

*Where is that knocking coming from?
What is the matter with me, when every
noise terrifies me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out
my eyes. Will all great
Neptune's ocean wash this
blood clean from my hand? No, this my
hand will rather make the green seas red.*



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ISBN 978-5-8112-3319-9



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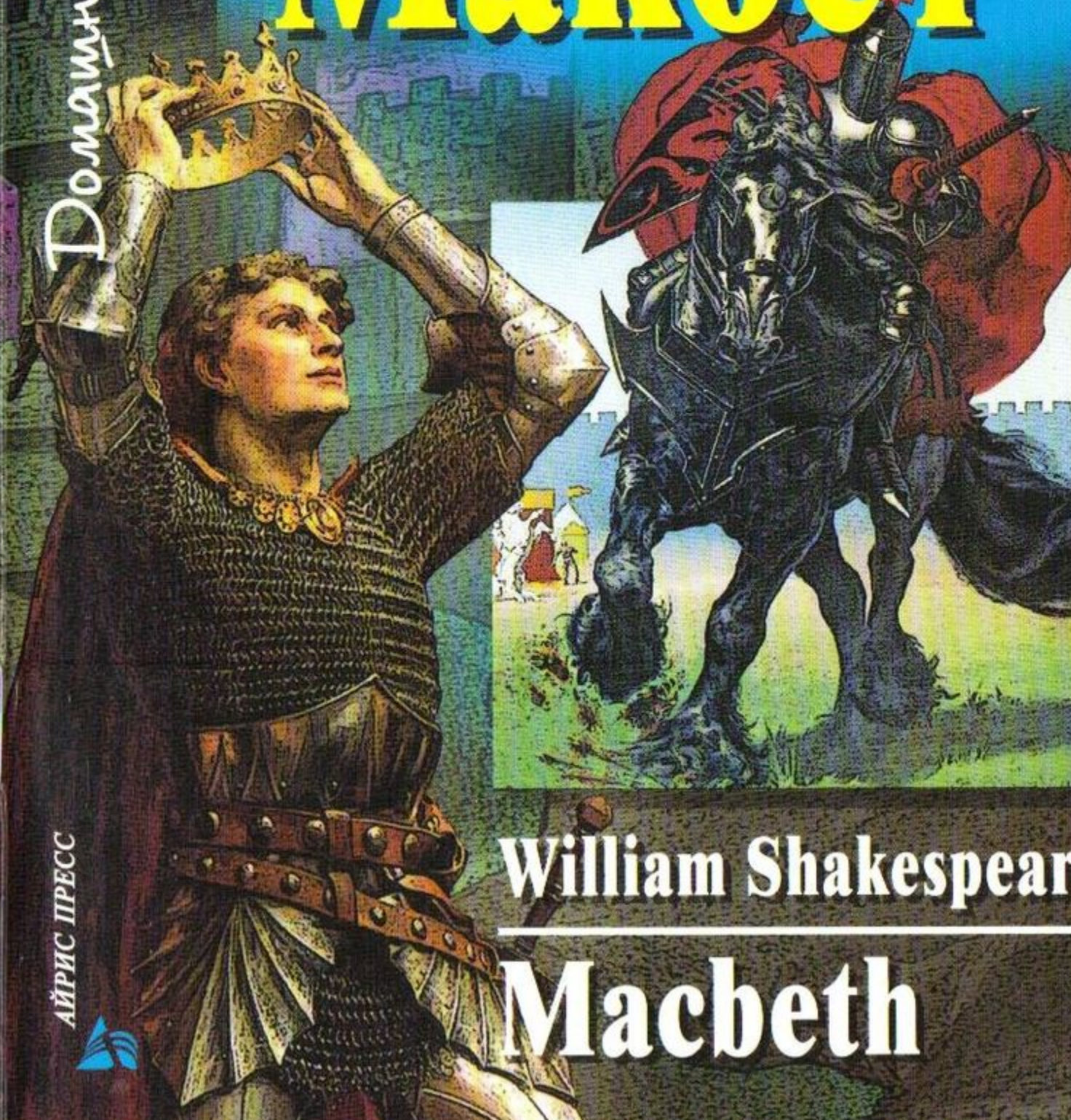
Intermediate



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Уильям Шекспир

Макбет



William Shakespeare

Macbeth

Intermediate



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Уильям Шекспир

Макбет

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,
комментарий, упражнения и словарь
Е. В. Угаровой*



МОСКВА

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

2008

Предисловие

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-93
Ш41

Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

Серийное оформление А. М. Драгового

Шекспир, У.

Ш41 Макбет / Уильям Шекспир; адаптация текста, предисловие, коммент., упражнения, словарь Е. В. Угаровой. — М.: Айрис-пресс, 2008. — 96 с.: ил. — (Английский клуб). — (Домашнее чтение).

ISBN 978-5-8112-3319-9

В центре внимания великой трагедии Уильяма Шекспира (1564–1616) «Макбет» — непомерное честолюбие, которое превращает храброго воина и признанного героя в зловещего убийцу, захватившего власть в свои руки ценой кровавого злодеяния.

Текст книги адаптирован, снабжен лексико-грамматическим комментарием, переводом трудных слов, а также упражнениями, направленными на развитие навыков речевой деятельности.

Книга рассчитана на широкий круг лиц, изучающих английский язык.

ББК 81.2Англ-93
УДК 811.111(075)

Трагедия Уильяма Шекспира «Макбет» относится к числу наиболее значительных произведений великого английского драматурга и самых знаменитых трагедий всемирной литературы.

Литературоведы считают, что «Макбет» был написан в 1606 году. Известно, что Шекспир почерпнул сюжет для своей «шотландской пьесы» из «Хроник Англии, Шотландии и Ирландии» Р. Холиншеда, но, как всегда, он далеко отошел от первоисточника.

Основная тема шекспировской трагедии — обличение хищного честолюбия. В начале трагедии Макбет — доблестный воин. Но, побуждаемый честолюбием, он вступает на путь преступлений, которые ведут его от злодеяния к злодеянию, вызывают к нему всеобщую ненависть, пока не приводят его не только к полной душевной опустошенности, но и к гибели. Но главный герой — не просто злодей, кровавый тиран и узурпатор трона, который в итоге получает заслуженное воздаяние, но в полном смысле трагический персонаж, разрываемый противоречием, составляющим самую суть его характера, его человеческой природы. Все мрачное в Макбете находит поддержку в леди Макбет, поощряющей мужа на пути преступлений. Но замечательно, что Шекспир не изображает ее исчадием ада, обладающим «сверхчеловеческими» силами в создании зла. Вскоре леди Макбет начинают преследовать кровавые сны. Она кончает жизнь самоубийством, между тем как Макбет все еще продолжает безнадежно бороться.

Мы предлагаем вашему вниманию трагедию «Макбет» на английском языке. В целях облегчения восприятия пьесы текст подвергся адаптации. После каждого акта приводятся комментарии, перевод трудных слов и упражнения, направленные на проверку понимания текста и развитие устной речи.

Characters

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, his sons.

MACBETH; BANQUO: generals of the king's army.

MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, Banquo's son.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scottish Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland, England.



ACT I

Scene I

A desert place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

FIRST WITCH

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

SECOND WITCH

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

THIRD WITCH

That will be before the setting of the sun.

FIRST WITCH

In what place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, **Graymalkin!**

SECOND WITCH

My toad calls.

THIRD WITCH

Soon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Fly through the fog and dirty air.

Exit

Scene II

A camp near Forres. Trumpets within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding SERGEANT

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that?
It seems by his condition, that he can tell us the latest news of the **revolt.**

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought against my captivity.
Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king how the battle was when you left it.

SERGEANT

It was doubtful, like two tired swimmers that cling together and choke themselves. The merciless Macdonald — who deserves the name rebel, for multiple crimes upon him — is supplied with soldiers from the Western Isles.
And Fortune favoured him like a rebel's whore; but all's too weak: for brave Macbeth — how well he deserves that name — disdaining Fortune, with his sword out and smoking with bloody execution,

cut his passage through the soldiers till he faced the slave, which never shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, till **he unseamed him from the nave to the jaws, and fixed his head upon our battlements.**

DUNCAN

O brave cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT

As when the sun begins his reflection shipwrecking storms and violent thunders break out, so from that spring that comfort seemed to come discomfort grew. Mark my words, king of Scotland. No sooner had justice, with armed valour made these soldiers trust their heels, than the Norwegian lord seeing an advantage, with polished arms and new supplies of men began a fresh attack.

DUNCAN

Did this not dismay our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT

Yes. As sparrows dismay eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say the truth, I must report they were like cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they doubly redoubled strokes upon the enemy: as if they meant to bathe in steaming wounds.
But I am faint, my wounds cry for help.

DUNCAN

Both your words and your wounds bring you honour. Go get him surgeons.

(Exit SERGEANT)

Who comes here?

(Enter ROSS)

MALCOLM

The worthy **Thane** of Ross.

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes! And it seems as if he has something strange to tell us.

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Where have you come from, worthy Thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king, where the Norwegian flags fly over our land and outnumber our people. Norway himself, with terrible numbers and with the assistance of that most disloyal traitor, the Thane of Cawdor, began a terrible conflict, till Macbeth, confronted him with self-comparisons, fought point to point — rebellious sword against a loyal sword. He brought under control his wild spirit, and, to conclude, the victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

King Sweno of Norway pleads for peace. We would not let him bury his men until he compensated us with ten thousand pounds for our general use.

DUNCAN

The Thane of Cawdor shall deceive us no more. Go and pronounce his death and with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he has lost, noble Macbeth has won.

Exit

Scene III

A heath near Forres. Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH

Where have you been, sister?

SECOND WITCH

Killing pigs.

THIRD WITCH

And what about you, sister?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and munched, and munched, and munched: 'Give me one,' I said. 'Go away, witch!' **over-fed hag** cried. Her husband's gone to Aleppo, master of a ship

called the Tiger, but in a sieve I'll sail to him, and, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do him in.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give you a wind.

FIRST WITCH

You are 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
In the shipman's map.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall be neither night nor day
Hang upon his heavy lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary nights, nine weeks times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his ship cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a sailor's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

(Drum within)

THIRD WITCH

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth has come.

ALL

The **Weird Sisters**, hand in hand,
Travellers of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Three times three
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 it to Forres? — What are these creatures so wrinkled and with such wild clothes, that they do not look like the inhabitants of the earth, and yet they are on it? Are you living? May I ask you a question? You seem to understand me, for each of you lays her chappy finger upon her skinny lips: you should be women, and yet your beards make me uncertain that you are so.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, hail to you, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, you shall be king soon!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you jump; and seem to fear things that do sound so fair? — In the name of truth, are you imaginary, or are you human as you seem? You greet my noble partner with present title and with prediction of greater nobility and even royalty that he seems surprised: you do not speak to me. If you can look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me, for I neither beg your favours nor fear 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

Your sons will be kings, but you will not. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. 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 whom did you get this strange news, or why you stop our way upon this lonely heath with such **prophetic** greeting? Speak, I order you.

(Witches disappear)

BANQUO

The earth has bubbles, as the water has, and these are some of them. Where have they gone?

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seemed to have substance has melted like breath into the wind. I wish they had stayed!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten some poisonous root that takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And Thane of Cawdor too: is that what they told me?

