MACBETH

An Opera in Three Acts

Based on the play *Macbeth*
by William Shakespeare

Libretto by

Gene Tyburn

Music by

Gerard Chiusano

Piano/Vocal Score

Instrumentation —

Piccolo

2 Flutes

2 Oboes

English Horn

2 Clarinets (+ Player 1 E♭ Clarinet)

Bass Clarinet

2 Bassoons

4 Horns

3 Trumpets

3 Trombones

Tuba

Percussion
(Glockenspiel, Chimes, Xylophone, Vibraphone, Cymbals [Piatti and Suspended], Triangle, Tambourine, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Timpani)

Celeste

Harp

Strings

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Witch 1 ..... **Soprano**
Witch 2 ..... **Soprano**
Witch 3 ..... **Soprano**
Macbeth ..... **Tenor**
Banquo ..... **Baritone**
Ross ..... **Baritone**
Lady Macbeth ..... **Soprano**
Messenger ..... **Baritone**
Fleance ..... **Tenor**
Macduff ..... **Baritone**
Lennox ..... **Baritone**
Donalbain ..... **Tenor**
Malcolm ..... **Baritone**
Murderer 1 ..... **Bass**
Murderer 2 ..... **Bass**
Doctor ..... **Baritone**
Maid (Lady in Waiting) ..... **Mezzo-Soprano**
Seyton ..... **Tenor**

with chorus of
Lords, Thanes, Ladies, Officers,
Malcolm's and Donalbain's Entourage, Troops

OVERTURE (8:30) 1

ACT I (40:00) 13

A blasted heath.

"When shall we three meet again?".....13
"What strange creatures are ye?" 16
"If chance will have me thane of Cawdor…".....22

The entrance hall of Dunsinane Castle.

"These she-hags, none could call them less…".....29
"Come, oh ye visiting moon." 34
"If it were done, when it were done…" 40
"The king asks for you!".....43
"Now, as I stand here resolved…" 50

The Great Hall.

"Time for your nightly duty to be done…" 55
"The wine that has made them drunk…" 63
"Knock! Knock! Knock!".....67
"Does the king hence today?".....70
"Ooh, friends, the king is gone.".....73
"Look to the lady." 77

ACT II (30:00).....85

Entr'Acte.....85

Dunsinane Castle.

"Thou has it all now, Macbeth…" 91
"To be thus is nothing…".....94
"Welcome all, drink your fill." 105
"Ay! Which of you have done this?".....109
"I must to those pathetic crones again." 115

A blasted heath.
" 'Round the cauldron we go and go." 117
"Tell me: Have I anything to fear?" 122
"As I am your king, I demand thee say…" 130
"Saw you the three scruffy bitches…" 134
"I will teach these thanes to flee their land." 136

ACT III (39:00) 141
Entr'Acte/Fantasia 141

An army encampment.
"Welcome, heirs to Scotland throne." 150
"News from England has reached our ear…" 154
"Too true, too true." 154
"Ten thousand strong from England come." 161
"Those he commands defend in fear…" 163

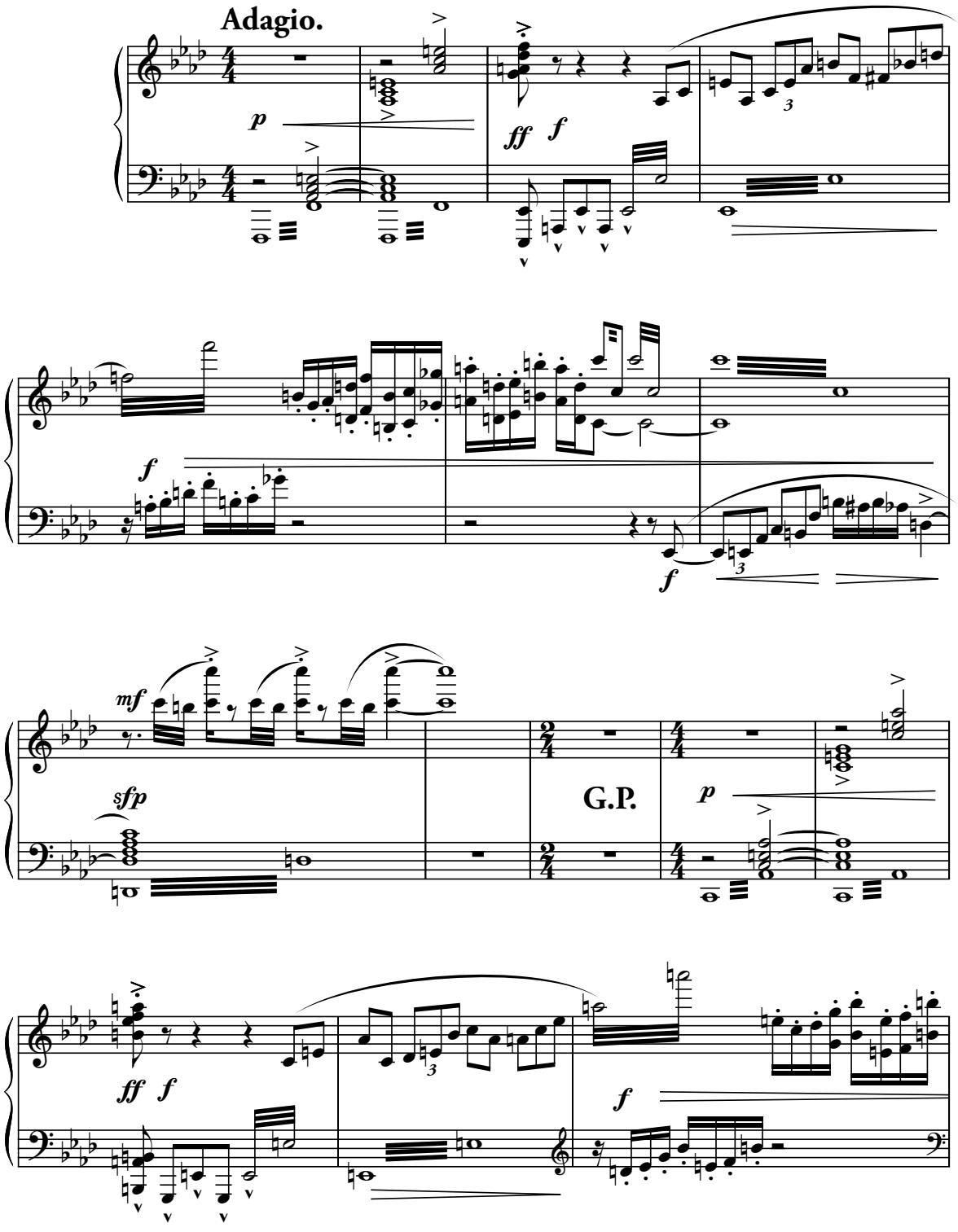
The entrance hall of Dunsinane Castle.
"I have these two nights watched but see not." 166
"Out, out, you damned spots!" 168
"What's done cannot be undone!" 175
"This disease is far beyond my skills to heal." 179
"Bring me no more ill reports!" 180
"How does your patient, doctor?" 186
"Was that a shriek from hell?" 189
"She should have died hereafter…" 192
"My lord, I should report what I have seen." 199
"Oh how I weary of the sun…" 202
"That way is the din of battle." 206
"Of all men I have avoided thee." 209
"Waste not thy labors, poor Macduff." 210
"Down with tyrants, down with tyrants, down!" 217

MACBETH

Overture

Libretto by Gene Tyburn

Music by Gerard Chiusano (b. 1965)



