

## ACT I.

RA'ÐARC I.—Riars uaigneac. Tóinneac asur Teimneac,  
Triúr 'Draoi-Çailleac irceac.

An ceud 'Draoi-Çailleac : Catáin teagmhócmuro-ne arís  
meas tóinneac, rplannc, no garb-fion ?

An dara 'Draoi-Çailleac : Nuair a beró veipe leir an  
S-cac,

Ar an suile-buile tairc.

An trear 'Draoi-Çailleac : Sara mberó an Srian as  
meac'.

An ceud 'Draoi-Çailleac : Cad é an áic ?

An dara 'Draoi-Çailleac : Ar párac fiadam.

An trear 'Draoi-Çailleac : Anraon a duairpró Macbeit  
Linn.

An ceud 'Draoi-Çailleac : Cúgar, a Snamalcin.

Iaó so léir : Tá pasúoc as glaoóc :—Ar ball !  
Ir cuma linn calaoir no ceairc,  
Ar riudal tré ceo na rSamall palac.

## Act 1, Scene 1

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

SECOND WITCH When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH That will be ere the set of sun. 5

FIRST WITCH Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin.

SECOND WITCH Paddock calls. 10

THIRD WITCH Anon.

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

Com cneacta ran? Feuc a s-cluadac easraimail.  
 An fon go riublaio an an ucalam, ce ceappad  
 Sur den uoman ro iad? An bfuil rib beo?  
 An baogal do duine faogalta rib? Ir leir  
 Go ucuigeann rib mo camnt, acé cim sur b'amlaró  
 A cuineann ceactar agaid a méar ondmac  
 Len a pur mí-ghéiteac in ionad freasairt.  
 Ir coraimail rib le mnáib, acé ní an mnáib  
 A bíonn an fionnab rin tá an búir n-aigte.

Macbeit: Már mná rib, labair! Cé rib?

An céud Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!  
 Sláinte, a Uigearna Glámar!

An dara Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!  
 Sláinte, a Uigearna Cawdor!

An trear Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte, a Macbeit!  
 A béar 'na nís 'na diairí seo.

Banquo: Dé cuir an geit, a uairil? Ir iongantac liom  
 Go s-cuineann rgeula foanta uairil onit.

In ainm Dé, an rrioparó rib fé cló  
 Sean-dan, nó an mná rib cor an bit? Tá agaid dá luad  
 Lem' cara uairil terdeal mór fé lácar  
 'S réim ríogaimail le teact, ir tá an faodar  
 Dá darri. Liomra ní labriann rib. Má'r féroir lib  
 An fé le teact do mhíniúgáó léirigíó dam  
 Sur cuma leir búir nduairíe nó búir ngráin.

An céud Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An dara Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An trear Uraoi-Cailleac: Sláinte!

An céud Uraoi-Cailleac: Níor íple 'na Macbeit, agus  
 níor doiríoe,

An dara Uraoi-Cailleac: Níor luga fé foig, agus fóir  
 níor mó.

An trear Uraoi-Cailleac: Deir nígte ro' rlióct, cé  
 ná beir-re féin ro' nís.

'S búir rliáinte ríor, Macbeit ir a Banquo!

Macbeit: Stao, tá juó fé ceilt, innir dam níor mó;  
 An dáir Símel do fuairíear uigearnact Glámar.

## Act 1, Scene 3

BANQUO How far is 't called to Forres? —What are these, 40  
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth  
 And yet are on 't?—Live you? Or are you aught  
 That man may question? You seem to understand me 45  
 By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

MACBETH Speak if you can. What are you? 50

FIRST WITCH All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear 55  
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,  
 Are you fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly you show? My noble partner  
 You greet with present grace and great prediction  
 Of noble having and of royal hope,  
 That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. 60  
 If you can look into the seeds of time  
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
 Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear  
 Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH Hail! 65

SECOND WITCH Hail!

THIRD WITCH Hail!

FIRST WITCH Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

SECOND WITCH Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. 70  
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more.  
 By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis.

12

macbeit

[Act I.