BANQUO

The very tune and words. — Who's here?

(Enter ROSS and ANGUS)

ROSS

The King has happily received, Macbeth, the news of your success; and when he learns about your personal bravery in the fight against rebel, he wonders and does not know how to reward you. Silenced with that, the same day he finds you in the battle against

the Norwegians. **As** thick as hail the messengers arrived with ever-greater praises of your defence of King Duncan's kingdom and poured them down before him.

ANGUS

We have been sent to give you from our royal master thanks; only to herald you into his sight, not pay you.

ROSS

And, for an **earnest** of a greater honour, he asked me to call you Thane of Cawdor: in which addition, hail, most worthy thane, for it is yours.

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

ANGUS

Who was the Thane lives yet; but under heavy judgment bears that life which he deserves to lose. Whether he allied himself with the Norwegians, or gave hidden help to the rebels, or whether he worked with both against his country, I do not know. But **high treason**, confessed and proved, has overthrown him.

MACBETH

(Aside)

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.

(To ROSS and ANGUS)

Thanks for your trouble.

(To BANQUO)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings, when those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me promised no less to them?

BANQUO

If they are to be trusted, you might still become king, besides the Thane of Cawdor. But it is strange, and often, to cause us harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths, and win us with small things, to betray us in deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I beg you.

MACBETH

(Aside)

Two truths are told, as happy prologues to the growing act of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.

(Aside)

This interference from supernatural cannot be bad, cannot be good: if bad, why has it given me a promise of success, beginning a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor. If good, why do I feel such horror that makes my hair stand on end, and my heart knock at my ribs against the use of nature? Present fears are less than horrible imaginings: my thought of murder, though still a fantasy, shakes me so that I cannot function like a man. These unreal things in real moments seem only too real.

BANQUO

Look, our partner's lost in thought.

MACBETH

(Aside)

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without me doing anything.

BANQUO

New honours are like new clothes — uncomfortable.

MACBETH

(Aside)

Come what may come, time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO

Worthy Macbeth, we are ready to leave.

MACBETH

Forgive me: my thoughts were taken with things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, let us go toward the king. Think upon what has happened, and when we have time, let us speak our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exit

Scene IV

Forres. The palace. Trumpets. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants

DUNCAN

Has Cawdor been executed? Have those in commission to do it not yet returned?

MALCOLM

My lord, they have not come back. But I have spoken with one that saw him die, who did report that very frankly he confessed his treasons, implored your highness' pardon and regretted deeply: **nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.** He died as one that had studied in his death to throw away the dearest thing he owned, as if it were a careless trifle.

DUNCAN

There's no art to understand a man's mind by his face: he was a gentleman on whom I had built an absolute trust.

(Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS)

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now was heavy on me: you have achieved so much that my rewards can't keep up with you. Had you deserved less, I could thank and repay you suitably. I can only say, that you deserve more than all can pay.

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe in doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part is to receive our duties; and our duties are to your throne and state, your children and servants, which do but what they should, by doing every thing safe toward your love and honour.

DUNCAN

You are welcome here. I have begun to plant you, and will do much to make you grow. Noble Banquo, you have deserved no less and that must be known. Let me hold you to my heart.

BANQUO

There if I grow, the harvest is your own.

DUNCAN

This has been a day of joys, soon there will be tears. — Sons, **kinsmen**, thanes, and you whose places are the nearest, know that I

have decreed that Malcolm, eldest son, will be heir to the throne, whom we name hereafter the **Prince of Cumberland**. This honour is for him alone, but signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine on all deservers. From here to Inverness, to Macbeth's castle, to bind our bonds still further.

MACBETH

You must leave the labours of preparation to me. I'll ride on ahead and give my wife good news of your arrival. So I humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH

(Aside)

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step I leap over or fall down before it, for it lies in my way. Stars, hide your fires; let not light see my black and deep desires.

**The eye winks at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.**

(Exit)

DUNCAN

True, worthy Banquo. He is so brave. His merits are like a banquet to me. Let's go after him to enjoy his hospitality. It is an incomparable kinsman.

Flourish. Exit

Scene V

Inverness. Macbeth's castle. Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH

'They met me on the day of success: and I have learned by the surest report, that they know more than mortals. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood in the wonder of it, messengers came from the king, who hailed me Thane of Cawdor, by which title these Weird Sisters saluted me before. They also told me 'Hail, you shall be king!' I thought good to tell you this, my dearest partner of, that you might not be ignorant of what greatness is promised you. Keep this in your heart, and farewell.'

Glamis you are, and Cawdor; and shall be what you are promised. Yet I do fear your nature. It is too full of the milk of human kindness to take the nearest way. You want to be great; you are not without ambition, but you lack badness that should go with it. What you want highly, you want honestly. You don't want to play false, and if you won unfairly, you would not disown the prize. Great Glamis, you know what you must do, but you fear to do it. Come here, that I may pour my courage in your ear and chase away with my tongue all that stands between you and the golden crown, which Fate and the supernatural seem to have awarded you.

(Enter Messenger)

You have news?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH

You are mad to say it: is not your master with him? Why haven't he been informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

If you please, it is true. Our Thane is coming: one of my fellows ran ahead of him so quickly, that he was almost dead for breath, had scarcely more than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Then look after him; he brings great news.

(Exit Messenger)

The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, you spirits, that wait for mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from head to toe with the most terrible cruelty! Make thick my blood; stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no conscience can shake my purpose! Come to my woman's breasts and substitute my milk for **gall**, you murdering ministers, wherever you are, in your sightless substances waiting for evil! Come, thick night, and cover us by the smoke of hell, that my sharp knife may not see the wound it makes, nor heaven look through the blanket of the dark and cry 'Stop, stop!'

(Enter MACBETH)

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor! Greater than both one day! Your letter has transported me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel our future now, this instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH

And when does he leave?

MACBETH

Tomorrow, as he plans.

LADY MACBETH

O, the sun shall never see that morning!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters. To deceive the time, look like the time. Make sure your eye, your hands, your tongue are full of welcome: look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it. He that's coming must be provided for. You shall put this night's great business into my hands, which shall give sovereignty and masterdom to all our nights and days to come.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To change favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exit

Scene VI

Before MACBETH's castle. Torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants

DUNCAN

This castle has a pleasant location; the air is light and sweet, it recommends itself to our gentle senses.

BANQUO

In summer the swallow can be found around here. Where these birds most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air is delicate.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

DUNCAN

See, see, our honoured hostess!

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love. You take pains to make us welcome and we thank you for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH

All our service in every point twice done and then done double would still be poor if compared with those deep and broad honours your majesty has given to our house. We are your servants.

DUNCAN

Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

We followed his path, and had a purpose to get here before him; but he rides well, and you, his great love, sharp as his spur, has brought him to his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, we are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Your majesty, every that is ours is yours. Everything must be for your highness' pleasure.

DUNCAN

Give me your hand. Conduct me to my host. We love him highly, and shall continue our graces towards him.

Exit

Scene VII

MACBETH's castle. Torches. Enter a butler and servants with dishes and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH

MACBETH

If it were done when it should be done quickly. If the **assassination** could lead to success, then I would strike this blow here and now, upon this bank and shoal of time, even at the risk of life to come. But in these cases we will still be judged here, on the earth; so that we make bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to torment the inventor. This even-handed justice makes sure that the ingredients of our poisoned cup get to our own lips. **He's here**

in double trust: first, as I am his kinsman and his subject, both good arguments against it; then, as his host, who should shut the door against his murderer, not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan has been such a good king that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking-off; and pity, like a naked newborn baby, shall blow the horrid crime in every eye, so that tears shall drown the wind. I have nothing to lead me, but my only ambition, which may jump too far and destroy me.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

How now! What news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost finished supper. Why have you left the room?

MACBETH

Has he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Don't you know he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business. He has honoured me recently; and I have won good opinions from all sorts of people, which I would not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Where is the hope that you wore so proudly before? Is it sleeping now? Has it woken looking so green and pale at what it did so freely? From now on I know what your love is worth. You are afraid to be as brave in life as you are in your dreams? You want the crown but you are a coward. 'I want but I can't.'

MACBETH

I pray you, peace. **I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.**

LADY MACBETH

What beast was it then that made you tell me of this business? When you dared do it, then you were a man. And, to be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man. I have nursed children and know how tender it is to love the smiling face at my breast. **I would have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums and dashed the brains out,** if I had sworn to do so.

MACBETH

And if we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail! Gather up your courage and we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep — he's had a hard journey and will sleep soundly — I will give his two guards enough wine to make them lose their memories and reason. When they are drunk and sleeping like pigs what can't you and I do to the unguarded Duncan? What can't we blame on his spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt of our great murder?

MACBETH

Bear me men-children only, for your strength should be used to create only males. Will it not be thought, that his guards have done it when we have marked them with blood and used their very daggers?

LADY MACBETH

Who would dare to question it differently? Shall we not make our grief roar loudest?

MACBETH

I am settled on the plan. All my energy will be devoted to this terrible deed. Come and let us pass the time being wonderful hosts. A false face must hide what the false heart knows.

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

Graymalkin — кличка кота (По поверьям той эпохи, черный кот и жаба были неизменными спутниками ведьм: под обликом этих животных якобы скрывались бесы.)

Fair is foul, and foul is fair — Зло станет правдой, правда — злом.

revolt *n* — восстание, мятеж

he unseamed him from the navel to the jaws, and fixed his head upon our battlements — от пупа до челюстей вспорол, и голову его воткнул над башней

Thane — тан; старинный шотландский титул знатных дворян

over-fed hag — жирная карга

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine — будет чахнуть

Weird Sisters — Вещие сестры

prophetic *a* — пророческий

earnest *n* — зд. залог

high treason — государственная измена

nothing in his life became him like the leaving it — ни разу в жизни он не был так хорош, как с ней прощаясь

kinsmen *n pl* — кровные родственники

Prince of Cumberland — старинный титул наследника престола в Шотландии (*ср.* принц Уэльский в Англии)

The eye winks at the hand; yet let that be, which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. — Пусть глаз не видит руку. Но в свой час да будет то, чего страшится глаз.

gall *n* — желчь

assassination *n* — убийство (как правило, высокопоставленного лица)

He's here in double trust — Здесь он под двойной охраной

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none. — Я смею все, что можно человеку. Кто смеет больше, тот не человек.

I would have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums and dashed the brains out — Но я бы вырвала сосок мой из его бескостных десен и лоб ему разбила

Activities

I Answer the questions.

- 1) What are the characters we meet first?
- 2) Who are the witches waiting for?
- 3) Who tells King Duncan what happened in the battle?
- 4) What do we know about Macbeth and Banquo?
- 5) How does the soldier describe Macbeth's behaviour in the battle?
- 6) When and why did the King of Norway attack the Scots?
- 7) Who defeats the enemy?
- 8) What new title does Macbeth receive?
- 9) What things do the witches promise to Macbeth and Banquo?
- 10) How do Macbeth and Banquo react to the witches' prophecies?
- 11) What makes Macbeth believe the witches?
- 12) What does Macbeth think when the king names his heir?
- 13) How does Lady Macbeth take the predictions?
- 14) What forces does she summon (призывает) to help her?
- 15) Why does Macbeth hesitate to murder Duncan once he is in his castle?