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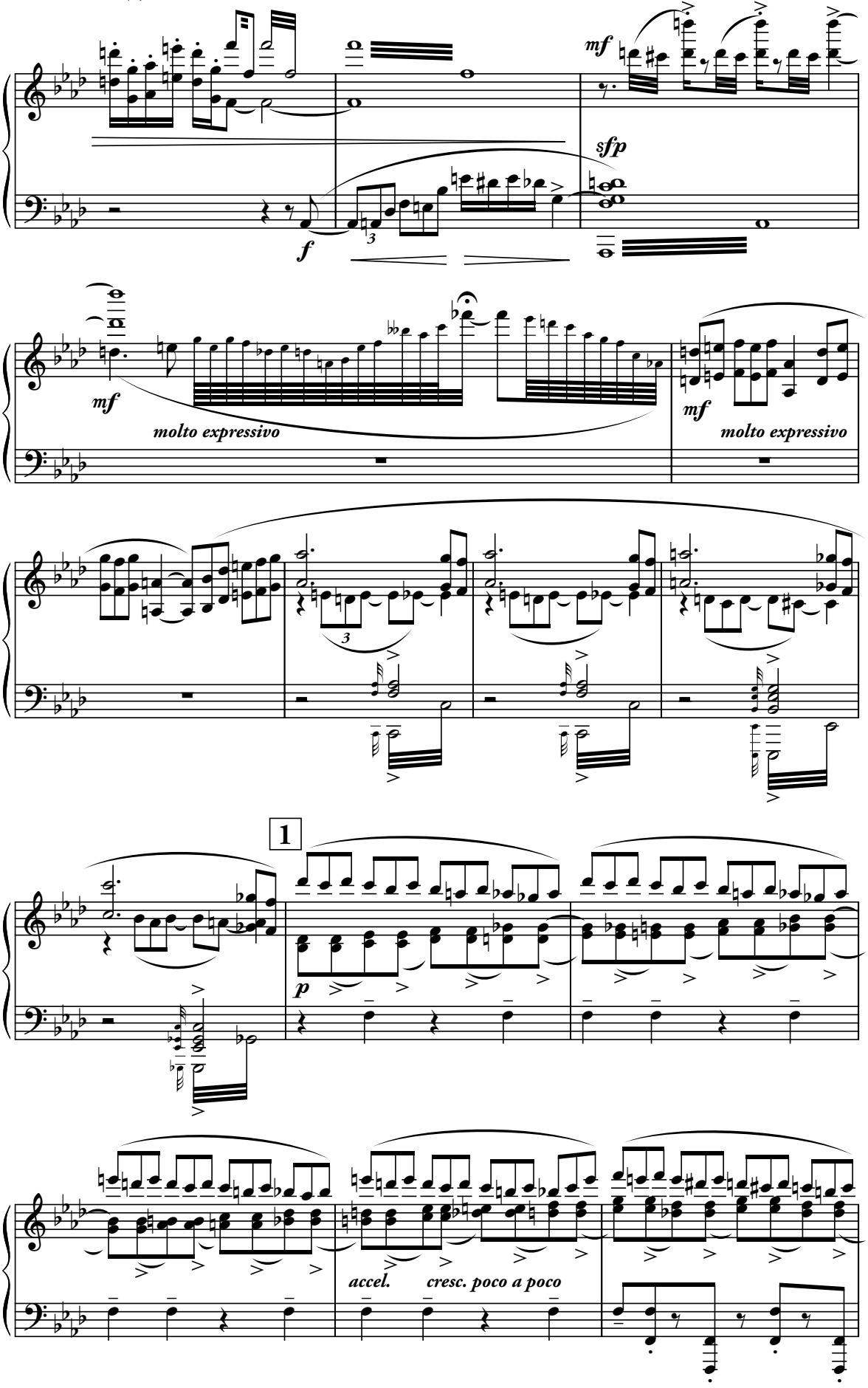
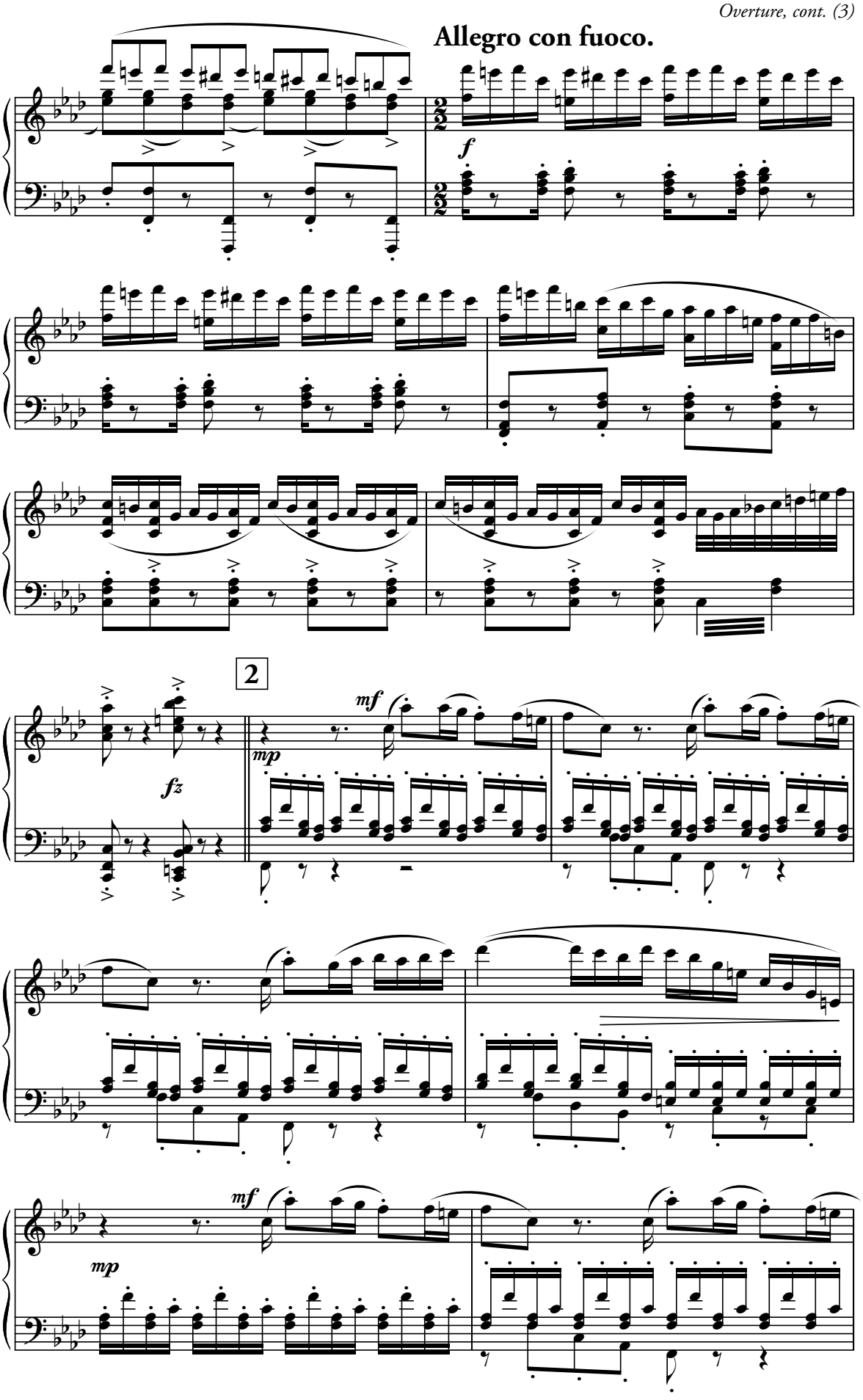
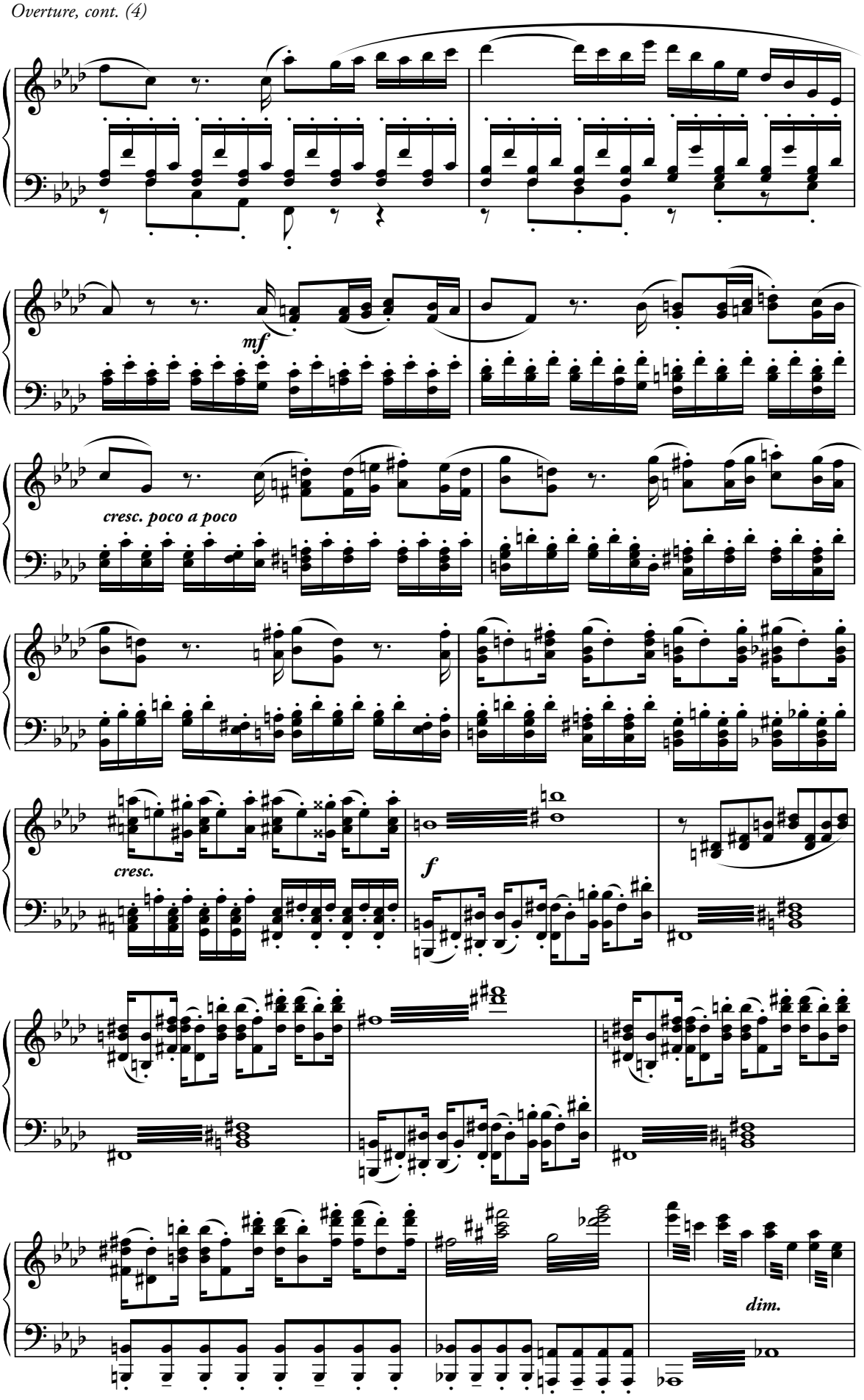
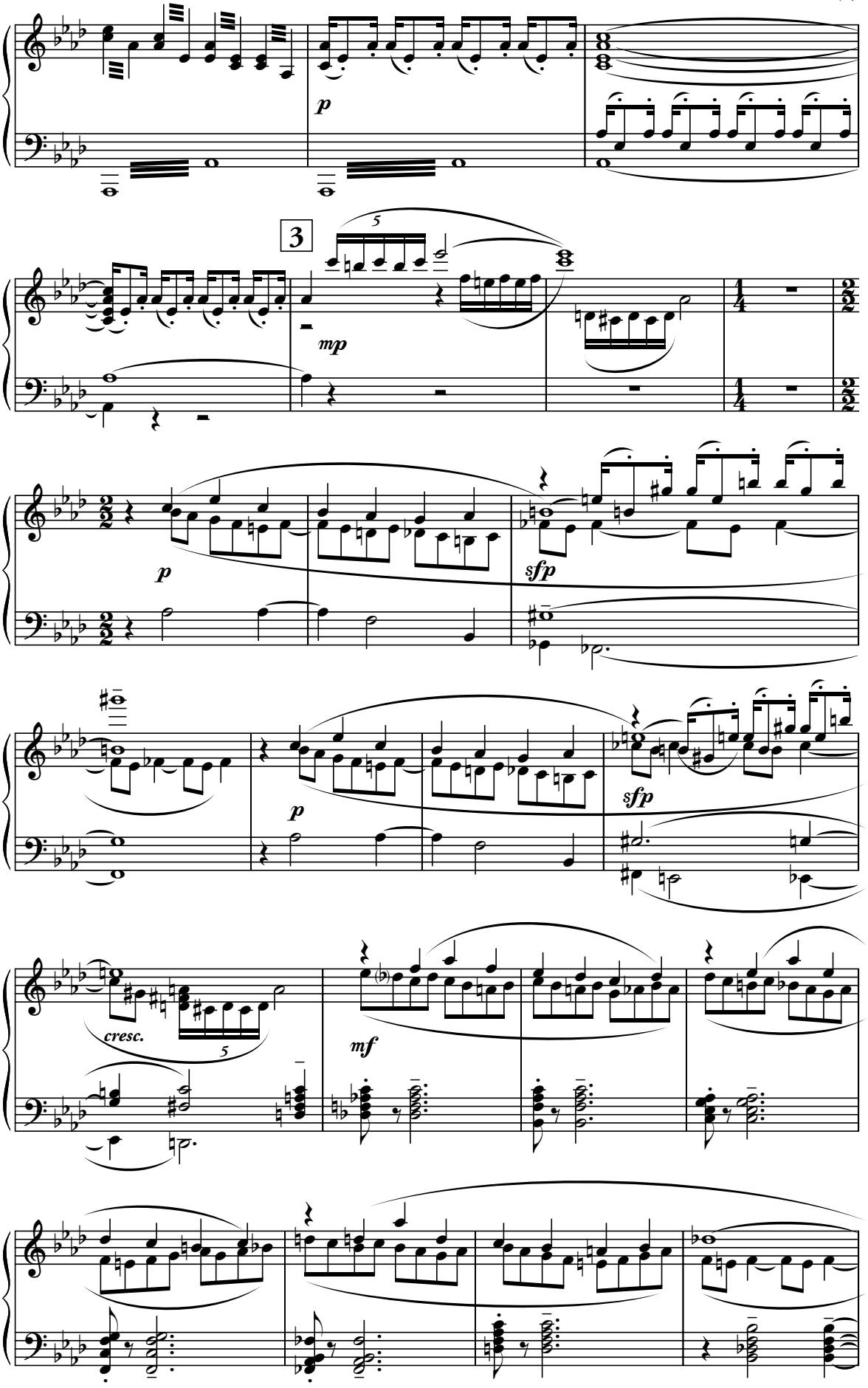
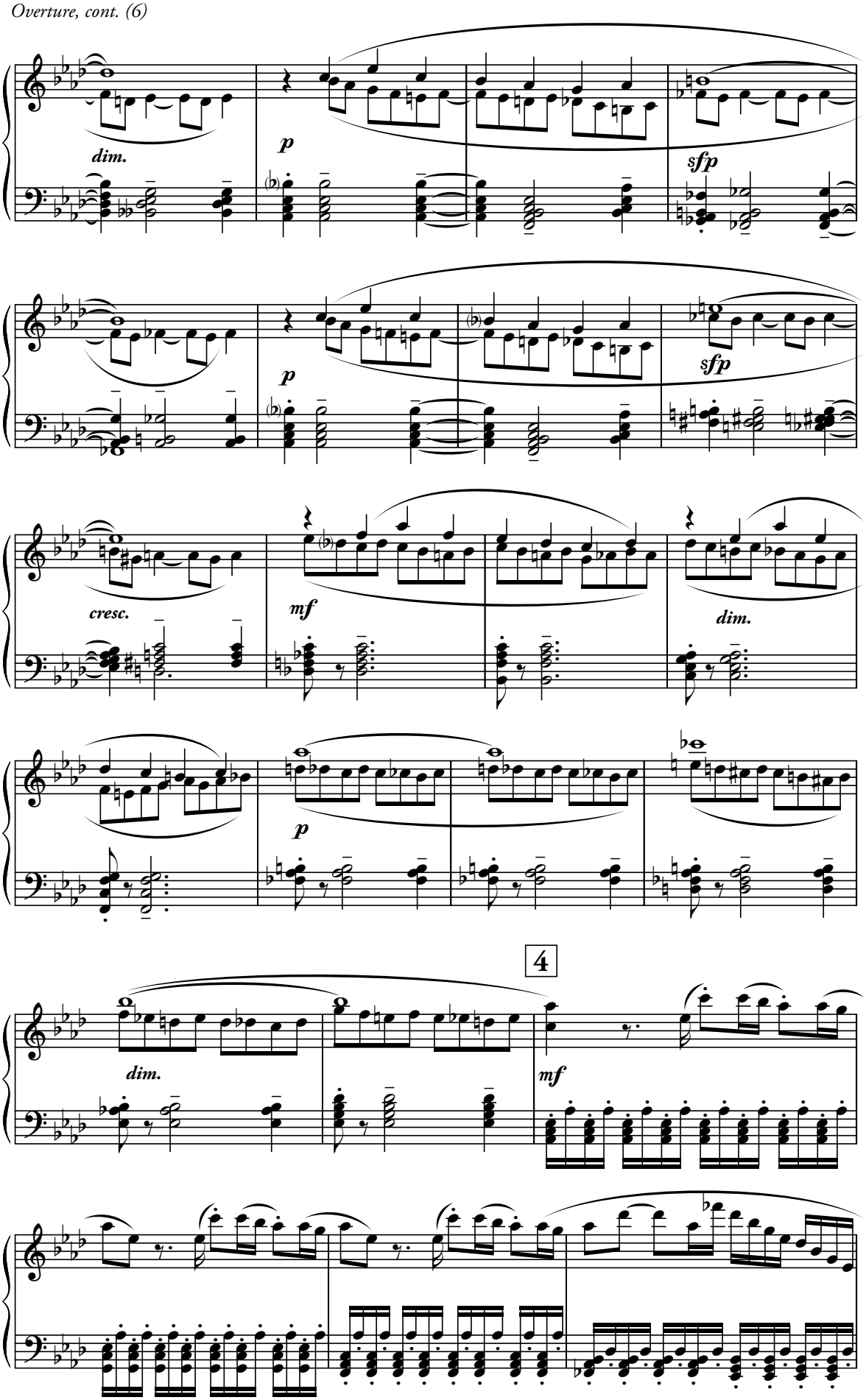
