

SCENE 1

Porter

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.

Knocking within

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.

Knocking within

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

Knocking within

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

Knocking within

Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knocking within

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

SCENE 2

First Witch

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

Second Witch

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

Paddock calls.

Third Witch

Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE 3

BERTRAM

I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

FIRST LORD

God save you, captain.

BERTRAM

Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAROLLES

I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

FIRST LORD

You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

BERTRAM

It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

FIRST LORD

And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

Exit

PAROLLES

An idle lord. I swear.

BERTRAM

I think so.

SCENE 4

HAMLET

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

HORATIO

Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!--methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw? who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET

The king my father!

HORATIO

Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

We do, my lord.

HAMLET

Arm'd, say you?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET

From top to toe?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET

Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET

What, look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET

Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO

Most constantly.

HAMLET

I would I had been there.

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw't.

HAMLET

His beard was grizzled--no?

HORATIO

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

I warrant it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

SCENE 5

First Witch

Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch

Killing swine.

Third Witch

Sister, where thou?

First Witch

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
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.

Second Witch

I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch

Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch

And I another.

First Witch

I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch

Show me, show me.

First Witch

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL

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.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch

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

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the 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 favours nor your hate.

First Witch

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

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.

Witches vanish

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

SCENE 6

[Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords]

FIRST LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his
way. 1730

SECOND LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no
more in your respect.

FIRST LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BERTRAM. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

FIRST SOLDIER. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, 1735
without any malice, but to speak of him as my
kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and
endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner
of no one good quality worthy your lordship's
entertainment. 1740

FIRST LORD. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in
his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some

great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

BERTRAM. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

SECOND LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, 1745
which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

FIRST LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly
surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he
knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink
him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he 1750
is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when
we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship
present at his examination: if he do not, for the
promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of
base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the 1755
intelligence in his power against you, and that with
the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never
trust my judgment in any thing.

FIRST SOLDIER. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum;
he says he has a stratagem for't: when your 1760
lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to
what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be
melted, if you give him not John Drum's
entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.
Here he comes. 1765

[Enter PAROLLES]

FIRST LORD. [Aside to BERTRAM] O, for the love of laughter,
hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch
off his drum in any hand.

BERTRAM. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your 1770
disposition.

SECOND LORD. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

PAROLLES. 'But a drum!' is't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost!
There was excellent command,—to charge in with our
horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers! 1775

BERTRAM. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some 1780
dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is

not to be recovered.

PAROLLES. It might have been recovered.

BERTRAM. It might; but it is not now.

PAROLLES. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of 1785 service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

BERTRAM. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this 1790 instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it. and extend to you what further becomes his 1795 greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAROLLES. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BERTRAM. But you must not now slumber in it.

PAROLLES. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently 1800 pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but 1805 the attempt I vow.

BERTRAM. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAROLLES. I love not many words.

[Exit]

FIRST SOLDIER. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't? 1815

SECOND LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

BERTRAM. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of 1820 this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

FIRST SOLDIER. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 1825

FIRST LORD. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. 1830

SCENE 7

[Exit]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET. What hour now?

HORATIO. I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS. No, it is struck. 630

HORATIO. Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.]
What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET. The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse, 635
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO. Is it a custom? 640

HAMLET. Ay, marry, is't;
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west 645
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clip us drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute. 650
So oft it chances in particular men
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,- wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,-
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion, 655
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, 660
Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo-
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of e'il
Doth all the noble substance often dote To his own scandal. 665

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO. Look, my lord, it comes!

HAMLET. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, 670
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me?
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell 675
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean 680

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 685
Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

HORATIO. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone. 690

MARCELLUS. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground.
But do not go with it!

HORATIO. No, by no means!

HAMLET. It will not speak. Then will I follow it. 695

HORATIO. Do not, my lord!

HAMLET. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? 700
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other, horrible form 705
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fadoms to the sea 710
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET. It waves me still.
Go on. I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS. You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET. Hold off your hands! 715

HORATIO. Be rul'd. You shall not go.

