

## Act 1, Scene 1

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Thunder and lightning. Enter three <b>WITCHES</b></i>	<i>Thunder and lightning. Three <b>WITCHES</b> enter</i>
<b>FIRST WITCH</b> When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> When should the three of us meet again? Will it be in thunder, lightning, or rain?
<b>SECOND WITCH</b> When the hurly-burly's done, When the battle's lost and won.	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> We'll meet when the noise of the battle is over, when one side has won and the other side has lost.
5 <b>THIRD WITCH</b> That will be ere the set of sun.	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> That will happen before sunset.
<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Where the place?	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Where should we meet?
<b>SECOND WITCH</b> Upon the heath.	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> Let's do it in the open field.
<b>THIRD WITCH</b> There to meet with Macbeth.	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> We'll meet Macbeth there.
	<i>The <b>WITCHES</b> hear the calls of their spirit friends or "familiars," which look like animals—one is a cat and one is a toad.</i>
<b>FIRST WITCH</b> I come, Graymalkin!	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> <i>(calling to her cat)</i> I'm coming, Graymalkin!
10 <b>SECOND WITCH</b> Paddock calls.	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> My toad, Paddock, calls me.
<b>THIRD WITCH</b> Anon.	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> <i>(to her spirit)</i> I'll be right here!
<b>ALL</b> Fair is foul, and foul is fair Hover through the fog and filthy air.	<b>ALL</b> Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Let's fly away through the fog and filthy air.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Alarum within. Enter <b>KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX</b>, with attendants, meeting a bleeding <b>CAPTAIN</b></i>	<i>Sounds of a trumpet and soldiers fighting offstage. <b>KING DUNCAN</b> enters with his sons <b>MALCOLM</b> and <b>DONALBAIN, LENNOX</b>, and a number of attendants. They meet a wounded and bloody <b>CAPTAIN</b>.</i>
<b>DUNCAN</b> What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.	<b>DUNCAN</b> Who is this bloody man? Judging from his appearance, I bet he can tell us the latest news about the revolt.
<b>MALCOLM</b> This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier fought	<b>MALCOLM</b> This is the brave sergeant who fought to keep me from being captured. Hail, brave friend! Tell the king

5	'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil As thou didst leave it.	what was happening in the battle when you left it.
	<b>CAPTAIN</b> Doubtful it stood, As two spent swimmers that do cling together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald— 10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied, And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling, 15 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak, For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name— Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel, Which smoked with bloody execution, Like valor's minion carved out his passage 20 Till he faced the slave; Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseamed him from the navel to th' chops, And fixed his head upon our battlements.	<b>CAPTAIN</b> For a while you couldn't tell who would win. The armies were like two exhausted swimmers clinging to each other and struggling in the water, unable to move. The villainous rebel Macdonwald was supported by foot soldiers and horsemen from Ireland and the Hebrides, and Lady Luck was with him, smiling cruelly at his enemies as if she were his whore. But Luck and Macdonwald together weren't strong enough. Brave Macbeth, laughing at Luck, chopped his way through to Macdonwald, who didn't even have time to say good-bye or shake hands before Macbeth split him open from his navel to his jawbone and stuck his head on our castle walls.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!	<b>DUNCAN</b> My brave relative! What a worthy man!
25	<b>CAPTAIN</b> As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break, So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark: 30 No sooner justice had, with valor armed, Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels, But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage, With furbished arms and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.	<b>CAPTAIN</b> But in the same way that violent storms always come just as spring appears, our success against Macdonwald created new problems for us. Listen to this, King: as soon as we sent those Irish soldiers running for cover, the Norwegian king saw his chance to attack us with fresh troops and shiny weapons.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?	<b>DUNCAN</b> Didn't this frighten our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
35	<b>CAPTAIN</b> Yes, 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, 40 Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell— But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.	<b>CAPTAIN</b> The new challenge scared them about as much as sparrows frighten eagles, or rabbits frighten a lion. To tell you the truth, they fought the new enemy with twice as much force as before; they were like cannons loaded with double ammunition. Maybe they wanted to take a bath in their enemies' blood, or make that battlefield as infamous as Golgotha, where Christ was crucified, I don't know. But I feel weak. My wounds must be tended to.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> So well thy words become thee as thy wounds; They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.	<b>DUNCAN</b> Your words, like your wounds, bring you honor. Take him to the surgeons.
	<i>Exit CAPTAIN with attendants</i>	<i>The CAPTAIN exits, helped by attendants.</i>
	<i>Enter ROSS and ANGUS</i>	<i>ROSS and ANGUS enter.</i>
45	Who comes here?	Who is this?
	<b>MALCOLM</b>	<b>MALCOLM</b>