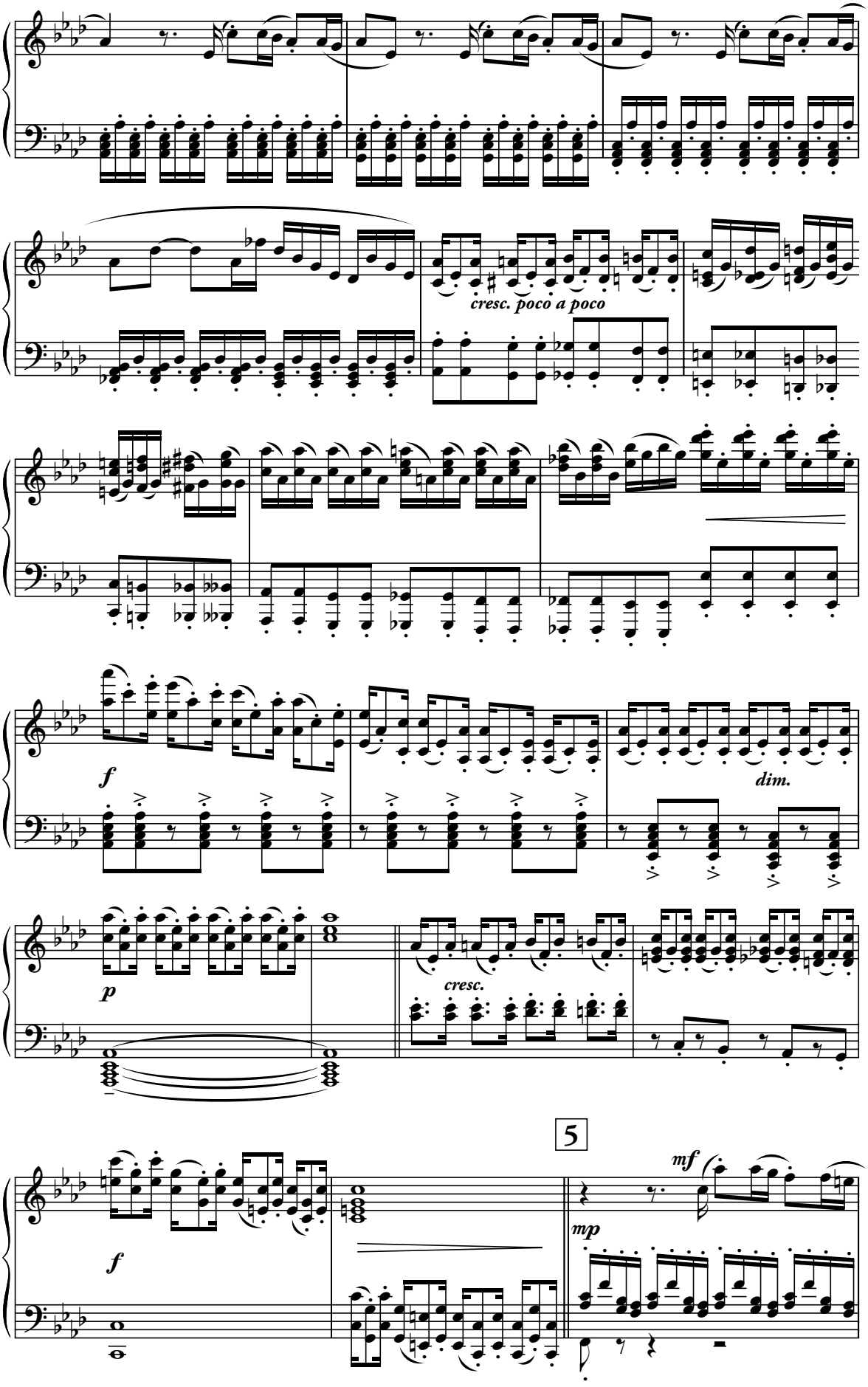

mf
sfp
f
mf
molto expressivo
mf
molto expressivo
1
p
accel.
cresc. poco a poco

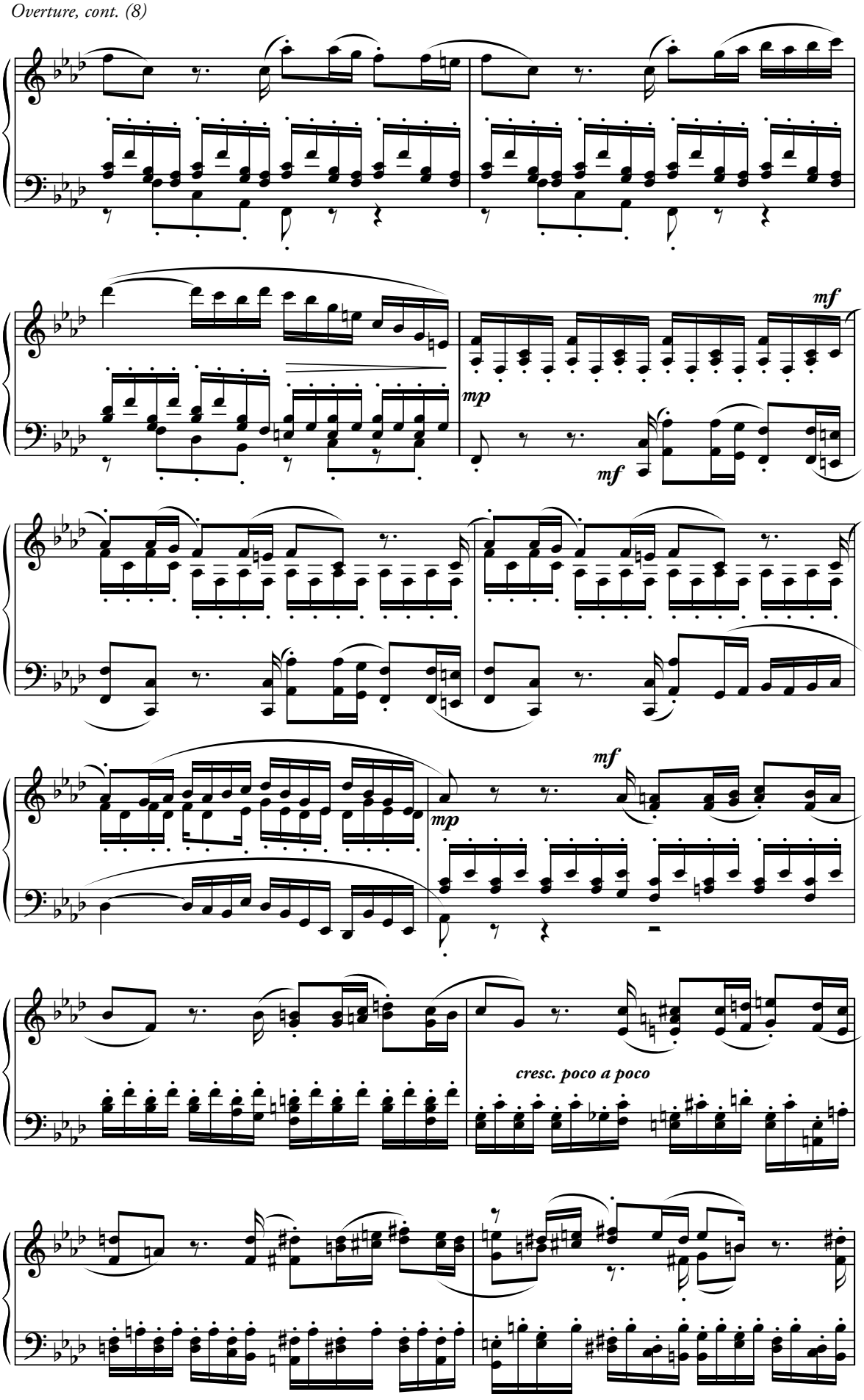

Allegro con fuoco.
f
2
fz
mf
mp
mf
mp

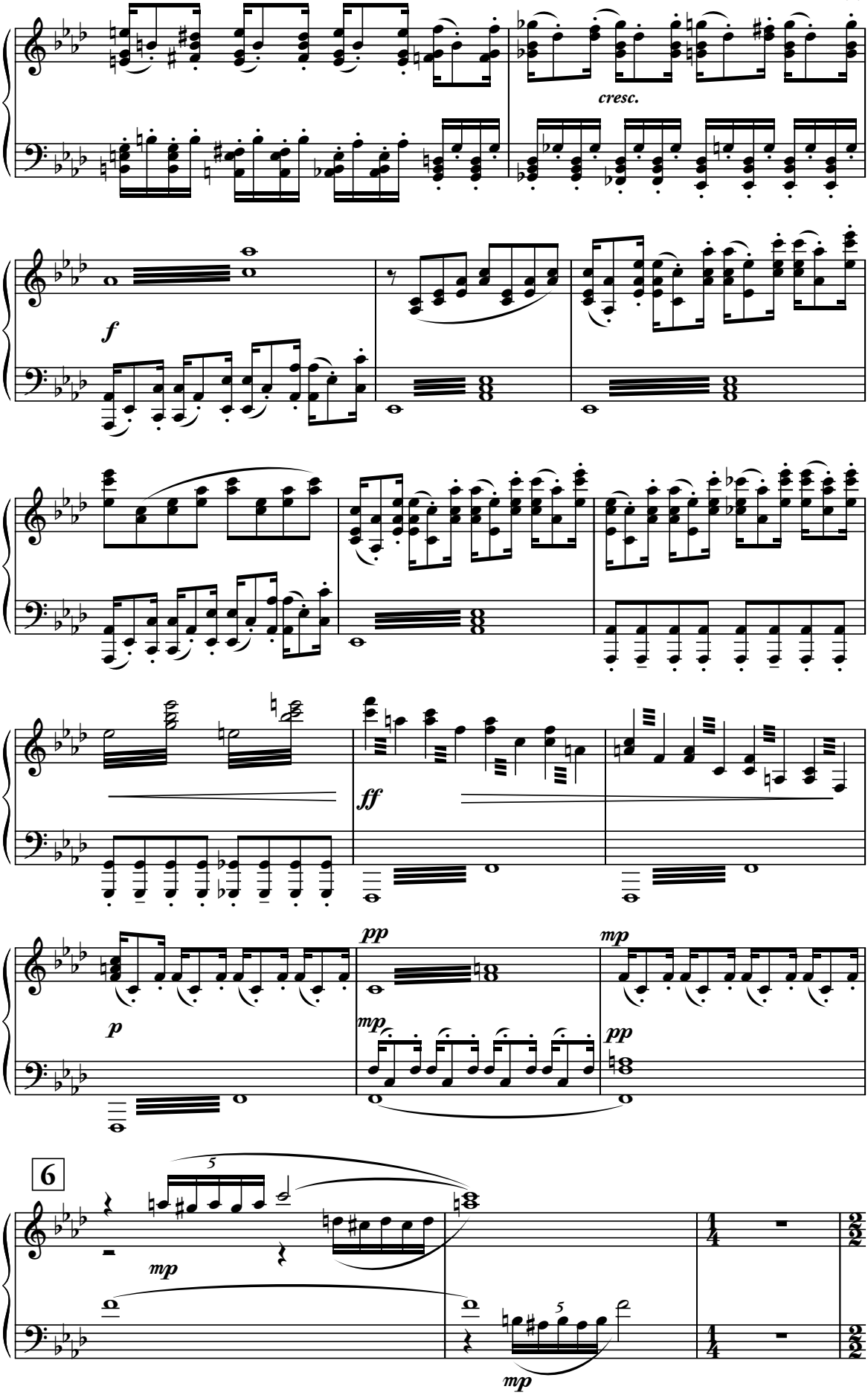

mf
cresc. poco a poco
cresc.
f
dim.