Δεε ι δεαοιθ Cawdor? Μαιρεανη Cawdor ρθρ,  
 ηα δεατα ρλαιντε ; ι θρδαιρε θειτ ι μο ρι  
 ιρ λυγα μο ουλ αρ ριν 'ηδ αρ τ'ιγεαρναρ Cawdor.  
 Ιηηιρ ζο δεαττ caw αρ θυρ ρζευλ μι-θεαλιθατ,  
 ηο ce αν ευιρ ζο δεαζανη ριθ τηεαρνα οηαιηη  
 λε ταρτ παρθεαηαιη θα ραζαρ αρ ηιαρζ αν παραιζ ?  
 Οηουζιμ θιθ λαθαιρε.

[Leigro ar ηαθαρε ηα ηηηα ρθρε.]

Banquo : Τα θολζαιη αρ ταλαη ρε μαρ τα αρ υιρce  
 Δζυρ ιρ θιθ θ ιαθ ρο. Cαρ τειτεαυαρ ?

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives  
 A prosperous gentleman, and to be king  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
 You owe this strange intelligence or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
 With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

75

80

BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

## Act 1, Scene 7

MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
 It were done quickly.

1

...

Macbeit : Θα ηβεαυ θειρε λειρ αν ζκοιρ ι η-δην  
 Δ θεαητα, θ'φεαρη ι θεαηαη ταπαυθ. Θα θρεαυραι

Macbeit : Muna n-eirigeadh linn ?

Dean Macbeit : Seadh ! Linne ! Cuir do dalmacht ir do neart

So cruinn doingeann fearthac ar an rún  
 Agus ní baogal. Nuair a beir an Rí  
 'Na coislaó ráth tar éir cruadh-aircior an lae,  
 A beirt feomhaidóir le fionta fial  
 Meirgeamla, agus le deochanna ruaim,

Cuirfeadh-ra ar meartaal a sciall  
 'S a meabair, ar cuma go scoilócaio comh tnom  
 Le muic, ir nuair a beir fan rdaio rin pinte  
 Cad é an bac orainn pé ioe ir mian linn  
 O'imire ar an Rí is ir é san oion ?  
 Cad fá ná cuirfimid in a luige ar cad  
 Le comharcaí cruinn' sur b'iaó a oifigi féin,  
 I uoiróim meirge doib, do vein an gnóim.

Macbeit : Ná raogaluitgear arac acó clann-mac  
 aitháin

Da cupaí coranta don tír na píir  
 'Do tiorcaó uait. Nuair a rmeartaimid le fuil  
 An beirt leirgeamail reo tá i feomra an Ríog  
 Ir nuair a déanfar úráio dá miosóga féin  
 Ná creiofir cad sur b'iaó a vein an t-ár ?

Dean Macbeit : Seadh ! Seadh ! Mar rógócaimid-ne  
 ór áro

Ar mbuaioir ar bár an Ríog.

Macbeit : Im' éaioib-re féin

Níl féic dem corp nac bfuil i bpeidm i scóir  
 An gníth uacóaraig reo. Cum ruabail anoir,  
 Ir bí mar óeadh go ruairc ráth geal-ghairteac  
 foluis id' aghaio óroo-rmaointe an éroioe tá feallteac.

## Act 1, Scene 7

MACBETH If we should fail—

LADY MACBETH We fail?  
 But screw your courage to the sticking place 70  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince 75  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon 80  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell?

MACBETH Bring forth men-children only,  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose 85  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
 That they have done 't?

LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar 90  
 Upon his death?

MACBETH I am settled and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show.  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know. 95