HAMLET. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artire in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
[Ghost beckons.] 720
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!-
I say, away!- Go on. I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

HORATIO. He waxes desperate with imagination. 725

MARCELLUS. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO. Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO. Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS. Nay, let's follow him. 730

SCENE 8

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!
Give me my sword.

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld

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. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

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.

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

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; 1455
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 1460
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 1465
Meet me i' the morning: 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 1470
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground: 1475
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:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 1480
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c]
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, 1485
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Exit]

FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

SCENE 9

[Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other] [p]Soldiers in ambush]

FIRST LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner.
When you sally upon him, speak what terrible 1905
language you will: though you understand it not
yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to
understand him, unless some one among us whom we
must produce for an interpreter.

FIRST SOLDIER. Good captain, let me be the interpreter. 1910

SECOND LORD. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

FIRST SOLDIER. No, sir, I warrant you.

SECOND LORD. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

FIRST SOLDIER. E'en such as you speak to me.

FIRST LORD. He must think us some band of strangers i' the 1915
adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of
all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every
one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we
speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to
know straight our purpose: choughs' language, 1920
gabble enough, and good enough. As for you,
interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch,
ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep,
and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

[Enter PAROLLES]

PAROLLES. What the devil should move me to undertake the
recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I
must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in
exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they 1940

will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? 1945

SECOND LORD. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

PAROLLES. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

SECOND LORD. 'Twould not do.

PAROLLES. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

SECOND LORD. Hardly serve. 1955

PAROLLES. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel.

SECOND LORD. How deep?

PAROLLES. Thirty fathom.

SECOND LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

PAROLLES. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear 1960 I recovered it.

SECOND LORD. You shall hear one anon.

PAROLLES. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[Alarum within]

SECOND LORD. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. 1965

ALL. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

PAROLLES. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes. Whence come these scattered voices

[They seize and blindfold him]

FIRST SOLDIER. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

PAROLLES. I know you are the Muskos' regiment: 1970

And I shall lose my life for want of language;
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

FIRST SOLDIER. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak 1975
thy tongue. Kerely bonto, sir, betake thee to thy
faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

PAROLLES. O!

FIRST SOLDIER. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulce.

SECOND LORD. Oscorbiculchos volivorco. 1980

FIRST SOLDIER. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

PAROLLES. O, let me live! 1985
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

FIRST SOLDIER. Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarum within]

FIRST LORD. Go, tell the Countess, we have caught
the woodcock, and will keep him muffled 1995
Till we do hear from them.

SECOND LORD. Captain, I will.

FIRST LORD. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

SCENE 10

HAMLET. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAMLET. I will. 735

GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing 740
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET. Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit, 745
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house, 750
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end 755
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love-

HAMLET. O God! 760

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET. Murder?

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

HAMLET. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift 765
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 770
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth, 775
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle?

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, 780
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts-
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!- won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there, 785
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine! 790
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage. 795
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial, 800
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body, 805
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust 810

All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd, 815
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

HAMLET. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

GHOST. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be 820
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge 825
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me. Exit.

HAMLET. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? 830
And shall I couple hell? Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee? 835
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live 840
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables! Meet it is I set it down 845
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writes.]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:
It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me.'
I have sworn't. 850

SCENE 11

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time. 1550

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got, 1555
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake; 1560
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble, 1565
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf 1570
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse, 1575
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron, 1580
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good. 1585

[Enter HECATE to the other three Witches]

HECATE. O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring, 1590
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c]

[HECATE retires]

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. 1595
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[Enter MACBETH]

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do? 1600

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves 1605
Confound and swallow navigation up;
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 1610
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SECOND WITCH. Demand. 1615

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten 1620
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show! 1625
Seek to know no more.

MACBETH. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? 1675

[Hautboys]

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SECOND WITCH. Show!