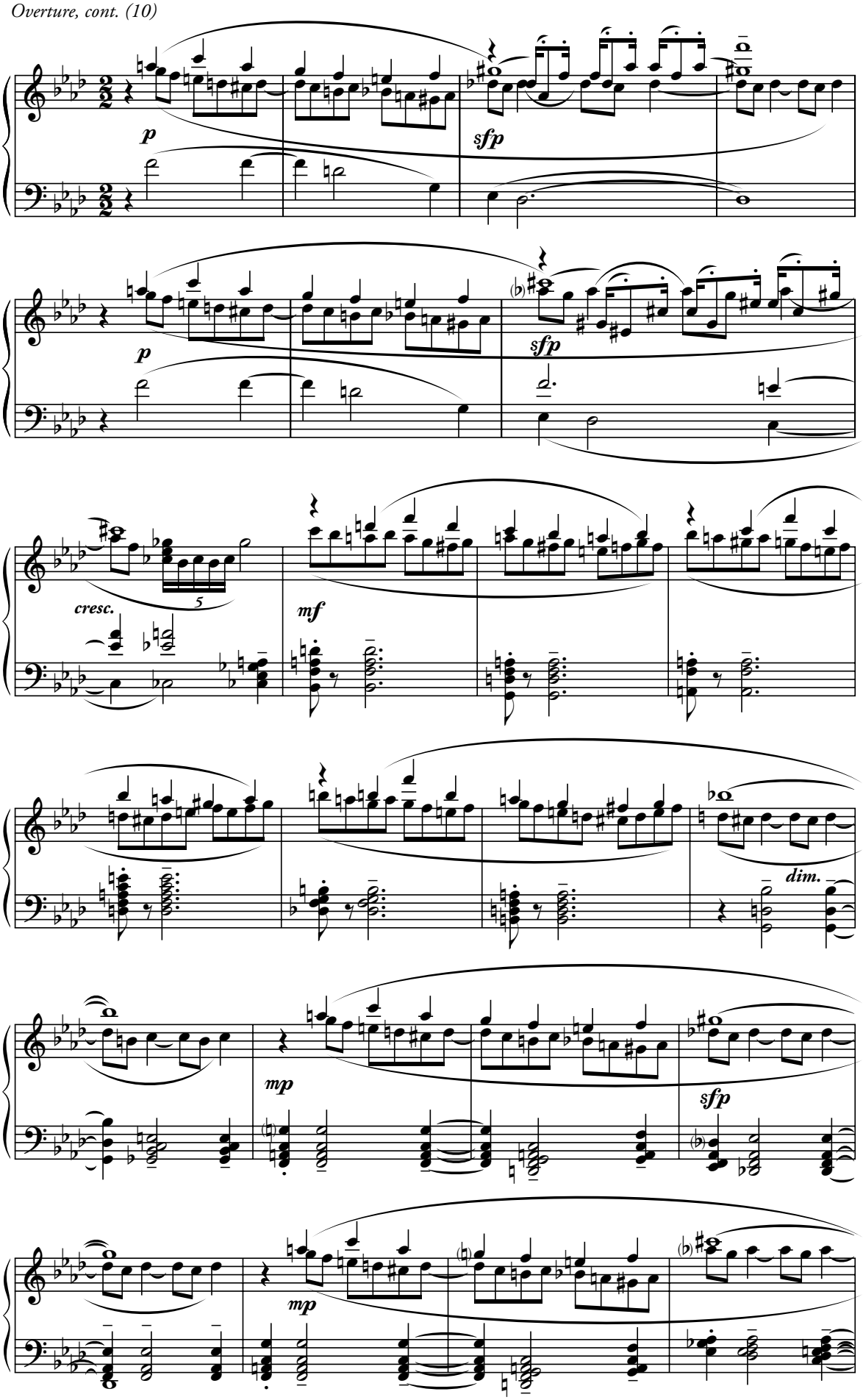

p
3
5
mp
p
sfp
p
sfp
cresc.
5
mf

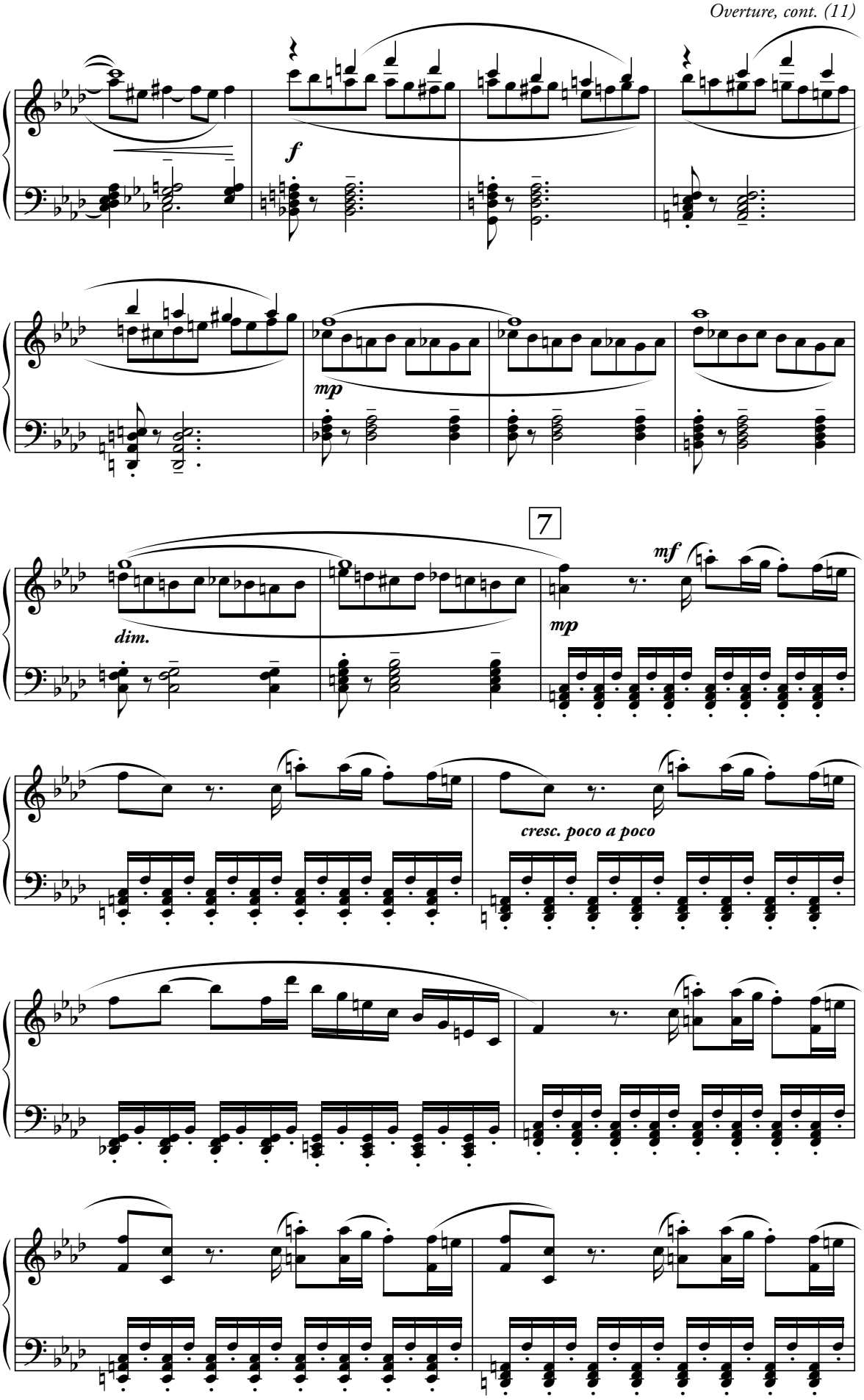

dim.
p
sfp
p
sfp
cresc.
mf
dim.
p
4
dim.
mf

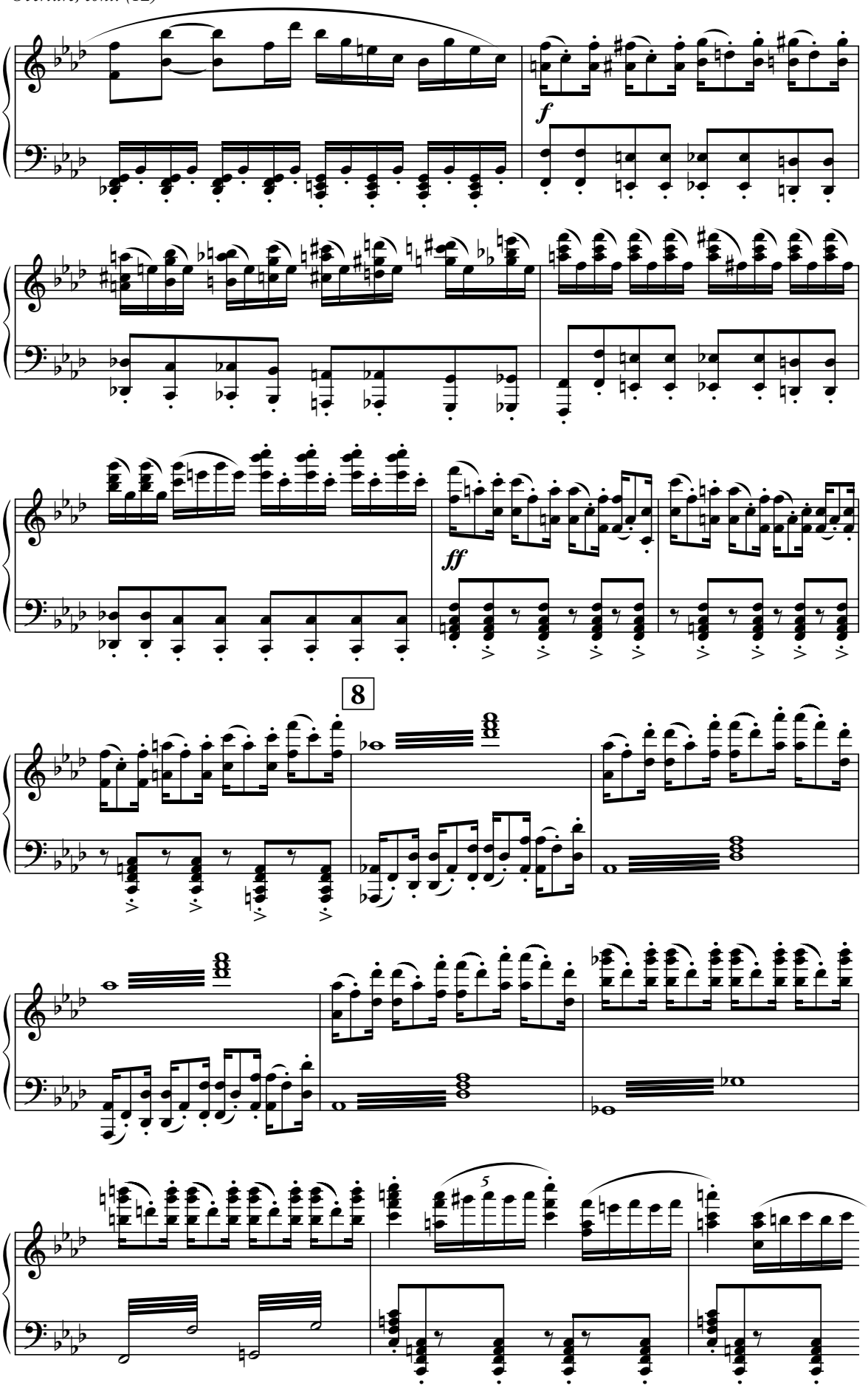

cresc. poco a poco
f
dim.
p
cresc.
5
f
mf
mp

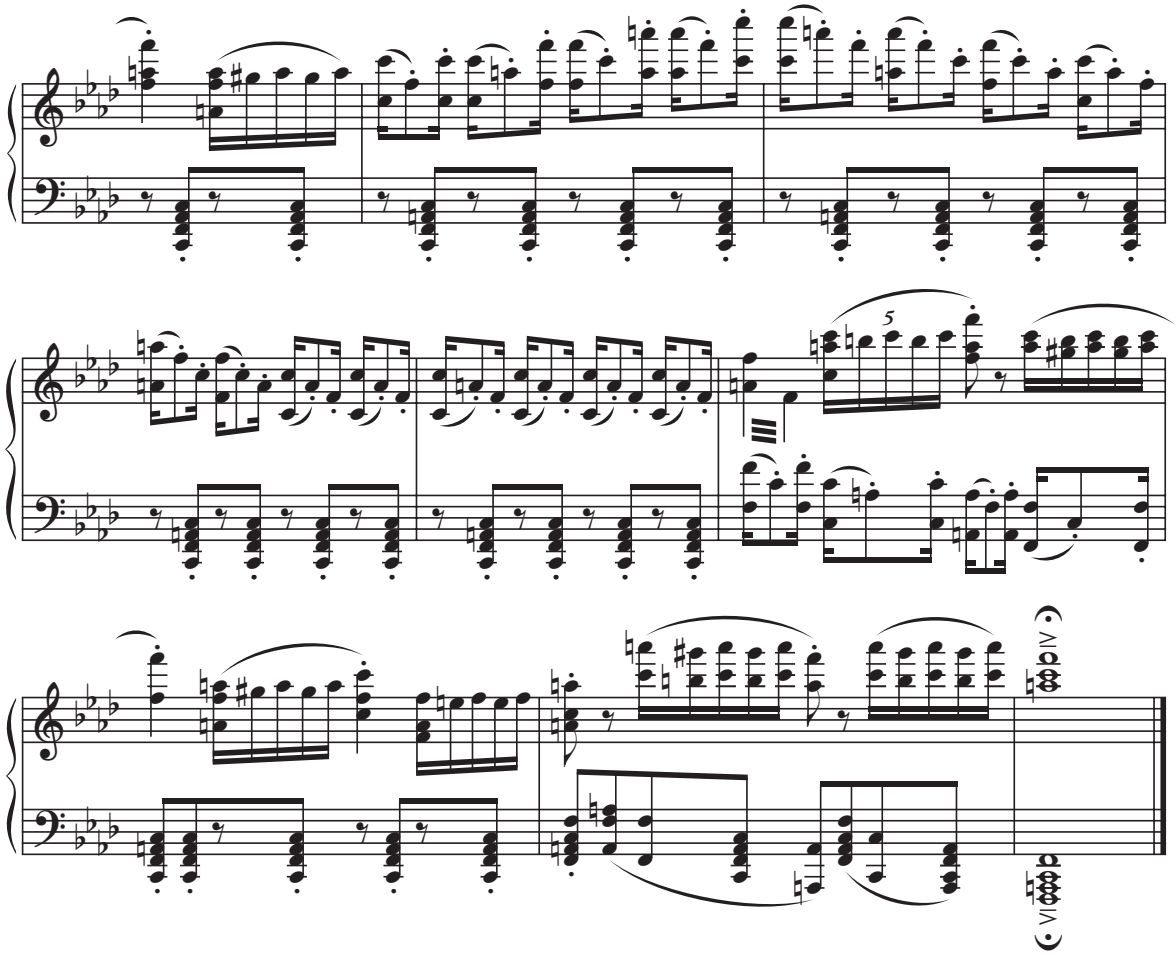

mf
mp
mf
mf
mp
cresc. poco a poco


cresc.
f
ff
pp
mp
p
mp
pp
6
mp
5
mp
5


p
sfp
p
sfp
cresc.
5
mf
dim.
mp
sfp
mp


f
mp
7
dim.
mf
mp
cresc. poco a poco

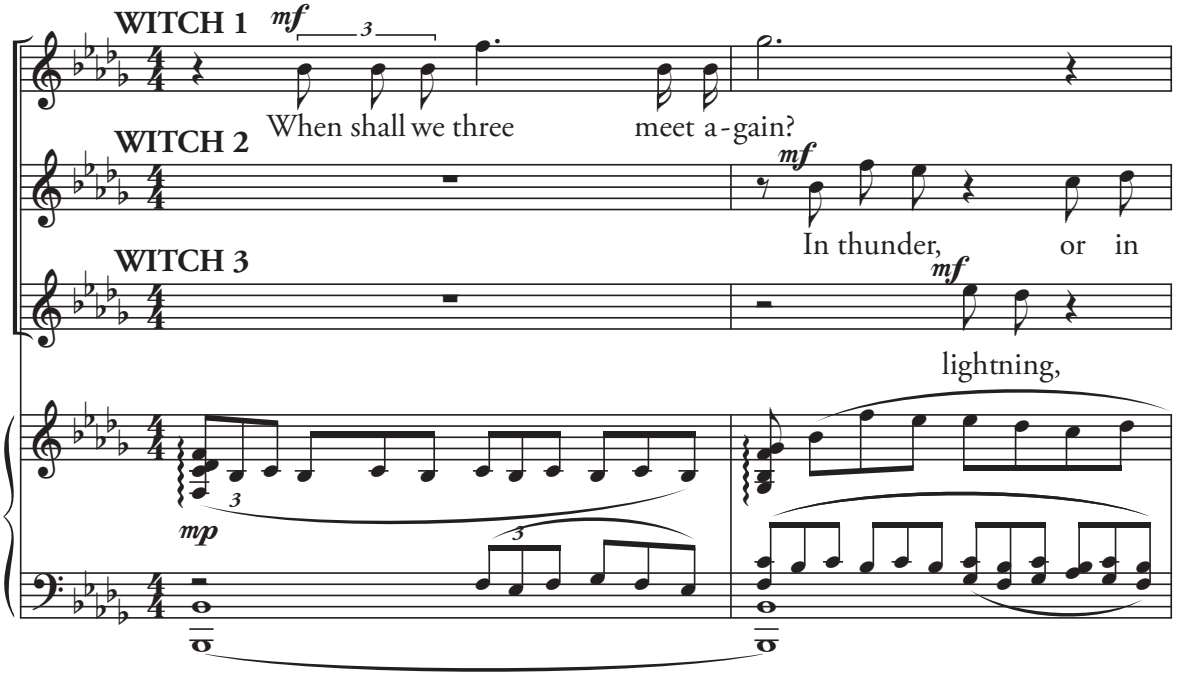

f
ff
8
5

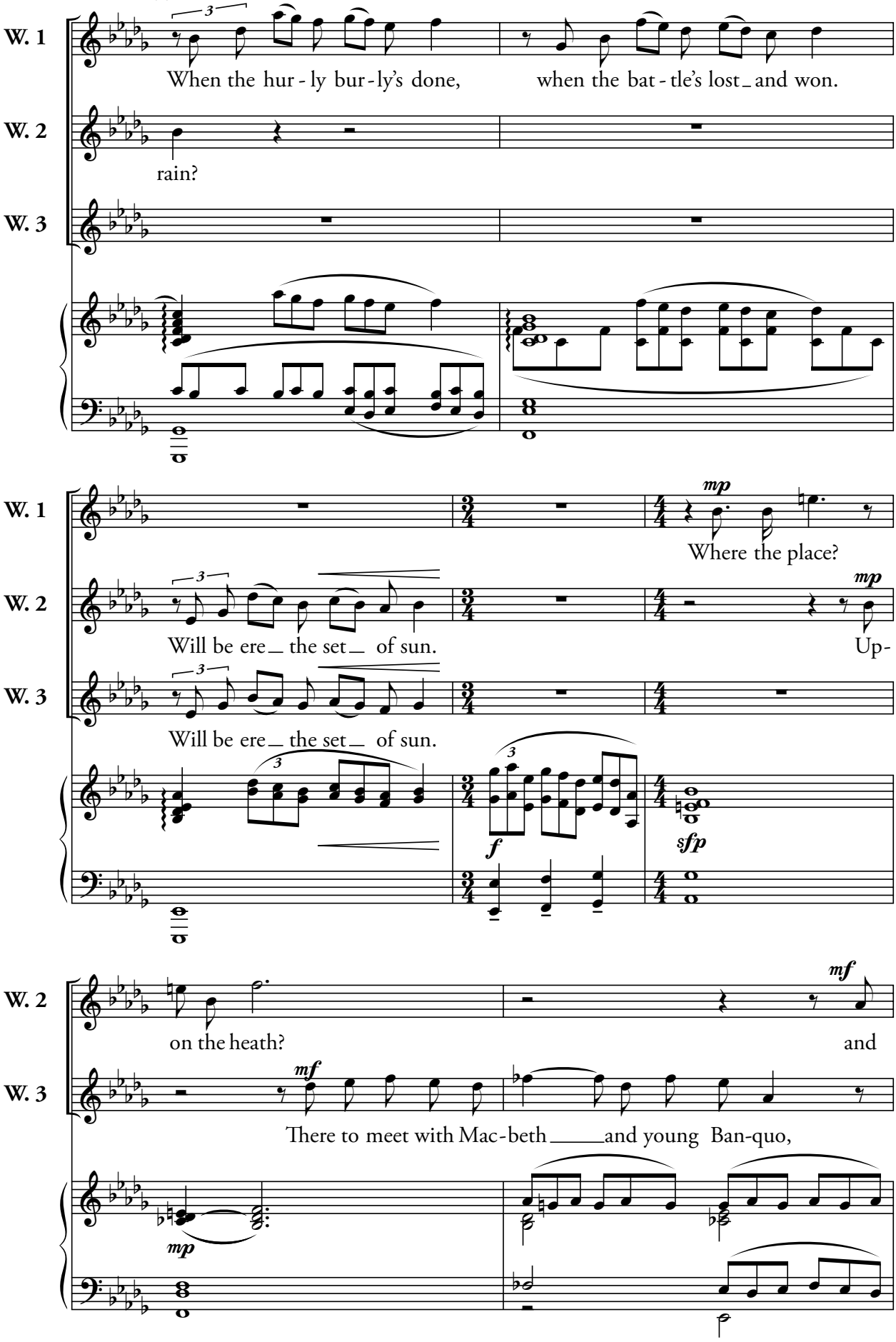


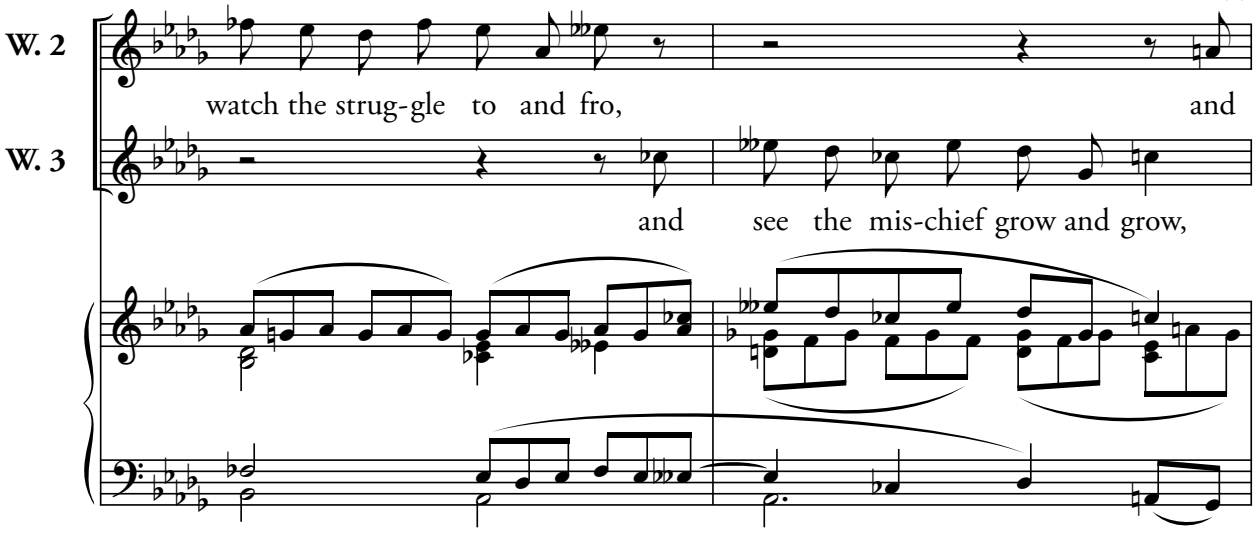
Act One

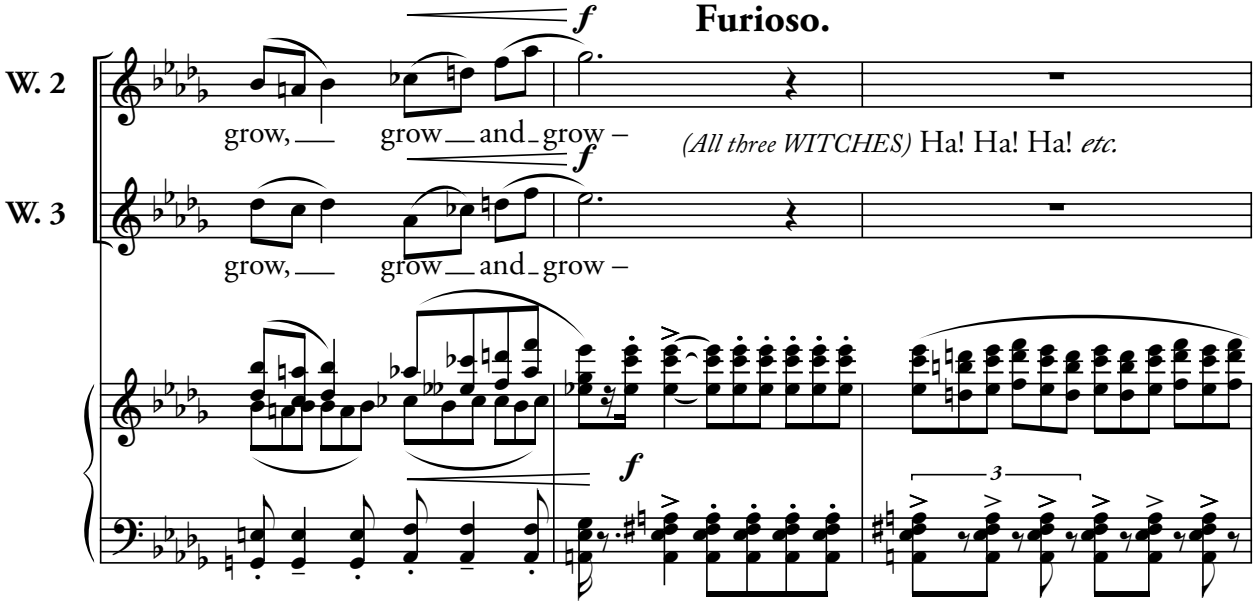
A blasted heath. Wind, lightning, thunder in the music. The WITCHES are dancing around a cauldron, making incantations, throwing things into the pot, which is bubbling forth steam. Dead broken trees, wind and mist surround them.

Allegro.



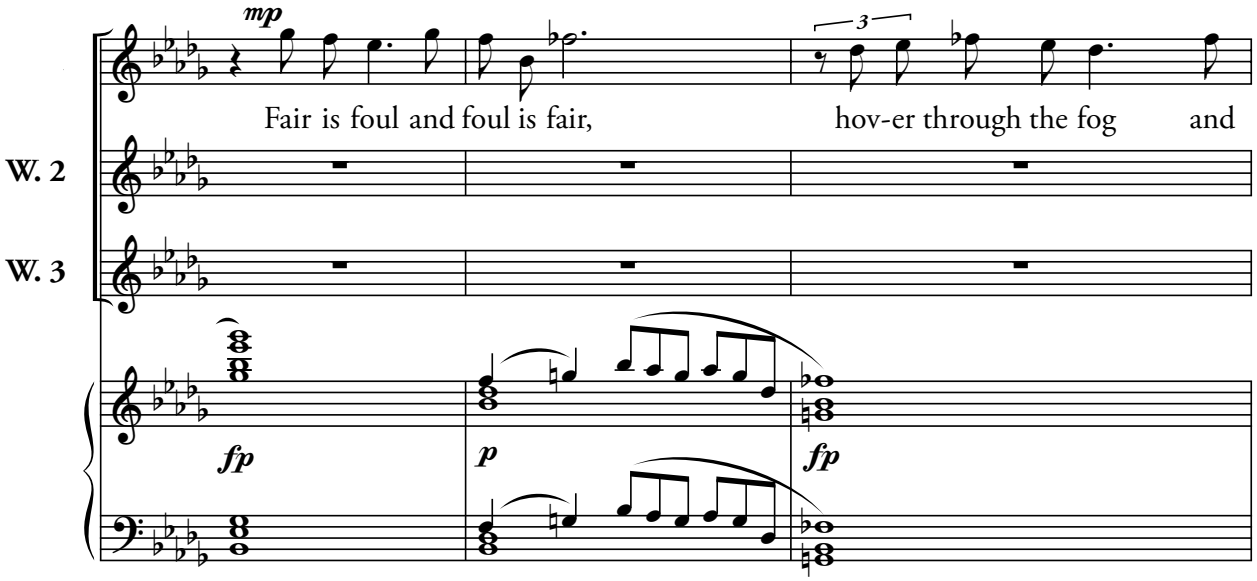

W. 1
When the hur - ly bur - ly's done, when the bat - tle's lost and won.
W. 2
rain?
W. 3
W. 1
mp
Where the place?
W. 2
Will be ere the set of sun.
mp
Up-
W. 3
Will be ere the set of sun.
f
sfp
W. 2
mf
on the heath?
and
W. 3
mf
There to meet with Mac - beth and young Ban-quo,
mp