An tuisc i seo a ceapaim nomam, an tuiscinn  
 im tseo? Tar cuigam! Leis dam gheim breic ort.  
 Ni féidir liom, aéc éim cá go roileir.  
 A éiríbre báir nac féidir cá láimpeail  
 Sió sur ro-feicte cá? Nó an samhail tuisce  
 Tá san rubricaint ór comhair mo intinn' buairdearta?  
 Cím fóir cá com roileir ro' fuirim ir cá  
 An t-pleas seo im' lámh agam.  
 Cuirir in ordugad dam an dealad nomam;  
 'S ir do leicéir mar gléar bí agam do'n cóir.  
 Tá mo padair do rheallad ag mo ceapad eile  
 Nó fé an ceann ir géire. Cím cá fóir  
 Agus ar do tuiscinn ir do bar  
 Alpacá folá ná raib ann ar ucúir  
 A leicéir nil ann, aéc na ppeadraoioi  
 Tá timceall oim coir an gnim éagraíla  
 Aca ar m'intinn. Fé lácair cá ruan tnom  
 Ar leac na cruinne, agus ir malluigte iad  
 Na h-airlingí corruigeann an corlad ráth.  
 Tá Deah-deamán na b'píreós ag rollamnuigeacé  
 A h-íobairta breige, agus an mupodair,  
 Ir glám an thaccine á glaoad fé déim a fogla,  
 Ag pleamnuigad amac go cairdeamail mar a fáid  
 An t-eignigteoir rin Tarquin. A blut-clac ro  
 Ná cloir mo glór agus ná tabair fé ndeara  
 Áro mo ruain para rseirfead na cloca  
 Fac mo siubail agus an t-uacbár ro  
 D'airtuirigad ón ám cá lácair. An fáid acáim  
 Ag bagairt maireann fé. Sniom tseun  
 Ni baotairacé réirteodáid dam an rseul.

## Act 2, Scene 1

MACBETH Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. 45  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation 50  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
 And such an instrument I was to use. 55  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses  
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,  
 And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.  
 It is the bloody business which informs 60  
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,  
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf, 65  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear 70  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

Macbeic : Ní maib doinne de mhór-uairle ar d'áirde ar  
 'Dá mbeadh Duncan uafal in ár mearg; ;  
 Is mó míleán is fíor ná tuille áise  
 De dháir a mí-cineálacta ná cruas  
 Fá 'scaob 'o' á mí-ádh.

Rorr : Is cúir míleán ná seall  
 Gan é beir láirthead. Suró in ár mearg, a Rí  
 Mar onóir d'áimn.

Macbeic : Tá gac ruibeadán lán.

Lennox : Seo duitre áit fé leit, a uafail.

Macbeic : Cá n-áit ?

Lennox : Anro, a Rí. Cad éise an gnáir rím oré  
 A tigearna ?

Macbeic : Ciaca aghaid do d'áin é seo ?

Tigearnaí : Cad é féin, a tigearna cóir ?

Macbeic : Ní féidir leat é cur im' leit. Ná croic  
 Do d'áirde fuitheada féin d'áin.

Rorr : Éirig, a uairle. Níl an Rí ar fochnam.

Dean Macbeic : Suróid, a cáirde córa. Is minic mo  
 tigearna

Ón á áise ar an gcuma ro.

Ní fada leanfaid an taom. Ar nóimeac ball

Deir fé raon uaid. Ná feuchaid áir,

Nó beir fé t'á n-á céile is níor feargáise.

Caitid d'áir mbiaid, is ná cuir ruim ann. An fear tú ?

Macbeic : 'Sead, is fear d'ána feuchaid cruinn ar r'á  
 Scannrocaid an t-áirdeirreoir féin.

Dean Macbeic : Baotaraict !

Níl in á bfeiceann tú áct r'eadraoisi

Ar nóir na r'áit-uairce á t'eoruis tá,

Dubrair, go Duncan. Ní cuirthead doinne ruim

I gcomharcaí baoir baotánta mar iad ro

Áct bean lag-intinn le h-áir teime is oirde

Do cuaid an eactra ón á fear-mácair.

### Act 3, Scene 4

MACBETH Here had we now our country's honor roofed,  
 Were the graced person of our Banquo present,  
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
 Than pity for mischance.

ROSS His absence, sir, 50  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness  
 To grace us with your company?

MACBETH The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir. 55

MACBETH Where?

LENNOX Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH Which of you have done this?

LORDS What, my good lord? 60

MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake  
 Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus 65  
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
 He will again be well. If much you note him  
 You shall offend him and extend his passion.  
 Feed and regard him not.

Are you a man? 70

MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
 Which might appall the devil.

LADY MACBETH O, proper stuff! 75  
 This is the very painting of your fear.  
 This is the air-drawn dagger which you said  
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
 Impostors to true fear, would well become  
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done, 80  
 You look but on a stool.

Mo náire é ! Cao fá an camartaosil  
 to agaid ? Tar éir an t-aoisail níl ann aóc rúil.  
 Macbeit—Aócuingim oir feuc ! Ó feuc anran ! Cao  
 veir tú ?