- 16) What makes him change his mind?
- 17) How does Lady Macbeth convince her husband to murder the king?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Lady Macbeth promises to provide Macbeth with the courage he needs to make the prophecy come true.
- 2) Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her husband where he describes his meeting with the Weird Sisters and his new title.
- 3) The Thane of Cawdor betrayed King Duncan and sided with (встал на сторону) the King of Norway.
- 4) The witches agree to meet Macbeth after the battle is over.
- 5) Lady Macbeth proposes to drug the king's two servants, use their daggers to kill the king, then blame the murder on the servants.
- 6) Macbeth beats Macdonald in the battle.
- 7) The King Duncan treats Macbeth as a hero and gives him the title of the Thane of Cawdor.
- 8) Duncan announces that Malcolm is heir to the throne.
- 9) The King and the court go to Macbeth's castle as guests.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) The witches appear in the middle of a quiet warm night.
- 2) Macbeth kills Macdonald himself.
- 2) The Scots demand from the King of Norway ten thousand pounds as a compensation.
- 3) King Duncan forgives the Thane of Cawdor who betrayed him.
- 4) Banquo laughs at the witches' prophecies, but Macbeth takes them seriously and can think of nothing else.
- 5) Lady Macbeth can't convince her husband to murder the king.
- 6) Lady Macbeth thinks Macbeth is as ambitious as she is.

4 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The cat and the toad are not ordinary animals, but the accomplices (сообщники) of the witches.

- 2) Macbeth is a brave but cruel man.
- 3) Lady Macbeth seems to be a nearly superhuman character.

5 What do you think?

Macbeth's ambition is stronger than his loyalty to the king. Do you feel Macbeth made the right decision when he decided to murder the king?



ACT II

Scene I

Court of Macbeth's castle. Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch before him

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

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

BANQUO

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I think it is later, sir.

BANQUO

Take my sword. Look at the sky, how dark it is: their candles are all out. My eyes are heavier than lead, but I can't sleep. God, restrain in me the cursed thoughts that fill my dreams!

(Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch)

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's gone to bed. He's unusually happy tonight. He has given gifts to your people and he sends this diamond to your wife, by the name of most kind hostess.

MACBETH

Being unprepared, we were worried about being bad hosts.

BANQUO

All's well. I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters: to you they have shown some truth.

MACBETH

I haven't thought about them, but one day when we have an hour to spare, we must spend it in some words upon that business.

BANQUO

With pleasure.

MACBETH

If you give me your support, when it is needed, it shall make honour for you.

BANQUO

So I lose none in seeking to increase it, but while keeping my bosom free, and my allegiance clear, I shall be there for your counsel.

MACBETH

Meanwhile sleep well!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the same to you!

(Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE)

MACBETH

Go and tell my mistress to ring the bell when my drink is ready. Then go to bed.

(Exit Servant)

Is this a **dagger**, which I see before me, the handle pointing to my hand? Come, let me hold you. I can't have you, and yet I see you still. Fatal vision, it can be seen, but it can't be touched. Are you only a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from my troubled mind? I still see you, in form as real as this, which now I draw. You guide me the way that I was going to use such an instrument. My eyes are made the fools of the other senses, or else worth all the rest; I see you still, and on your blade and handle there is blood, which was not there before. There's no such thing: it is the bloody business, which is making me see this. Half the world is now sleeping, and wicked dreams abuse the peace of man. Witches sacrifice their offering to pale **Hecate**, and howling wolves tell murderer now is the time, and with his stealthy pace he moves like a ghost towards his design. The hard dry earth must not hear my steps, which way they walk, for fear the very stones betray my whereabouts, and take the present horror from the time, which now suits with it. While I threaten, he lives; words cool the heat of the moment.

(A bell rings)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Don't hear it, Duncan; for it is calls you to heaven or to hell.

Exit

Scene II

The same. Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

That which has made them drunk has made me brave; what has put out their thirst has given me fire. — Listen! Peace! It was the owl that screamed, the fatal bellman, that gives the last good-night. He is doing it. The doors are open; and the drunken servants **mock** their responsibility with snores. I have drugged them so much, that death and nature are fighting over them, deciding whether they should live or die.

MACBETH

(Within)

Who's there? What ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alas, I am afraid they have woken up, and it is not done. The attempt and not the deed betrays us. Listen! I laid their daggers ready; he could not miss them. If he had not resembled my father as he slept, I would have done it.

(Enter MACBETH)

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Did you hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I came down?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Listen! Who lies in the second bedroom?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sad sight.

(Looking on his hands)

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sad sight.

MACBETH

One guards laughed in his sleep, and one cried 'Murder!', and they woke each other up. I stood and heard them; but they said their prayers and went back again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

Malcolm is in this room with Donalbain.

MACBETH

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other, as if they had seen me with these hangman's hands. Hearing their fear, I could not say 'Amen,' when they said 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH

Forget about it.

MACBETH

But why couldn't I say 'Amen'? I needed this blessing, and 'Amen' stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

You mustn't think about these things. It will make us mad.

MACBETH

I thought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth has murdered sleep', the innocent sleep, **sleep that clothes us in care, the death of each day's life, hard labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast,** —

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house: 'Glamis has murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane, you weaken your noble strength, to think so insanelly of things. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them, and **smear** the sleepy servants with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more. I am afraid to think what I have done. I dare not look on it again.

LADY MACBETH

Weak purpose! Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead are just like pictures. Only a child will fear a painted devil. If he bleeds, I'll smear the faces of the servants; for it must seem their guilt.

(Exit)

(Knocking within)

MACBETH

Where is that knocking coming from?

What is the matter with me, when every noise terrifies me?

What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out my eyes. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather make the green seas red.

(Re-enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour, but I shame to wear a heart so white.

(Knocking within)

I hear a knocking at the south entry. We must return to our bedroom; a little water clears us of this deed. How easy is it, then! Your firmness has left you.

(Knocking within)

Listen! More knocking. Get on your nightgown, in case we are called and seen awake. Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, it would be best if I did not know myself.

(Knocking within)

Wake Duncan with your knocking! I wish you could!

Exit

Scene III

The same. Knocking within. Enter a PORTER

PORTER

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of the hell-gate, he would forever be turning the key.

(Knocking within)

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there in the devil's name? Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll be the devil's porter no more.

(Knocking within)

I am coming! I'm coming! I pray you, remember the porter.

(Opens the gate. Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX)

MACDUFF

Was it so late, friend, that you went to bed, that you are so slow to open?

PORTER

O sir, we were drinking till the second cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF

What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER

Nose-painting, sir, sleep, and urine; **lechery**, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Drink plays tricks with lechery: it makes him and it ruins him, it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him and in conclusion it cheats him into sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink cheated you last night.

PORTER

That it did, sir, in the very throat of me; and he took up my legs sometime. But I think, being too strong for him, though, I managed to throw him.

MACDUFF

Is your master awake?

(Enter MACBETH)

Our knocking has woken him. Here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morning, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morning to both of you.

MACDUFF

Is the King awake, worthy Thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He ordered me to call early on him. I have almost missed the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

I know this is a joyful trouble to you; but yet it is a trouble.

MACBETH

The work that gives us delight is never a trouble.
This is the door.

MACDUFF

I'll be bold to call, for it is my duty.

(Exit)

LENNOX

Does the King leave today?

MACBETH

He does. He planned to do so.

LENNOX

The night was terrible. Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down by the wind; and, as they say, crying was heard in the air; strange screams of death, and prophecies of uprising and chaos. An owl screeched all night: some say, the earth shook.

MACBETH

It was a rough night.

LENNOX

My short memory has seen nothing like it.

(Re-enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! I can't find words to tell you!

MACBETH AND LENNOX

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Confusion now has made his masterpiece! God's most favoured king has been murdered and his life's been stolen!

MACBETH

What is it that you say? The life?

LENNOX

Do you mean his majesty?

MACDUFF

Approach the room, and destroy your sight with a new **Gorgon**.
Do not ask me to speak. See, and then speak yourselves.

(Exit MACBETH and LENNOX)

Awake, awake! Ring the alarm-bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake! Shake off sleep, **death's counterfeit**, and look on death itself! Up, up, and see the great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up to see to countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

(Bell rings. Enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH

What's the matter? Why are screams, like hideous trumpets disturb the sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF

O gentle lady, it is not for you to hear what I can say: I might murder you as I tell you.

(Enter BANQUO)

O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered!

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO

Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pray you, say it is not so.

(Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS)

MACBETH

If I had died an hour before this chance, I would have lived a happier life; for, from this instant there's nothing serious in mortality — all is but toys: fame and grace are dead; the wine of life has been drunk, and only dregs are left.

(Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN)

DONALBAIN

What is wrong?

MACBETH

You are, and do not know it. The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

Your royal father has been murdered.

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

LENNOX

Those of his room, as it seemed, had done it. Their hands and faces were all covered with blood; so were their daggers, which we found upon their pillows. They stared, and were distracted. No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

O, yet I do **repent** that in my fury I killed them.

MACDUFF

Why did you do so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment? No man: my violent love outran the pause of reason. Here lay Duncan, his silver skin decorated with his golden blood; the murderers, covered in the colours of their trade, their daggers dripping with blood. Who could refrain, that had a heart to love, and in that heart courage to make his love known?

LADY MACBETH

O, help me, please!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

MALCOLM

(Aside to DONALBAIN)

Why do we hold our tongues, that have the most right to speak?

DONALBAIN

(Aside to MALCOLM)

What should be spoken here, where our fate may rush and seize us? Let's go away. Our tears are not yet ready to fall.

MALCOLM

(Aside to DONALBAIN)

Nor our strong sorrow can be understood.

BANQUO

Look to the lady.

(LADY MACBETH is carried out)

Let get dressed and meet to question this most bloody piece of work, to know it further. Fears and **scruples** shake us: in the great hand of God I stand and swear that I will fight against any hidden purpose of **treasonous malice**.

MACDUFF

I too.

ALL

So all.

MACBETH

Let's get dressed quickly and meet in the hall together.

ALL

Agreed.

(Exit all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN)

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not stay with them: to show an unfelt sorrow is easy for a false man. I'll go to England.

DONALBAIN

I'll go to Ireland. Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer. Wherever we are there are daggers in men's smiles: **the near in blood, the nearer bloody**.

MALCOLM

This murderous arrow that has been shot has not yet landed, and our safest way is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse, and let us leave without attention to protocol: **there's warrant in that theft which steals itself, when there's no mercy left**.

Exit

Scene IV

Outside MACBETH's castle. Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN

OLD MAN

In all my seventy years I can remember well: I have seen dreadful hours and strange things; but this terrible night is nothing like before.

ROSS

Ah, good father, the heavens are troubled with man's behaviour. By the clock, it is day, and yet dark night strangles the sun. Has the darkness won the battle with living light?

OLD MAN

It is unnatural, even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, a falcon, towering in her pride of place, was by an owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain — beautiful and swift, turned wild in nature, broke their stalls and went away.

OLD MAN

They say they ate each other.

ROSS

They did so, to the amazement of my eyes that looked upon it. Here comes the good Macduff.

(Enter MACDUFF)

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF

Why, don't you see?

ROSS

Is it known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF

The men Macbeth killed.

ROSS

Alas, the day!

