Scene 1 A cave. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

The three witches prepare a potion in a boiling kettle. When Macbeth arrives, demanding to know his future, the witches raise three apparitions. The first, an armed (helmeted) head, tells him to beware of Macduff. Next, a bloody child assures Macbeth that he will never be harmed by anyone born of woman. The third apparition tells him that he will never be defeated until the trees of Birnam Wood move toward his castle at Dunsinane. Macbeth, now confident of his future, asks about Banquo’s son. His confidence fades when the witches show him a line of kings who all resemble Banquo, suggesting that Banquo’s sons will indeed be kings. Macbeth curses the witches as they disappear.

Lennox enters the cave and tells Macbeth that Macduff has gone to the English court. Hearing this, Macbeth swears to kill Macduff’s family.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

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 in the charmed pot.

[The Witches circle the cauldron.]

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

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.

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

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch’s mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
25 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,
30 Finger of birth-strangled babe
    Ditch-delivered by a drab,
    Make the gruel thick and slab.
    Add thereto a tiger’s chauldron
    For th’ ingredience 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 and the other three Witches.]

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains,
    And everyone shall share i’ th’ gains.

And now about the cauldron sing
    Like elves and fairies in a ring,
    Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: “Black Spirits,” etc. Hecate exits.]

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

[Enter Macbeth.]

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
    What is ’t you do?

All. A deed without a name.

50 Macbeth. I conjure you by that which you profess
    (Howe’er you come to know it), answer me.
    Though you untie the winds and let them fight
    Against the churches, though the yeasty waves
    Confound and swallow navigation up,

55 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down,
    Though castles topple on their warders’ heads,
    Though palaces and pyramids do slope
    Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
    Of nature’s germens tumble all together

60 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
    To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths Or from our masters'.

Macbeth. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten From the murderers' gibbet throw Into the flame.

All. Come high or low; Thyself and office deftly show.
[Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.]

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power—

First Witch. He knows thy thought.

First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.
[He descends.]

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.

First Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first.
[Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.]

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.
[He descends.]

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.
[Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree in his hand.]

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
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. [He descends.]

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?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!

[He descends.]

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

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 eighth king with a glass in his hand, and Banquo last.]

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this?=A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass
Which shows me many more, and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.

[The Apparitions disappear.]

What, is this so?
Blocking

The placement and movement of actors on the stage is called **blocking**. These photos from different productions of *Macbeth* show Act Four, Scene 1, in which Macbeth sees the apparitions. What different ideas about the scene do you get from the different positions of the actors? Which arrangement has the most visual impact? Explain.
First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites
And show the best of our delights.
I’ll charm the air to give a sound
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[Music. The Witches dance and vanish.]

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurs’d in the calendar!—
Come in, without there.
[Enter Lennox.]

Lennox. What’s your Grace’s will?
Macbeth. Saw you the Weird Sisters?
Lennox. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you?
Lennox. No, indeed, my lord.
Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was ’t came by?
Lennox. ’Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macbeth. Fled to England?
Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to th’ edge o’ th’ sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I’ll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.
[They exit.]
Scene 2 Macduff’s castle at Fife.

Ross visits Lady Macduff to assure her of her husband’s wisdom and courage. Lady Macduff cannot be comforted, believing that he left out of fear. After Ross leaves she tells her son, who is still loyal to his father, that Macduff was a traitor and is now dead. A messenger warns them to flee but is too late. Murderers sent by Macbeth burst in, killing both wife and son.

[Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.]

Lady Macduff. What had he done to make him fly 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 know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion and his titles in a place From whence himself does fly? He loves us not; He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren (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 coz, I pray you school yourself. But for your husband, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o’ th’ season. I dare not speak much further; But cruel are the times when we are traitors And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move—I take my leave of 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. Fathered he is, 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. [Ross exits.]

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father’s dead. And what will you do now? How will you live?

3–4 Macduff’s wife is worried that others will think her husband a traitor because his fears made him flee the country (our fears do make us traitors), though he was guilty of no wrongdoing.

9 wants the natural touch: lacks the instinct to protect his family.

12–14 Lady Macduff believes her husband is motivated entirely by fear, not by love of his family. His hasty flight is contrary to reason.

14 coz: cousin (a term used for any close relation).

15 school: control; for: as for.

17 fits o’ th’ season: disorders of the present time.

18–22 Ross laments the cruelty of the times that made Macduff flee. In such times, people are treated like traitors for no reason. Their fears make them believe (hold) rumors, though they do not know what to fear and drift aimlessly like ships tossed by a tempest.

28–30 Moved by pity for Macduff’s family, Ross is near tears (my disgrace). He will leave before he embarrasses himself.

30–31 Why does Lady Macduff tell her son that his father is dead, though the boy heard her discussion with Ross?
Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, The pitfall nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you’ll buy ’em to sell again.
Lady Macduff. Thou speak’st with all thy wit, And yet, i’ faith, with wit enough for thee.
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 be 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 liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you’d weep for him. If you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk’st!