Níl beann 'sam oir. Má'r péioir leat rmeóeas, labair.  
 Má éirigto maib ar na hularóeas  
 Ir ar na huaiséana in a scuirtéar iao  
 'Siao ar scáinín feara meabail na bpreácan.  
 [Imcigeann an t-amaíl.

Dean Macbeit : An breallán tú in ionas veit go cróad?

Macbeit : Veimigead do connac é.

Dean Macbeit : Fáire go veo !

Macbeit : Ir minic in allas do vórtad fúil  
 Sana cuiread olige ríocána i bpeim,  
 Agus ó foim go veim in do vemeas corca  
 Do cuiread ríannas ar an té do cloirfead  
 Tíad oirca. San am fadó do bíod veire  
 leir an té go n-ócalócaí a ceann  
 Aóc anoir dá méio na cheada tá gearra ari  
 Aireirigean ré arir, rúngailéann rínn  
 Anonn 'r anall : nac sreanmaire é reo  
 ná a leicéio.

Dean Macbeit : Mo tigearna ríntac féin,  
 Ir veit le v'uaire t' earnam.

Macbeit : Sé mo vearmas :  
 A cáirde onórac', ná bíod iongnas oraid  
 Má tá macaill oim nac fú bíorán  
 leo reo gur eol vóid mé. Sláinte sac naon  
 tá láicreac. Suróreas anran. T'iom fion san tomár.  
 Olaim rláinte na mbuidéan ar fad ar bóro  
 Ir rláinte Banquo leir gur cruas a earnam.  
 Mo cár san é anro. Siuo oraid go leir !  
 Dia leir ir lib.

Tigearnaí : Ar n'uaigairi ir an seall.

MACBETH Prithee, see there. Behold, look! Lo, how say you?  
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
 If charnel houses and our graves must send  
 Those that we bury back, our monuments  
 Shall be the maws of kites.

85

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame!

90

MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,  
 Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
 Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
 Too terrible for the ear. The time has been  
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
 And there an end. But now they rise again  
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns  
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
 Than such a murder is.

95

LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,  
 Your noble friends do lack you.

100

MACBETH I do forget.—  
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.  
 I have a strange infirmity, 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 th' general joy o' th' whole table  
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.  
 Would he were here! To all, and him we thirst,  
 And all to all.

105

110

LORDS Our duties, and the pledge.

Act 4, Scene 1

An Dara Draig-Cailleac : Uair ir t'ri gearán an  
 ghráinneos.

An t-rear Draig-Cailleac : Sreabann an reabac : " In  
 am, in am "

An ceo Draig-Cailleac : Imtighid timceall an corcáin  
 Cairib ircead potóga ghráin'  
 In áru na bpireos beirib ar ucáir  
 An fros galac misnána ghráir  
 Codaíl fé lic t'riocad lá ir a haon  
 Sur dein nim úr dá allur bréan.

Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veifir,  
 loirg a teime ir a corcáin beirib.

An Dara Draig-Cailleac : Sciall de ghráimheois na móinc'  
 Inr an corcáin beirib rórc  
 Meur an frosir ir rúil na h-áirc',  
 Teansa gabair ir olann baic.  
 Ladair-gabal naírac, ceals péirc',  
 Caolcor air ir rsiatán caoic  
 'Scóir urca diabalta san ceóna  
 Nóir andruite irinn beirib rcoita.

Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veifir  
 loirg, a teime, ir a corcáin beirib.

An t-rear Draig-Cailleac : Sainni draigim ir fiacal  
 con,

Corpán caillige, cmar ir bpuan  
 An éirc ir clocraige ra muir,  
 Pnéamaca ropáin bamte i nouib,  
 Debeanna lúdaig na mionn-móir,  
 Domblar gabair ir rlipti iudair,  
 Gearra mion fé r'gamall rae ;  
 Cuingcín Tuirc 'sur pur san ghe  
 potóga Ciger mearfair leo  
 Ir beirí annran an urca i ucraeo.

Iao go léir : Dubail, dubail, duad ir veifir  
 loirg, a teime, ir a corcáin beirib.