What good could they hope to get out of it?

MACDUFF

They were suborned: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, have left the country; which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

ROSS

Against nature still! Lavish ambition destroys itself so easily! Then it is most likely the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF

He has already been named, and gone to Scone to be invested.

ROSS

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF

It's been taken to **Colmekill**, the sacred storehouse of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones.

ROSS

Will you go to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll go to Fife.

ROSS

Well, I will go there.

MACDUFF

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu! Our new robes are not as comfortable than the old ones!

ROSS

Farewell, father.

OLD MAN

God's blessing go with you and with those that try to make good out of bad, and friends of out of enemies!

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

So I lose none in seeking to increase it, but while keeping my bosom free, and my allegiance clear, I'll be there for your counsel. — Что ж, если я не потеряю чести, стремясь ее вознесть, но сохраню свободной грудь и верность безупречной, я рад принять совет.

dagger *n* — кинжал

Hecate — Геката; в классическую эпоху богиня луны, ночи и подземного царства, позднее покровительница колдовства и прародительница всех волшебниц

mock *v* — *зд.* сводить на нет, делать бесполезным

sleep that clothes us in care, the death of each day's life, hard labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast — сон, распускающий клубок заботы, купель трудов, смерть каждодневной жизни, бальзам увечных душ, на пире жизни сытнейшее из блюд

smear *v* — измазать

lechery *n* — разврат, похоть

Gorgon — Горгона (в древнегреческой мифологии Горгона Медуза — женоподобное чудовище со змеями вместо волос; взгляд Горгоны обращал все живое в камень)

death's counterfeit — подобие смерти

repent *v* — раскаиваться

scruples *n pl* — сомнения

treasonous malice — предательство

the near in blood, the nearer bloody — здесь ближайший всех по крови — кровавей всех

there's warrant in that theft which steals itself, when there's no mercy left — безвинен в краже тот, кто сам себя у гибели крадет

They were suborned — Их подкупили

He has already been named, and gone to Scone to be invested. — Уже он избран (королем) и поехал в Скон принять венец. (Скон — старинный шотландский замок, где происходило коронавание шотландских королей)

Colmekill — Колм-Килл; пустынный остров у западных берегов Шотландии, где хоронили шотландских королей

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What disturbs Banquo and his son?
- 2) What gift does the king send to Lady Macbeth?
- 3) What are Banquo's concerns about the Witches' prophecies? What is Macbeth's response?
- 4) What does Macbeth see when Banquo and Fleance leave and what does he say about it?
- 5) What was Lady Macbeth unable to do in Duncan's room? Why?
- 6) Who kills Duncan?
- 7) Why does Macbeth bring the bloody daggers with him?
- 8) What does Lady Macbeth do with the daggers?
- 9) Who discovers Duncan's body?
- 10) What happens to the guards of the king?
- 11) Why Malcolm and Donalbain decide to leave?
- 12) Where does Macduff go?
- 13) When is Macbeth to be crowned?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) The Porter pretends that he is hell's gatekeeper, then lets in Macduff and Lennox.

- 2) Lady Macbeth takes the daggers back and wipes the sleeping servants with blood.
- 3) Two innocent servants of the king are accused of the murder and killed by Macbeth.
- 4) Ross and an Old Man discuss what an unnatural night it has been.
- 5) Lady Macbeth drugs the king's guards.
- 6) Macbeth suddenly has a vision of a dagger.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) Macbeth kills Duncan on a duel.
- 2) The king's sons go to England.
- 3) After Duncan's death Macbeth is named king.

4 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The visionary dagger and the voice in Macbeth's head are a symbol of Macbeth's inner struggle and guilt.
- 2) Ross and Macduff doubt the news that Malcolm and Donalbain are responsible for their father's murder.

5 What do you think?

- 1) Macbeth is unable to return to Duncan's room with the bloody daggers. Why do you think he is afraid of going back?
- 2) What does Shakespeare want to say giving the image of the darkness strangling the light on the day Duncan was murdered?



ACT III

Scene I

Forres. The palace. Enter BANQUO

BANQUO

You have it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, as the Weird women promised, and, I fear, you played most foully to get it; yet it was said it should not stand in your posterity, but that I myself should be the root and father of many kings. If their promises become truths for you, Macbeth, why can't they be my oracles as well? But hush, no more.

(Trumpet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King, LADY MACBETH, as Queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants)

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

If he had been forgotten, his absence from our great feast would have been unbecoming.

MACBETH

Tonight we hold a solemn supper sir, and I'll request your presence.

BANQUO

Let your highness command upon me. I am forever bound to you by my duties.

MACBETH

Are you riding this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice, which has always been serious and good, in this day's council; but we'll take it tomorrow. Are you riding far?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time between this and supper. If my horse isn't fast, I will have to borrow an hour or two into the night.

MACBETH

Try not to miss our feast.

BANQUO

My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody cousins have hidden in England and in Ireland, not confessing their cruel **parricide**, filling their hearers' ears with strange invention: but we'll discuss it tomorrow, when I wish to deal with matters that concern us jointly. Hurry to horse: adieu, till you return at night. Is Fleance going with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot; and so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

(Exit BANQUO)

Let every man be master of his time till seven at night: to make society and our welcome sweeter, we will keep ourselves till supper-time alone. God be with you!

(Exit all but MACBETH, and an attendant)

Sirrah, a word with you. Are those men here?

ATTENDANT

They are, my lord, outside the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

(Exit Attendant)

To be simply king is not enough; I must also be a safe king. — Our fears in Banquo stick deep; and in his king-like nature, there is that which should be feared. He has much courage, and, together with that braveness he has a wisdom that guides his valour to act in safety. He is the only one I fear, and **under him, my genius is rebuked; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar**. When the Weird Sisters first put the name of king upon me he made them speak to him. Then prophet-like they hailed him father to a line of kings. Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, and put a seedless sceptre in my gripe — which is to be wrenched from me by a man who is not kin and no son of mine succeeding. If it is so, then I have dirtied my mind for Banquo's sons. Only for them I have murdered the gracious Duncan; put poison in the cup of my peace and given my immortal soul to the devil — to make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! Rather than I'd rather challenge Fate to the death! Who's there!

(Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers)

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

(Exit Attendant)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, have you considered my words? You know that it was he in the times past which brought you such bad fortune, which

you thought had been **our innocent self**. I explained it to you in our last conference. I explained to you how Banquo deceived you, the people he used, and their methods. All things that even a fool or crazed soul might say 'Banquo did it.'

FIRST MURDERER

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so, and went further, which is the reason of our second meeting. Do you find your patience so predominant in your nature that you can let this go? Are you ready to pray for this good man and for his sons, whose heavy hand has bowed you to the grave and made beggars your sons forever?

FIRST MURDERER

We are men, my lord.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue you go for men; as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, water dogs, shephard dogs are all called by the name of dogs. A more refined file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the housekeeper, the hunter, every one according to the gift which distinguishes it from 'dogs'. And it is the same with men. Now, if you have a station in the file, not in the worst rank of manhood, say it; and I will tell you of a business, whose execution will take your enemy off and bring you my respect.

SECOND MURDERER

I am a man, my lord, who has suffered from bad blows and buffets of the world to the extent that I am reckless what I do to **spite** the world.

FIRST MURDERER

And I another so weary with disasters and battered with misfortune that I would take any chance to mend it.

MACBETH

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, that every beat of his heart is like a piercing in mine. And though I could with barefaced

power sweep him from my sight, yet I must not, for there are certain friends that are both his and mine whose loves I would not lose. And thence it is, I must ask you for assistance, hiding the business from the common eye for weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER

We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER

Though our lives —

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. I will advise you, within this hour at most, where to hide and what will be the perfect time to do it, for it must be done tonight, and not near the palace. And **leave no rubs nor botches in the work**. Fleance his son, that keeps him company, whose absence is no less material to me than his father's, must share the same fate. Discuss it. I'll come to you as soon as possible.

BOTH MURDERERS

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll be with you soon: wait within.

(Exit MURDERERS)

It is concluded. Banquo, your soul's flight, if it finds heaven, must find it tonight.

Exit

Scene II

The palace. Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

LADY MACBETH

Has Banquo left from court?

SERVANT

Ay, madam, but he is returning again tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Say to the king, I would like to speak to him.

SERVANT

Madam, I will.

(Exit)

LADY MACBETH

We have nothing left and have spent everything, when our desire has been obtained without contentment. It is safer to be that which we destroy than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

(Enter MACBETH)

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone, making the sorriest fancies your companions — thoughts which should indeed have died with those they think of? Things without remedy should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH

We have wounded the snake, not killed it. She'll heal and be herself again, while our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the universe crack, both heaven and earth will suffer — before we eat our meal in fear and sleep in the affliction of these terrible dreams that shake us nightly. Better to be with the dead, whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, than with a tortured mind to lie in restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave. After life's uneasy fever he sleeps well; treason has done his worst: neither sword, nor poison, nor uprising in this land, no foreign attacks, nothing can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

Come on; my gentle lord, throw away your **rugged** looks; be bright and cheerful among your guests tonight.

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you. Pay attention to Banquo more than other guests. We are unsafe while we must wash our honours in these flattering streams, and make our faces masks to our hearts, disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! You know that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH

Man's life is short.

MACBETH

There's comfort in that; they are **assailable**; then be cheerful — before the bat has flown out, before the beetle has been called by black Hecate's summons, there shall be done a terrible deed.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till you applaud the deed. — Come, blinding night, cover up the tender eye of pitiful day; and with your bloody and invisible hand cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale! You marvel at my words, but hold you still: crimes are made stronger with more crimes. Go with me.

Exit

Scene III

A park near the palace. Enter three Murderers

FIRST MURDERER

But who told you to join us?

THIRD MURDERER

Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER

He has no reason to distrust us. He told us what we have to do down to the last detail.

FIRST MURDERER

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: now travellers spur their horses to reach the timely inn; and near approaches the subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER

Listen! I hear horses.

BANQUO

(Within)

Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER

Then it is he: the rest that are within the note of expectation already are in the court.

FIRST MURDERER

His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

Almost a mile: but he does usually, so all men do. They leave the horses here and walk to the palace gate.

SECOND MURDERER

A light, a light!

(Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch)

THIRD MURDERER

It is he.

FIRST MURDERER

Get ready.

BANQUO

It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER

Let it come down.

(They set upon BANQUO)

BANQUO

O, treachery! Run, good Fleance, run, run, run! You must revenge.
O slave!

(Dies. FLEANCE escapes)

THIRD MURDERER

Who put out the light?

FIRST MURDERER

Wasn't that the plan?

THIRD MURDERER

We've only killed one; the son got away.

SECOND MURDERER

We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER

Well, let's go away, and say how much is done.

Exit

Scene IV

The same. Hall in the palace. A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

You know your own ranks; sit down: at first and last the hearty welcome.

LORDS

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

We will **mingle** with society, and play the humble host. Our hostess will remain seated at her seat, but in best time we will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; for my heart speaks they are welcome.

(FIRST MURDERER appears at the door)

MACBETH

See, they show their hearts' thanks. Both sides are even: here I'll sit in the middle. Be merry. We'll drink a measure round the table.

(Approaching the door)

There's blood on your face.

FIRST MURDERER

It is Banquo's then.