[Enter a Messenger.]

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known, Though in your state of honor I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. If you will take a homely man’s advice, Be not found here. Hence with your little ones! To fright you thus methinks I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [Messenger exits.]
Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
70 I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense
75 To say I have done no harm?

[Enter Murderers.]

What are these faces?

Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Murderer. He’s a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

Murderer. What, you egg!

[Stabbing him]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother.

Run away, I pray you,

[Lady Macduff exits, crying “Murder!” followed by the Murderers bearing
the Son’s body.]

Macduff urges Malcolm to join him in an invasion of Scotland, where the people suffer under Macbeth’s harsh rule. Since Malcolm is uncertain of Macduff’s motives, he tests him to see what kind of king Macduff would support. Once convinced of Macduff’s honesty, Malcolm tells him that he has 10,000 soldiers ready to launch an attack. Ross arrives to tell them that some revolts against Macbeth have already begun. Reluctantly, Ross tells Macduff about the murder of his family. Wild with grief, Macduff vows to confront Macbeth and avenge the murders.

[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall’n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

Malcolm. What I believe, I’ll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have loved him well.
He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T’ appease an angry god.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon.

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that raveness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord.

I would not be the villain that thou think’st
For the whole space that’s in the tyrant’s grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Malcolm. Be not offended.
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.

It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrant’s head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared

With my confineless harms.

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

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there’s no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o’erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macduff.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny. It hath been
Th’ untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold—the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Malcolm.

With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other’s house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macduff.

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear.
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Malcolm. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp’rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland!

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern?
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee,
Oft’ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat’st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From overcredulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country’s to command—
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we’ll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
’Tis hard to reconcile.
[Enter a Doctor.]

Malcolm. Well, more anon.—Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art, but at his touch
(Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand)
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor.
[Doctor exits.]
Macduff. What’s the disease he means?

Malcolm. ’Tis called the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here-remain in England
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven
Himself best knows, but strangely visited people
All swoll’n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks
Put on with holy prayers; and, ’tis spoken,

To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

[Enter Ross.]

Macduff. See who comes here.

Malcolm. My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. I know him now.—Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieeks that rent the air
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy. The dead man’s knell
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men’s lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff. O relation too nice and yet too true!

Malcolm. What’s the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour’s age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.
Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross. No, they were well at peace when I did leave ’em.

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes ’t?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witnessed the rather For that I saw the tyrant’s power afoot. Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be ’t their comfort

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; An older and a better soldier none That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer This comfort with the like. But I have words That would be howled out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff. What concern they— The general cause, or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that’s honest But in it shares some woe, though the main part Pertains to you alone.

Macduff. If it be mine, Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner Were on the quarry of these murdered deer To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven! What, man, ne’er pull your hat upon your brows.

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak Whispers the o’erfraught heart and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macduff. And I must be from thence? My wife killed too?
215 Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted.  
Let’s make us med’cines of our great revenge  
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
220 Did you say “all”? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so,  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief  
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.

Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission! Front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.  
Within my sword’s length set him. If he scape,  
Heaven forgive him too.  

Malcolm. This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may.  
The night is long that never finds the day.  
[They exit.]
Comprehension

1. Recall What three messages does Macbeth receive from the three apparitions?

2. Clarify What happens to Lady Macduff and her children?

3. Paraphrase Reread Scene 3, lines 235–238. How would you paraphrase these lines?

Literary Analysis

4. Recognize Cause and Effect What is the result—or effect—of each of the following events? Use specific details to explain your answers.
   - Macbeth’s second visit to the Three Witches (Scene 1, lines 48–133)
   - Malcolm tests Macduff (Scene 3, lines 37–114)
   - Macduff’s family is murdered (Scene 2, lines 76–81)

5. Examine Shakespearean Drama Review the notes you recorded about Macbeth’s actions in Act Four. How does Macbeth react when he encounters the apparitions? What does his reaction reveal about how he has changed?

6. Analyze Shakespearean Tragedy What is foreshadowed by each of the apparitions that appear to Macbeth in Scene 1?

7. Analyze Rhythm and Rhyme Reread Scene 1, lines 4–38, in which the witches make their magical brew. What effect do you think the rhythm and rhyme in the lines would have on an audience?

8. Compare Characters Compare Lady Macbeth with Lady Macduff. How are the characters similar? How do they differ? Cite specific evidence from the play to support your ideas.

9. Draw Conclusions Lady Macduff and Malcolm both question Macduff’s motives for fleeing Scotland. Think about the crimes Macbeth has already committed. Why might the nature and manner of these crimes have led Macduff to believe that his family would be safe at his castle?

Literary Criticism

10. Different Perspectives In some productions of Macbeth, the director omits Malcolm’s lengthy test of Macduff. Do you agree with this decision? What would be lost or gained by omitting the speech? Support your response.

Can you ever be too AMBITIOUS?

According to one definition, knowledge is power. When might this be true? When might it not be true? Provide concrete examples from the play that prove and disprove this definition of “knowledge.”