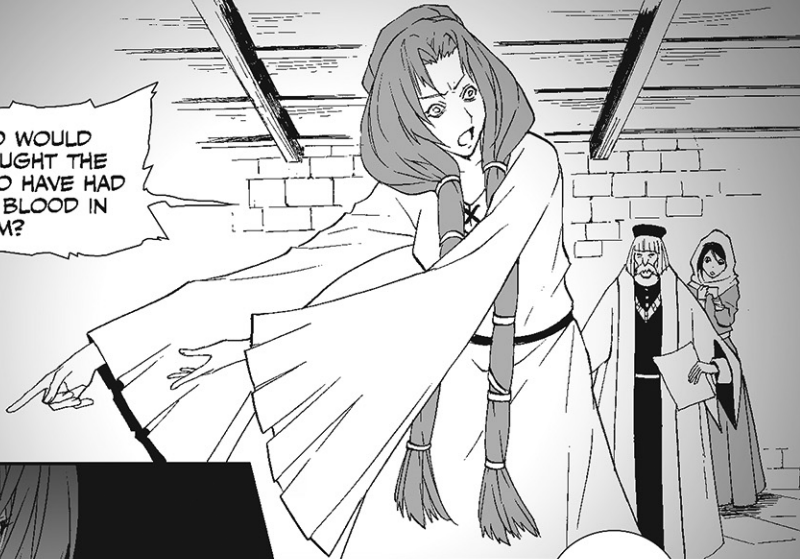
FIE, MY LORD,
FIE! A SOLDIER,
AND AFEAARD?

WHAT NEED WE
FEAR WHO KNOWS
IT, WHEN NONE CAN
CALL OUR POWER
TO ACCOUNT? -



ONE
- TWO - WHY,
THEN, 'TIS TIME
TO DO'T -

YET WHO WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT THE
OLD MAN TO HAVE HAD
SO MUCH BLOOD IN
HIM?



THE THANE OF
FIFE HAD A WIFE:
WHERE IS SHE
NOW? -



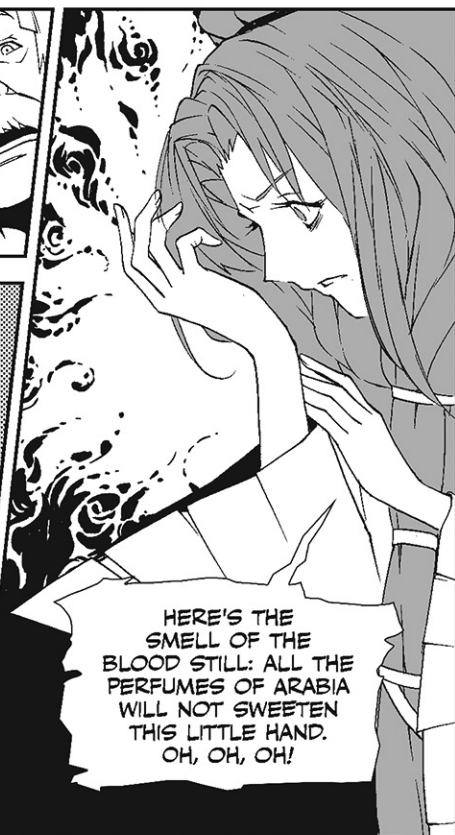
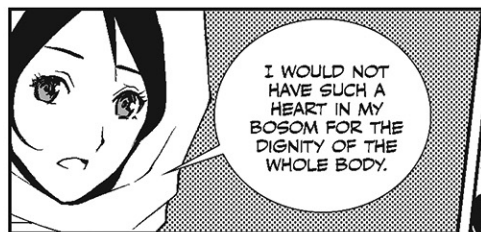
DO
YOU MARK
THAT?

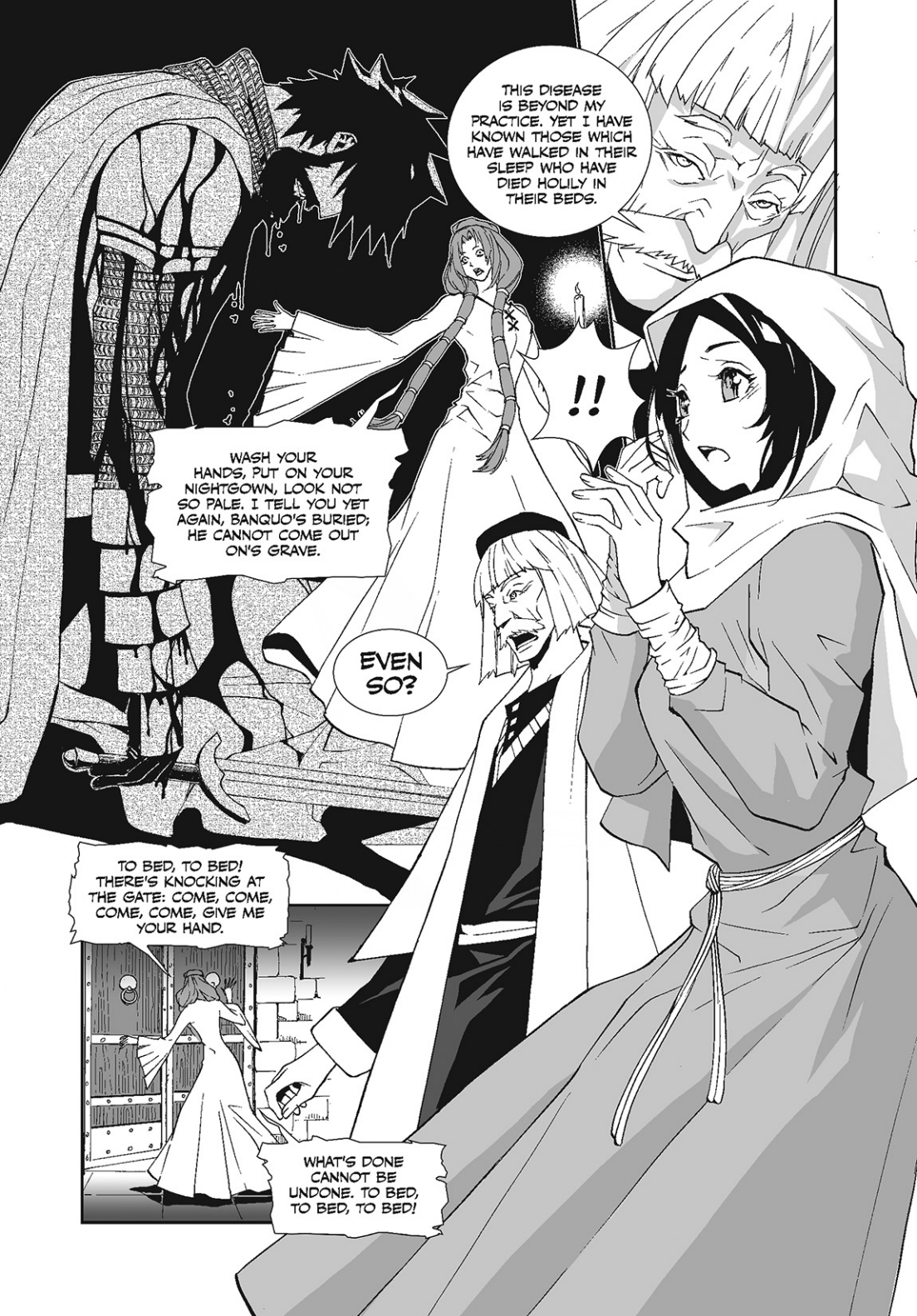


NO MORE O' THAT,
MY LORD, NO MORE O'
THAT: YOU MAR ALL WITH
THIS STARTING.



WHAT, WILL
THESE HANDS
NE'ER BE
CLEAN? -





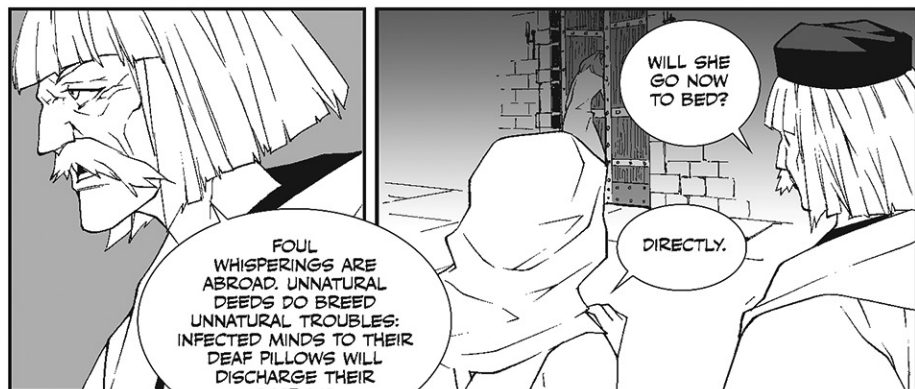
THIS DISEASE
IS BEYOND MY
PRACTICE. YET I HAVE
KNOWN THOSE WHICH
HAVE WALKED IN THEIR
SLEEP WHO HAVE
DIED HOLLY IN
THEIR BEDS.

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.

EVEN
SO?

TO BED, TO BED!
THERE'S KNOCKING AT
THE GATE: COME, COME,
COME, COME, GIVE ME
YOUR HAND.

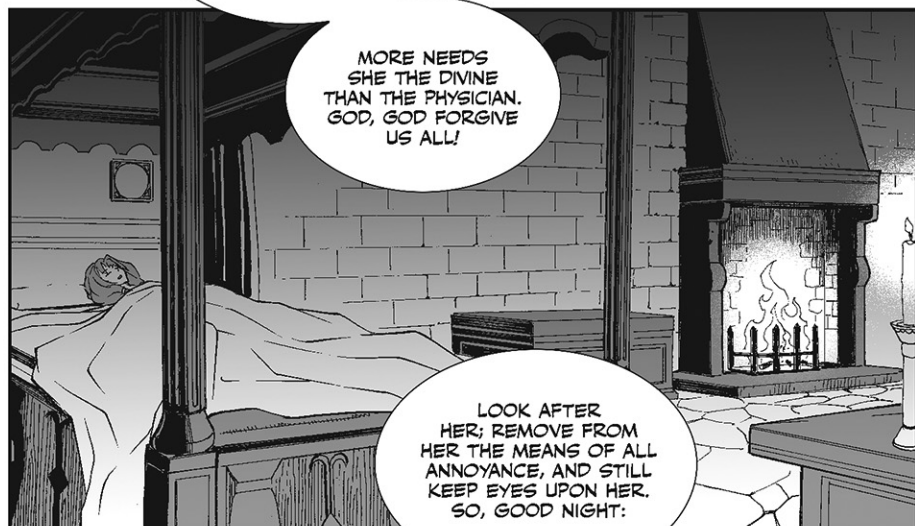
WHAT'S DONE
CANNOT BE
UNDONE. TO BED,
TO BED, TO BED!