MACBETH

It is better outside you than inside him. Is he dead?

FIRST MURDERER

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH

You are the best of the cut-throats: yet he's good that did the same for Fleance. If it was you, you have no equal.

FIRST MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance has escaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my trouble again: I would have been perfect, whole as the marble, strong as the rock, as broad and general as the air. But now I am confined, bound by terrible doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

FIRST MURDERER

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he lies, with twenty deep **gashes** on his head, the least of them would have been fatal.

MACBETH

Thanks for that. There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's escaped has nature that in time will develop poison, for the present it has no teeth. Go. Tomorrow we'll talk again.

(Exit Murderer)

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord, you are not playing the host. Mere eating is best done at home. Ceremony is the sauce for the meat. It is not much of a feast without it.

MACBETH

Sweet **remembrancer!**
Now, may good digestion follow a good appetite, and health on both!

LENNOX

Will your highness sit?

MACBETH

We would have all our country's honourable people under our roof, if the graced person of our Banquo were present, whom I may rather reproach for unkindness than pity for mischance!

(The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place)

ROSS

His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise. Would your highness grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is that troubles your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

LORDS

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

You can't say I did it. Never shake your **gory locks** at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus, and has been from his youth. Please keep seated, the **fit** is momentary; he will be well again in a moment. If you make too much of it, you shall offend him and extend his fit. Eat and do not regard him.

(Aside to Macbeth)

Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a brave one, that dares to look on that which might frighten the devil.

LADY MACBETH

What nonsense! This is an illusion created by your fear, the same as the air-drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan. O, these sudden passions, **impostors to true fear**, would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire. Shame on you! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, you are only looking on a stool.

MACBETH

Look at the seat! Look at it! What do you say now?

(To Banquo's Ghost)

Why, what do I care I if you nod and speak too? If tombs and graves must send those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the stomachs of **kites**.

(GHOST OF BANQUO disappears)

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmanned in madness?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Nonsense!

MACBETH

(Aside)

Blood has been shed here now, in the old times before the human laws shaped society. Since then murders have been performed too, too terrible for the ear. The times have been, that, when the brains

were out, the man would die, and that would be the end of it; but now they rise again, with twenty mortal gashes on their heads, and push us from our stools. This is more strange than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord, your noble friends are asking for you.

MACBETH

I forget myself. Do not worry about me, my most worthy friends — I have a strange illness, which is nothing to those that know me. Come, love and health to all; then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full. I drink to the general joy of the whole table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. I wish he were here! To all, and him, we drink, and all to all.

LORDS

Our duties, and the toast.

(Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO)

MACBETH

Away with you! Leave my sight! Let the earth hide you! Your bones are marrowless, your blood is cold; your angry eyes can't see me!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers, as a thing of habit: it is no other; it only spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH

Whatever man dares, I dare. Approach me like the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the fierce tiger; take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble. Or be alive again, and challenge me with your sword. — If I tremble then, call me the baby of a girl. Go away, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, go!

(GHOST OF BANQUO disappears)

Why, so: being gone, I am a man again. Please, sit down.

LADY MACBETH

You have spoiled the cheer, and broken the good meeting with shocking disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our wondering at them? You make me feel strange to be a man, when I think you can see such things and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine are white with fear.

ROSS

What things did you see, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

Please don't talk about it. He grows worse and worse, questions make him angry. Now, good night: **do not stand upon the order of your going**, but go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health to his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

(Exit all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH)

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move and trees to speak. Crows and ravens have seen the deeds of the most artful murderers. What time of night is it?

LADY MACBETH

Almost morning.

MACBETH

What do you think about Macduff ignoring our feast?

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way; but I will send: there's not one of them that doesn't have a servant as my spy. I will go tomorrow to the Weird Sisters. More shall they speak; for now I am determined to know the worst, by the worst means. Nothing will stand in my way. I stand so deep in blood, that even if I walk no more, going back would be as difficult as going on. I have strange things in my head, that must be acted upon before they are thought about.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the refreshment of nature, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll go and sleep. My strange **self-abuse**, is the beginner's fear — we are still young.

Exit

Scene V

The Weird Sisters meet Hecate. She is angry because the witches have been trying to help an ungrateful Macbeth. Hecate instructs the witches to make preparations for her plan to use magic and their prophecies against Macbeth. They all agree to meet at the cave the next day when Macbeth will come to know his destiny.

Scene VI

Forres. The palace. Enter LENNOX and another Lord

LENNOX

What I said before concurs with your thoughts, which you can interpret further: only, I say, things have happened strangely. The gracious Duncan was pitied by Macbeth. Then he was dead. And the brave Banquo walked too late; whom, you may say, if it pleases you, Fleance killed, for Fleance disappeared. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought how awful it was for Malcolm and for Donalbain to kill their gracious father? Damned fact! How it grieved Macbeth! Didn't he in pious rage punish the two **delinquents**, that were the slaves of drink and sleep? Wasn't that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; for it would have angered any heart alive to hear the men deny it. So that, I say, his behaviour was justified: and I do think that had he Duncan's sons under his key — God willing, he never will — they would soon find out what it meant to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, enough of that! Because he speaks his mind and because he failed to come to the tyrant's feast, I hear Macduff is in disgrace. Sir, can you tell where he has gone?

LORD

The son of Duncan, from whom this tyrant holds **the due of birth** lives in the English court, and is received by **the most pious Edward** with such grace that the malevolent turn of fortune takes nothing from his high respect. Macduff has gone there too to beg the holy king for assistance to wake Northumberland and warlike Siward. With their help — with Him above to ratify the work — we may again give to our tables meat, sleep at nights, free from our feasts and banquets, bloody knives, **do faithful homage and receive free honours**: all which we don't have now. All this has enraged the king that he is preparing for some attempt of war.

LENNOX

Did he send for Macduff?

LORD

He did. And with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' the pale messenger turned his back, and hummed, as who should say '**You'll rue the time that clogs me with this answer.**'

LENNOX

And that ought to warn him to a caution, to hold what distance his wisdom can provide. May some holy angel fly to the court of England and tell them he is coming for their help, that a quick blessing may soon return to this our suffering country under a hateful hand!

LORD

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

parricide *n* — отцеубийство

sirrah *n* — уст. эй ты, как тебя там (обращение к мужчине, выражающее презрение, неуважение; как правило, по отношению к человеку ниже по положению)

under him, my genius is rebuked; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar — пред ним мой гений робеет, как Антониев когда-то пред Цезарем (д шекспировской трагедии «Антоний и Клеопатра» прорицатель советует Марку Антонию остерегаться молодого Октавия Цезаря, чей «гений», т. е. демон-покровитель, одержит победу над «гением» Антония)

our innocent self — я, безвинный

spite *v* — зд. отомстить

leave no rubs nor botches in the work — чтоб не было задорин и заплат

rugged *a* — зд. хмурый

assailable *a* — уязвимый

mingle *v* — смешиваться, общаться

gashes = cuts

remembrancer *n* — напоминание

gory locks — окровавленные кудри

fit *n* — припадок

impostors to true fear — подделка под испуг

kites *n pl* — коршуны

do not stand upon the order of your going — выходите без чинов (по правилам этикета первыми выходят люди, занимающие наиболее высокое положение)

self-abuse *n* — зд. бред

delinquents *n pl* — люди, нарушившие свой долг; преступники

the due of birth — то, что ему причитается по праву рождения (имеется в виду престол)

the most pious Edward — Эдуард благочестивый (имеется в виду английский король Эдуард (1042–1066), прозванный «Исповедником»)

do faithful homage and receive free honours — править службу без ущерба чести

You'll rue the time that clogs me with this answer — Ты будешь проклинать тот день, когда ты дал мне такой ответ

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What does Banquo think now about the prophecies?
- 2) Why doesn't he trust Macbeth?
- 3) How do Banquo and his son plan to spend the day?
- 4) Where does Macbeth invite Banquo in the evening?
- 5) Why does Macbeth want Banquo dead?
- 6) How does Macbeth convince the murderers to help him with his plan?
- 7) What reason does he give for not doing it himself?
- 8) How many murderers attack Banquo and his son?
- 9) What news does the First Murderer bring Macbeth?
- 10) What vision does Macbeth have at his party?
- 11) What does the ghost do?
- 12) How does Lady Macbeth explain his strange fit to the guests?
- 13) How does she prevent further suspicions about Macbeth's role in recent events?
- 14) Where does Macbeth decide to go?
- 15) Why is Hecate angry with the Weird Sisters?
- 16) What does she want to do?
- 17) What do we learn from the conversation between Lennox and a Lord?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) The Ghost sits in Macbeth's place.

- 2) Macbeth questions Banquo as to his schedule for the day and asks him to come to the feast.
- 3) Macbeth sees Banquo's Ghost.
- 4) The Murderers kill Banquo but his son Fleance escapes and survives.
- 5) Lady Macbeth finishes their party early.
- 6) Macbeth arranges for both Banquo and Fleance, his son, to be killed.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) Banquo feels that he must appear loyal to Macbeth, yet he does not trust him.
- 2) Macbeth tells the murderers that Banquo is his own enemy as well as theirs, but that loyal friends of Banquo's prevent him from killing him himself.
- 3) Macbeth informs his wife about his plan to kill Banquo and his son.
- 4) Macbeth attacks the Ghost with his sword.
- 5) Hecate instructs the three witches to make preparations for her plan to use magic and the three witches' prophecies against Macbeth.

4 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The murderers used by Macbeth are not 'murderers' by trade but poor men who are willing to do anything to make some money.
- 2) As Banquo's ghost appears twice at exactly the moment Macbeth mentions him, it is the realization of Macbeth's guilt, a metaphor come to life.

5 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Macbeth does not tell Lady Macbeth about his plan to murder Banquo and Fleance? Does he feel much stronger now? Give your opinion.
- 2) Who is the third murderer? Give your ideas.
- 3) When Banquo's Ghost enters the banquet what is Macbeth's reaction? Is he able to control himself?



ACT IV

Scene I

A cave. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH

Three times the cat has mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Three times, and once the hedgehog whined.

THIRD WITCH

The **harpy** cries: it's time, it's time.

FIRST WITCH

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned **entrails** throw.

Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Deadly venom it's sleeping got,
Boil it first in the magic pot.

ALL

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

SECOND WITCH

Fillet of a marsh snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
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,
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,
Witch's mummy, guts and gullet
Of the fed salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock dig in the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Torn off in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add to it a tiger's entrails,
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.

(Enter HECATE to the other three Witches)

HECATE

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

(Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' etc. HECATE exit)

SECOND WITCH

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

(Enter MACBETH)

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What are you doing?

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I command you, by all your secret knowledge, to answer me regardless of the source of your knowledge. Though you untie the winds that destroy churches; though your wild waves may sink the ships; though ripe corn may be destroyed and trees blown down; though castles collapse on their watchmen's heads; though palaces and pyramids do slope towards their foundations; answer my question.

FIRST WITCH

Speak.

SECOND WITCH

Demand.

THIRD WITCH

We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH

Say, if you would rather hear it from our mouths, or from our masters.

MACBETH

Call them; let me see them.

ALL

Come, high or low; yourself and office show!

(Thunder. First Apparition: an armed head)

MACBETH

Tell me, you unknown power, —

FIRST WITCH

He knows your thoughts: hear his speech, but say nothing.