The worthy thane of Ross.	The worthy <b>Thane</b> of Ross.
<b>LENNOX</b> What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look That seems to speak things strange.	<b>LENNOX</b> His eyes seem frantic! He looks like someone with a strange tale to tell.
<b>ROSS</b> God save the king.	<b>ROSS</b> God save the king!
<b>DUNCAN</b> Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?	<b>DUNCAN</b> Where have you come from, worthy thane?
<b>ROSS</b> From Fife, great king, Where the Norway banners flout the sky And fan our people cold. Norway himself, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyal traitor, The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict, Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped 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.	<b>ROSS</b> Great king, I've come from Fife, where the Norwegian flag flies, mocking our country and frightening our people. Leading an enormous army and assisted by that disloyal traitor, the thane of Cawdor, the king of Norway began a bloody battle. But outfitted in his battle-weathered armor, Macbeth met the Norwegian attacks shot for shot, as if he were the goddess of war's husband. Finally he broke the enemy's spirit, and we were victorious.
<b>DUNCAN</b> Great happiness!	<b>DUNCAN</b> Great happiness!
<b>ROSS</b> That now Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition. Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch Ten thousand dollars to our general use.	<b>ROSS</b> So now Sweno, the Norwegian king, wants a treaty. We told him we wouldn't even let him bury his men until he retreated to Saint Colme's Inch and paid us ten thousand dollars.
<b>DUNCAN</b> No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.	<b>DUNCAN</b> The thane of Cawdor will never again betray me. Go announce that he will be executed, and tell Macbeth that Cawdor's titles will be given to him.
<b>ROSS</b> I'll see it done.	<b>ROSS</b> I'll get it done right away.
<b>DUNCAN</b> What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.	<b>DUNCAN</b> The thane of Cawdor has lost what the noble Macbeth has won.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES</i>	<i>Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.</i>
<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Where hast thou been, sister?	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Where have you been, sister?

	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> Killing swine.</p>	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> Killing pigs.</p>
	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> Sister, where thou?</p>	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> And you, sister?</p>
5	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me," quoth I. "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed runnion cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' <i>Tiger</i>; But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.</p>	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and munched away at them. "Give me one," I said. "Get away from me, witch!" the fat woman cried. Her husband has sailed off to Aleppo as master of a ship called the <i>Tiger</i>. I'll sail there in a kitchen strainer, turn myself into a tailless rat, and do things to him—</p>
10	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> I'll give thee a wind.</p>	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> I'll give you some wind to sail there.</p>
	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> Thou 'rt kind.</p>	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> How nice of you!</p>
	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> And I another.</p>	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> And I will give you some more.</p>
15	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> I myself have all the other, And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' th' shipman's card. I'll drain him dry as hay. Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his penthouse lid. He shall live a man forbid. Weary sev'nights nine times nine Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.</p>	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> I already have control of all the other winds, along with the ports from which they blow and every direction on the sailor's compass in which they can go. I'll drain the life out of him. He won't catch a wink of sleep, either at night or during the day. He will live as a cursed man. For eighty-one weeks he will waste away in agony.</p>
20		
25	<p>Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. Look what I have.</p>	<p>Although I can't make his ship disappear, I can still make his journey miserable. Look what I have here.</p>
	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> Show me, show me.</p>	<p><b>SECOND WITCH</b> Show me, show me.</p>
	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wrecked as homeward he did come.</p>	<p><b>FIRST WITCH</b> Here I have the thumb of a pilot who was drowned while trying to return home.</p>
	<p><i>Drum within</i></p>	<p><i>A drum sounds offstage.</i></p>
30	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.</p>	<p><b>THIRD WITCH</b> A drum, a drum! Macbeth has come.</p>
35	<p><b>ALL</b> <i>(dancing together in a circle)</i> The weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about, Thrice to thine and thrice to mine And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace! The charm's wound up.</p>	<p><b>ALL</b> <i>(dancing together in a circle)</i> We weird sisters, hand in hand, swift travelers over the sea and land, dance around and around like so. Three times to yours, and three times to mine, and three times again, to add up to nine. Enough! The charm is ready.</p>
	<p><i>Enter MACBETH and BANQUO</i></p>	<p><i>MACBETH and BANQUO enter.</i></p>