THIRD WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 1680
Come like shadows, so depart!
[A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in]
his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following]

MACBETH. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair, 1685
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more: 1690
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, 1695
And points at them for his.
[Apparitions vanish]
What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? 1700
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, 1705
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE]

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there! 1710

[Enter LENNOX]

LENNOX. What's your grace's will?

MACBETH. Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX. No, my lord.

MACBETH. Came they not by you? 1715

LENNOX. No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

SCENE 11

SECOND LORD:

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

BERTRAM. shall we have this
dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come,
bring forth this counterfeit module, he has deceived
me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

SECOND LORD. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, 2190
poor gallant knave.

BERTRAM. No matter: his heels have deserved it, in usurping
his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

SECOND LORD. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry
him. But to answer you as you would be understood; 2195
he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he
hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes
to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to
this very instant disaster of his setting i' the
stocks: and what think you he hath confessed? 2200

BERTRAM. Nothing of me, has a'?

SECOND LORD. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his
face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you
are, you must have the patience to hear it.

[Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier]

BERTRAM. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of
me: hush, hush!

FIRST LORD. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa

FIRST SOLDIER. He calls for the tortures: what will you say
without 'em? 2210

PAROLLES. I will confess what I know without constraint: if
ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

FIRST SOLDIER. Bosko chimurcho.

FIRST LORD. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

FIRST SOLDIER. [Reads] 'First demand of him how many horse the
duke is strong.' What say you to that?

PAROLLES. Five or six thousand; but very weak and 2220
unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and
the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation
and credit and as I hope to live.

FIRST LORD. He's very near the truth in this

BERTRAM. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

PAROLLES. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

FIRST SOLDIER. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are 2245 a-foot.' What say you to that?

PAROLLES. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake snow from off 2255 their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BERTRAM. Damnable both-sides rogue!

SECOND LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armpotent soldier.

BERTRAM. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now 2320 he's a cat to me.

FIRST SOLDIER.

[Reads]

'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, Do you know this Captain Dumain?

SECOND LORD. Why does he ask him of me?

PAROLLES. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with 2335 such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they

know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but 2340
little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has
every thing that an honest man should not have; what
an honest man should have, he has nothing.

BERTRAM. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know
his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

PAROLLES. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

FIRST SOLDIER. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be
fain to hang you.

PAROLLES. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to
die; but that, my offences being many, I would 2325
repent out the remainder of nature: let me live,
sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAROLLES. [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all
drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to
beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy
the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who 2380
would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

FIRST SOLDIER. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the
general says, you that have so traitorously
discovered the secrets of your army and made such
pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can 2385
serve the world for no honest use; therefore you
must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAROLLES. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

BERTRAM. Good morrow, noble captain.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and Lords]

FIRST SOLDIER. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that
has a knot on't yet

[Exit with Soldiers]

PAROLLES. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 2410
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass 2415
that every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword? cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. 2420

[Exit]

SCENE 12

BERNARDO. Who's there?

FRANCISCO. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO. Long live the King!

FRANCISCO. Bernardo? 5

BERNARDO. He.

FRANCISCO. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart. 10

BERNARDO. Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO. Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. 15

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FRANCISCO. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO. Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO. Give you good night. 20

MARCELLUS. O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath reliev'd you?

FRANCISCO. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. Exit.

MARCELLUS. Holla, Bernardo! 25

BERNARDO. Say-
What, is Horatio there ?

HORATIO. A piece of him.

BERNARDO. Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night? 30

BERNARDO. I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
Therefore I have entreated him along, 35
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO. Sit down awhile, 40
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

HORATIO. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this. 45

BERNARDO. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one- 50

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS. Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes again!

BERNARDO. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BERNARDO. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio. 55

HORATIO. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BERNARDO. It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS. Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night
Together with that fair and warlike form 60
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!

MARCELLUS. It is offended.

BERNARDO. See, it stalks away!

HORATIO. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak! 65

GHOSTBUSTERS!