FOUL
WHISPERINGS ARE
ABROAD. UNNATURAL
DEEDS DO BREED
UNNATURAL TROUBLES;
INFECTED MINDS TO THEIR
DEAF PILLOWS WILL
DISCHARGE THEIR
SECRETS.

WILL SHE
GO NOW
TO BED?

DIRECTLY.



MORE NEEDS
SHE THE DIVINE
THAN THE PHYSICIAN.
GOD, GOD FORGIVE
US ALL!

LOOK AFTER
HER; REMOVE FROM
HER THE MEANS OF ALL
ANNOYANCE, AND STILL
KEEP EYES UPON HER.
SO, GOOD NIGHT:



MY
MIND SHE HAS
MATED, AND AMAZED
MY SIGHT. I THINK,
BUT DARE NOT
SPEAK.

GOOD
NIGHT, GOOD
DOCTOR.

ACT V SCENE II

THE COUNTRY NEAR
DUNSINANE

THE
ENGLISH POWER
IS NEAR, LED ON BY
MALCOLM, HIS UNCLE
SIWARD AND THE GOOD
MACDUFF.

REVENGES BURN
IN THEM; FOR THEIR
DEAR CAUSES WOULD TO
THE BLEEDING AND THE
GRIM ALARM EXCITE
THE MORTIFIED MAN.

MENTEITH

WHO
KNOWS IF
DONALBAIN
BE WITH HIS
BROTHER?

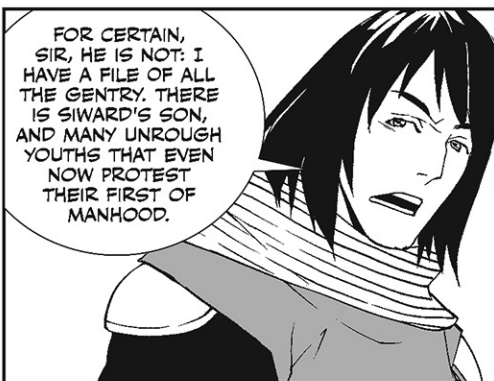
NEAR BIRNAM
WOOD SHALL WE
WELL MEET THEM;
THAT WAY ARE
THEY COMING.

CAITHNESS





WHAT
DOES THE
TYRANT?



FOR CERTAIN,
SIR, HE IS NOT: I
HAVE A FILE OF ALL
THE GENTRY. THERE
IS SIWARD'S SON,
AND MANY UNROUGH
YOUTHS THAT EVEN
NOW PROTEST
THEIR FIRST OF
MANHOOD.



THOSE HE
COMMANDS MOVE
ONLY IN COMMAND,
NOTHING IN LOVE. NOW
DOES HE FEEL HIS TITLE
HANG LOOSE ABOUT HIM,
LIKE A GIANT'S ROBE
UPON A DWARFISH
THIEF.

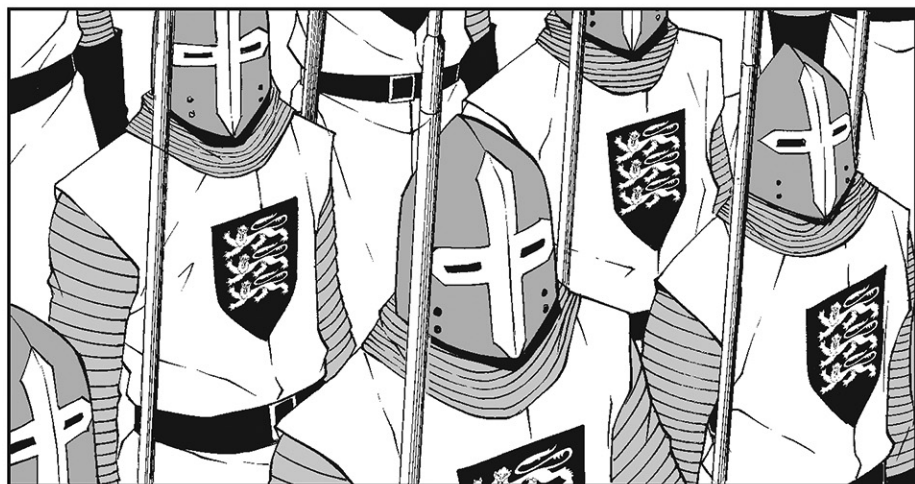
NOW DOES
HE FEEL HIS
SECRET MURDERS
STICKING ON HIS
HANDS; NOW MINUTELY
REVOLTS UPBRAID HIS
FAITH-BREACH;



GREAT
DUNSHANE
HE STRONGLY
FORTIFIES. SOME
SAY HE'S MAD;
OTHERS THAT
LESSER HATE
HIM DO CALL
IT VALIANT
FURY:

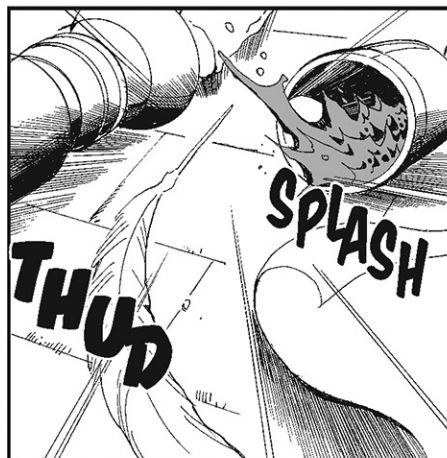
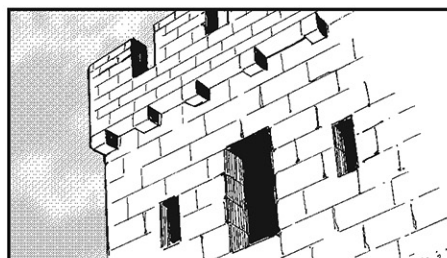
BUT, FOR
CERTAIN,
HE CANNOT
BUCKLE HIS
DISTEMPER'D
CAUSE WITHIN
THE BELT OF
RULE.





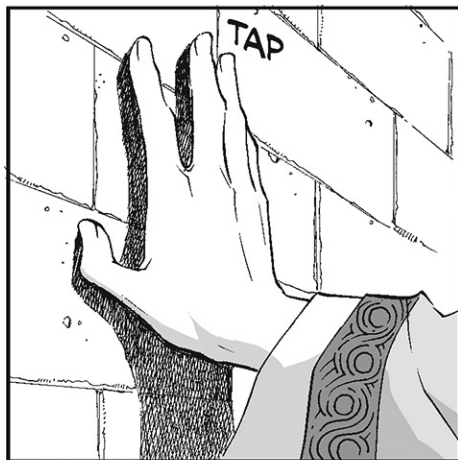
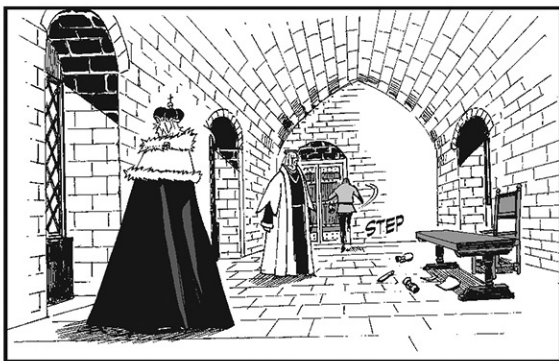
THE CASTLE IN
DUNSINANE

ACT V SCENE III











WHAT
IS YOUR
GRACIOUS
PLEASURE?

WHAT
NEWS
MORE?

STEP
STEP



THIS
PUSH WILL
CHEER ME EVER,
OR DISSEAT ME NOW.
I HAVE LIVED LONG
ENOUGH: MY WAY OF
LIFE IS FALL'N INTO THE
SERE, THE YELLOW
LEAF;

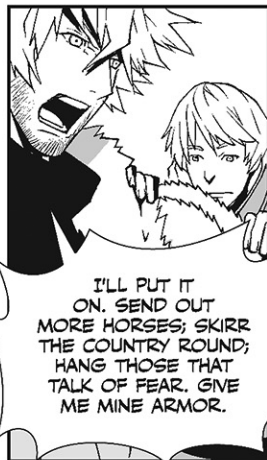
AND
THAT WHICH SHOULD
ACCOMPANY OLD AGE, AS
HONOUR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE,
TROOPS OF FRIENDS, I MUST
NOT LOOK TO HAVE; BUT, IN THEIR
STEAD, CURSES, NOT LOUD BUT
DEEP, MOUTH-HONOUR, BREATH,
WHICH THE POOR HEART
WOULD FAIN DENY, AND
DARE NOT.



I'LL FIGHT
TILL FROM
MY BONES MY
FLESH BE
HACK'D.

ALL IS
CONFIRM'D,
MY LORD,
WHICH WAS
REPORTED.

SEYTON

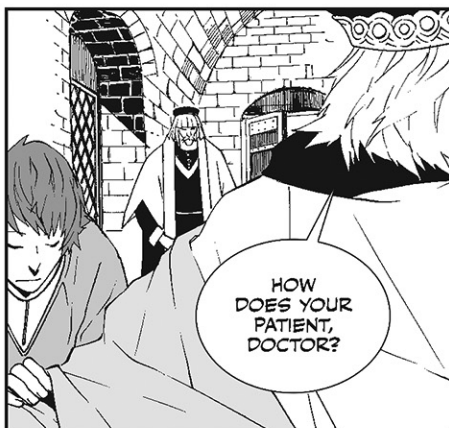
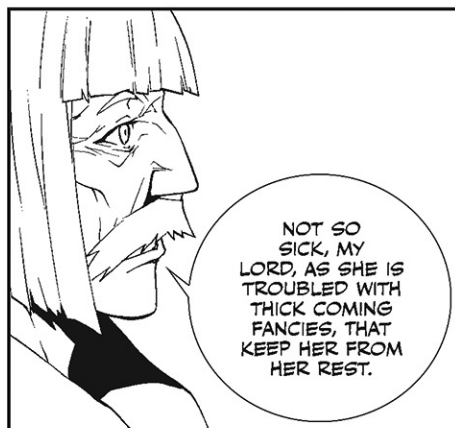