	<b>MACBETH</b> So foul and fair a day I have not seen.	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to BANQUO)</i> I have never seen a day that was so good and bad at the same time.
40	<b>BANQUO</b> How far is 't called to Forres?—What are these So withered and so wild in their attire, That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth, And yet are on 't?—Live you? Or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips. You should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.	<b>BANQUO</b> How far is it supposed to be to Forres? <i>(he sees the WITCHES)</i> What are these creatures? They're so withered-looking and crazily dressed. They don't look like they belong on this planet, but I see them standing here on Earth. <i>(to the WITCHES)</i> Are you alive? Can you answer questions? You seem to understand me, because each of you has put a gruesome finger to her skinny lips. You look like women, but your beards keep me from believing that you really are.
45		
	<b>MACBETH</b> Speak, if you can: what are you?	<b>MACBETH</b> Speak, if you can. What kind of creatures are you?
	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Glamis!
50	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Cawdor!
	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> All hail, Macbeth, the future king!
55	<b>BANQUO</b> Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? <i>(to the WITCHES)</i> I' th' name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favors nor your hate.	<b>BANQUO</b> My dear Macbeth, why do you look so startled and afraid of these nice things they're saying? <i>(to the WITCHES)</i> Tell me honestly, are you illusions, or are you really what you seem to be? You've greeted my noble friend with honors and talk of a future so glorious that you've made him speechless. But you don't say anything to me. If you can see the future and say how things will turn out, tell me. I don't want your favors and I'm not afraid of your hatred.
60		
	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Hail!	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Hail!
	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> Hail!	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> Hail!
65	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> Hail!	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> Hail!
	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Lesser than Macbeth and greater.	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> You are lesser than Macbeth but also greater.
	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> Not so happy, yet much happier.	<b>SECOND WITCH</b> You are not as happy as Macbeth, yet much happier.
	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!	<b>THIRD WITCH</b> Your descendants will be kings, even though you will not be one. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
70	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!	<b>FIRST WITCH</b> Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
	<b>MACBETH</b>	<b>MACBETH</b>

<p>75 Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis. But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman, and to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence, or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.</p>	<p>Wait! You only told me part of what I want to know. Stay and tell me more. I already know I am the thane of Glamis because I inherited the position when my father, Sinel, died. But how can you call me the thane of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor is alive, and he's a rich and powerful man. And for me to be the king is completely impossible, just as it's impossible for me to be thane of Cawdor. Tell me where you learned these strange things, and why you stop us at this desolate place with this prophetic greeting? Speak, I command you.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>WITCHES vanish</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>The WITCHES vanish.</i></p>
<p>80 <b>BANQUO</b> The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> The earth has bubbles, just like the water, and these creatures must have come from a bubble in the earth. Where did they disappear to?</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Into the air, and what seemed corporal Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Into thin air. Their bodies melted like breath in the wind. I wish they had stayed!</p>
<p>85 <b>BANQUO</b> Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> Were these things we're talking about really here? Or are we both on drugs?</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Your children shall be kings.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Your children will be kings.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> You shall be king.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> You will be the king.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> And thane of Cawdor too. Isn't that what they said?</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> That's exactly what they said. Who's this?</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter ROSS and ANGUS</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>ROSS and ANGUS enter.</i></p>
<p>90 <b>ROSS</b> The king hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of thy success, and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that, 95 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale Can post with post, and every one did bear 100 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense, And poured them down before him.</p>	<p><b>ROSS</b> The king was happy to hear of your success, Macbeth. Whenever he hears the story of your exploits in the fight against the rebels, he becomes so amazed it makes him speechless. He was also shocked to learn that on the same day you fought the rebels you also fought against the army of Norway, and that you weren't the least bit afraid of death, even as you killed everyone around you. Messenger after messenger delivered news of your bravery to the king with praise for how you defended his country.</p>
<p><b>ANGUS</b> We are sent To give thee from our royal master thanks, Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.</p>	<p><b>ANGUS</b> The king sent us to give you his thanks and to bring you to him. Your real reward won't come from us.</p>
<p>105 <b>ROSS</b> And, for an earnest of a greater honor,</p>	<p><b>ROSS</b> And to give you a taste of what's in store for you, he</p>