FIRST APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth: **beware** Macduff; beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

(Disappears)

MACBETH

Whatever you are, thank you for your warning. You have guessed my fear all right: but one word more, —

FIRST WITCH

He will not be commanded: here's another, more powerful than the first.

(Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody child)

SECOND APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

If I had three ears, I would hear you.

SECOND APPARITION

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

(Disappears)

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff. Why should I fear you? But yet I'll make doubly sure. You will not live! Then I may sleep in spite of thunder.

(Thunder. Third Apparition: a child crowned, with a tree in his hand)

What is this, that looks like the son of a king and wears upon his baby-brow the crown of sovereignty?

ALL

Listen, but don't speak to it.

THIRD APPARITION

Be brave as the lion, be proud and take no care, who plans against you, or where **conspirers** are: Macbeth shall never be conquered until Great Birnam Wood comes against him to high Dunsinane hill.

(Descends)

MACBETH

That will never be! Who can command a forest or tell a tree to leave its root? Fair prophecies! Only when Birnam Wood attacks and the dead rise will high-placed Macbeth be threatened. Yet my heart needs to know one thing: tell me, if your art can tell so much: shall Banquo's sons ever reign in this kingdom?

ALL

Don't seek more answers.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied. Deny me this, and an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. Why is the cauldron sinking? And what is this noise?

(Hautboys)

FIRST WITCH

Show!

SECOND WITCH

Show!

THIRD WITCH

Show!

ALL

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; come like shadows, so depart!

(A show of Eight Kings, the last with a mirror in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following)

MACBETH

You are too like the spirit of Banquo: down — your crown scorches my eyeballs. And your hair under the golden crown looks like the first's. A third is like the others. Filthy hags! Why

do you show me this? A fourth! Stop, my eyes! What, will his line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more: and yet the eighth appears, who bears a mirror which shows me many more; and some I see carry **two-fold balls and treble scepters**. Horrible sight! Now, I see, it's true; for the blood-splattered Banquo smiles upon me, and points at them for his.

(Apparitions disappear)

What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why is Macbeth thus amazed? Come, sisters, let's cheer up his spirits, and show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

(Music. The witches dance and then disappear, with HECATE)

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone? Let this **pernicious** hour stand forever accursed in the calendar!

Come in, whoever is there!

(Enter LENNOX)

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Did you see the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Didn't they pass you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

May the air they ride on be infected and damned all those that trust them! I did hear the galloping of horses. Who is it?

LENNOX

It's two or three, my lord, that bring you word that Macduff has fled to England.

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, you are anticipating my dreadful deeds. **The flighty purpose never is overtaken unless the deed goes with it.** From this moment my hand will act as quickly as my heart. And even now, to crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: we will seize the castle of Macduff, occupy Fife, give to the edge of the sword his wife, his children, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool! This deed I'll do before my temper cools. But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are.

Exit

Scene II

Fife. MACDUFF's castle. Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS

LADY MACDUFF

What had he done, to make him leave the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none. His flight was madness: when our actions do not, our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS

You don't know whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his children, his house and his titles in the place he himself flees? He doesn't love us. **He wants the natural touch.** Even the poor wren, the most diminutive of birds, will fight, her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is

the fear and nothing is the love. As little is the wisdom, where the flight so runs against all reason.

ROSS

My dearest cousin, I beg you, school yourself. Your husband is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows **the fits of the season.** I dare not speak much further, but cruel are the times, when we are traitors and do not know it ourselves, when we hold rumour from what we fear, yet don't know not what we fear. We float upon a wild and violent sea each way and move. I must leave you: shall not be long but I'll be here again. Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward to what they were before. My pretty cousin, blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF

He has a father, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer. It would be my disgrace and your discomfort. I take my leave at once.

(Exit)

LADY MACDUFF

Son, your father's dead. What will you do now? How will you live?

SON

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF

What, with worms and flies?

SON

With what I get; I mean as they do.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor bird! Would you never fear the net or bird-lime, the cage or the trap?

SON

Why should I, mother? They don't set traps for poor birds. My father is not dead, despite what you say.

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead. **How will you do for a father?**

SON

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy myself twenty at any market.

SON

Then you'll buy them to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF

You speak with all your wit: and yet, in faith, with just enough wit for a child.

SON

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

SON

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

SON

And are all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one.

SON

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

SON

Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are enough liars and swearers to beat the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF

Now, God help you, poor monkey! **But how will you do for a father?**

SON

If he were dead, you would weep for him. If you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF

Listen to you! How you talk!

(Enter a Messenger)

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame! You don't know me, though I know your state of honour. I think some danger approaches you. If you take a homely man's advice, be not found here. Go, with your little ones. To frighten you like this, is too cruel, I know, but it would be worse not to warn you. Heaven preserve you! I can't stay any longer.

(Exit)

LADY MACDUFF

Where should I go? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm is often praiseworthy; to do good sometime is a dangerous **folly**. Why then, alas, do I put up that womanly defence, to say I have done no harm?

(Enter Murderers)

What are these faces?

FIRST MURDERER

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

I hope, in a place so unholy that such as you may find him.

FIRST MURDERER

He's a traitor.

SON

You are lying, you shag-haired villain!

FIRST MURDERER

What, you egg!

(Stabbing him)

Young fry of treachery!

SON

He has killed me, mother. Run away, I beg you!

(Dies)

Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exit Murderers, following her

Scene III

England. Before the King's palace. Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

MALCOLM

Let us find some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF

Let us rather take up our swords, and like good men defend our homeland. Each new morning new widows howl, new orphans cry. New sorrows strike Heaven on the face so loudly, that it seems to echo Scotland's cries of pain.

MALCOLM

What I believe I'll cry for; what I know, believe, and what I can correct, I shall find the time to do so, friend. What you are saying, may be true. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest: you used to love him well. He hasn't touched you yet. I am young; but something you may deserve of him through me. It is wisdom to offer up a weak poor innocent lamb to **appease** an angry god.

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may give way before a royal command. I ask your pardon. My thoughts cannot change what you are: angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Bad things foul often wear the mask of grace, yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF

I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perhaps that is what makes me have my doubts. Why leave your wife and children, so precious to you, those strong knots of love, without leave-taking? I beg you, don't let my suspicions dishonour you. They are for my own safety. You may be rightly just, whatever I think.

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny! Make your foundations strong, for goodness dare not stop you. Wear your wrongs.

It's all legal! Farewell, lord. I would not be the villain that you think for all the land that's in the tyrant's grasp, and **the rich East to boot**.

MALCOLM

Do not be offended. I do not speak not in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the weight. It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash is added to her wounds. Nevertheless many men would be prepared to fight for me; and here from gracious England I have the offer of many thousands. But, for all this, when I shall rest my foot on the tyrant's head, or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country shall have more troubles than it had before. It will suffer more from him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

Who will that be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean: in comparison with black Macbeth will seem as pure as snow, and the poor people will regard him as a lamb, compared with my limitless harms.

MACDUFF

Not in the legions of horrid hell can come a devil more damned in evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM

Yes, he is bloody, greedy, false, dishonest, sudden and full of every sin that has a name. But there's no bottom, none, to my **lust**: your wives, your daughters and your maids, could not satisfy my desire. Any obstacle put on my way would be crushed regardless of reason. Better Macbeth should reign than one like that.

MACDUFF

Uncontained desire can lead a man to tyranny. It has emptied many happy thrones and caused fall of many kings. But don't be frightened to take upon you what is yours: you may have your pleasures in secret. We have plenty of willing women.

MALCOLM

But also I am greedy. If I were king, I should execute the nobles for their lands, desire their jewels and houses. And the more I had of this sauce, the hungrier I would get. I would start unjust quarrels against the good and loyal, destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF

This greed goes deeper: its roots are stronger than summer-seeming lust, and it has been the sword of our kings. Yet do not fear: Scotland has plenty to fill up your will, within the royal lands even. These **vices** are portable, if other good qualities outweigh them.

MALCOLM

But I have none. The king-becoming qualities, as justice, truthfulness, temperance, stability, generosity, mercy, devotion, patience, courage are not to be found in me. Instead I am full of every kind of crime, acting it many ways. No, had I power, I would pour the sweet milk of **concord** into hell, and end the universal peace on earth.

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one is **fit to govern**, speak. I am as I have said.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern! No, not fit to live. O miserable nation, with an untitled and bloodthirsty tyrant on the throne, when shall you see good days again. The heir to the throne accuses himself of lechery, blaspheming his breed? Your royal father was a most sainted king. The queen that bore you, spent more time on her knees than on her feet, praying. Farewell! These evils you tell about yourself do let me return to Scotland. O my breast, your hope ends here!

MALCOLM

Macduff, this noble passion, born of your integrity, has wiped the black suspicions from my scruples, reconciled my thoughts to your good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth has used many methods to win me into his power, and my modest wisdom has saved me. But God above has seen the deal between you and me! From now on I put myself to your direction and swear that the things I said of myself are strangers to my nature. I have never been with a woman. I have never broken my word. I have scarcely wanted what was mine own. At no time have I broken my faith, I would not betray the devil to his fellow and delight no less in truth than life. My first lie was against myself. Truly I am yours and my poor country's to command. Before you arrived, old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men, and I was ready to head North. Now we'll go together. Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once are hard to **reconcile**.

(Enter a Doctor)

MALCOLM

Well; more later — is the king out today, I beg you?

DOCTOR

Ay, sir; there is a crowd of wretched souls that hope for a cure. Their illnesses have defeated medicine, but at his touch — such sanctity has Heaven given his hand — they are immediately cured.

MALCOLM

I thank you, doctor.

(Exit Doctor)

MACDUFF

What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM

It's called the evil. A most miraculous gift this good king has. Since I have been in England, I have often seen him use it. How he gets help from Heaven, he knows best: but strange people, all swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, the mere despair of surgery, he cures, hanging a golden **stamp** about their necks, put on with holy prayers. And it is said, that he will pass this healing benediction to his successors. With this strange gift, he has a heavenly gift of prophecy.

And blessings hang about his thrones, that say that he is full of grace.

(Enter ROSS)

MACDUFF

See, who comes here.

MALCOLM

My countryman; but yet I don't know him.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome to you.

MALCOLM

I know him now. Good God, remove the means that kept us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Does Scotland still stand where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot be called our mother, but our grave; where who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; where sighs and groans and shrieks that tear the air are not heard; where violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy. People no longer ask for whom the funeral bells are ringing; and good men die before the flowers in their caps.

MACDUFF

O, report too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM

What's the latest grief?

ROSS

Each minute brings a new one.

MACDUFF

How is my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

ROSS

Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not disturbed their peace?

ROSS

No. They were well at peace when I left them.

MACDUFF

You say not much. How are things going?

ROSS

When I was leaving to come here, there ran a rumour of many worthy fellows that were rebelling. I think it was confirmed when I saw the tyrant's forces on patrol. Now is the time of help. Just the

sight of you in Scotland would create soldiers, make our women fight to get rid of their troubles.

MALCOLM

Let them take comfort: we are coming there. Gracious England has lent us good Siward and ten thousand men. You won't find an older and a better soldier in Christendom.