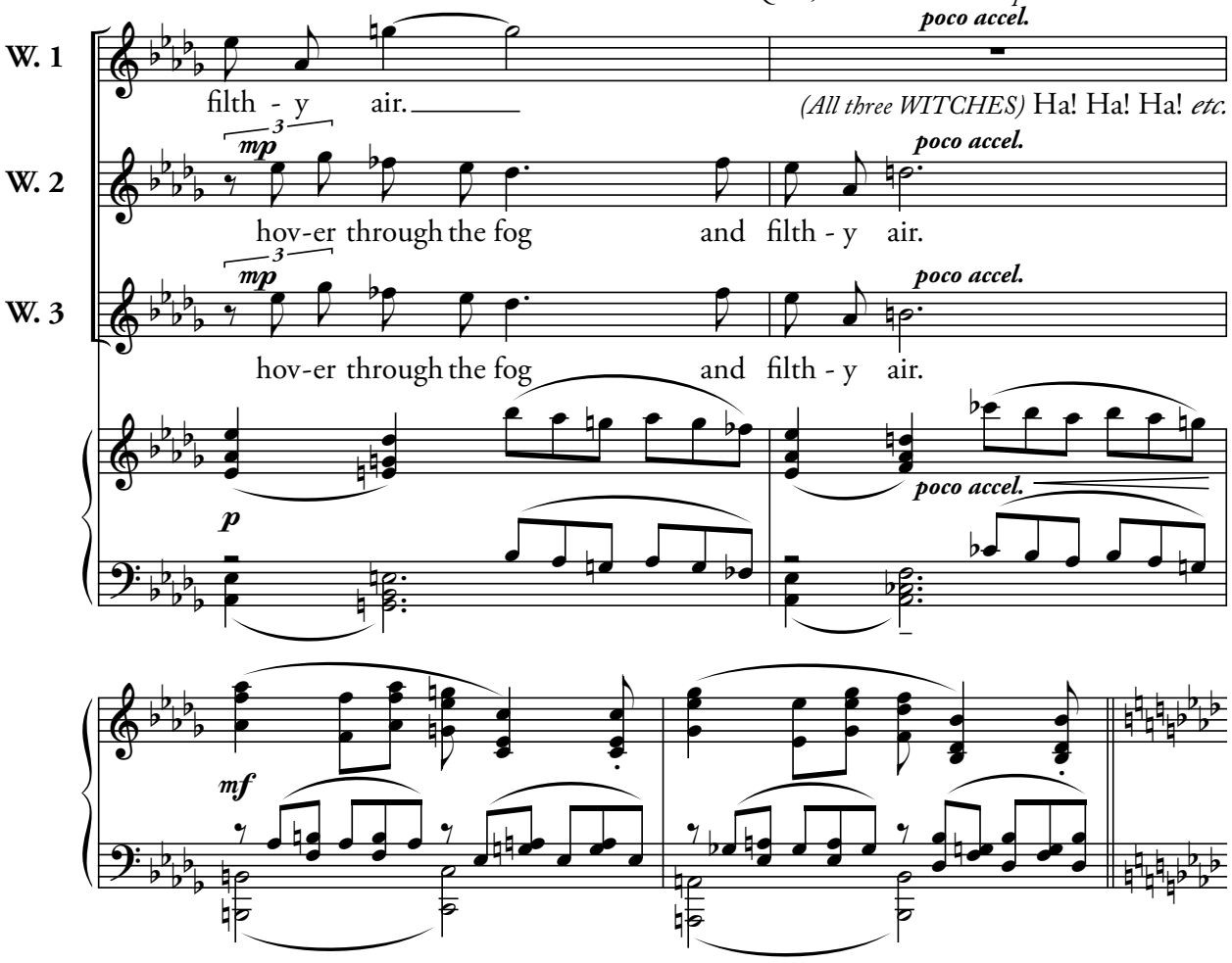


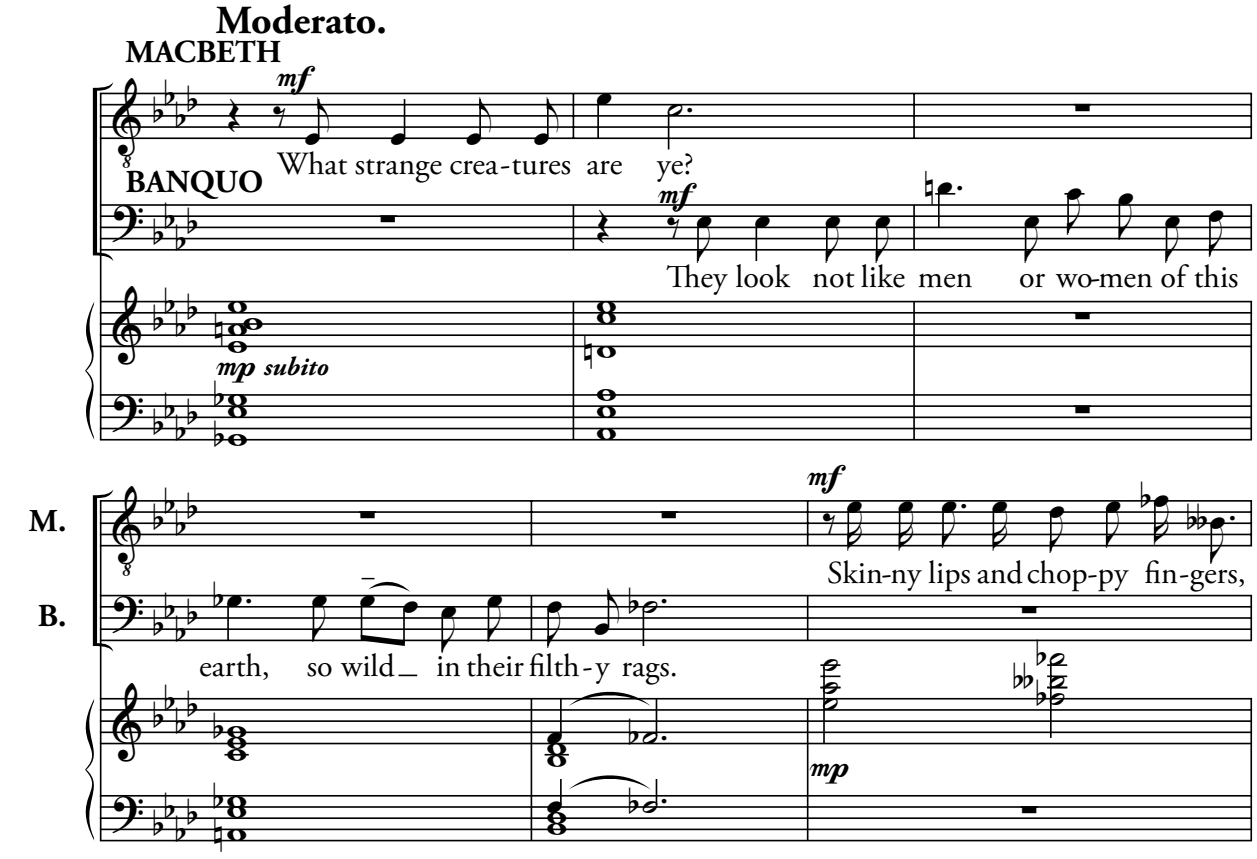
1 **Poco meno mosso.**

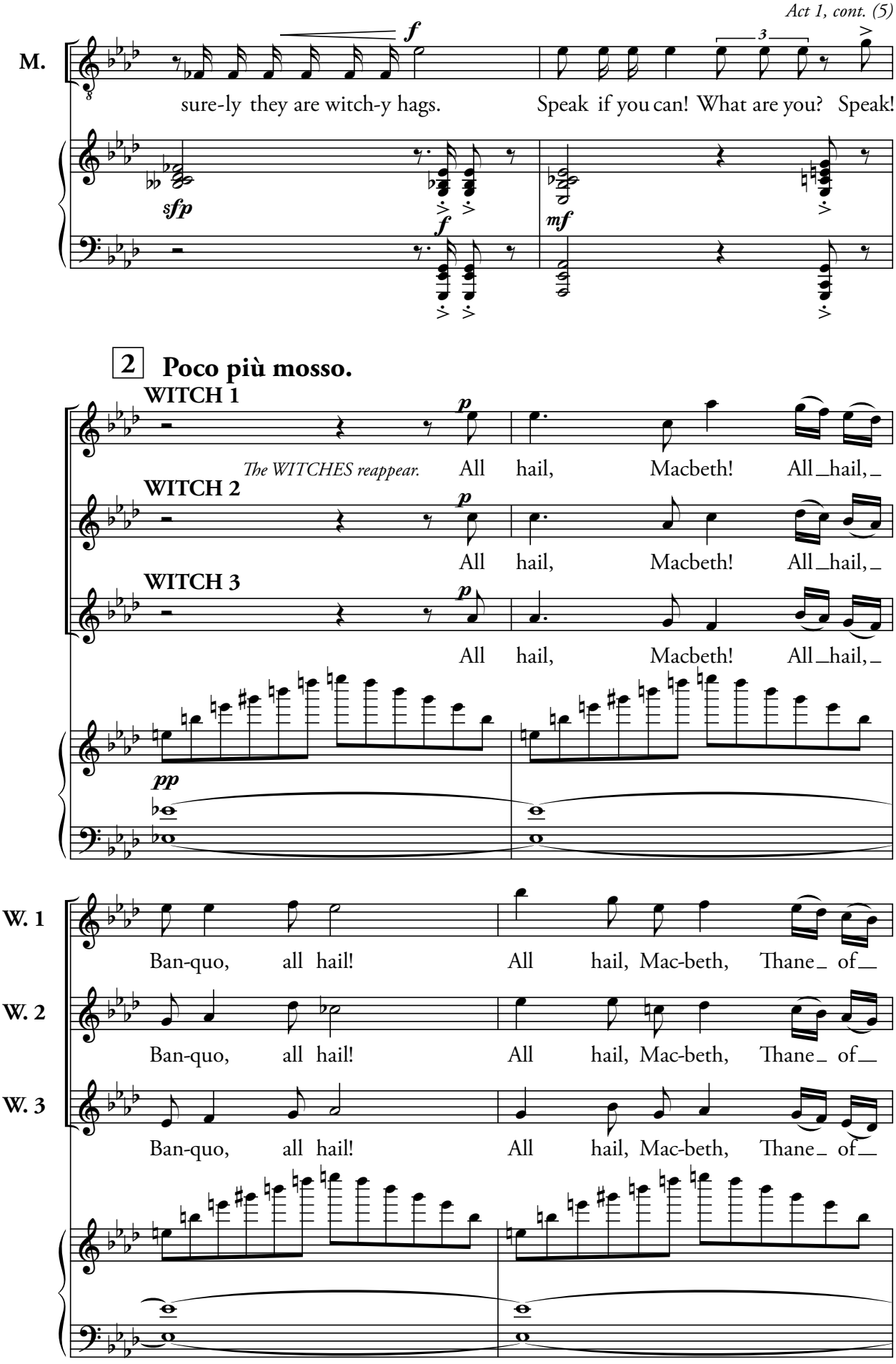
WITCH 1

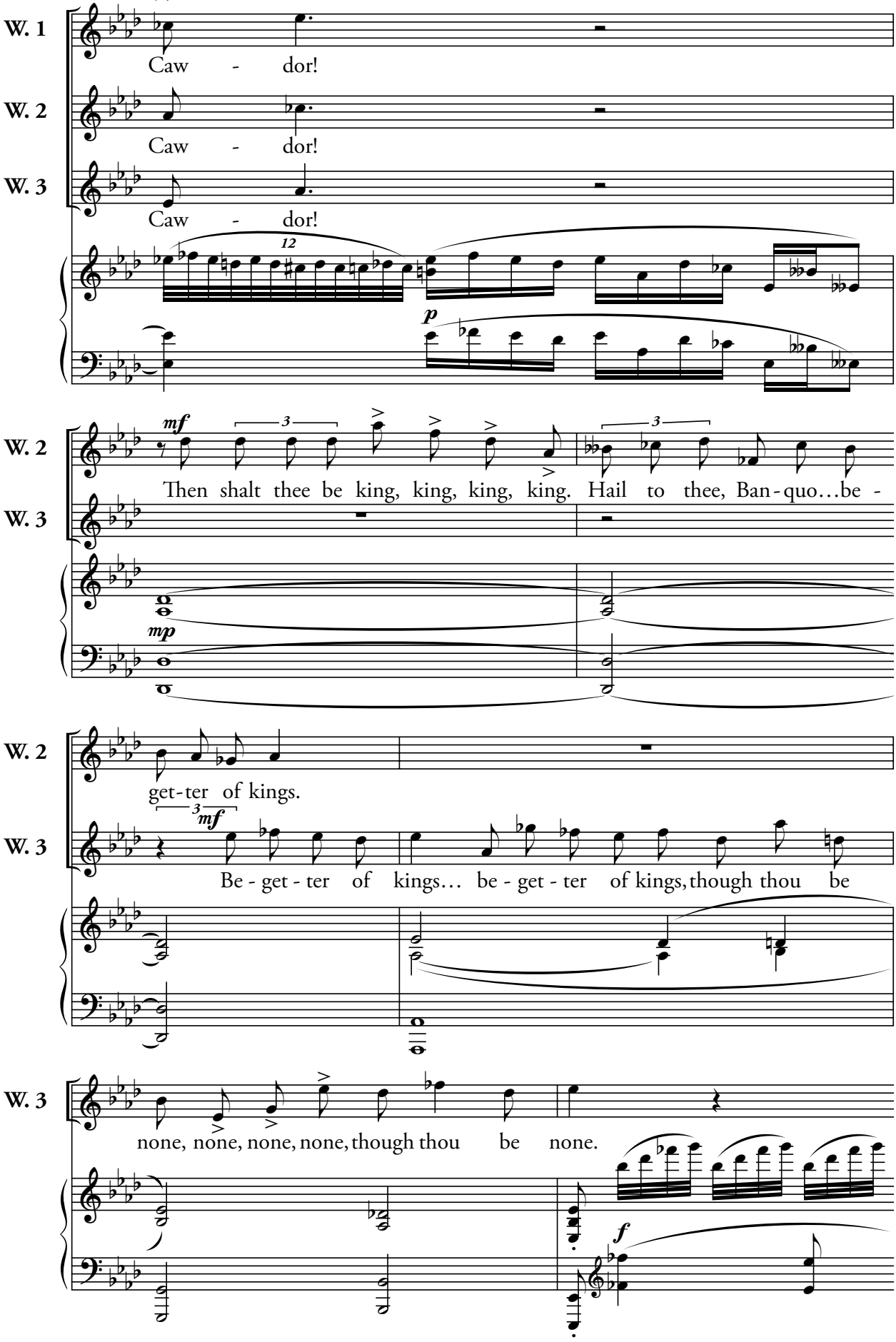


Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, who watch this last part with amazement.






M.
sure-ly they are witch-y hags.
Speak if you can! What are you? Speak!
2 Poco più mosso.
WITCH 1
The WITCHES reappear.
All hail, Macbeth! All hail,
WITCH 2
All hail, Macbeth! All hail,
WITCH 3
All hail, Macbeth! All hail,
W. 1
Ban-quo, all hail! All hail, Mac-beth, Thane of
W. 2
Ban-quo, all hail! All hail, Mac-beth, Thane of
W. 3
Ban-quo, all hail! All hail, Mac-beth, Thane of


W. 1
Caw - dor!
W. 2
Caw - dor!
W. 3
Caw - dor!
12
p
W. 2
mf
3
Then shalt thee be king, king, king, king. Hail to thee, Ban - quo…be -
W. 3
mp
W. 2
get - ter of kings.
W. 3
3
mf
Be - get - ter of kings… be - get - ter of kings, though thou be
W. 3
none, none, none, none, though thou be none.
f

They disappear again.

rit.

Andante.

MACBETH

f

3

You, a be - get - ter of kings?

BANQUO

f

And you, Thane of Caw - dor… then

mf

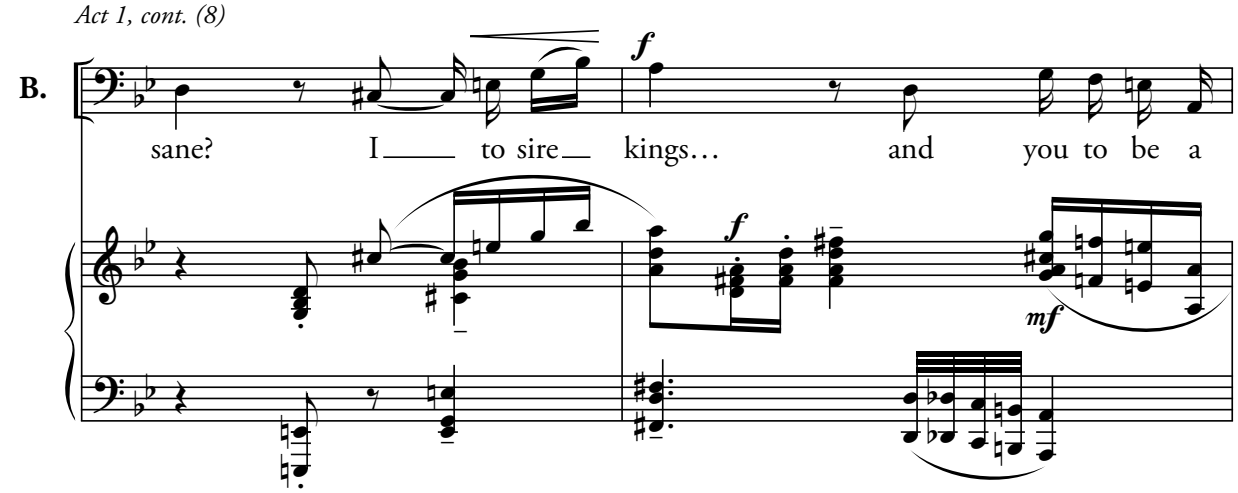
M.

B.

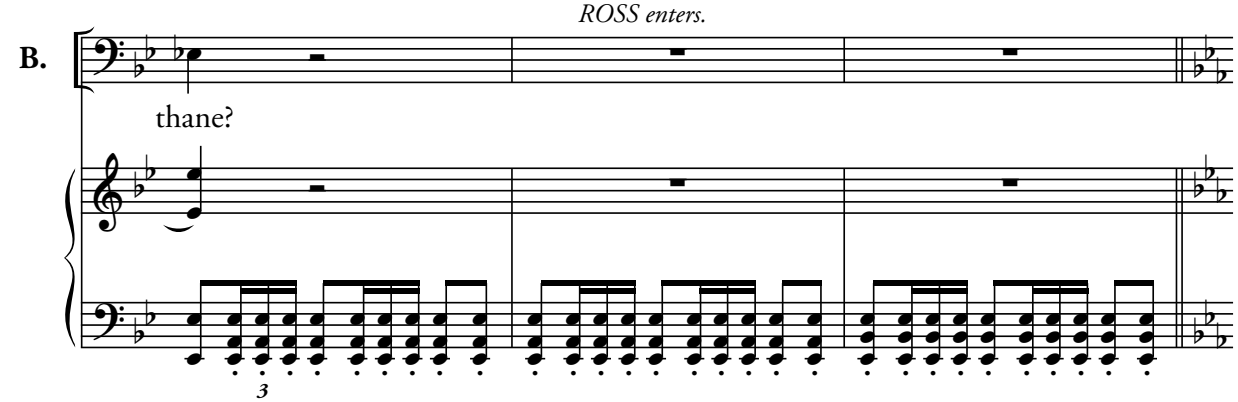
king! Have we eat-en of a root to make us both in -

f

mf

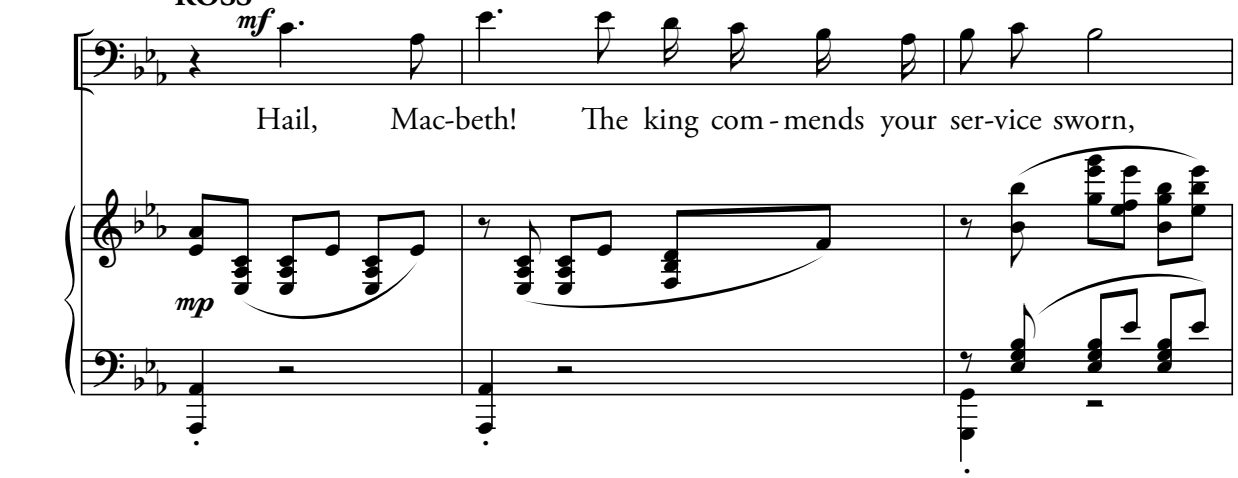


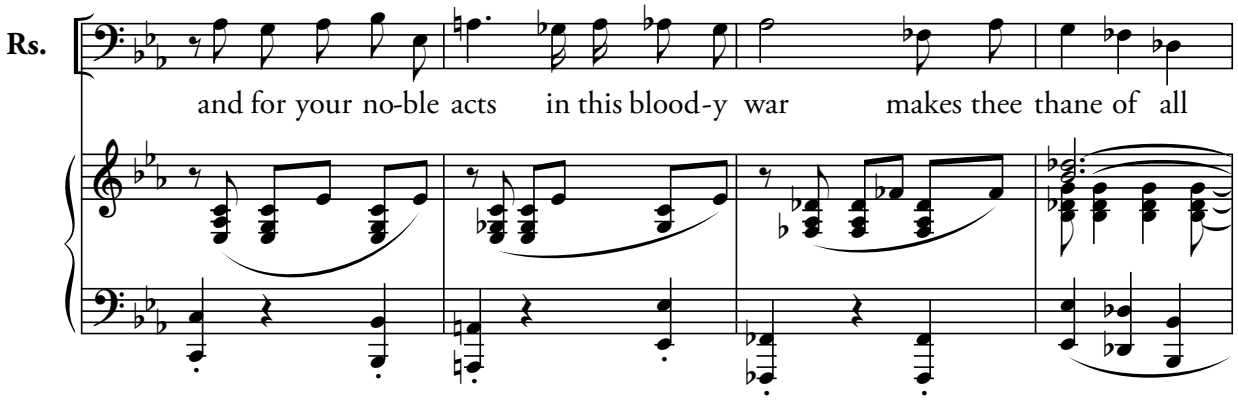
ROSS enters.