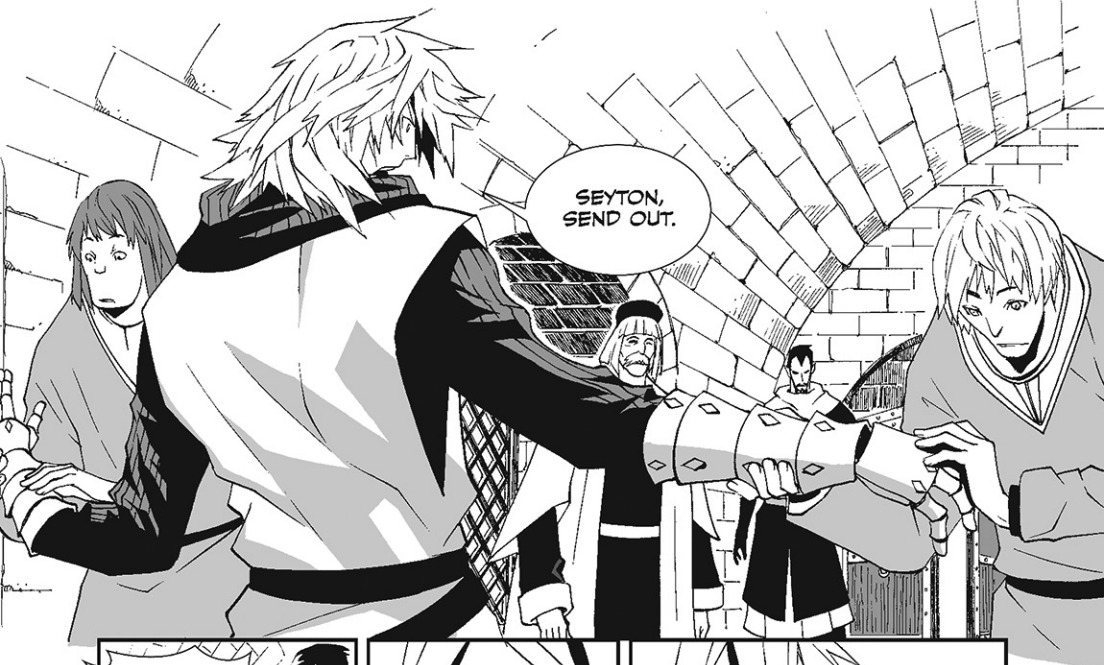
I'LL PUT IT
ON. SEND OUT
MORE HORSES; SKIRR
THE COUNTRY ROUND;
HANG THOSE THAT
TALK OF FEAR. GIVE
ME MINE ARMOR.

'TIS NOT
NEEDED
YET.



GIVE
ME MY
ARMOR.





SEYTON,
SEND OUT.



COME, SIR,
DISPATCH.



!!

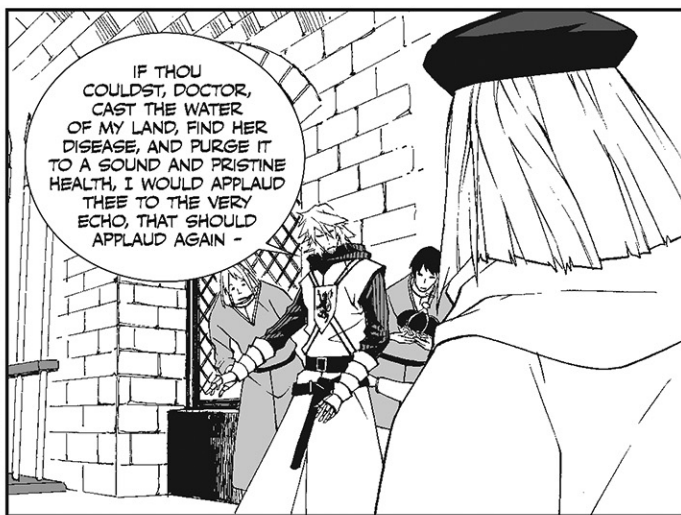


DOCTOR,
THE THANES
FLY FROM
ME.

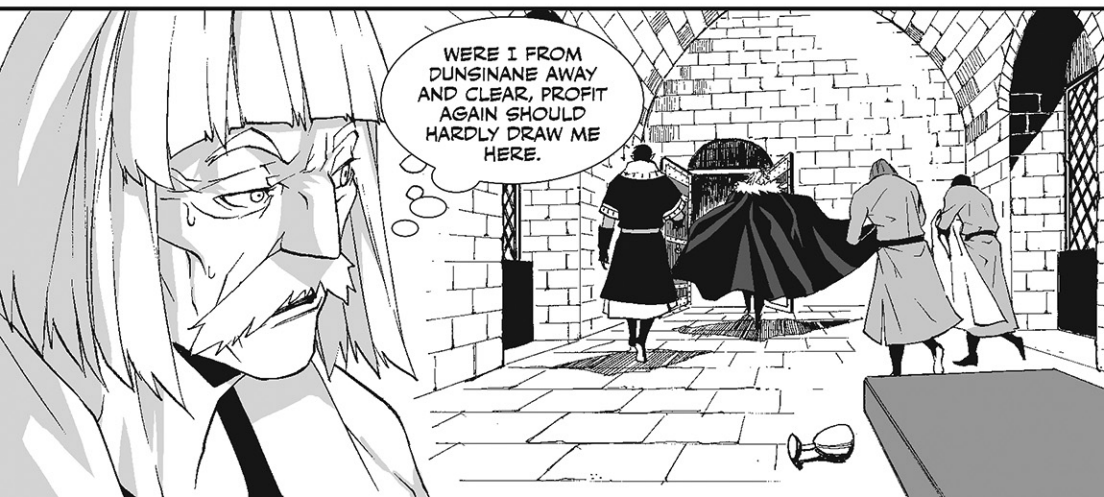
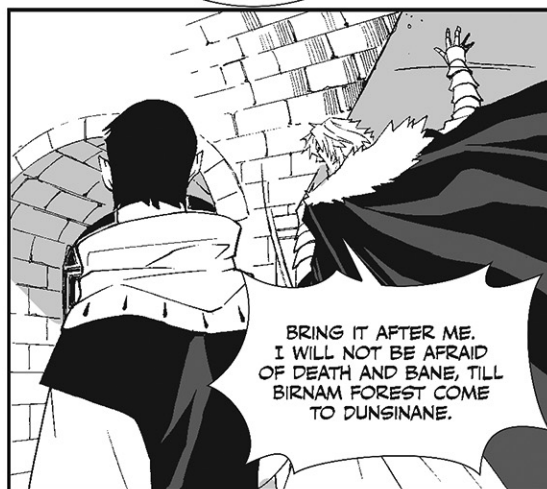
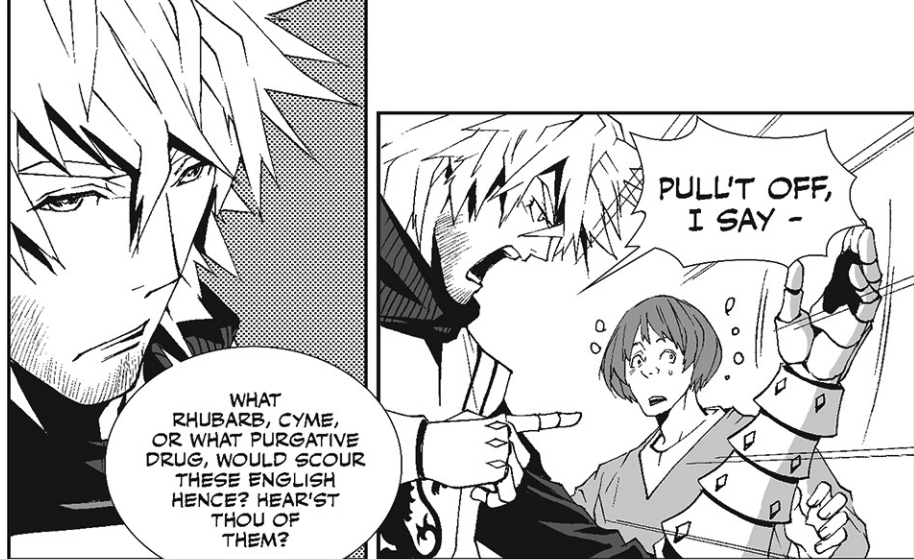


TAK!

KLAK



IF THOU
COULDST, DOCTOR,
CAST THE WATER
OF MY LAND, FIND HER
DISEASE, AND PURGE IT
TO A SOUND AND PRISTINE
HEALTH, I WOULD APPLAUD
THEE TO THE VERY
ECHO, THAT SHOULD
APPLAUD AGAIN -



ACT V SCENE IV

COUNTRY NEAR
BIRNAM WOOD

COUSINS,
I HOPE THE
DAYS ARE NEAR
AT HAND THAT
CHAMBERS WILL
BE SAFE.

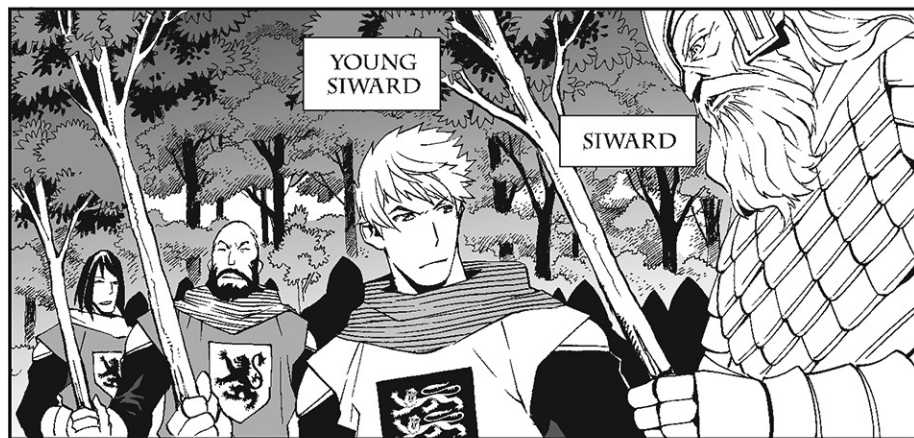
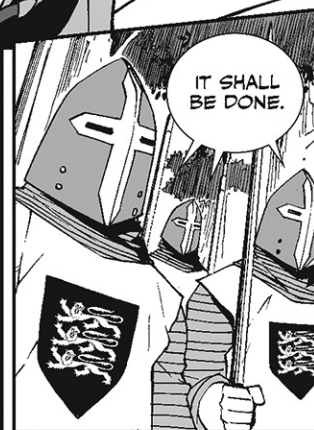
WE
DOUBT IT
NOTHING.

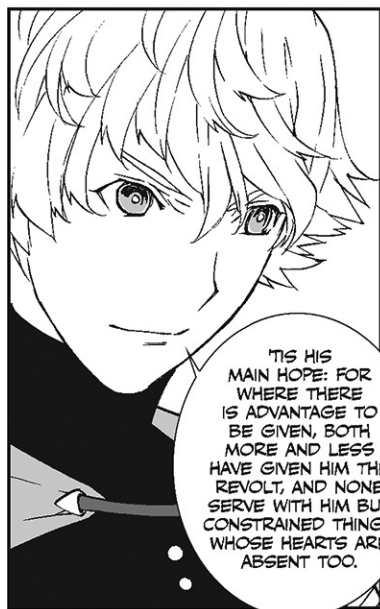
WHAT WOOD
IS THIS BEFORE
US?