An Dara Draig-Cailleac : Le fuil an ápa fuarcar é,  
 Annran beirí an urca láirín méit.

FIRST WITCH Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

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

THIRD WITCH Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

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

5

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

10

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

15

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

20

THIRD WITCH Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf  
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark,  
 Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of goat and slips of yew  
 Slivered 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 thereto a tiger's chaudron  
 For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

25

30

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

35

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

An t-ádhá Dámaí-Cáilleac : Mótúigim ar tódar mo  
 oíúós  
 Go bfuil rannail peacaíúail teacé im t'reo.

An t-ádhá Samail : A Macbeith ! Macbeith ! Macbeith !  
 Macbeith : Dá mbeadh t'ri éluara oíú cloíffinn tú.

An t-ádhá Samail : Uí fuilteac, vána, críúac. Ní  
 baogal tuic mac  
 De'n éine daonna. Níor rugadh doinne fóir  
 A d'éanfaró bíogbáil do Macbeith.

[Imtígeann fóir.]

Macbeith : Bíod leac, a Macduib : farrúim dam eagla  
 nomac

Ác mar rin féin le bárr ríúrála veimín  
 Dainfead tú veo' t'reoir, cum cur 'na luige  
 Ar lagar-éiríde an t-éiteac, agus dam féin  
 Sám-córlac do faotrugadh.

[Cóirneac. An t'ríomhac Samail : leand corónúighe agus  
 crann 'na láim.]

'Dé reo éim

Shac comarca ríogamail rúite ar a ceann ?

Iad go léir : Éir, ác ná labair leir.

An t'ríomhac Samail : Uí áro-éiríde uairneac ír ná  
 cuir ruim

I luac ná feirge ná i n'óram an feill  
 Níl dul oíre buac go t'ócrao Coill Dearnaim  
 Dá leóinte féin go tullaac Dunranáin.

[Imtígeann fóir.]

Macbeith : Cóirde ná go veo ní carlócao rin :  
 Cia feoradh órougadh t'adairc do éramn iad féin

Do tarrac ar a b'péamaca ? 'Go maic !  
 Coimeóraf ceann an méirleis fé le rmacé  
 Go n-éiríde Coill Dearnaim, agus ní baogal  
 Do Macbeith áro go t'ci go mbeid a pé  
 Ar veirne le náúir. Ác aicirí dam  
 Már féoir leac ve bárr do diaabalardeacé'  
 Fóir ír ró-mílan líom 'fásail : a mbeid rlióac Dancuo  
 As ríaglugadh ór cionn na ríogacra ro in am ?

Iad go léir : Ná híarr a tuillead feara.

Act 4, Scene 1

SECOND WITCH By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes.

45

Act 4, Scene 1

SECOND APPARITION Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

MACBETH Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND APPARITION Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn  
 The power of man, for none of woman born  
 Shall harm Macbeth.

90

MACBETH Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?  
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure  
 And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,  
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

95

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king  
 And wears upon his baby brow the round  
 And top of sovereignty?

100

ALL Listen but speak not to 't.

THIRD APPARITION Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.  
 Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
 Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
 Shall come against him.

105

MACBETH That will never be.  
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
 Unfix his earthbound root? Sweet bodements, good!  
 Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood  
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
 Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art  
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
 Reign in this kingdom?

110

115

ALL Seek to know no more.

## ACT V.

RAÚDARC I.—Dunranáin. Cúl-feomha ra Cairleán.  
 Tásann irthead Doctúir leigir agus Bean-fhiotáilte.

An Doctúir : Táim ag fáine ro' ceannca le dá oróce  
 agus níor deim fi mar a toubháir. Cácaim do fíudal fi fe  
 déanaíde ?

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Ó cuairt an Rí an páine an bualaó  
 do connac i ag eirige ar a leabair, ag caiteam a súna  
 oróce uirte, ag baint an glair dá feomha cúl, ag tógam  
 páipéir, dá fíllead, ag ríobad air, dá léigead, ag cur  
 réala air, agus ag dul 'na leabair ear n-air. Ar fead  
 na haimríne seo do bí fi in a tuda-cóolaó.

Doctúir : Is mór an buairneam aighe i náóir uonna  
 beic ag cóolaó agus ag fáine in an am scéurta. Imearg  
 cóolaó agus fíudalóir do cao eile túsair fe ndeara nó  
 éualair aice dá náó ?