ROSS

I wish I could answer comfort with comfort! But I have words that should be howled out in the desert air, where no one can hear them.

MACDUFF

What do they concern? The general cause or a grief due to some single breast?

ROSS

Every mind that's honest will share the grief; though the main part is yours.

MACDUFF

If it is mine, do not keep it from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS

Let not your ears despise my tongue forever, which shall tell the saddest story they have ever heard.

MACDUFF

Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS

Your castle was attacked; your wife and children savagely killed. To go into details would only make your pain deeper.

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven! What, man! Never pull your hat upon your brows — give your sorrow words: the grief that doesn't speak whispers to the heart until it breaks.

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

MACDUFF

And I was not there! My wife killed too?

ROSS

As I have said.

MALCOLM

Be comforted. Let's make us medicine of our great revenge, to cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones? Did you say all? What, all my pretty chickens and their mother at once?

MALCOLM

Fight grief like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so, but I must also feel it as a man. I cannot but remember that such things were and were most precious to me. Did heaven look on and would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, they were all killed for you! Nothing as I am, but they were killed for me. It was nothing of their doing. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM

Let this be the **whetstone** of your sword; let grief turn to anger. Don't blunt your heart, enrage it!

MACDUFF

O, I could cry like a woman! But, gentle heavens, cut short delays, bring this devil of Scotland and myself face to face. Set him within a length of my sword. If I let him escape, Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM

The word of a man! Come, let us go to the king. Our power is ready, it's time to leave. Macbeth is ripe for shaking, and the powers above will help us do it. Receive what cheer you may: the night is long that never finds the day.

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

cauldron *n* — котел

harpy *n* — гарпия; в греч. мифологии злобное крылатое существо (полуженщина-полуптица)

entrails *n pl* — внутренности

Apparition = ghost

beware *v* — остерегаться

conspirers *n pl* — заговорщики

two-fold balls and treble scepters — со скипетром тройным, с двойной державой (после смерти Елизаветы (1603) на английский престол взшел шотландский король Яков Стюарт, ставший королем Англии и Шотландии («двойная держава»), а также королем Ирландии («тройной скипетр»))

pernicious *a* — губительный

The flighty purpose is never overtaken unless the deed goes with it. — Как только дело отстает от воли, ее догнать уже нельзя.

He wants the natural touch. — Он бессердечен.

the fits of the season — когда что кстати

But how will you do for a father? — Где ты достанешь себе отца?

folly *n* — глупость; глупый поступок или идея

appease *v* — *зд.* задобрить

the rich East to boot — и богатый Восток впридачу

lust *n* — *зд.* распутность

vices *n pl* — пороки, недостатки

concord *n* — согласие

fit to govern — достоин править

reconcile *v* — примирить

stamp *n* — *зд.* амулет

whetstone *n* — точильный камень

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) How many apparitions do the witches summon up?
- 2) What do the apparitions tell Macbeth?
- 3) What makes Macbeth think that he no longer needs to fear Macduff?
- 4) What is the last question of Macbeth?
- 5) Who brings the news that Macduff has gone to England?
- 6) How does Macbeth react to this news?
- 7) Who comes to help the Macduff's wife and children?
- 8) What does Lady Macduff say is the reason for her husband's leaving?
- 9) Why does she refuse to leave the castle?
- 10) What does Lady Macduff tell her son about his father? How does he respond to her?

- 11) Why does Malcolm question Macduff?
- 12) What faults does he say he has?
- 13) When does Malcolm reveal that he was only testing Macduff's loyalty?
- 14) Who has assembled an army and is ready to march on Scotland?
- 15) What gift does the king of England have?
- 16) What news does Ross bring?
- 17) How does Macduff respond to the news?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Macbeth decides to seize Fife and kill Macduff's wife and children.
- 2) Macbeth enters, demanding answers.
- 3) Malcolm urges Macduff to cure his grief by acting, and getting revenge on Macbeth.
- 4) Macbeth sees a procession of eight kings, the eighth of whom holds a mirror in his hand, followed by Banquo.
- 5) Macduff's castle is attacked by Macbeth's men.
- 6) Malcolm confesses that he is a greedy, lustful and sinful man.
- 7) The witches throw into their cauldron the elements of their magic spell.
- 8) Macbeth sees a series of apparitions.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) The armed head warns Macbeth to beware Macduff.
- 2) Macduff's wife is sure that Macbeth will not dare to attack the castle her.
- 3) Macduff learns the story of his wife's death from a letter from his son.
- 4) Macduff is overcome with guilt that he was left his family unprotected.

4 Agree or disagree.

Macbeth orders the murder of Macduff's entire family because he realizes that he cannot kill Macduff himself.

5 What do you think?

- 1) Does Macbeth have any children? What makes you think so?
- 2) Why does the eighth king hold a mirror? What is your opinion?
- 3) Why do you think Macduff has not taken his wife and children with him to England?



ACT V

Scene I

Dunsinane. A room in the castle. Enter a DOCTOR and a waiting Gentlewoman

DOCTOR

I have watched with you two nights, but I can see no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her cabinet, take out some paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most deep sleep.

DOCTOR

She must have great disturbance in her nature, to receive at once the benefits of sleep, and do the tasks of the working day! In this sleeping agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN

That, sir, which I will not repeat to you.

DOCTOR

You may tell me: and it fact you should.

GENTLEWOMAN

Neither to you nor to anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

(Enter LADY MACBETH, with a candle)

Look, here she comes! This is her usual manner, and, upon my life, she is asleep. Observe her, stand close.

DOCTOR

How did she light a candle?

GENTLEWOMAN

Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; it's her command.

DOCTOR

You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN

Ay, but they don't see.

DOCTOR

What is she doing now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

It is her habit to seem to wash her hands like this. I have known her to do this for a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Listen! She's speaking. I will write down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance more strongly.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! Out, I say! — One — two — why then it's time to do it — Hell is dark! — Shame on you, my lord! A soldier and

afraid? Why should we fear those who knows it, when none can call us to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

DOCTOR

Did you hear that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife — where is she now? What, will these hands never be clean? — No more of that, my lord, no more of that: you'll spoil all with your panicking.

DOCTOR

Come now; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN

She has said what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she knows.

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still — all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there! The heart is full of pain.

GENTLEWOMAN

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for all her titles.

DOCTOR

Well, well, well, —

GENTLEWOMAN

Pray God it be so, sir

DOCTOR

This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those who have walked in their sleep who have died in peace in their beds.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; don't look so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on his grave.

DOCTOR

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate — come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

(Exit)

DOCTOR

Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN

Directly.

DOCTOR

There are terrible whisperings: unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds will tell their secrets to their deaf pillows. She needs more the help of a priest than a physician. God, God forgive us all! Look after her. Remove from her the means of all annoyance, and still keep an eye on her. So, good night. She has confused my mind and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

Exit

Scene II

The country near Dunsinane. Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers

MENTEITH

The English power is near, led by Malcolm, his uncle Siward and the good Macduff. Revenge burns in them. Their dear causes are calling them to war so loudly that I would excite the dead.

ANGUS

We shall meet them Near Birnam wood; they are coming that way.

CAITHNESS

Does anyone know if Donalbain is with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a list of all the gentry. There is Siward's son, and many untested youths getting their first taste of manhood.

MENTEITH

What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad; others that hate him less call it brave fury: but, for certain, he's lost control of himself and the confidence of many of his forces.

ANGUS

Now he feels his secret murders are sticking on his hands. Constant revolts are the result of his treachery. Those he commands move only in command, not in love. He now feels his title hangs loose about him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH

Who then shall blame his pestered senses to recoil and start, when all that is within him condemns itself for being there?

CAITHNESS

Well, let's march on, to give our obedience to those who truly deserve it. Let's meet Malcolm with the medicine to cure our country's diseases. If need be, let him have every last drop of our blood.

LENNOX

Or so much as it is needed to water the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. Let's march towards Birnam.

Exit, marching

Scene III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle. Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them all run: till Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane, I shall have no fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know all mortal consequences have promised me this: 'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman shall ever have power over you.' Then run, false thanes, and mingle with the **English epicures**. My mind and my heart shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

(Enter a Servant)

The devil damn you, you pale-faced fool! Where have you got that **goose** look?

SERVANT

There is ten thousand —

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

SERVANT

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick your face to get some colour and hide your fear, you **lily-livered** boy. What soldiers, fool? Death of your soul! Those linen cheeks of yours are counsellors to fear. What soldiers?

SERVANT

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Get out of my sight!

(Exit Servant)

Seyton! — I am sick at heart, when I see — Seyton, I say! — This push will cheer me ever, or will unthrone me now. I have lived long enough: my life has reached its autumn, and that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience and troops of friends, will not be had by me. Instead I will have curses, not loud but deep and insincere compliments, which the poor heart would deny, but dare not. — Seyton!

(Enter SEYTON)

SEYTON

What is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

Any more news?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh is hacked. Give me my armour.

SEYTON

It isn't needed yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on. Send out more horses; search the country round; hang those that talk of fear. Give me my armour. How is your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with fancies that keep her from her rest.

MACBETH

Cure her of that. Can't you heal a diseased mind, take a rooted sorrow from the memory, remove the troubles written in her brain and with some sweet painless drug clean the heavy bosom of that dangerous stuff which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR

In this case the patient alone can help herself.

MACBETH

Throw medicine to the dogs, I'll have none of it. Come, put my armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me. Come, sir, make haste. If only you, doctor, could find the disease of my land and bring it back to good health, I would applaud you to the very echo, that should applaud again. — Pull it off, I say. — What purgative drug would clean these English? Have you heard of them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation makes us hear something.

MACBETH

(To SEYTON)

Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death, till Birnam forest comes to Dunsinane.

(Exit MACBETH and SEYTON)

DOCTOR

(Aside)

If I were from Dunsinane away and clear, profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exit

Scene IV

Country near Birnam wood. Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching

MALCOLM

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand that **our guest rooms will be safe.**

MENTEITH

We don't doubt it.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH

The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Tell every soldier to cut himself a branch and carry it before him. That will disguise our numbers and our enemy will receive confused reports of us.

SOLDIERS

It shall be done.

SIWARD

We've learnt no other that the confident tyrant stays in Dunsinane, and will endure our **setting** down before the castle.

MALCOLM

It's his main hope. Most who have had chance to desert have done so. And none serve with him but **constrained** people whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF

Let us wait until the true event and concentrate on the battle.

SIWARD

The time approaches that will with due decision make us know what we shall say we have and what we don't. Speculation gets us nowhere. Let's go to war.

Exit, marching

Scene V

Dunsinane. Within the castle. Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn. Let them lie there till hunger and the fever eat them up. If they had not been reinforced with those that should be ours, we might have met them bravely, beard to beard, and beat them back.

(A cry of women within)

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

(Exit)

MACBETH

I have almost forgotten the taste of fear. The time has been, a night-shriek would have cooled my senses, and my hair would stand as if the shriek were alive. Now I am so full of horrors, that terror, familiar to me, no longer frightens.

(Re-enter SEYTON)

What's that cry?

SEYTON

The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died later; there would have been a time for death. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time. All our yesterdays have shown fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that **struts and frets his hour upon the stage** and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

(Enter a Messenger)

You have come to use your tongue; your story quickly.

MESSENGER

Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, but don't know how to do it.