<p>He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, For it is thine.</p>	<p>told me to call you the thane of Cawdor. So hail, thane of Cawdor! That title belongs to you now.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> What, can the devil speak true?</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> <i>(shocked)</i> Can the devil tell the truth?</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me 110 In borrowed robes?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> The thane of Cawdor is still alive. Why are you giving me his title?</p>
<p><b>ANGUS</b> Who was the thane lives yet, But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both 115 He labored in his country's wrack, I know not; But treasons capital, confessed and proved, Have overthrown him.</p>	<p><b>ANGUS</b> The man who was the thane of Cawdor is still alive, but he's been sentenced to death, and he deserves to die. I don't know whether he fought on Norway's side, or if he secretly aided the rebels, or if he fought with both of our enemies. But his treason, which has been proven, and to which he's confessed, means he's finished.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(aside)</i> Glamis, and thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Thanks for 120 your pains. <i>(aside to BANQUO)</i> Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me Promised no less to them?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to himself)</i> It's just like they said—now I'm the thane of Glamis and the thane of Cawdor. And the best part of what they predicted is still to come. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Thank you for the news. <i>(speaking so that only BANQUO can hear)</i> Aren't you beginning to hope your children will be kings? After all, the witches who said I was thane of Cawdor promised them nothing less.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO</b> That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange. 125 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths, Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's In deepest consequence. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Cousins, a word, I pray you.</p>	<p><b>BANQUO</b> If you trust what they say, you might be on your way to becoming king, as well as thane of Cawdor. But this whole thing is strange. The agents of evil often tell us part of the truth in order to lead us to our destruction. They earn our trust by telling us the truth about little things, but then they betray us when it will damage us the most. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Gentlemen, I'd like to have a word with you, please.</p>
<p><b>BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS move to one side</b>      <b>ROSS, ANGUS, and BANQUO move to one side.</b></p>	
<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(aside)</i> Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> I thank you, gentlemen. 130 <i>(aside)</i> This supernatural soliciting Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill, 135 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 140 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to himself)</i> So far the witches have told me two things that came true, so it seems like this will culminate in my becoming king. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Thank you, gentlemen. <i>(to himself)</i> This supernatural temptation doesn't seem like it can be a bad thing, but it can't be good either. If it's a bad thing, why was I promised a promotion that turned out to be true? Now I'm the thane of Cawdor, just like they said I would be. But if this is a good thing, why do I find myself thinking about murdering King Duncan, a thought so horrifying that it makes my hair stand on end and my heart pound inside my chest? The dangers that actually threaten me here and now frighten me less than the horrible things I'm imagining.</p>
<p>My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man</p>	<p>Even though it's just a fantasy so far, the mere thought of committing murder shakes me up so</p>