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Ruo ná cnaobrgaonfead uirte.

Doctúir : Is féidir leat a cnaobrgaonleat dam agus is  
 no-éairt go ndéanfá ran.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Duitre 'na o'ainne eile ní  
 inneorad é nuair ná fuil fíadnaíre agam. Feuc prói  
 éugáinn i.

[Tásann irthead Bean Macbeit, buaicear in a láim aice.]  
 Siné a pioct go cruinn ; agus ar m'anam 'na tuda-cóolaó.  
 Ná feicfead fi tú.

Doctúir : Connur a folácair fi an folur rin ?

Bean-fhiotáilte : Bí fé in aice léi. Dionn coitcianta.  
 Sin é a h-óiró.

Doctúir : Feuc ! Tá a rúile ar dian-leatad.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Táio, áct níl eiréact ionnta.

Doctúir : Cao tá aice á déanam anoir ? Feuc mar a  
 éimileann fi a láma dá céile.

An Bean-fhiotáilte : Sin eolar acá aice, fé mar bead fi  
 ag níge a láma. Is minic a caiteann fi ceatramad uairne  
 ar an scumad ran.

## Act 5, Scene 1

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you but can perceive 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 closet, take forth  
 paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to  
 bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of  
 sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her  
 walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard  
 her say?

GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my  
 speech. o you, here she comes. This is her very guise and, upon my life,  
 fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her  
 command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her  
 hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

Bean Macbeic : Tá mian anro fóir.

Doctúir : Éiric ! Tá sí ag cannt léi féin. Scriobpad ríor an t-aighnear cum cuimne éruinn do choimeád air.

Bean Macbeic : Ar mo ríobair. A ríain d'amanca ! Imtíis ! A naon, a dó. Tá in am é 'deanamh.—Tá Ippionn uoréa. Mo náire é, a Tígearna, mo náire ríogáilca. Cric-eagla ar raigóidíir? Cáo ar a fion an t-eagla eia aige go bfuil ríor air, nuair nac féidíir le neac ríinn do cabairc cum éunntair? Cé ceappad go mbead an oiread fóla ra bfeair dorca ?

Doctúir : gClairc !

Bean Macbeic : Do bí bean céile ag Tríac na fíre : cá bfuil sí anoir? Ó an bfuil don dul ar mo lámair do glanad?—Cu rí uait, a Tígearna. Cu rí uait fearca. Taoi ag loc ar noibre leó' curó p'eadbannaíse.

An Doctúir : Imtíis ! Imtíis orc. Tá b'reir feara agat ar neite náir ceart do beic.

An Bean-friotáilte : Tá aighnear náirde aice náir ceart vi noctad. Ir ag Dia amám acá ríor a haighe.

Bean Macbeic : Seo balait na fóla fóir. Ní m'ir-leocharó uirce cumra na náiribe mo lámáin gleoíde. Ó ! Ó ! Ó !

Doctúir : Nac trom an orna i rín. Tá ualac ar a croide.

An Bean-friotáilte : Ar ceiric, onóir, agus ór na cruinne ní ion' ar'óidáinn croide mar acá aice.

Doctúir : Sead ! Sead ! Sead !

An Bean-friotáilte : Go b'oiridó Dia oráinn !

Doctúir : Teideann díom a gearán do leigear. Ir ríorac 'dam améac 'daome do ríubaluigead ma scoílab ag raíáilc báir naomca in a leabairó.

Bean Macbeic : Nig do lámá. Cuir orc do culait-oróce. Croic díot croc an báir. Deirim leat aríir go bfuil 'dancuo féin g'ré. Ní féidíir leir eiríse ar an uaiš.

Doctúir : Mar feo é ?

Bean Macbeic : A córlad linn, a córlad. Tá bualad éigin ag an ngeaca. Sluair, Sluair, Sluair, Sluair ; cabair 'dam do lám. Deairc gan leigear foigne ir fearr air. Go leabairó, go leabairó, go leabairó.

[Imtígeann sí.

Doctúir : An ríagair sí a córlad anoir ?

An Bean-friotáilte : Cruinn díneac.

DOCTOR Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two. Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

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.

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.