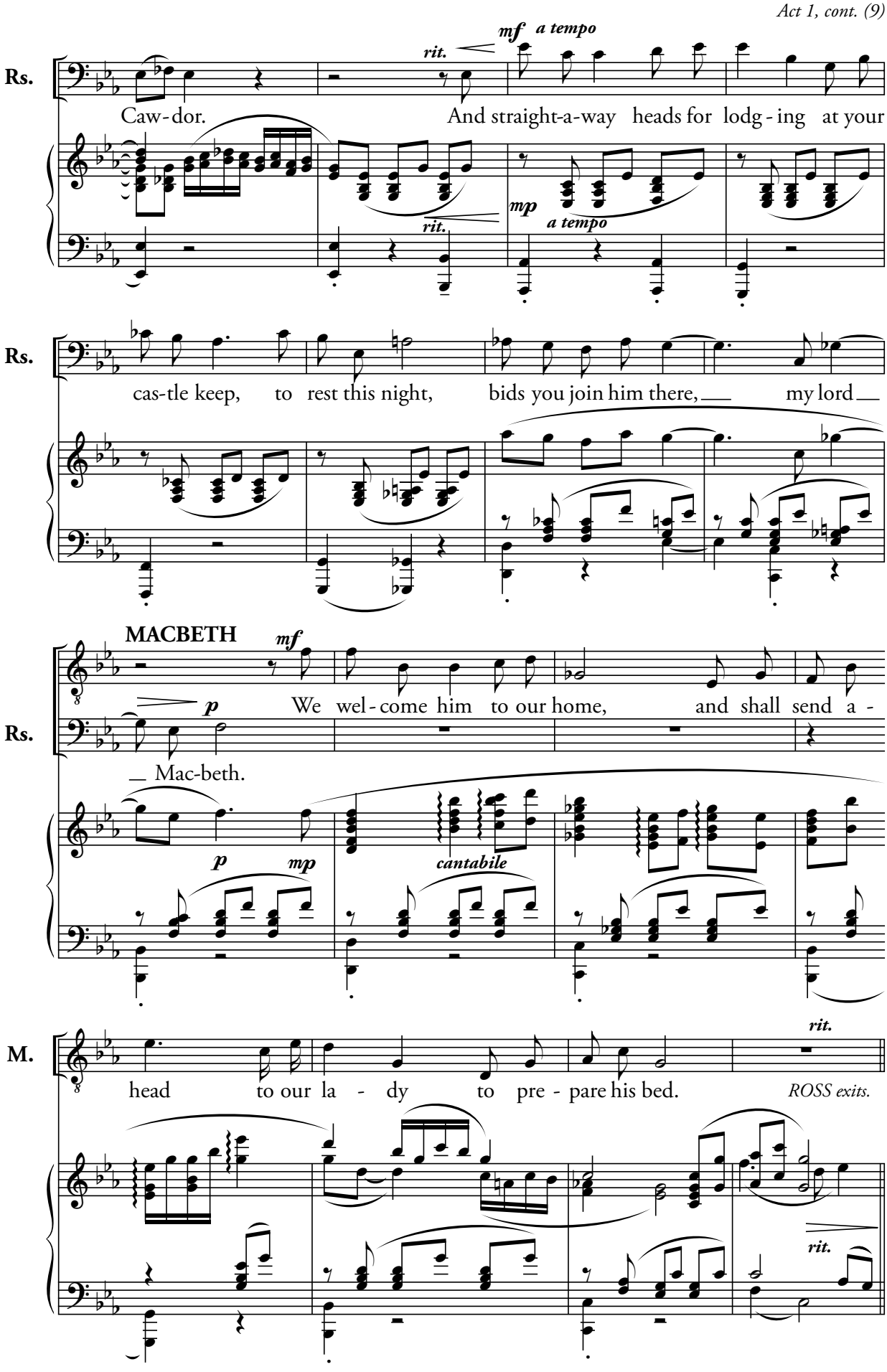


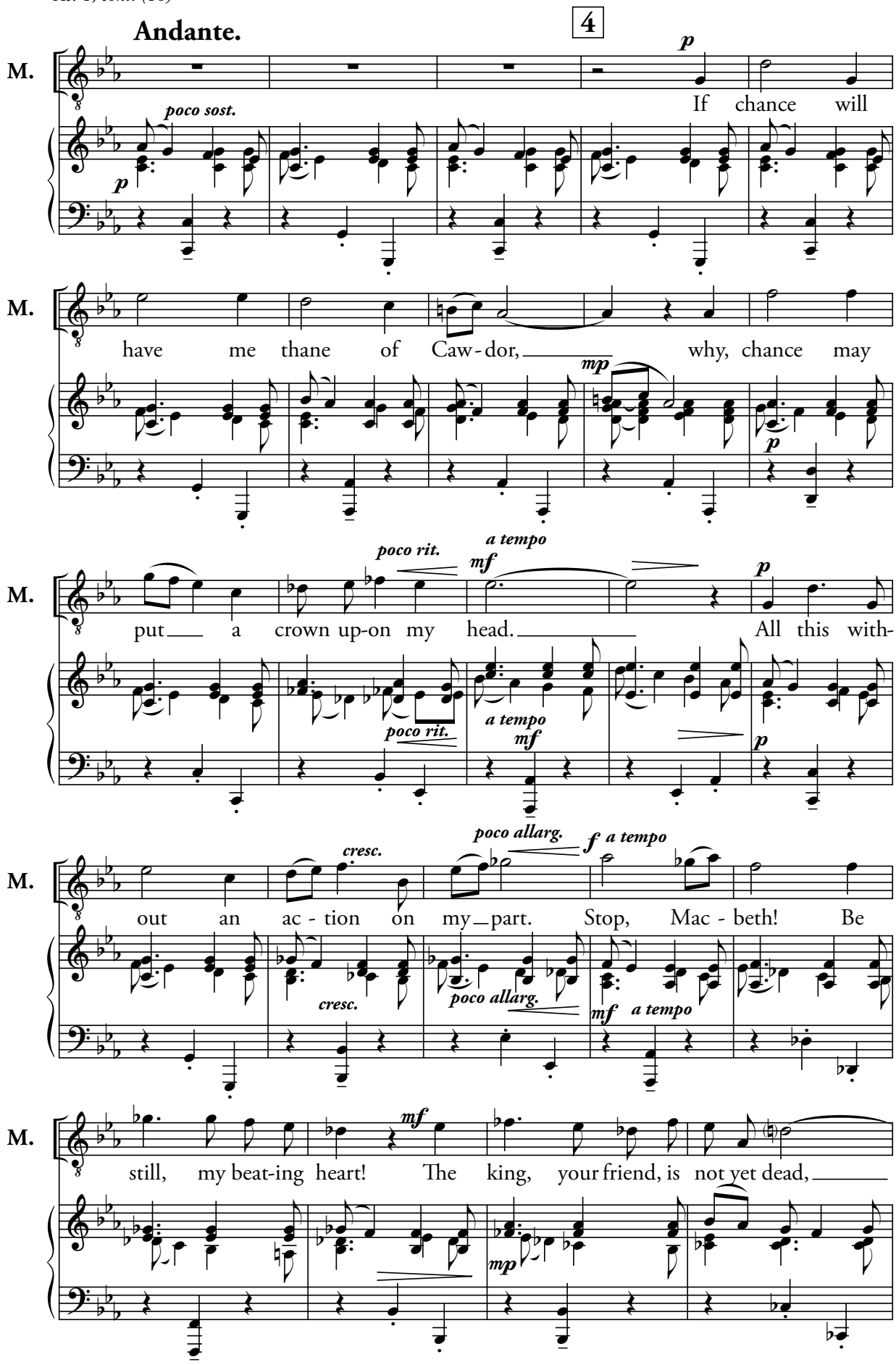
3 Poco allegro.

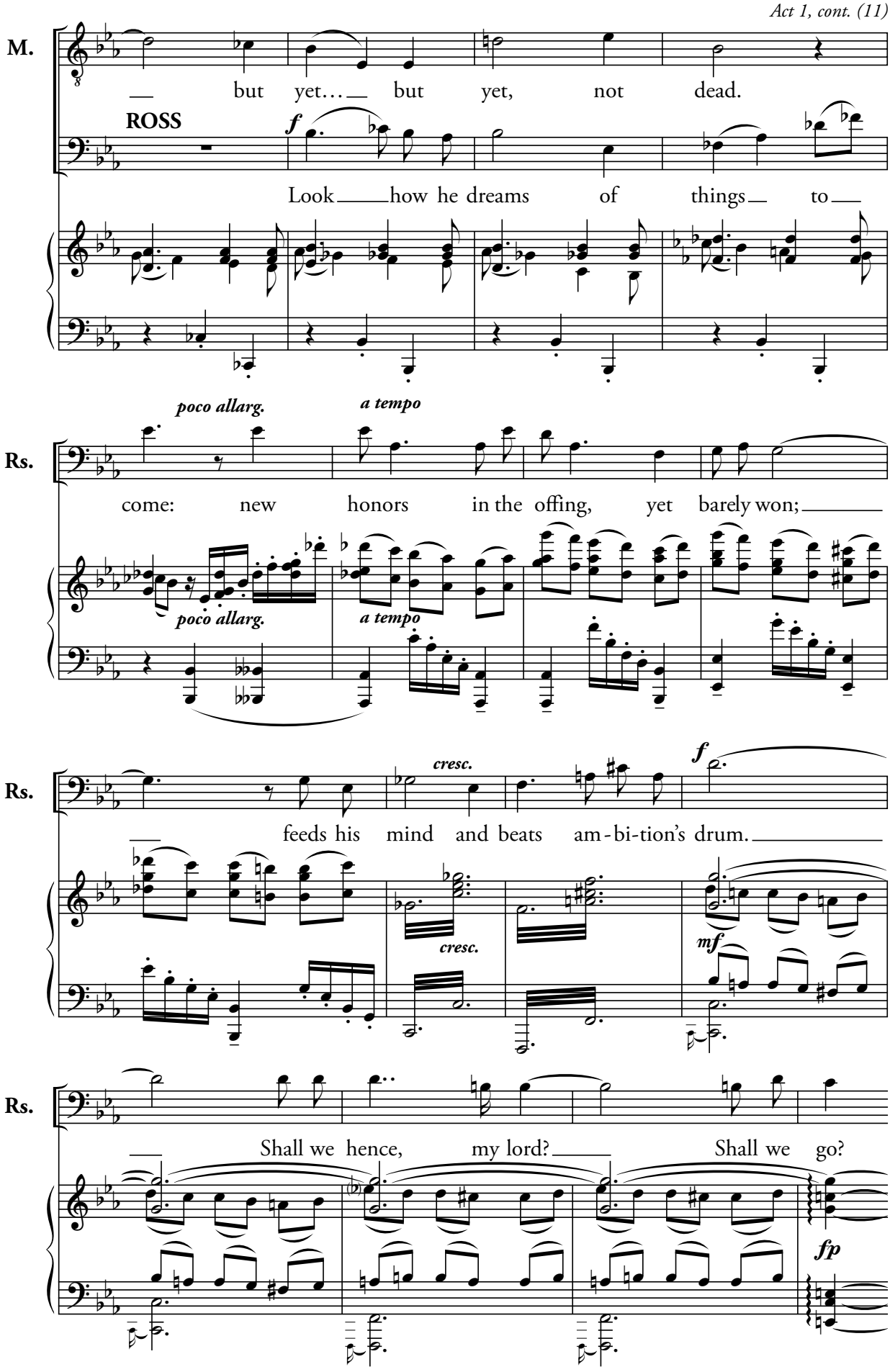
ROSS






Rs.
mf a tempo
rit.
Caw - dor.
And straight-a-way heads for lodg - ing at your
mp
a tempo
rit.
Rs.
cas-tle keep, to rest this night, bids you join him there, my lord
MACBETH
mf
p
We wel - come him to our home, and shall send a -
Rs.
Mac-beth.
p
mp
cantabile
M.
rit.
head to our la - dy to pre - pare his bed.
ROSS exits.
rit.


Andante.
4
M.
p
poco sost.
If chance will
have me thane of Caw - dor, why, chance may
mp
put a crown up-on my head. All this with-
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
out an ac - tion on my part. Stop, Mac - beth! Be
cresc.
poco allarg.
f a tempo
still, my beat-ing heart! The king, your friend, is not yet dead,


M.
but yet… but yet, not dead.
ROSS
f
Look how he dreams of things to
poco allarg.
a tempo
Rs.
come: new honors in the offing, yet barely won;
poco allarg.
a tempo
Rs.
cresc.
f
feeds his mind and beats am-bi-tion's drum.
cresc.
mf
Rs.
Shall we hence, my lord? Shall we go?
fp

Act 1, cont. (12)

MACBETH

mf

Yea, to the king and thence to home. *(to himself)* Dun-can, my king, a -

mp

M.

waits, and per-haps a roy - al throne, and per-haps a roy - al

rall.

f

f rall.

5 Allegro.

WITCH 1

mf

And per -

WITCH 2

WITCH 3

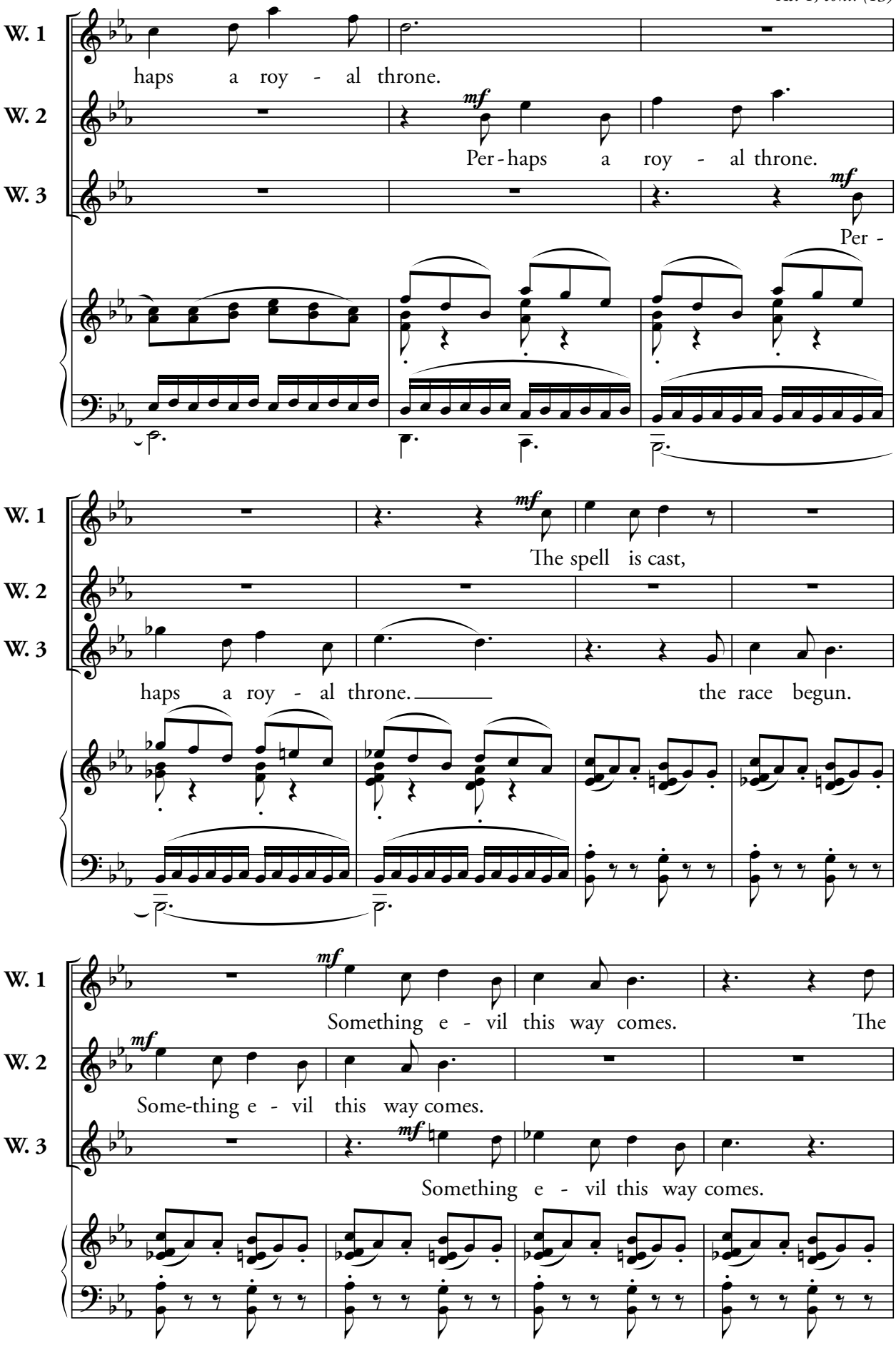
M.

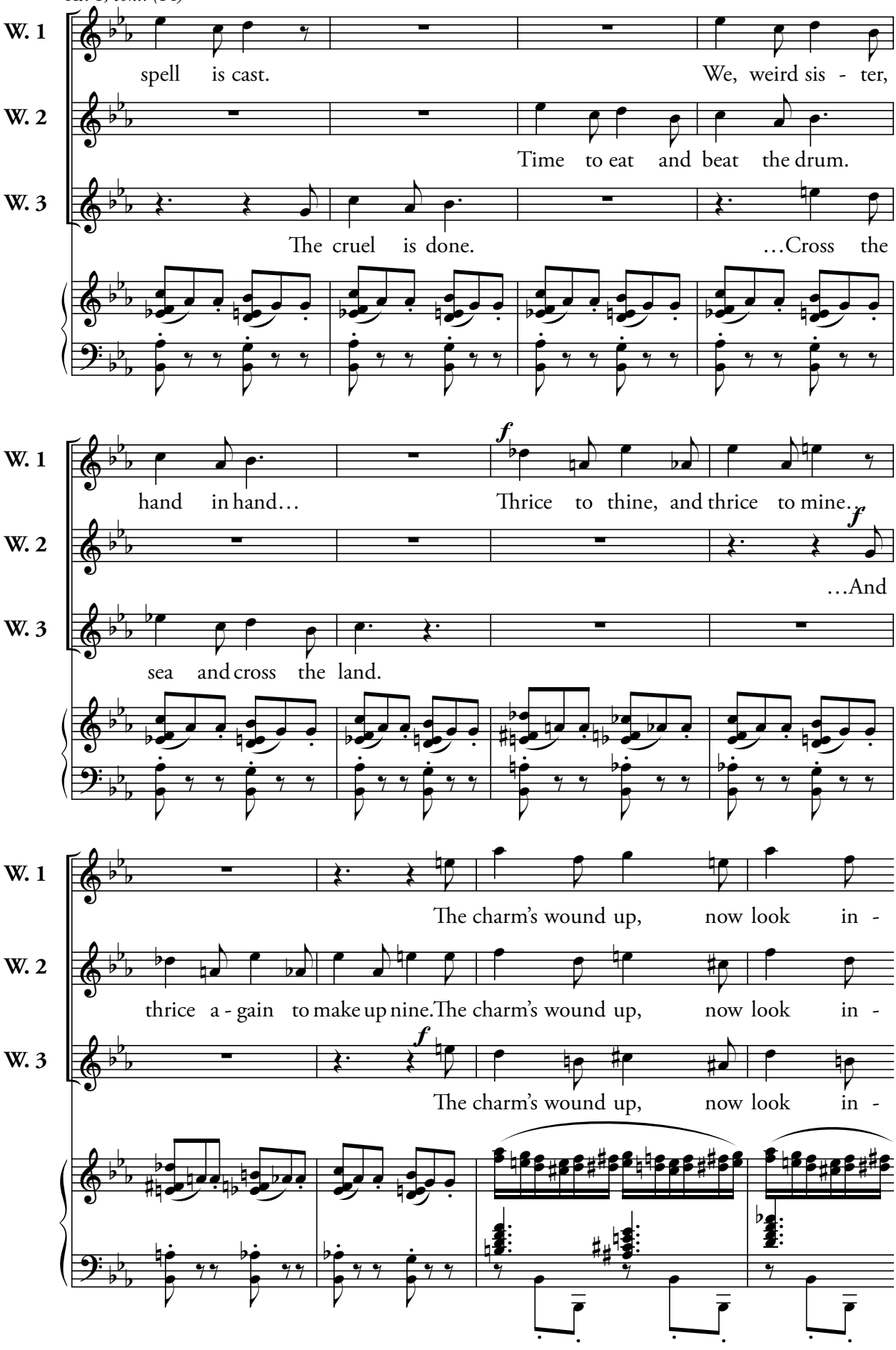
throne.