145	That function is smothered in surmise, And nothing is but what is not.	much that I hardly know who I am anymore. My ability to act is stifled by my thoughts and speculations, and the only things that matter to me are things that don't really exist.
	<b>BANQUO</b> Look how our partner's rapt.	<b>BANQUO</b> Look at Macbeth—he's in a daze.
	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(aside)</i> If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me Without my stir.	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to himself)</i> If fate wants me to be king, perhaps fate will just make it happen and I won't have to do anything.
150	<b>BANQUO</b> New honors come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold But with the aid of use.	<b>BANQUO</b> <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Macbeth is not used to his new titles. They're like new clothes: they don't fit until you break them in over time.
	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(aside)</i> Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to himself)</i> One way or another, what's going to happen is going to happen.
	<b>BANQUO</b> Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.	<b>BANQUO</b> Good Macbeth, we're ready when you are.
155	<b>MACBETH</b> Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are registered where every day I turn The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. <i>(aside to BANQUO)</i> Think upon what hath chanced, and, 160 at more time, The interim having weighed it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.	<b>MACBETH</b> I beg your pardon; I was distracted. Kind gentlemen, I won't forget the trouble you've taken for me whenever I think of this day. Let's go to the king. <i>(speaking so that only BANQUO can hear)</i> Think about what happened today, and when we've both had time to consider things, let's talk.
	<b>BANQUO</b> Very gladly.	<b>BANQUO</b> Absolutely.
	<b>MACBETH</b> Till then, enough. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Come, friends.	<b>MACBETH</b> Until then, we've said enough. <i>(to ROSS and ANGUS)</i> Let's go, my friends.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Flourish. Enter KING DUNCAN, LENNOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, and attendants</i>	<i>A trumpet fanfare sounds. KING DUNCAN, LENNOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, and their attendants enter.</i>
<b>DUNCAN</b> Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet returned?	<b>DUNCAN</b> Has the former thane of Cawdor been executed yet? Haven't the people in charge of that come back?
<b>MALCOLM</b> My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die, who did report	<b>MALCOLM</b> My king, they haven't come back yet. But I spoke with someone who saw Cawdor die, and he said that Cawdor openly confessed his treasons, begged your



5	That very frankly he confessed his treasons, Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it. He died As one that had been studied in his death 10 To throw away the dearest thing he owed As 'twere a careless trifle.	highness's forgiveness, and repented deeply. He never did anything in his whole life that looked as good as the way he died. He died like someone who had practiced how to toss away his most cherished possession as if it were a worthless piece of garbage.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face. He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.	<b>DUNCAN</b> There's no way to read a man's mind by looking at his face. I trusted Cawdor completely.
	<i>Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS</i>	<i>MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS enter.</i>
15	(to MACBETH) O worthiest cousin, The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved, 20 That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine! Only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.	(to MACBETH) My worthiest kinsman! Just this moment I was feeling guilty for not having thanked you enough. You have done so much for me so fast that it has been impossible to reward you properly. If you deserved less, then perhaps my payment would have matched your deeds! All I can say is that I owe you more than I can ever repay.
	<b>MACBETH</b> The service and the loyalty I owe In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part 25 Is to receive our duties, and our duties Are to your throne and state children and servants, Which do but what they should, by doing everything Safe toward your love and honor.	<b>MACBETH</b> The opportunity to serve you is its own reward. Your only duty, your highness, is to accept what we owe you. Our duty to you and your state is like the duty of children to their father or servants to their master. By doing everything we can to protect you, we're only doing what we should.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> Welcome hither. I have begun to plant thee, and will labor 30 To make thee full of growing. (to BANQUO) Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserved, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.	<b>DUNCAN</b> You are welcome here. By making you thane of Cawdor, I have planted the seeds of a great career for you, and I will make sure they grow. (to BANQUO) Noble Banquo, you deserve no less than Macbeth, and everyone should know it. Let me bring you close to me and give you the benefit of my love and good will.
	<b>BANQUO</b> There, if I grow, The harvest is your own.	<b>BANQUO</b> Then if I accomplish anything great, it will be a credit to you.
35	<b>DUNCAN</b> My plenteous joys, Wanton in fullness, 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 40 The prince of Cumberland; which honor must Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers. (to MACBETH) From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.	<b>DUNCAN</b> My joy is so overwhelming it brings tears to my eyes. My sons, relatives, lords, and all those closest to me, I want you to witness that I will bestow my kingdom on my eldest son, Malcolm. Today I name him the prince of Cumberland. But Malcolm isn't going to be alone in receiving honors—titles of nobility will shine like stars on all of you who deserve them. (to MACBETH) And now, let's go to your castle at Inverness, where I will become even more obliged to you because of your hospitality.
45	<b>MACBETH</b> The rest is labor which is not used for you: I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful	<b>MACBETH</b> I'm not happy unless I can be working for you. I will go ahead and bring my wife the good news that you