THE
WOOD OF
BIRNAM.

...

LET
EVERY SOLDIER
HEW HIM DOWN A
BOUGH AND BEAR'T
BEFORE HIM: THEREBY SHALL
WE SHADOW THE NUMBERS
OF OUR HOST AND MAKE
DISCOVERY ERR IN
REPORT OF US.

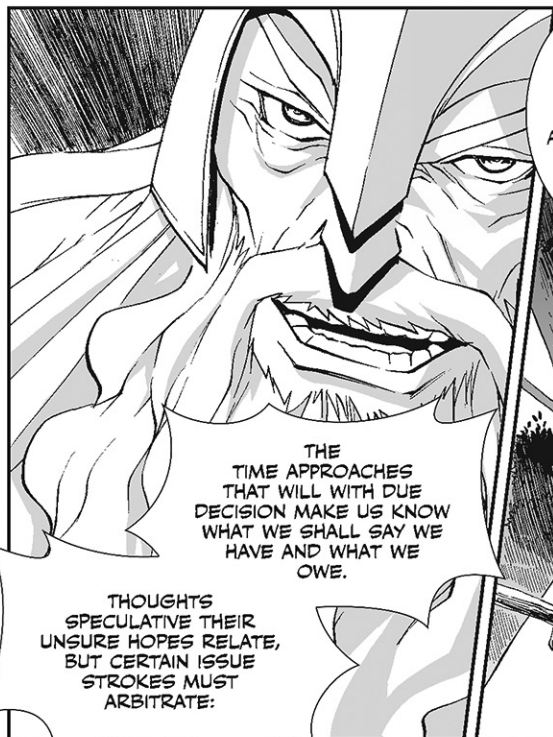




'TIS HIS
MAIN HOPE: FOR
WHERE THERE
IS ADVANTAGE TO
BE GIVEN, BOTH
MORE AND LESS
HAVE GIVEN HIM THE
REVOLT, AND NONE
SERVE WITH HIM BUT
CONSTRAINED THINGS
WHOSE HEARTS ARE
ABSENT TOO.



WE
LEARN NO
OTHER BUT
THE CONFIDENT
TYRANT
KEEPS STILL IN
DUNSIANE, AND
WILL ENDURE OUR
SETTING DOWN
BEFORE 'T.

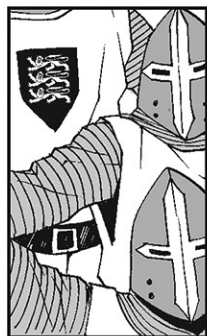


THE
TIME APPROACHES
THAT WILL WITH DUE
DECISION MAKE US KNOW
WHAT WE SHALL SAY WE
HAVE AND WHAT WE
OWE.

THOUGHTS
SPECULATIVE THEIR
UNSURE HOPES RELATE,
BUT CERTAIN ISSUE
STROKES MUST
ARBITRATE:

LET
OUR JUST
CENSURES
ATTEND THE
TRUE EVENT,
AND PUT WE ON
INDUSTRIOUS
SOLDIERSHIP.





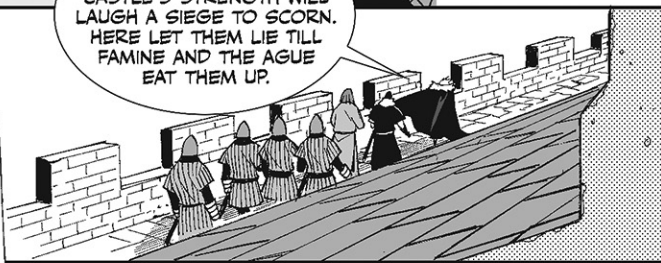


HANG OUT
OUR BANNERS ON
THE OUTWARD
WALLS;

THE CRY IS STILL
'THEY COME!' OUR
CASTLE'S STRENGTH WILL
LAUGH A SIEGE TO SCORN.
HERE LET THEM LIE TILL
FAMINE AND THE AGUE
EAT THEM UP.

ACT V SCENE V

THE CASTLE IN
DUNSINANE



AAAAEE...
AAAAEE...



WHAT
IS THAT
NOISE?

IT IS
THE CRY OF
WOMEN, MY
GOOD LORD.



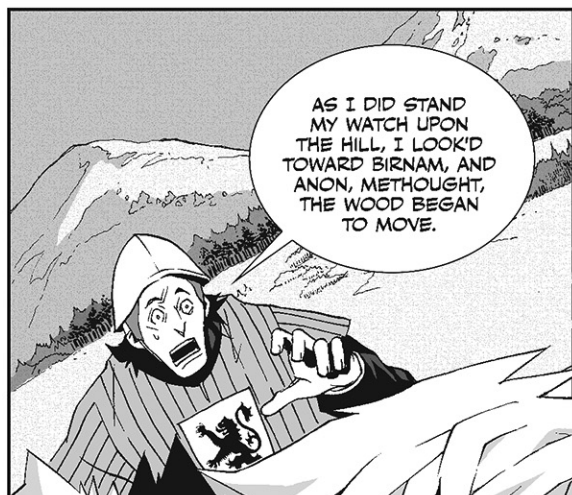
WERE
THEY NOT
FORCED WITH
THOSE THAT
SHOULD BE
OURS, WE MIGHT
HAVE MET THEM
DAREFUL, BEARD
TO BEARD, AND
BEAT THEM
BACKWARD
HOME.



SHE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER; THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN A TIME FOR SUCH A WORD. 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.












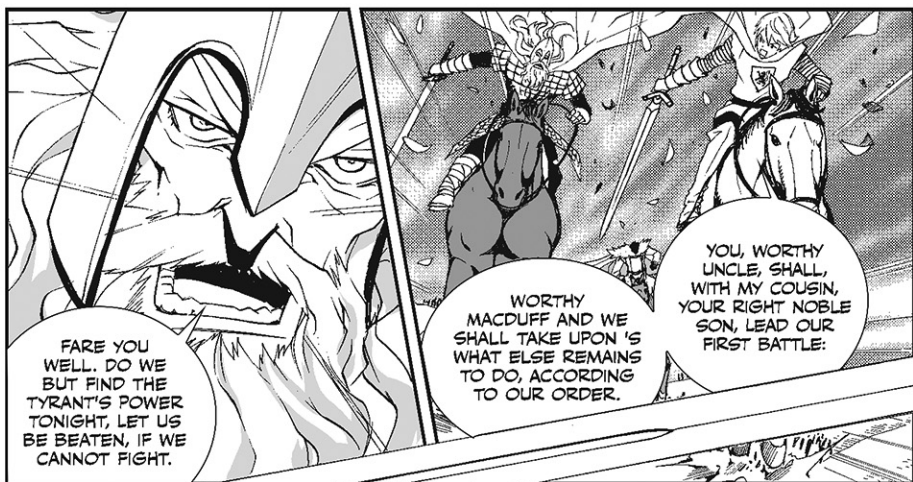
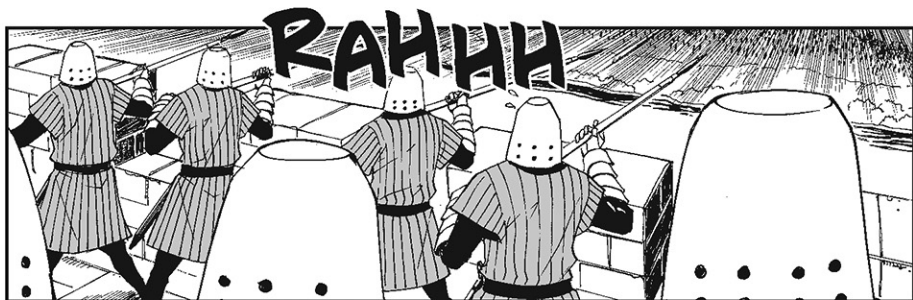
IF THIS WHICH
HE AVOUCHES DOES
APPEAR, THERE IS NOR
FLYING HENCE NOR
TARRYING HERE.

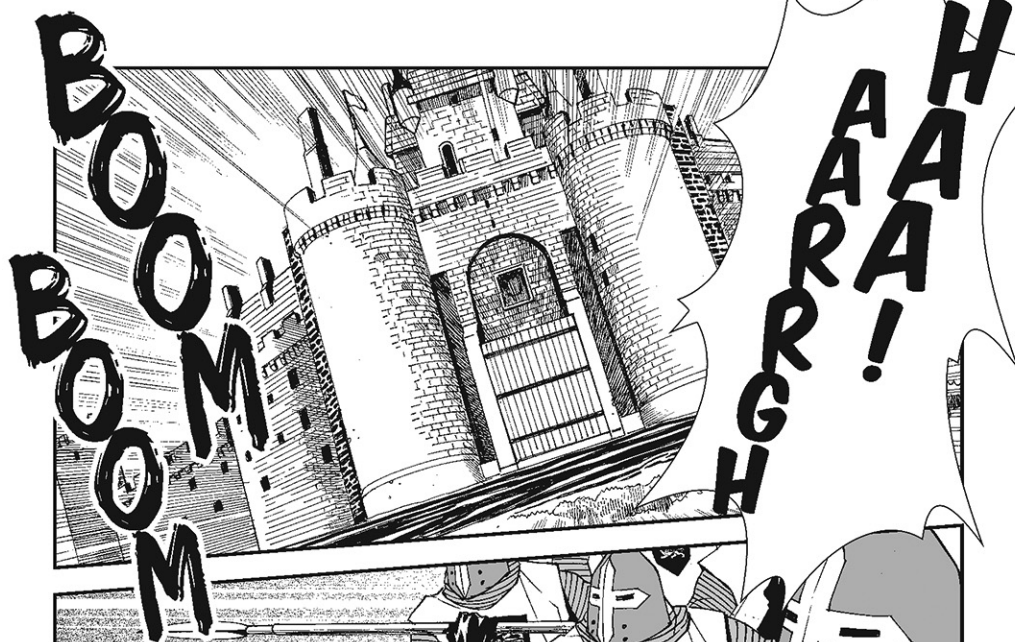
I 'GIN
TO BE AWEARY OF
THE SUN, AND WISH THE
ESTATE O' THE WORLD
WERE NOW UNDONE.



RING THE
ALARUM-BELL!
BLOW, WIND! COME,
WRACK! AT LEAST
WE'LL DIE WITH
HARNES ON
OUR BACK.