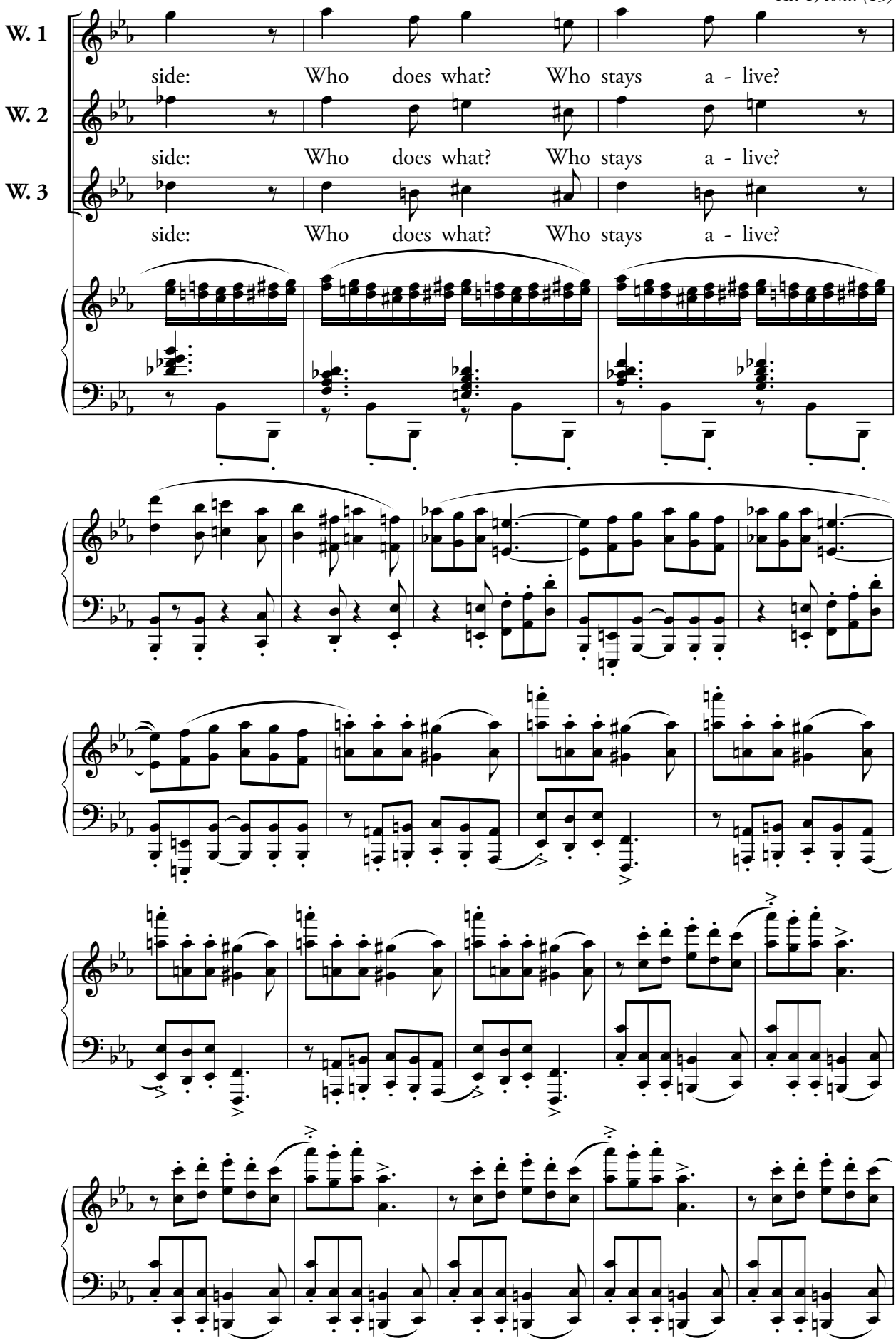
As MACBETH backs out, the WITCHES appear and dance around the cauldron, crying out with MACBETH.

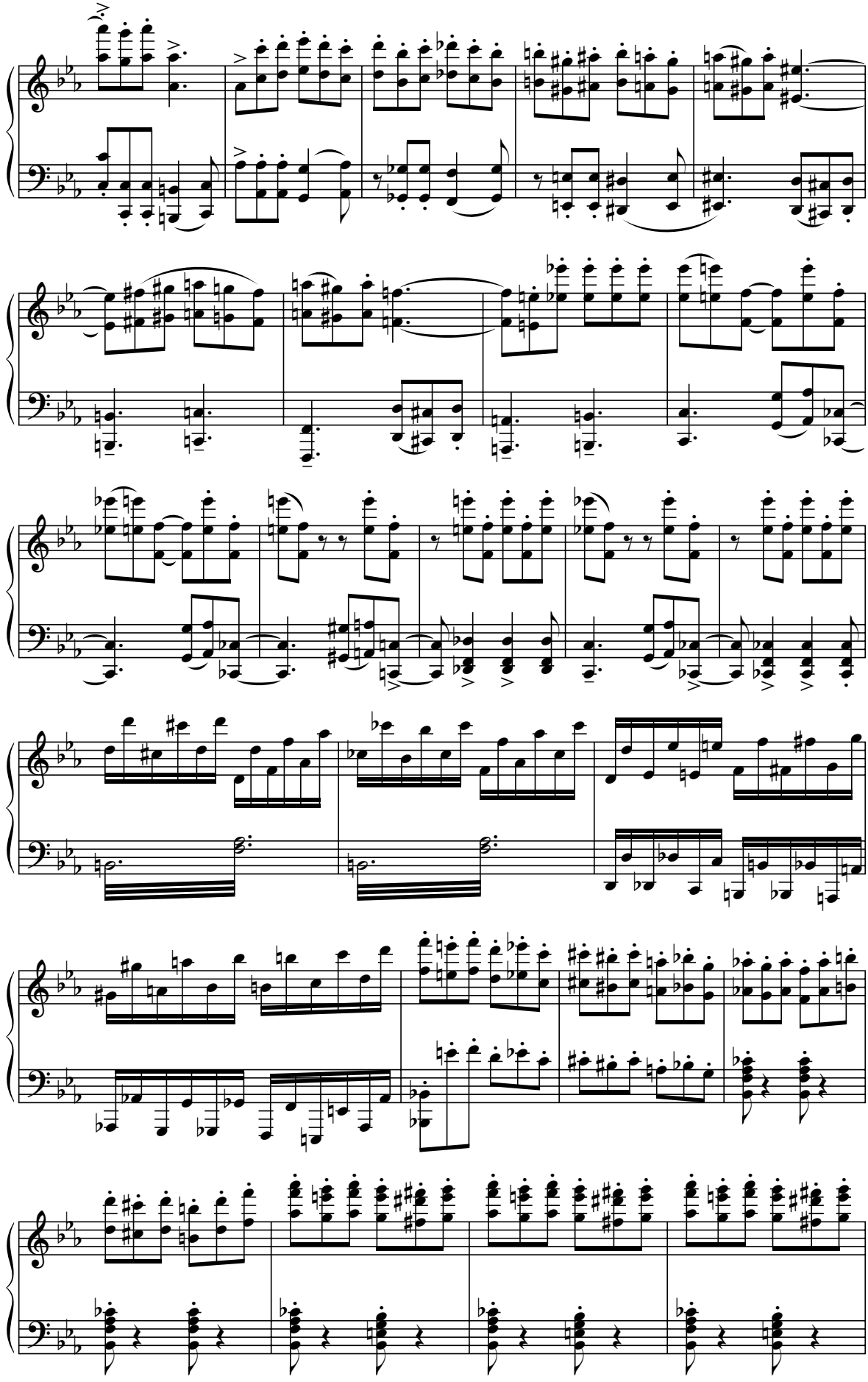
p

cresc. poco a poco

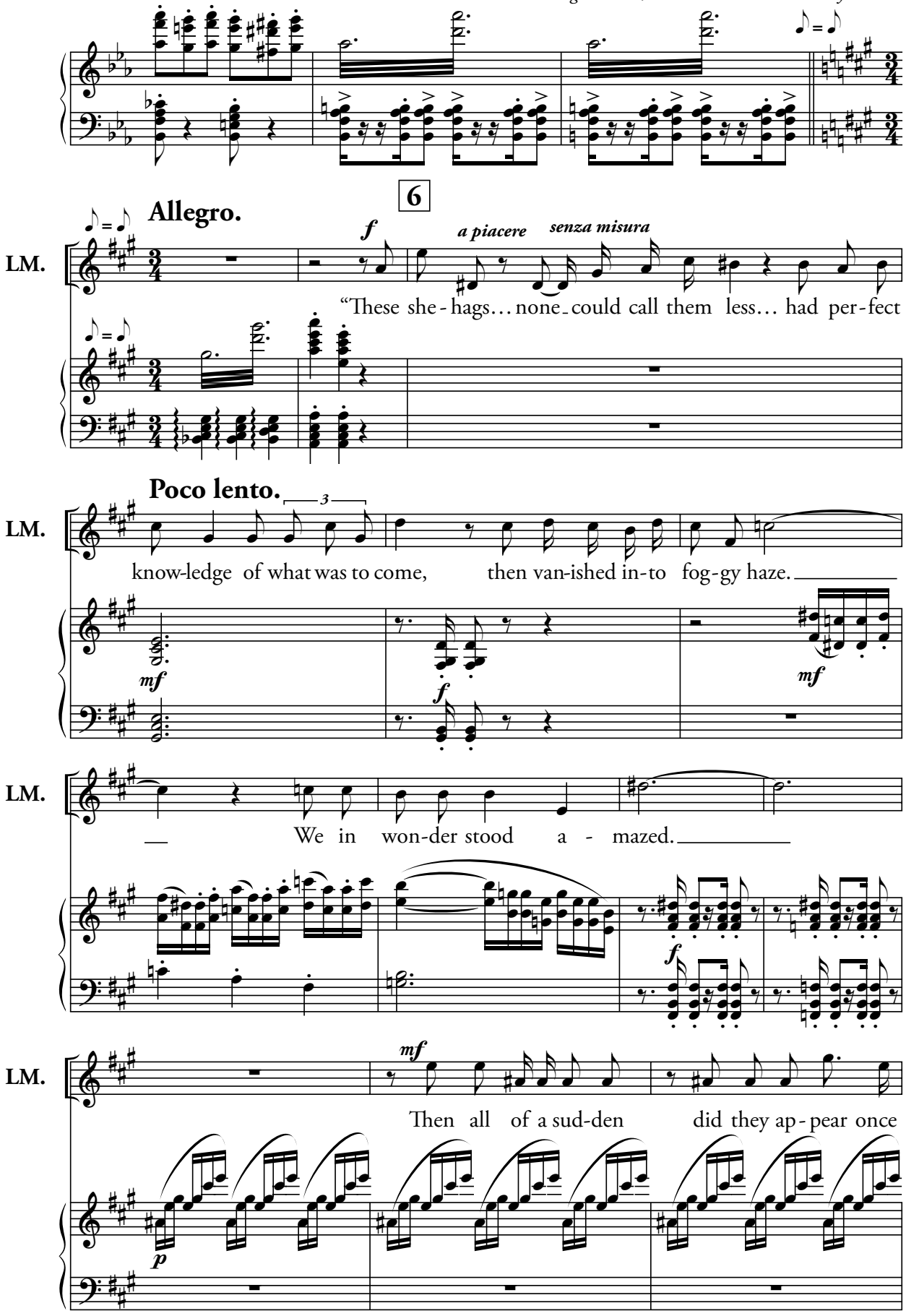

W. 1
haps a roy - al throne.
W. 2
mf
Per - haps a roy - al throne.
W. 3
mf
Per -
W. 1
mf
The spell is cast,
W. 2
W. 3
haps a roy - al throne.
the race begun.
W. 1
mf
Something e - vil this way comes. The
W. 2
mf
Some-thing e - vil this way comes.
W. 3
mf
Something e - vil this way comes.

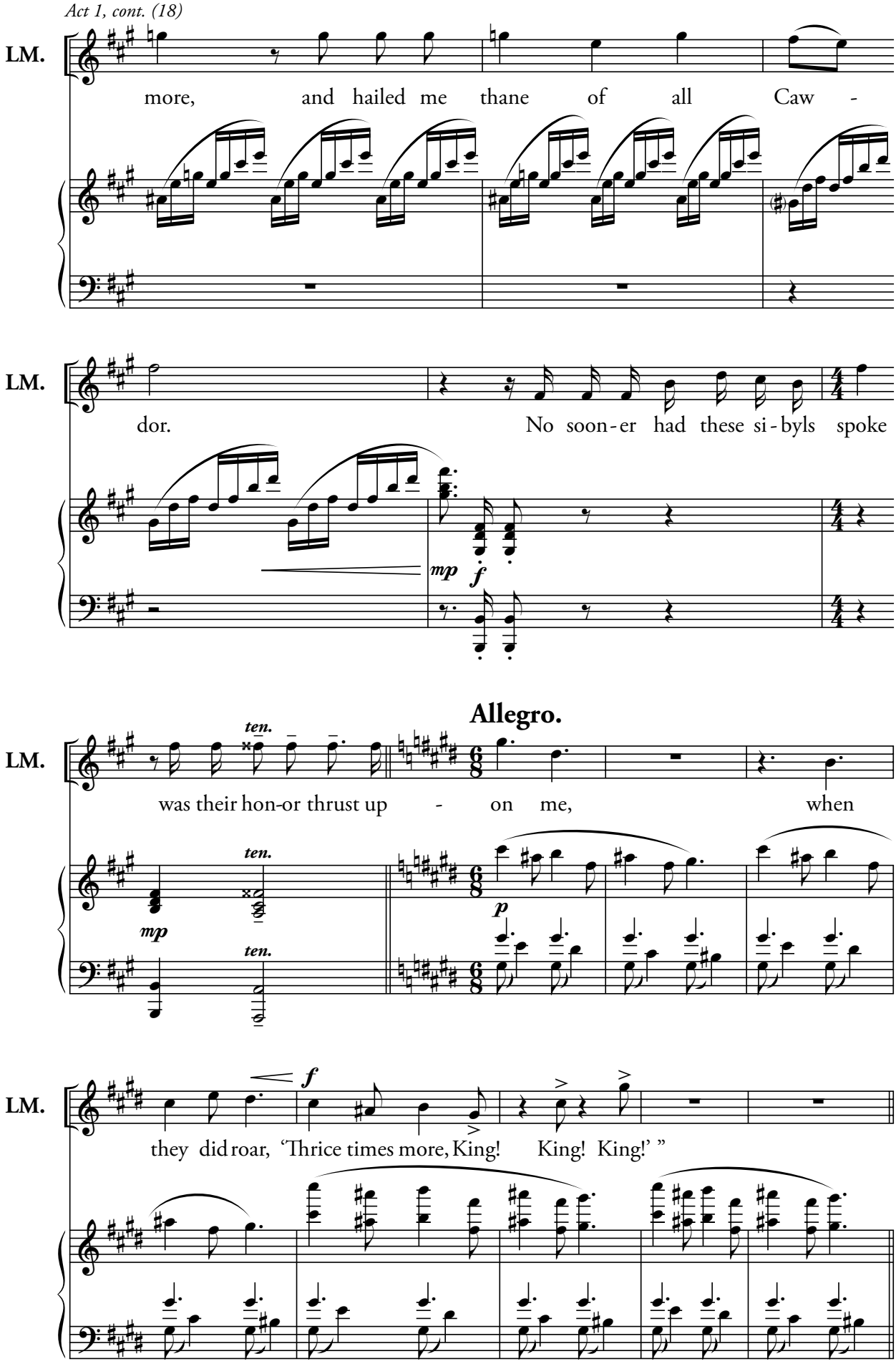

W. 1
spell is cast.
We, weird sis - ter,
W. 2
Time to eat and beat the drum.
W. 3
The cruel is done.
…Cross the
W. 1
hand in hand…
f
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine.
W. 2
f
…And
W. 3
sea and cross the land.
W. 1
The charm's wound up, now look in -
W. 2
thrice a - gain to make up nine. The charm's wound up, now look in -
W. 3
f
The charm's wound up, now look in -

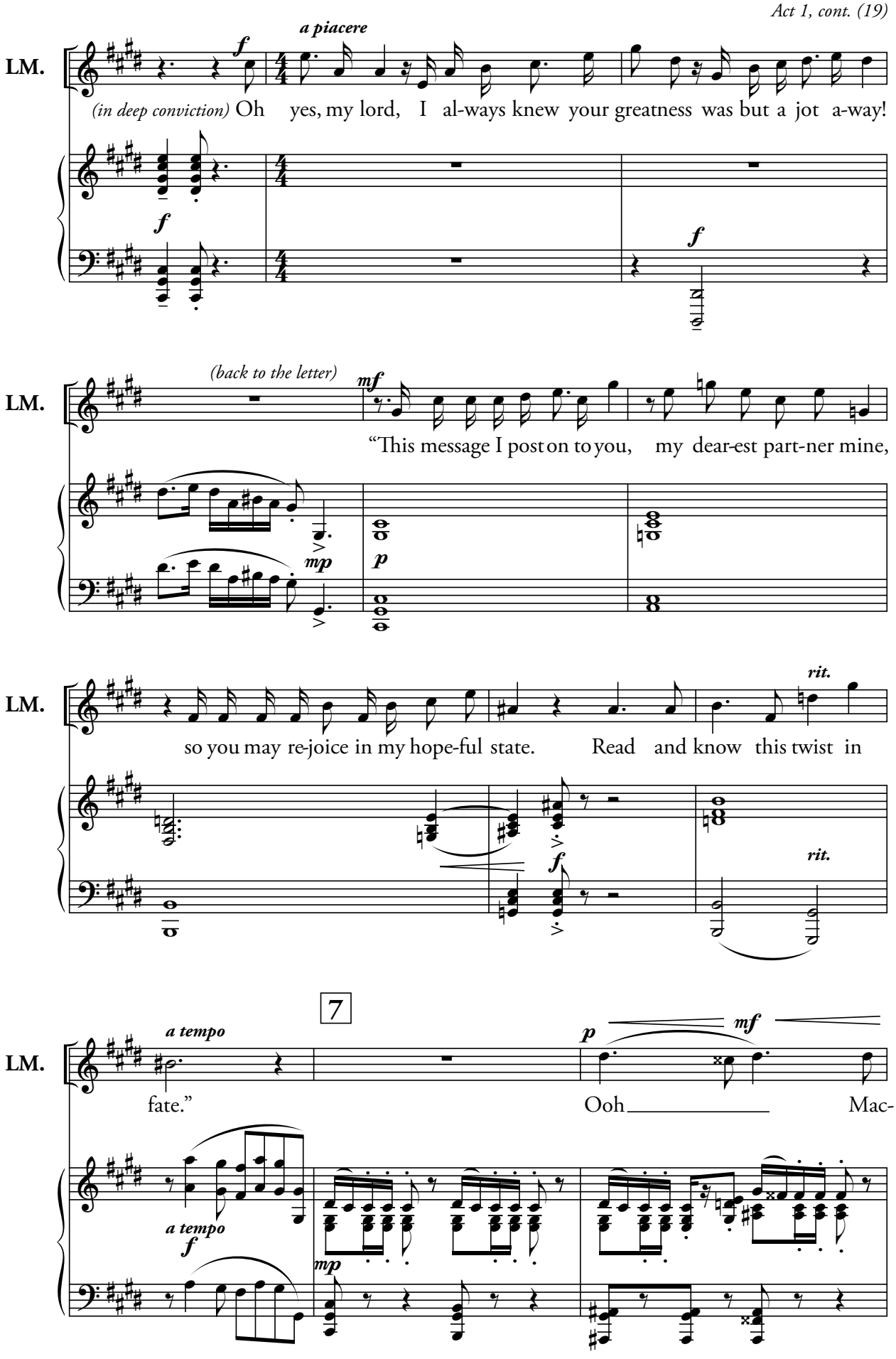

W. 1
side: Who does what? Who stays a - live?
W. 2
side: Who does what? Who stays a - live?
W. 3
side: Who does what? Who stays a - live?