	The hearing of my wife with your approach. So humbly take my leave.	are coming. With that, I'll be off.
	<b>DUNCAN</b> My worthy Cawdor!	<b>DUNCAN</b> My worthy Cawdor!
50	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(aside)</i> 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	<b>MACBETH</b> <i>(to himself)</i> Malcolm is now the prince of Cumberland! To become king myself, I'm either going to have to step over him or give up, because he's in my way. Stars, hide your light so no one can see the terrible desires within me. I won't let my eye
55	Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.	look at what my hand is doing, but in the end I'm still going to do that thing I'd be horrified to see.
	<i>Exit</i>	<b>MACBETH exits.</b>
60	<b>DUNCAN</b> True, worthy Banquo. He is full so valiant, And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me.—Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman.	<b>DUNCAN</b> <i>(to BANQUO, in the middle of a conversation we haven't heard)</i> You're right, Banquo. Macbeth is every bit as valiant as you say, and I am satisfied with these praises of him. Let's follow after him, now that he has gone ahead to prepare our welcome. He is a man without equal.
	<i>Flourish. Exeunt</i>	<i>Trumpet fanfare. They exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 5

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<i>Enter LADY MACBETH, alone, with a letter</i>	<b>LADY MACBETH enters, reading a letter.</b>
	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> <i>(reading)</i> "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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> "The witches met me on the day of my victory in battle, and I have since learned that they have supernatural knowledge. When I tried desperately to question them further, they vanished into thin air. While I stood spellbound, messengers from the king arrived and greeted me as the thane of Cawdor, which is precisely how the weird sisters had saluted me before calling me 'the future king!' I thought I should tell you this news, my dearest partner in greatness, so that you could rejoice along with me about the greatness that is promised to us. Keep it secret, and farewell."
5	Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great, Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ld'st have, great Glamis,	<i>(she looks up from the letter)</i> You are thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and you're going to be king, just like you were promised. But I worry about whether or not you have what it takes to seize the crown. You are too full of the milk of human kindness to strike aggressively at your first opportunity. You want to be powerful, and you don't lack ambition, but you don't have the mean streak that these things call for. The things you want to do, you want to do like a good man. You don't want to cheat, yet you want what doesn't belong to you. There's something you want,
10	That which cries, "Thus thou must do," if thou have it, And that which rather thou dost fear to do,	

15	<p>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 crowned withal.</p>	<p>but you're afraid to do what you need to do to get it. You want it to be done for you. Hurry home so I can persuade you and talk you out of whatever's keeping you from going after the crown. After all, fate and witchcraft both seem to want you to be king.</p>
	<i>Enter SERVANT</i>	<i>A SERVANT enters.</i>
	What is your tidings?	What news do you bring?
	<b>SERVANT</b> The king comes here tonight.	<b>SERVANT</b> The king is coming here tonight.
20	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> Thou 'rt mad to say it. Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so, Would have informed for preparation?	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> You must be crazy to say that! Isn't Macbeth with the king, and wouldn't Macbeth have told me in advance so I could prepare, if the king were really coming?
25	<b>SERVANT</b> So please you, it is true: our thane is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.	<b>SERVANT</b> I'm sorry, but it's the truth. Macbeth is coming. He sent a messenger ahead of him who arrived here so out of breath that he could barely speak his message.
	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> Give him tending. He brings great news.	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> Take good care of him. He brings great news.
	<i>Exit SERVANT</i>	<i>The SERVANT exits.</i>
30	<p>The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood. Stop up the access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature 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 murd'ring 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!"</p>	<p>So the messenger is short of breath, like a hoarse raven, as he announces Duncan's entrance into my fortress, where he will die. Come, you spirits that assist murderous thoughts, make me less like a woman and more like a man, and fill me from head to toe with deadly cruelty! Thicken my blood and clog up my veins so I won't feel remorse, so that no human compassion can stop my evil plan or prevent me from accomplishing it! Come to my female breast and turn my mother's milk into poisonous acid, you murdering demons, wherever you hide, invisible and waiting to do evil! Come, thick night, and cover the world in the darkest smoke of hell, so that my sharp knife can't see the wound it cuts open, and so heaven can't peep through the darkness and cry, "No! Stop!"</p>
	<i>Enter MACBETH</i>	<i>MACBETH enters.</i>
45	<p>Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor, Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter, Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.</p>	<p>Great thane of Glamis! Worthy thane of Cawdor! You'll soon be greater than both those titles, once you become king! Your letter has transported me from the present moment, when who knows what will happen, and has made me feel like the future is already here.</p>
50	<b>MACBETH</b> My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.	<b>MACBETH</b> My dearest love, Duncan is coming here tonight.
	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> And when goes hence?	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> And when is he leaving?