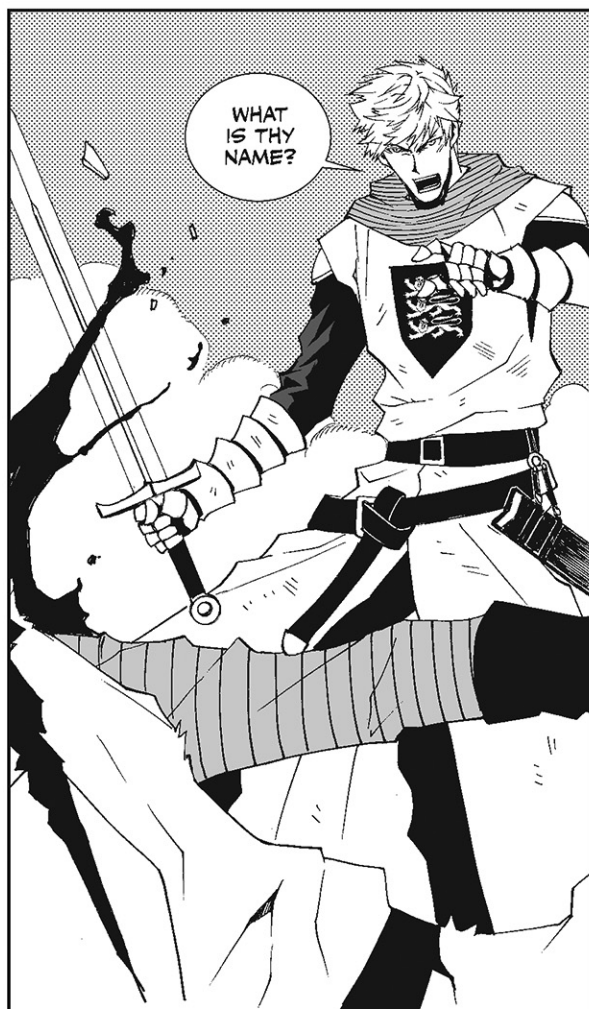
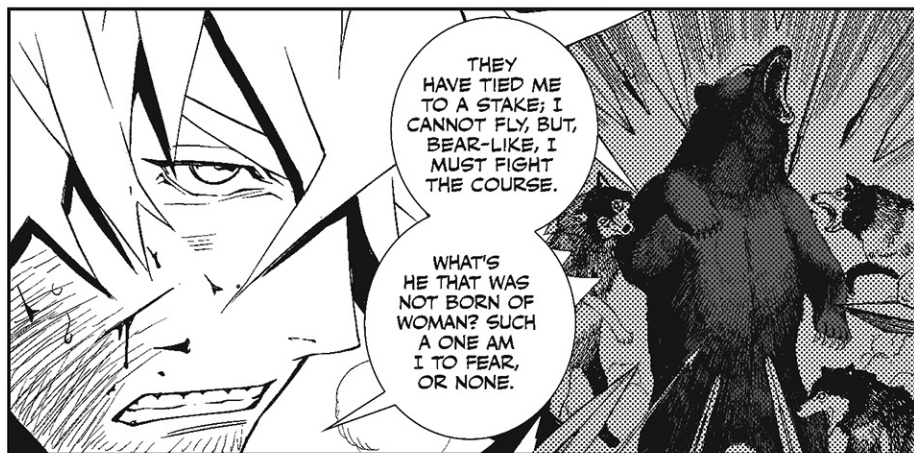


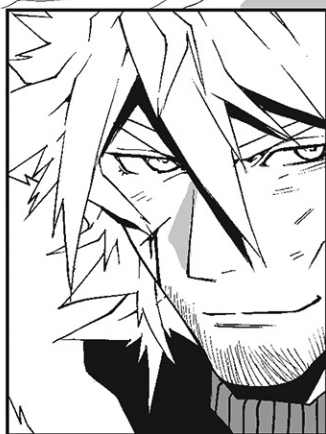
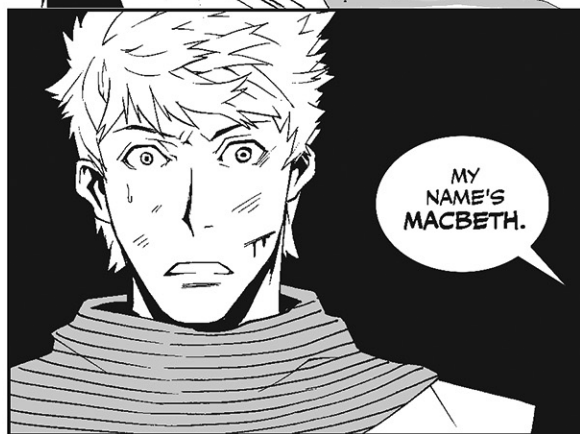


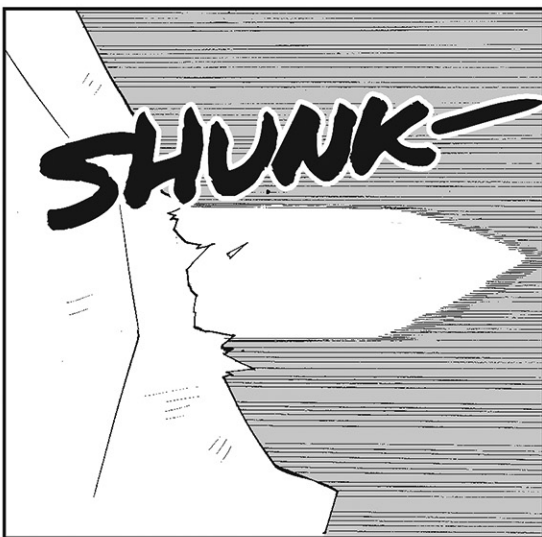
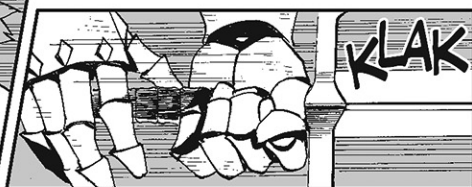


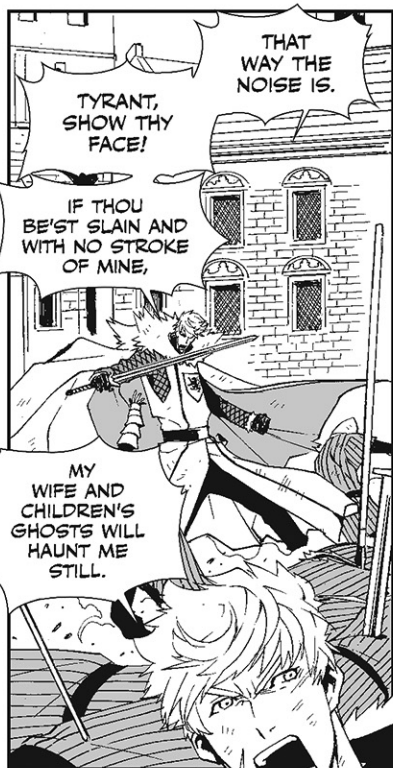
ACT V SCENE VII

ANOTHER PART
OF THE FIELD









TYRANT,
SHOW THY
FACE!

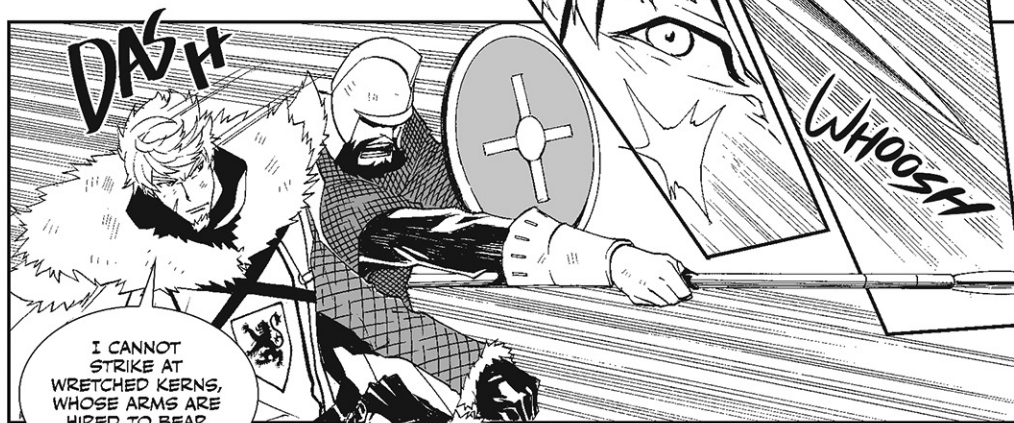
IF THOU
BE'ST SLAIN AND
WITH NO STROKE
OF MINE,

MY
WIFE AND
CHILDREN'S
GHOSTS WILL
HAUNT ME
STILL.

THAT
WAY THE
NOISE IS.



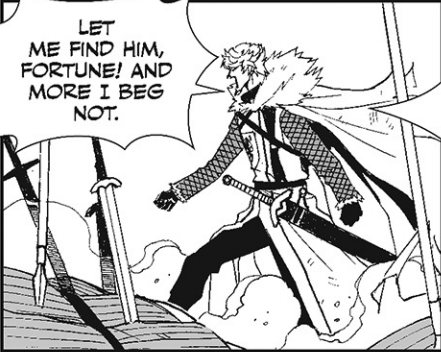
THOU
WAST BORN
OF WOMAN. BUT
SWORDS I SMILE
AT, WEAPONS
LAUGH TO SCORN,
BRANDISH'D BY
MAN THAT'S OF A
WOMAN BORN.




I CANNOT
STRIKE AT
WRETCHED KERNs,
WHOSE ARMS ARE
HIRED TO BEAR
THEIR STAVES:

EITHER THOU,
MACBETH, OR ELSE
MY SWORD WITH AN
UNBATTER'D EDGE
I SHEATHE AGAIN
UNDEEDED.





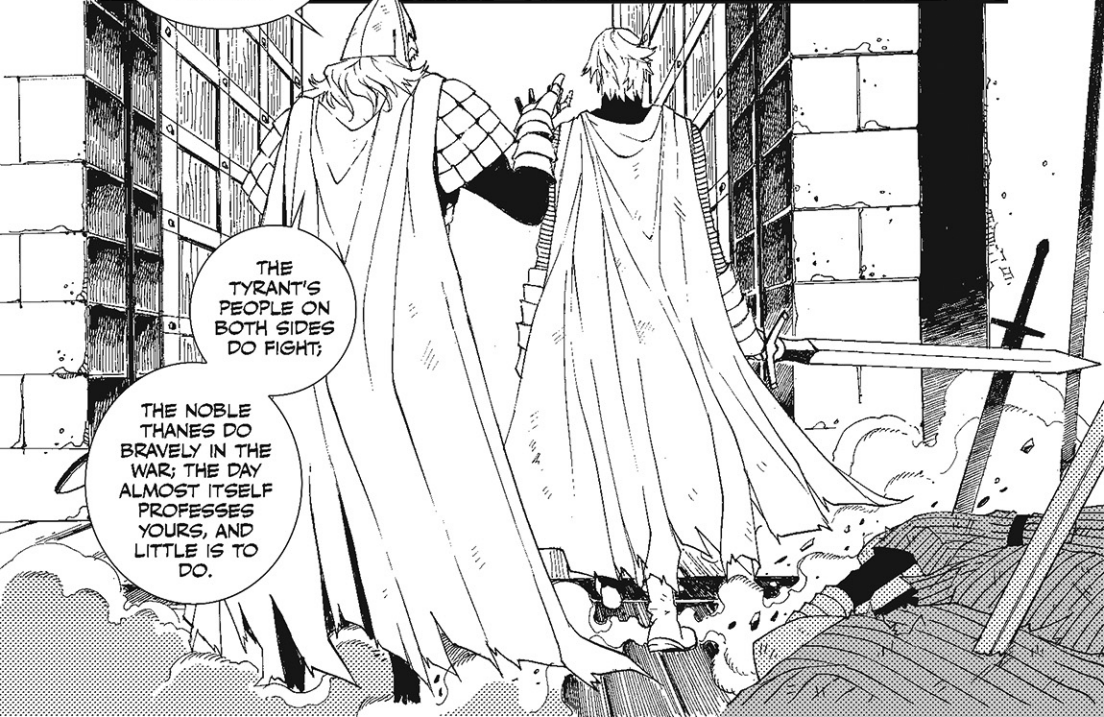
LET
ME FIND HIM,
FORTUNE! AND
MORE I BEG
NOT.