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

As I stood my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and I thought the wood began to move.

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

Let me endure your anger, if it is not so. You can see it coming even here, three mile away, I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH

If you speak falsely, you'll hang alive upon the next tree until you die of hunger. If what you say is true, I don't care if you do the same to me. I begin to doubt the word of the devil whose lies become truths. 'Fear not, till Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane.' And now a wood is coming toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! If what he says is true, there is no point in running or hesitating. I begin to get weary of the sun, and wish the order of the world were now undone. Ring the alarm-bell! Blow, wind! Come, ruin! At least we'll die with armour on our back.

Exit

Scene VI

Dunsinane. Before the castle. Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their army, with branches

MALCOLM

Now we are near enough: throw down your leafy screens, and show yourselves as soldiers. You, worthy uncle, shall, with my cousin, your noble son lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we shall take upon what else remains to do, according to our order.

SIWARD

Farewell. If we find the tyrant's power tonight, let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, those warnings of blood and death.

Exit

Scene VII

Another part of the field. Alarms. Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot escape, but, like a bear, I must fight the course. Who's he that was not born of woman? Such a man am I to fear, or none.

(Enter YOUNG SIWARD)

YOUNG SIWARD

What is your name?

MACBETH

You'll be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

No, though you call yourself by a hotter name than any is in hell.

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to my ear.

MACBETH

No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

You lie, you hateful tyrant. With my sword I'll prove you are a liar.

(They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is killed)

MACBETH

You were born of woman. But I smile at swords and laugh at weapons, when they are in the hands of a man that's born of woman.

(Exit. Alarms. Enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF

The noise was from over there. Tyrant, show your face! If you have been killed and the stroke didn't come from me, my wife and children's ghosts will **haunt** me forever. I cannot strike at worthless soldiers, whose arms are hired to bear their weapons. Either you, Macbeth, or my sword returns to the sheathe again unused. Let me find him, fortune! I beg for no more.

(Exit. Alarms. Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD)

SIWARD

This way, my lord. The castle has gently surrendered: the tyrant's people fight on both sides. Your noble thanes do bravely in the war. The day is almost yours, there is little left to do.

MALCOLM

We have met with foes that strike beside us.

SIWARD

Enter the castle, sir.

(Exit. Alarms)

Scene VIII

Another part of the field. Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on my own sword? While I see men alive, the gashes do better upon them.

(Enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men I have avoided you. But get back; my soul is too much stained with your blood already.

MACDUFF

I have no words. My voice is in my sword. You are a bloodier villain than words can say!

(They fight)

MACBETH

You are wasting your time. It would be easier for you to draw blood from the air, than make me bleed. Let your blade fall on vulnerable heads, for **I bear a charmed life**, which will not yield to one born of woman.

MACDUFF

Forget your charm; and let the devil you have served tell you, Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped.

MACBETH

Curses to the tongue that tells me so, for it has crushed the better part of my spirit! Let us no more believe these deceitful devils that

palter with us in a double sense, that whisper promises in my ear, and then break them. I'll not fight with you.

MACDUFF

Then yield, coward, and live to be put on show, as our rare monsters are, with a sign 'Here you may see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield, to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and **to be subjected to the jeering of the rabble**. Though Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane, and you oppose me, being of no woman born, I will fight to the last. I throw my warlike shield before my body. Come on, Macduff, and damned be the first who cries, 'Hold, enough!'

(Exit, fighting. Alarms. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers)

MALCOLM

I wish the friends we miss were here safe.

SIWARD

Some must die, and yet, by these I see, so great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: he only lived until he was a man. He had no sooner had confirmed his skill in battle than he died like a man.

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field. Your sorrow must not be measured by his worth, for then it would have no end.

SIWARD

Were the wounds on the front?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, let him be God's soldier! If I had as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them a fairer death. And so, his bell has been tolled.

MALCOLM

He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD

He's worth no more, they say he parted well, and paid his score. And so, God be with him! Here comes newer **comfort**.

(Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head)

MACDUFF

Hail, king, for so you are. Behold the usurper's cursed head. The country is free; I see you surrounded by the noblest men in your kingdom. In their minds that speak my salutation, whose voices I desire aloud with mine: Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

(Flourish)

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a lot of time before we express our gratitude and repay you. My thanes and kinsmen, from now on you shall be earls, the first that Scotland has ever named in such an honour. There's so much to do now, such as calling home our exiled friends abroad who fled the snares of watchful tyranny of this dead butcher and his devilish queen, who, as it is thought, took her own life. This, and things needed we will perform at the right time and place. So, thanks to all at once and to each one of you, whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

waiting a — придворный

Who then shall blame his pestered senses to recoil and start, when all that is within him condemns itself for being there? — Кто осудит порывистость его смятенных чувств, когда всему, что скрыто в нем, несносно в нем пребывать?

English epicures — английские эпикурейцы (эпикурейцами называют людей, которые отдают предпочтение чувственным наслаждениям и другим материальным радостям жизни; английскими эпикурейцами шотландец Макбет презрительно называет англичан)

goose = frightened

lily-livered *a* — трусливый

Seyton — Сейтон (Сейтоны были наследственными оруженосцами шотландских королей)

our guest rooms will be safe — напоминание о том, что Дункан был убит в гостях

setting *n* = siege — осада

constrained *a* — *зд.* связанный обязательствами, несвободный

struts and frets his hour upon the stage — кривляется на сцене

haunt *v* — неотступно преследовать, являться

We have met with foes that strike beside us. — Мы встретили врагов, разящих мимо.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on my own sword? — К чему играть мне римского глупца, упав на свой же меч? (таким способом покончил самоубийством Марк Порций Катон (I в. до н. э.) после победы Юлия Цезаря, а позднее, в 42 г. до н. э., убил себя Марк Брут, когда потерпел поражение в битве с войсками триумвиров)

I bear a charmed life — Я зачарован

palter with us in a double sense — умеющие бессмысленно играть

to be subjected to the jeering of the rabble — чтобы меня травил ярость черни

comfort *n* — *зд.* радость, утешение

Activities

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why has a gentlewoman who waits on Lady Macbeth summoned the doctor?
- 2) How many nights have they watched Lady Macbeth?
- 3) What do they see this time?
- 4) What events does Lady Macbeth relive in her deep sleep?
- 5) What does the doctor say about Lady Macbeth's condition?
- 6) Who leads the army marching to attack Macbeth?
- 7) Why do the Scottish lords decide to join the army?
- 8) How does Macbeth take the news of the ten thousand strong army against him?
- 9) Why is Macbeth certain that he can't be defeated?
- 10) What does Malcolm order his soldiers?
- 11) How does Macbeth react to the news of Lady Macbeth's death?
- 12) Why doesn't Macbeth run when he learns that the Birnam Wood or rather Malcolm's forces are moving on his castle?

13) Have all the witches' prophecies come true?

14) How does Siward respond to the news of his son's death?

15) What does the future king say to the thanes?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Macbeth kills Young Siward.
- 2) Lady Macbeth dies.
- 3) The doctor puts down Lady Macbeth's words.
- 4) Macbeth is killed by Macduff.
- 5) Macduff explains that he has born by Caesarian section.
- 6) Lady Macbeth rubs her hands.
- 7) Malcolm is hailed as the new King of Scotland.
- 8) The doctor concludes that Lady Macbeth needs a priest's help, not a physician's.
- 9) Malcolm orders each man to cut down a branch from the nearby Birnam Wood and head towards Macbeth's castle camouflaged under an umbrella of Birnam Wood.
- 10) The doctor and a gentlewoman discuss Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking and talking to herself.
- 11) Macbeth strongly fortifies his castle.

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) The doctor says it will be easy to cure Lady Macbeth.
- 2) Macbeth is certain of the Birnam Wood prophecy.
- 3) Macbeth is terribly upset to learn about his wife's death.
- 4) Macduff is made king.

4 Agree or disagree.

- 1) The events that the Weird Sisters predicted at the beginning of the play happen exactly as they said.
- 2) Lady Macbeth died by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt.

5 What do you think?

- 1) What do you think Lady Macbeth used to write in sleep? Give your idea.

- 2) What does the blood Lady Macbeth tries to get off her hand mean?
- 3) Why do you think the witches' prophecies didn't help Macbeth? What proves that he, like Duncan before him, is too trusting?
- 4) Do you agree that the course of fate can be changed?

Final Quiz

- 1) How many men reign as king of Scotland in the play?
 - a) One.
 - b) Two.
 - c) Three.
- 2) Who kills Duncan?
 - a) Lady Macbeth.
 - b) Macbeth.
 - c) Malcolm and Donalbain.
- 3) Who is Fleance?
 - a) An English Lord.
 - b) Banquo's son.
 - c) Macduff's brother.
- 4) What vision does Macbeth have before he kills Duncan?
 - a) The witches.
 - b) A ghost.
 - c) A dagger pointing to Duncan's room.
- 5) Who is the goddess of the witches?
 - a) Gorgon.
 - b) Hecate.
 - c) Cleopatra.
- 6) Who tells Macduff that his wife and children are dead?
 - a) Donalbain.
 - b) Malcolm.
 - c) Ross.
- 7) How does Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?
 - a) It doesn't.
 - b) By magic.
 - c) Malcolm's army hides behind the cut-off tree branches.

Final Discussion

- 1) In Scene I, Act I, the witches say, “Foul is fair and fair is foul.” Which characters do you consider fair or foul?
- 2) At the beginning of the play, Duncan describes Macbeth as a “brave cousin, worthy gentleman”. How does Duncan’s son Malcolm describe Macbeth and his wife at the end of the play. Do you agree with these definitions? Talk of the changes in Macbeth.
- 3) What can you say about Lady Macbeth? Is she loving and ambitious? Is she able to cope with the guilt of what she and Macbeth have done?
- 4) Whose ambition is the driving force of the play — Macbeth’s, Lady Macbeth’s or both?
- 5) Compare Macbeth, Macduff and Banquo. How are they alike? How are they different? Can you say that Macbeth is the play’s villain and Macduff and Banquo are heroes?
- 6) Compare the way Macduff and Macbeth react to the news of their wives’ deaths.
- 7) Is justice served at the end of the play? Give your opinion.

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Учебное издание

Шекспир Уильям

МАКБЕТ

Адаптация текста, предисловие, комментарий,
упражнения, словарь *Е. В. Угаровой*

Ведущий редактор *В. А. Львов*

Редактор *Н. Р. Федорчук*

Художественный редактор, оформление *А. М. Драговой*

Иллюстрации *Е. В. Папенина*

Иллюстрация на обложку *А. М. Драговой*

Технический редактор *Т. В. Исаева*

Компьютерная верстка *Г. В. Доронина*

Корректоры *Л. В. Головченко, Н. А. Гурзо*

Подписано в печать 10.06.08. Формат 60×90/16.

Гарнитура «Ньютон». Печать офсетная. Печ. л. 6. Усл.-печ. л. 6.

Тираж 5000 экз. Заказ № 4531.

ООО «Издательство «АЙРИС-пресс»
113184, Москва, ул. Б. Полянка, д. 50, стр. 3.

ОАО «Тверской орден Трудового Красного Знамени
полиграфкомбинат детской литературы им. 50-летия СССР».
170040, г. Тверь, пр. 50 лет Октября, 46.



Scanned by Shokoladnitsa
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2012