	<b>MACBETH</b> Tomorrow, as he purposes.	<b>MACBETH</b> He plans to leave tomorrow.
55	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> O, never Shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. To beguile the time, Look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent flower, But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming Must be provided for; and you shall put This night's great business into my dispatch, 60 Which shall to all our nights and days to come Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> That day will never come. Your face betrays strange feelings, my lord, and people will be able to read it like a book. In order to deceive them, you must appear the way they expect you to look. Greet the king with a welcoming expression in your eyes, your hands, and your words. You should look like an innocent flower, but be like the snake that hides underneath the flower. The king is coming, and he's got to be taken care of. Let me handle tonight's preparations, because tonight will change every night and day for the rest of our lives.
	<b>MACBETH</b> We will speak further.	<b>MACBETH</b> We will speak about this further.
65	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> Only look up clear. To alter favor ever is to fear. Leave all the rest to me.	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> You should project a peaceful mood, because if you look troubled, you will arouse suspicion. Leave all the rest to me.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 6

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>hautboys and torches. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and attendants</i>	<i>The stage is lit by torches. Hautboys play. DUNCAN enters, together with MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and their attendants.</i>
<b>DUNCAN</b> This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air Nimble and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.	<b>DUNCAN</b> This castle is in a pleasant place. The air is sweet and appeals to my refined senses.
5  10	<b>BANQUO</b> The fact that this summer bird, the house martin, builds his nests here proves how inviting the breezes are. There isn't a single protrusion in the castle walls where these birds haven't built their hanging nests to sleep and breed. I've noticed that they always like to settle and mate where the air is the nicest.
<i>Enter LADY MACBETH</i>	<i>LADY MACBETH enters.</i>
<b>DUNCAN</b> See, see, our honored hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.	<b>DUNCAN</b> Look, here comes our honored hostess! Sometimes the love my subjects bring me is inconvenient, but I still accept it as love. In doing so, I'm teaching you to thank me for the inconvenience I'm causing you by being here, because it comes from my love to you.

15	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> All our service, In every point twice done and then done double, Were poor and single business to contend Against those honors deep and broad wherewith Your majesty loads our house. For those of old, And the late dignities heaped up to them, 20 We rest your hermits.		<b>LADY MACBETH</b> Everything we're doing for you, even if it were doubled and then doubled again, is nothing compared to the honors you have brought to our family. We gladly welcome you as our guests, with gratitude for both the honors you've given us before and the new honors you've just given us.
25	<b>DUNCAN</b> Where's the thane of Cawdor? We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose To be his purveyor; but he rides well, And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, 25 We are your guest tonight.		<b>DUNCAN</b> Where is Macbeth, the thane of Cawdor? We followed closely after him. I hoped to arrive here before him, but he rides swiftly. And his great love, which is as sharp as his spur, helped him beat us here. Fair and noble hostess, we are your guests tonight.
	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> 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.		<b>LADY MACBETH</b> We are your servants, your highness, and as always our house and everything in it is at your disposal, for after all, we keep it in your trust and we're glad to give you back what's yours.
30	<b>DUNCAN</b> Give me your hand. Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess.		<b>DUNCAN</b> Give me your hand. Bring me to my host, Macbeth. I love him dearly, and I shall continue to favor him. Whenever you're ready, hostess.
	<i>Exeunt</i>		<i>They all exit.</i>

## Act 1, Scene 7

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Hautboys. Torches. Enter a sewer and divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter <b>MACBETH</b></i>	<i>Hautboys play. The stage is lit by torches. A butler enters, and various servants carry utensils and dishes of food across the stage. Then <b>MACBETH</b> enters.</i>
5 10 15	5 10 15
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>MACBETH</b></p> <p>If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly. If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgment here, that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>MACBETH</b></p> <p>If this business would really be finished when I did the deed, then it would be best to get it over with quickly. If the assassination of the king could work like a net, sweeping up everything and preventing any consequences, then the murder would be the be- all and end-all of the whole affair, and I would gladly put my soul and the afterlife at risk to do it. But for crimes like these there are still punishments in this world. By committing violent crimes we only teach other people to commit violence, and the violence of our students will come back to plague us teachers. Justice, being equal to everyone, forces us to drink from the poisoned cup that we serve to others. The king trusts me in two ways. First of all, I am his kinsman and his subject, so I should always try to protect him. Second, I am his host, so I should be</p>