THERE THOU
SHOULDST BE;
BY THIS GREAT
CLATTER, ONE OF
GREATEST NOTE
SEEMS BRUITED.

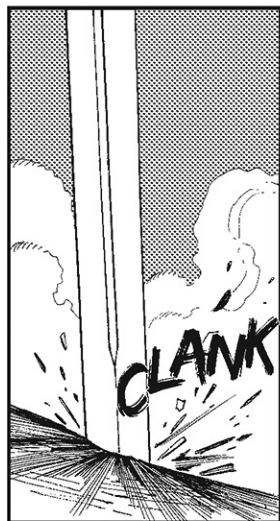


THIS WAY,
MY LORD; THE
CASTLE'S GENTLY
RENDER'D:



THE
TYRANT'S
PEOPLE ON
BOTH SIDES
DO FIGHT;

THE NOBLE
THANES DO
BRAVELY IN THE
WAR; THE DAY
ALMOST ITSELF
PROFESSES
YOURS, AND
LITTLE IS TO
DO.





WHY
SHOULD I PLAY
THE ROMAN FOOL,
AND DIE ON MINE
OWN SWORD?

WHILES I SEE
LIVES, THE GASHES
DO BETTER UPON
THEM.


ACT V SCENE VIII

ANOTHER PART
OF THE FIELD

OF ALL MEN
ELSE I HAVE
AVOIDED THEE, BUT
GET THEE BACK; MY
SOUL IS TOO MUCH
CHARGED WITH
BLOOD OF THINE
ALREADY.

TURN,
HELL-HOUND,
TURN!





I HAVE NO
WORDS: MY
VOICE IS IN
MY SWORD:

THOU BLOODIER
VILLAIN THAN
TERMS CAN GIVE
THEE OUT!

THOU
LOSEST
LABOUR:

AS EASY
MAYST THOU THE
INTRENCHANT AIR
WITH THY KEEN
SWORD IMPRESS
AS MAKE ME
BLEED:

LET FALL THY BLADE
ON VULNERABLE CRESTS; I
BEAR A CHARMED LIFE, WHICH
MUST NOT YIELD, TO ONE
OF WOMAN BORN.





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.'



THOUGH
BIRNAM WOOD BE
COME TO DUNSLINANE,
AND THOU OPPOSED,
BEING OF NO WOMAN
BORN, YET I WILL
TRY THE LAST.



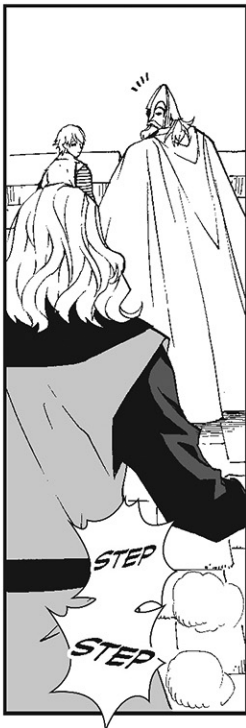
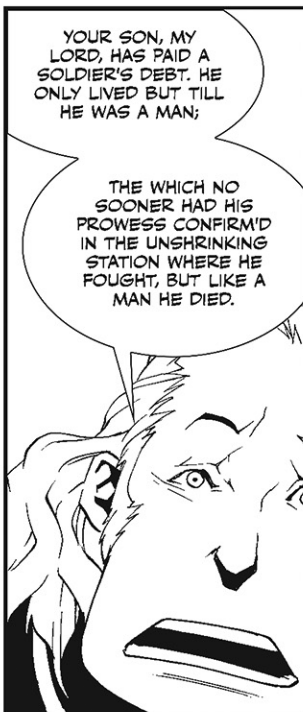
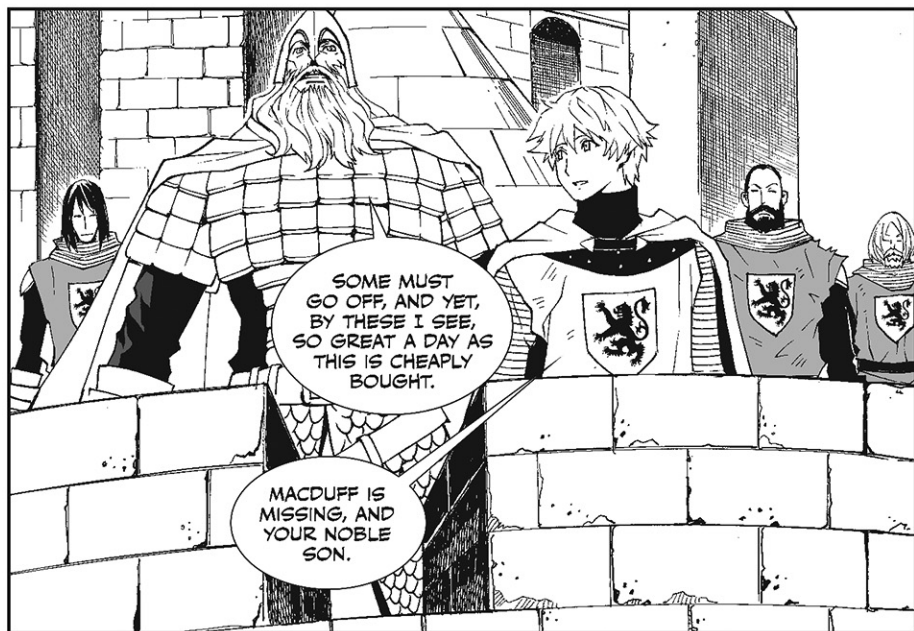
I WILL NOT
YIELD, TO KISS THE
GROUND BEFORE
YOUNG MALCOLM'S
FEET, AND TO BE
BAITED WITH THE
RABBLE'S
CURSE.



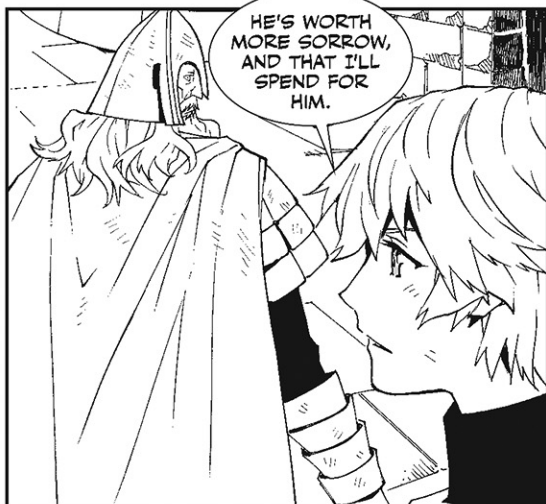








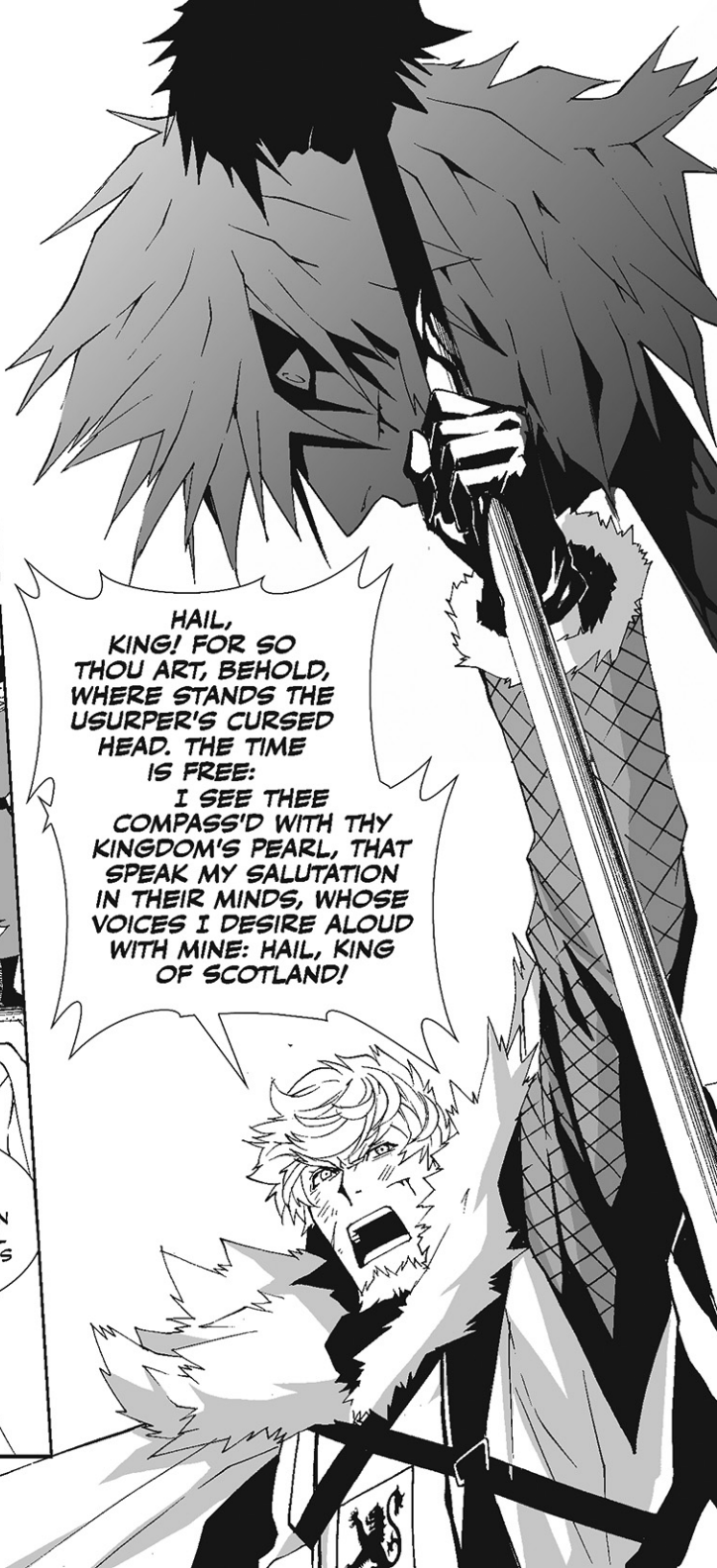






WE SHALL NOT
SPEND A LARGE
EXPENSE OF TIME
BEFORE WE RECKON
WITH YOUR SEVERAL
LOVES, AND MAKE US
EVEN WITH YOU.


MY THANES
AND KINSMEN,
HENCEFORTH BE EARLS,
THE FIRST THAT EVER
SCOTLAND IN SUCH AN
HONOUR NAMED.



HAIL,
KING! FOR SO
THOU ART, BEHOLD,
WHERE STANDS THE
USURPER'S CURSED
HEAD. THE TIME
IS FREE:

I SEE THEE
COMPASS'D WITH THY
KINGDOM'S PEARL, THAT
SPEAK MY SALUTATION
IN THEIR MINDS, WHOSE
VOICES I DESIRE ALOUD
WITH MINE: HAIL, KING
OF SCOTLAND!






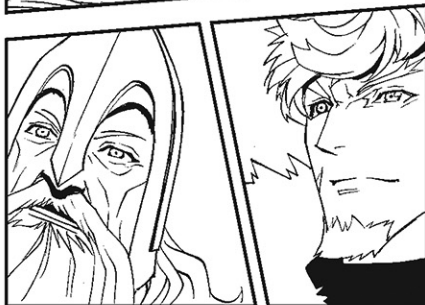
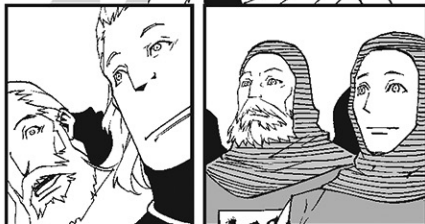
PRODUCING
FORTH THE CRUEL
MINISTERS OF THIS
DEAD BUTCHER AND HIS
FIEND-LIKE QUEEN, WHO,
AS 'TIS THOUGHT, BY
SELF AND VIOLENT
HANDS TOOK OFF
HER LIFE;

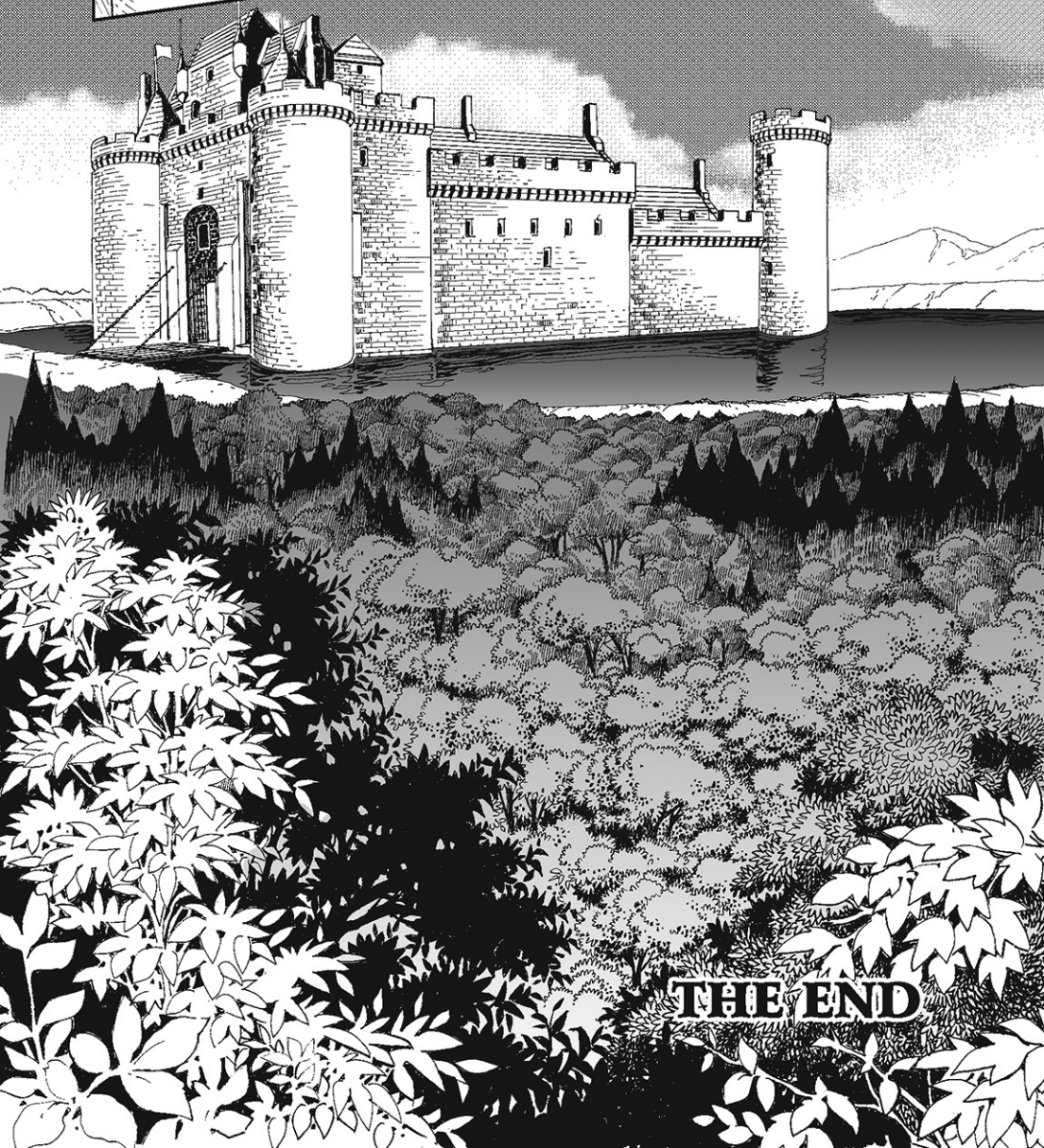
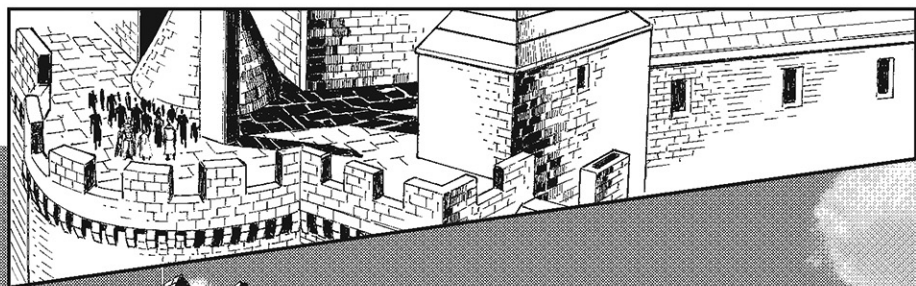
WHAT'S MORE
TO DO, WHICH
WOULD BE PLANTED
NEWLY WITH THE TIME,
AS CALLING HOME OUR
EXILED FRIENDS ABROAD
THAT FLED THE SNARES
OF WATCHFUL
TYRANNY;

THIS, AND
WHAT NEEDFUL
ELSE THAT CALLS
UPON US, BY THE
GRACE OF GRACE,
WE WILL PERFORM
IN MEASURE, TIME
AND PLACE.



SO,
THANKS TO
ALL AT ONCE
AND TO EACH
ONE, WHOM WE
INVITE TO SEE US
CROWN'D AT
SCONE.





THE END

It was such a challenge for me to work on **Shakespeare's Macbeth**, mainly because there are very few references to use for the settings and characters. The story happens long before photographic records existed, and a lot of the architecture has long been in ruins. Our creative teams spent days and days looking for any trace of reference material they could find, but the rest was up to me - to create an accurate and realistic Macbeth for our readers to enjoy.

It was also challenging to settle on an art style for this book. This was actually the first Shakespeare book we started work on, even before **Romeo and Juliet** - my previous **Manga Classics** title was **The Jungle Book**, which had a very different feel to it. I did a lot of different designs for Macbeth, but we just weren't feeling it - after reading everyone's comments, I scrapped all the designs and started over, ending up with a more mature and heroic approach. While I was working on that, my boss decided that my **Romeo and Juliet** designs were ready to go, so we put **Macbeth** aside. **Romeo and Juliet** became our first Shakespeare **Manga Classics** title.

When I started drawing **Macbeth** and immersed myself in its world, I could feel the story of his tragic life happening right in front of me. Macbeth is like many people - he was supposed to just mind his own business and play his own part. But life can be unpredictable. When the witches showed up and tempted him with power, he overcame his own internal struggle and climbed up the chain of command, beginning a journey towards power from which he could never return. I admire his determination! Not too many people have the motivation to overcome their place in our society and achieve such a task.



As he reached the top, he gained some things and lost others. The price he had to pay was hard to bear. He sacrificed his friendships, his settled life, his physical and mental freedom - and he ended up alone, without the woman he loved. All he had left was a body and soul soaked in blood. Was it a fair exchange? Or is that just... life?

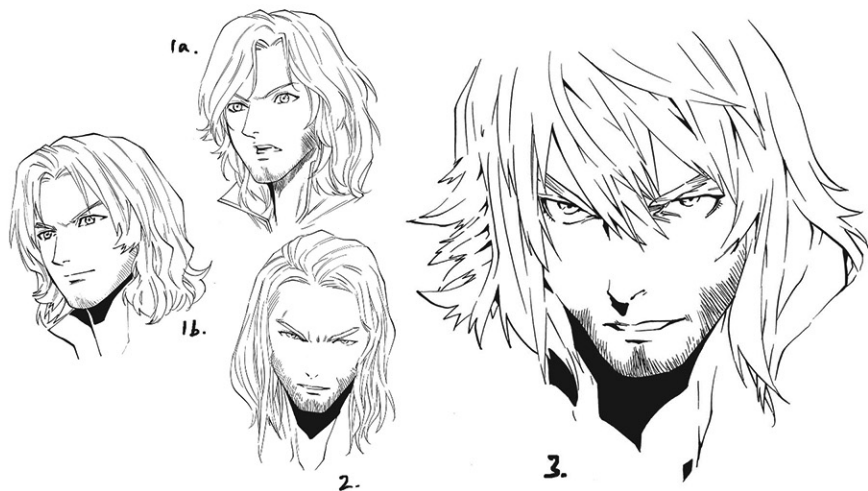
Macbeth is a very 'real' character, more like flesh and blood than words on paper. I hope my art conveys that to all of you!