<p>20 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked newborn babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, 25 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on th' other.</p>	<p>closing the door in his murderer's face, not trying to murder him myself. Besides, Duncan has been such a humble leader, so free of corruption, that his virtuous legacy will speak for him when he dies, as if angels were playing trumpets against the injustice of his murder. Pity, like an innocent newborn baby, will ride the wind with winged angels on invisible horses through the air to spread news of the horrible deed to everyone everywhere. People will shed a flood of tears that will drown the wind like a horrible downpour of rain. I can't spur myself to action. The only thing motivating me is ambition, which makes people rush ahead of themselves toward disaster.</p>
<p><i>Enter LADY MACBETH</i></p>	<p><i>LADY MACBETH enters.</i></p>
<p>How now! What news?</p>	<p>What news do you have?</p>
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> He has almost finished dinner. Why did you leave the dining room?</p>
<p>30 <b>MACBETH</b> Hath he asked for me?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Has he asked for me?</p>
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> Know you not he has?</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> Don't you know he has?</p>
<p>35 <b>MACBETH</b> We will proceed no further in this business. He hath honored me of late, and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> We can't go on with this plan. The king has just honored me, and I have earned the good opinion of all sorts of people. I want to enjoy these honors while the feeling is fresh and not throw them away so soon.</p>
<p>40 <b>LADY MACBETH</b> Was the hope drunk Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," 45 Like the poor cat i' th' adage?</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> Were you drunk when you seemed so hopeful before? Have you gone to sleep and woken up green and pale in fear of this idea? From now on this is what I'll think of your love. Are you afraid to act the way you desire? Will you take the crown you want so badly, or will you live as a coward, always saying "I can't" after you say "I want to"? You're like the poor cat in the old story.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Please, stop! I dare to do only what is proper for a man to do. He who dares to do more is not a man at all.</p>
<p>50 <b>LADY MACBETH</b> What beast was 't, then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both. They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know 55 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> If you weren't a man, then what kind of animal were you when you first told me you wanted to do this? When you dared to do it, that's when you were a man. And if you go one step further by doing what you dared to do before, you'll be that much more the man. The time and place weren't right before, but you would have gone ahead with the murder anyhow. Now the time and place are just right, but they're almost too good for you. I have suckled a baby, and I</p>

<p>I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.</p>	<p>know how sweet it is to love the baby at my breast. But even as the baby was smiling up at me, I would have plucked my nipple out of its mouth and smashed its brains out against a wall if I had sworn to do that the same way you have sworn to do this.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> If we should fail?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> But if we fail—</p>
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> We fail? 60 But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep— Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince 65 That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon 70 The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> We, fail? If you get your courage up, we can't fail. When Duncan is asleep—the day's hard journey has definitely made him tired—I'll get his two servants so drunk that their memory will go up in smoke through the chimneys of their brains. When they lie asleep like pigs, so drunk they'll be dead to the world, what won't you and I be able to do to the unguarded Duncan? And whatever we do, we can lay all the blame on the drunken servants.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> Bring forth men-children only, For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received, 75 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done 't?</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> May you only give birth to male children, because your fearless spirit should create nothing that isn't masculine. Once we have covered the two servants with blood, and used their daggers to kill, won't people believe that they were the culprits?</p>
<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar Upon his death?</p>	<p><b>LADY MACBETH</b> Who could think it happened any other way? We'll be grieving loudly when we hear that Duncan has died.</p>
<p><b>MACBETH</b> I am settled, and bend up 80 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.</p>	<p><b>MACBETH</b> Now I'm decided, and I will exert every muscle in my body to commit this crime. Go now, and pretend to be a friendly hostess. Hide with a false pleasant face what you know in your false, evil heart.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>They exit.</i></p>