Thank you for reading **Manga Classics**!

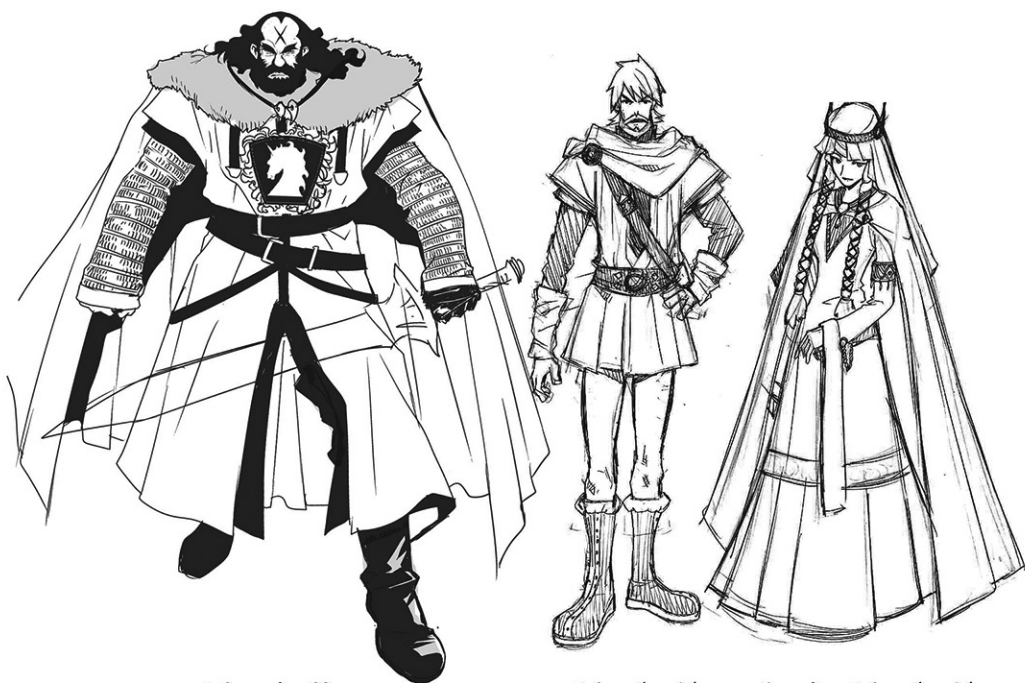
Julien Choy

CHARACTER DESIGN SKETCHBOOK:

Macbeth - head study



Scrapped character design



Macduff

Macbeth

Lady Macbeth

**Macduff
scrapped
design**



**Macduff
revised
design**



Macduff

CHARACTER LINE-UP



Duncan



Banquo



Macbeth



Lady Macbeth

CRYSTAL S. CHAN: **ADAPTING MACBETH**

Macbeth is a world-renowned play, but the way it's interpreted on stage is completely different than the way it can be interpreted in manga. When I did this adaptation, therefore, I had to make some adjustments. Here's what I had to do.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MANGA VISUALS:

Shakespeare's play **Macbeth** was originally written in the 17th century. Stagecraft was quite primitive at the time, so a lot of things had to be left up to the audience's imagination, including the metaphors in the dialogue. Manga has a much broader range of imaginative and narrative tools, however, so we can show what the original text only implies. For example: in Act 2, Scene 4, Macduff says, "Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!" By 'old robes' he means Duncan's rule, and by 'new robes', he means Macbeth's. I suggested to the artist that he use a triple-layered layout for this, with Macduff in the foreground talking, a fallen Duncan in the middle ground to represent the 'old robes', and a looming Macbeth in the background to represent the 'new'. I hope that this made the metaphor clearer to the audience.



CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT:

Macbeth was very loyal to Duncan at the beginning, but the three witches tempted him on his way back from his victory and contaminated his mind. He ended up coming up with an evil plan to murder the king and claim the throne for himself. This kind of character development is a common theme in classic literature (and also in modern manga and anime!) The Japanese

term for such change is **haraguroi** <はらぐろい, 腹黒い>. 'Hara' means belly, and 'kuroi' means black, so 'haraguroi' literally means that your internal organs are turning black - how appropriate! In order to demonstrate this development in our protagonist, we slowly changed Macbeth's facial expressions over the course of the story, from kind and gentle to fierce and cunning. The first sign of this change comes at the end of Act 1, Scene 1, when one of the witches' prophecies becomes real and a dark grin spreads over Macbeth's face - the first sign that he is going down a different path. Did it give you chills, seeing that?

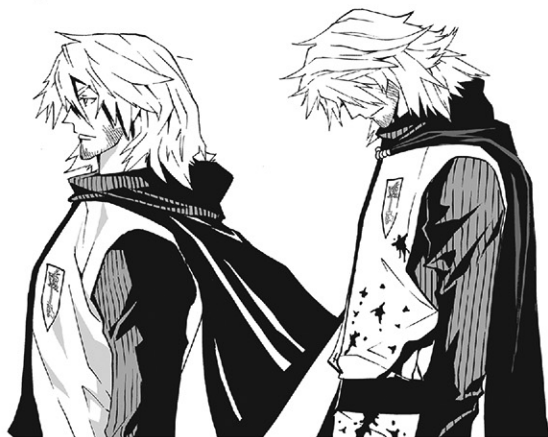


Continues on Page 3...

...continued from Page 2

LET THE DETAILS TELL THE STORY:

In addition to helping the artist express the dialogue, I also gave additional pointers to help visualize the setting. Things that might not have been specified in the play needed to be specified in our adaptation, because the manga version had to show more detail. It was also my job to oversee the



<BEFORE THE KILL>

<AFTER THE KILL>

costumes, locations, and sets as the artist drew them. For example, take Act 2, Scene 3, in which Macbeth kills Duncan's guards. The violence of their deaths meant that blood would have splattered onto Macbeth himself; when I wrote the scene, I added a note to the artist to make sure that there was blood on Macbeth's clothing afterwards.

WORKING WITH JULIEN:

I work with many different artists and I always adapt to suit their needs. This is my third time working with Julien (we worked together on *The Jungle Book* and *Romeo and Juliet*) so we already had a great working relationship. Julien is a big fan of Chinese history, so when we discussed characters' feelings and motives, I would juxtapose them with historical Chinese figures to give him a better idea of what we were talking about. For the big fight scenes, I introduced him to a few popular American TV shows - you know the ones! - and he found a lot of inspiration in those.



Although we worked together on other Shakespeare titles before, **Macbeth** is very different. **Romeo and Juliet** is mainly a love story, with dreamy and romantic visuals; we used a lot of screen tones and special patterns to create the feeling of love brewing on those pages. **Macbeth**, however, is a hardcore adrenalin-fueled story about the lust for power, so we decided to use fewer patterns; instead we used sharp black and white, harsh shadow and light, to create a heavier feel.



<PAGE FROM ROMEO & JULIET>



<PAGE FROM MACBETH>

The Shakespeare **Manga Classics** titles all use the unabridged original text. You might think that that would make my job easier - but, in fact, it's a much bigger challenge! Older English is much harder to understand than modern English, so we have to work very hard on the visuals to help the readers follow along. We spend a lot of time plotting out every panel and creating beautiful art, in hopes that we can help the readers get the best out of Shakespeare's elegant language and metaphors.

I hope that this manga adaptation helps readers shake off that feeling that Shakespeare plays are boring and hard to understand. I also hope that it sparks some newfound interest in this classic literature - that's what we at **Manga Classics** set out to do in the first place.

Thank you very much for reading!

Crystal (Silvermoon) Chan

Manga Classics®

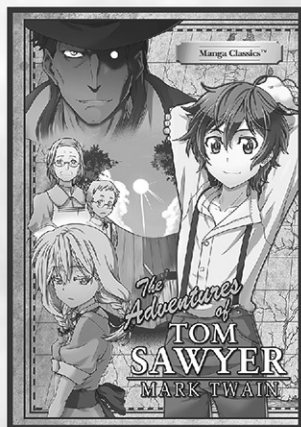
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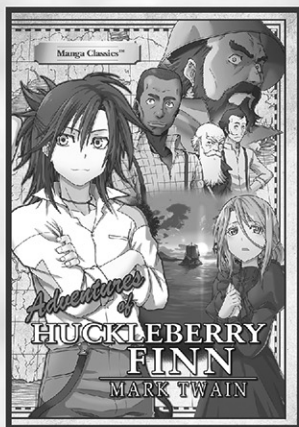
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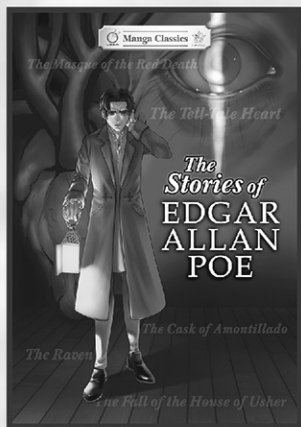
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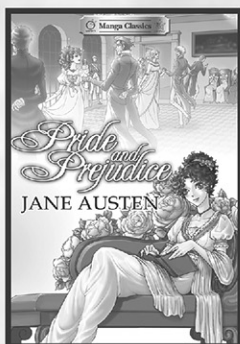
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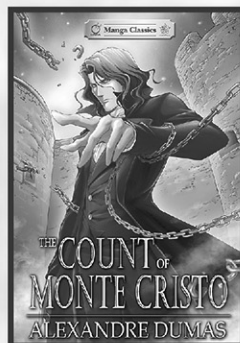
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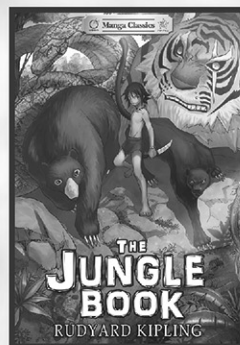
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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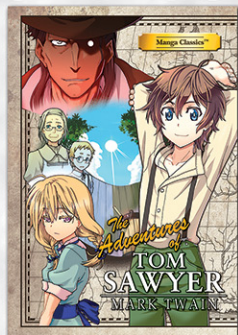
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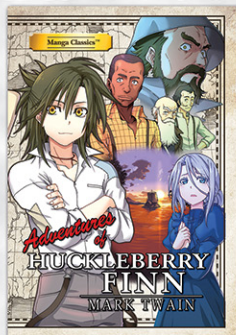
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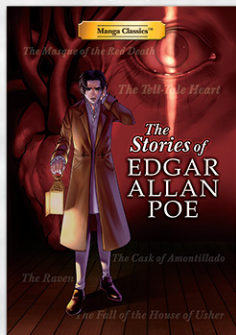
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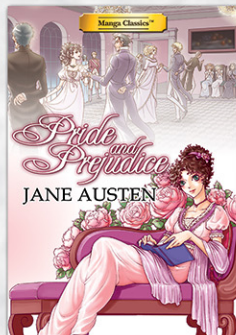
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