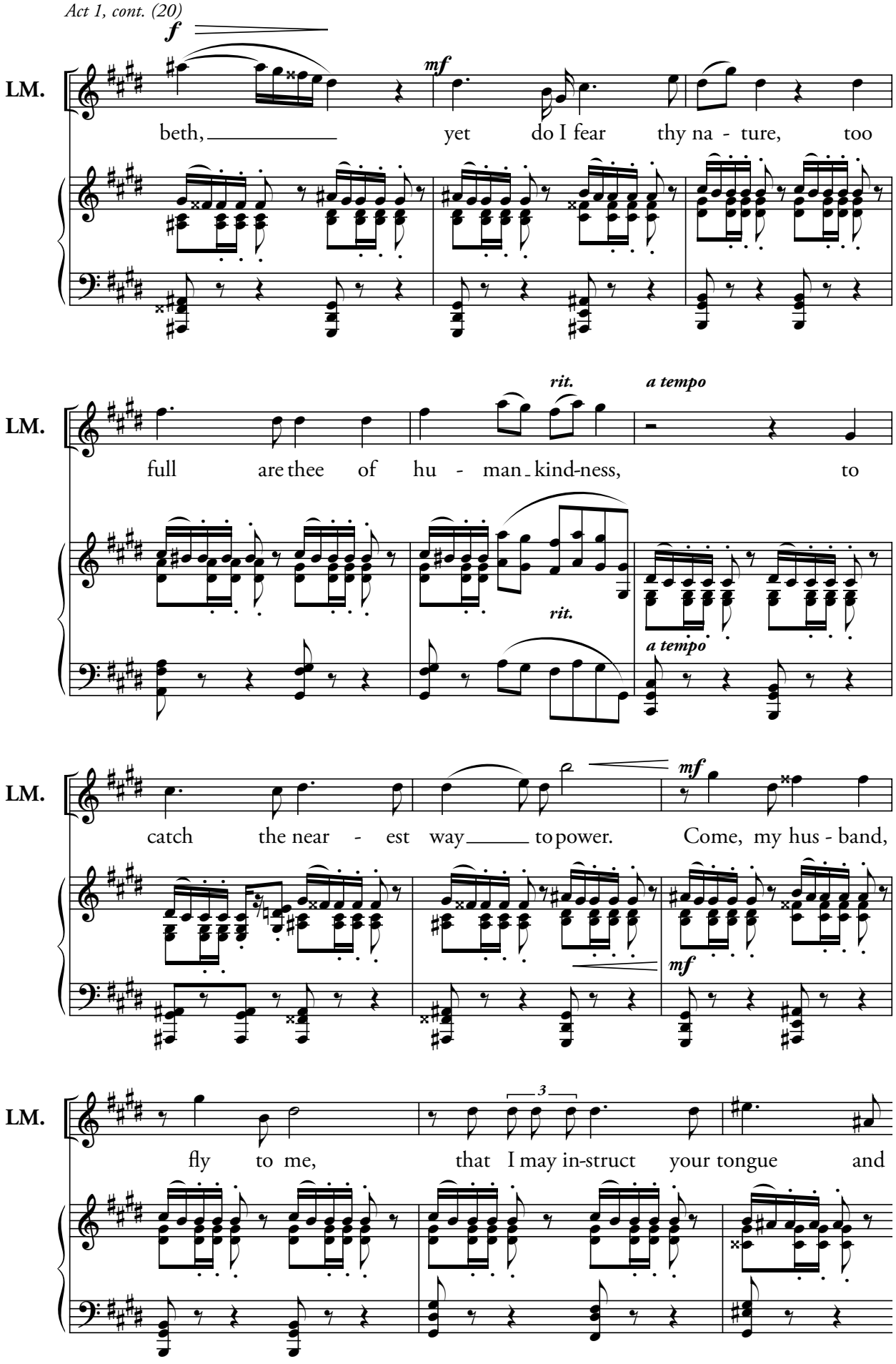


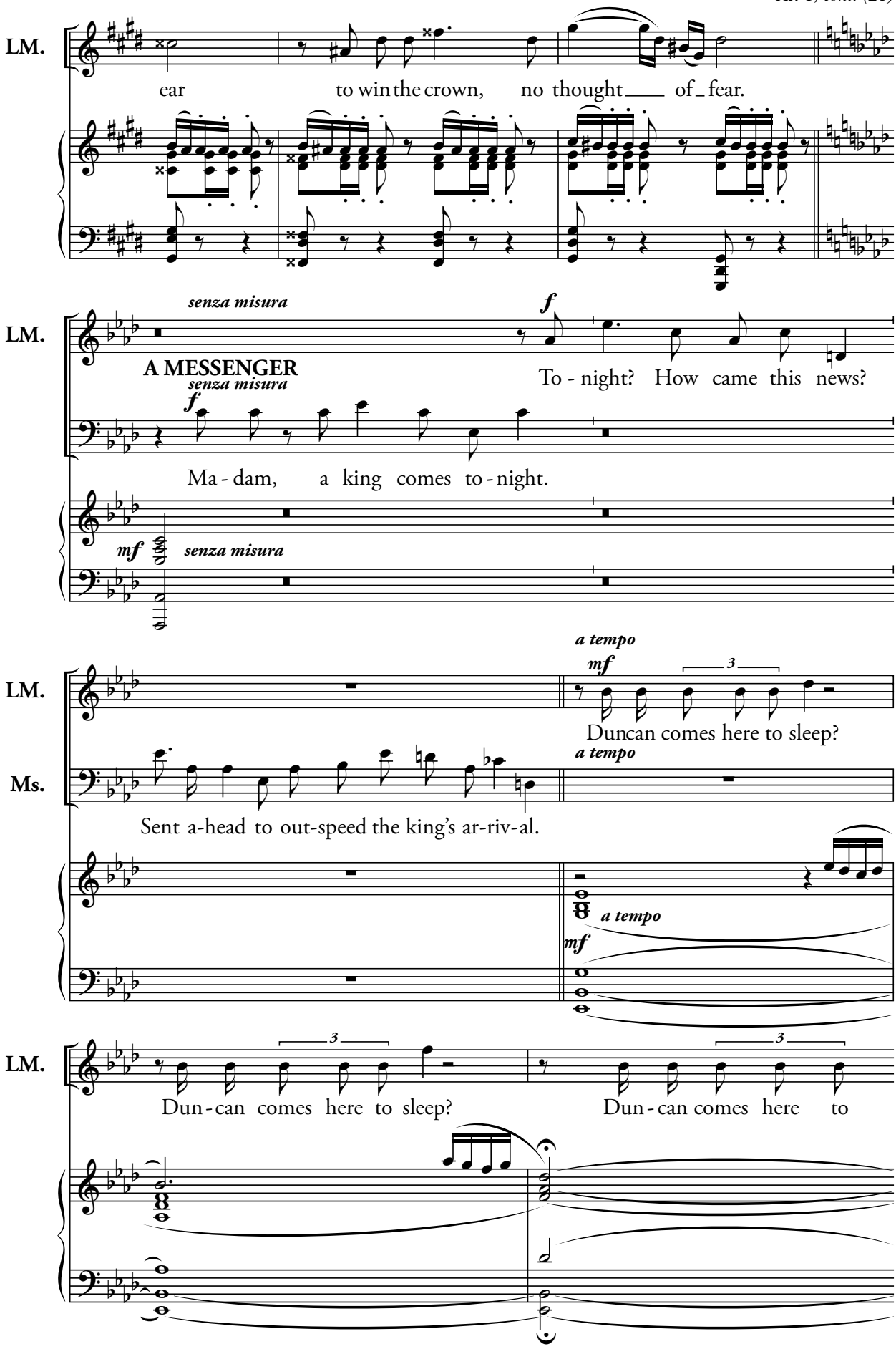
The entrance hall of Dunsinane Castle, the home of MACBETH.
LADY MACBETH is reading his letter, sent to her. She is excited by this news.

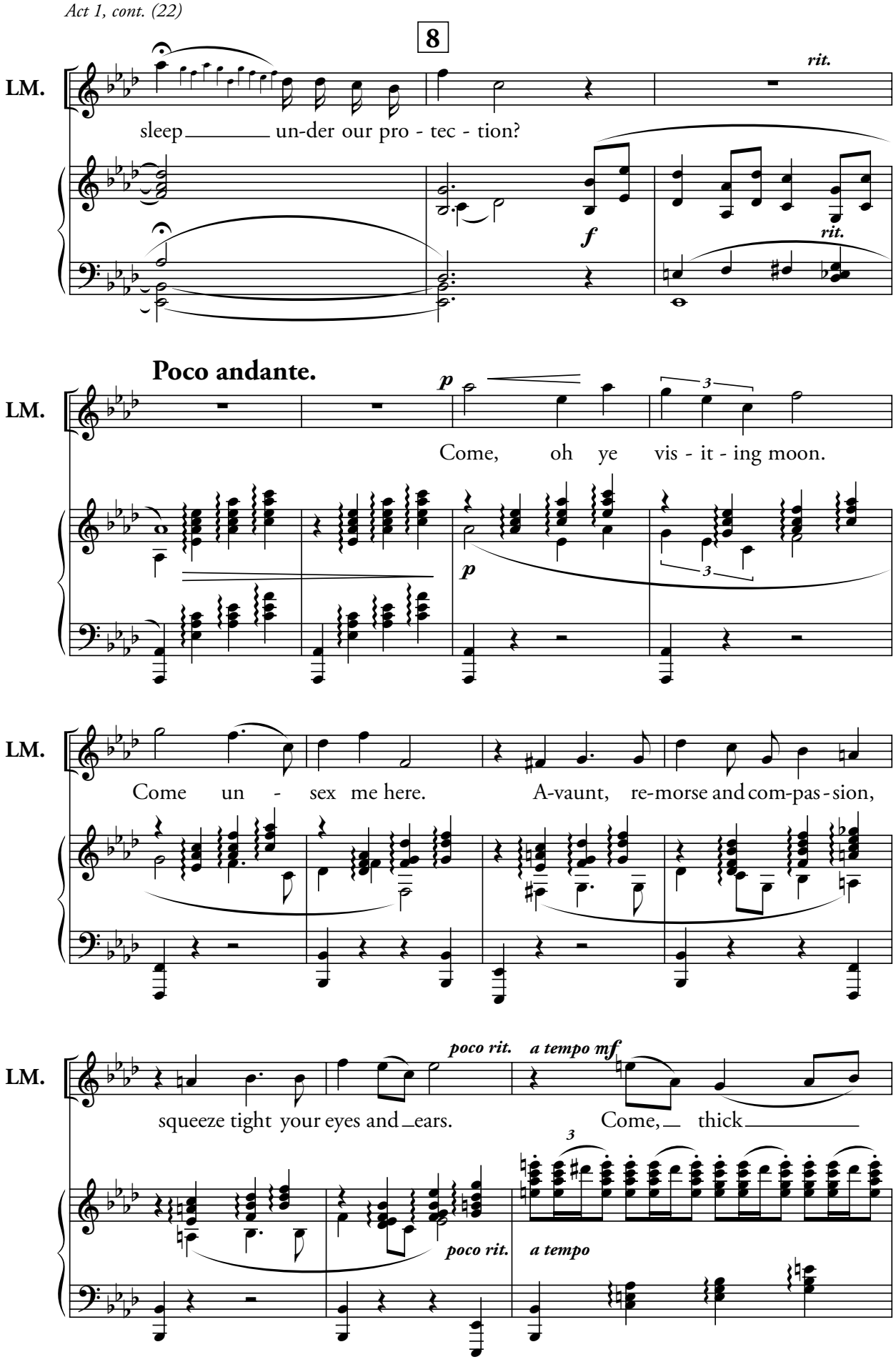


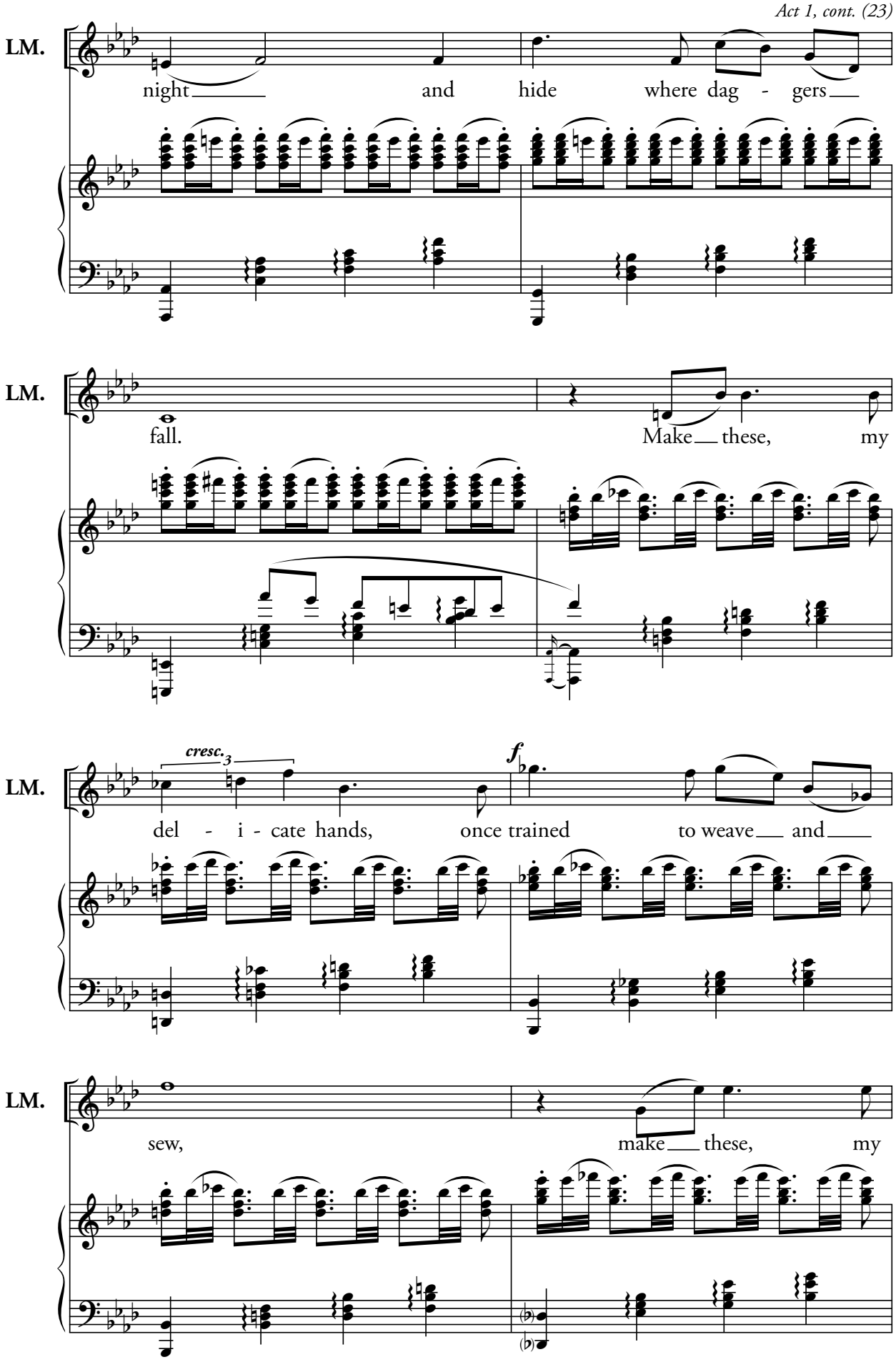

LM.
more, and hailed me thane of all Caw -
LM.
dor. No soon-er had these si-byls spoke
mp
f
Allegro.
LM.
ten.
was their hon-or thrust up - on me, when
mp
p
LM.
f
they did roar, 'Thrice times more, King! King! King!' "

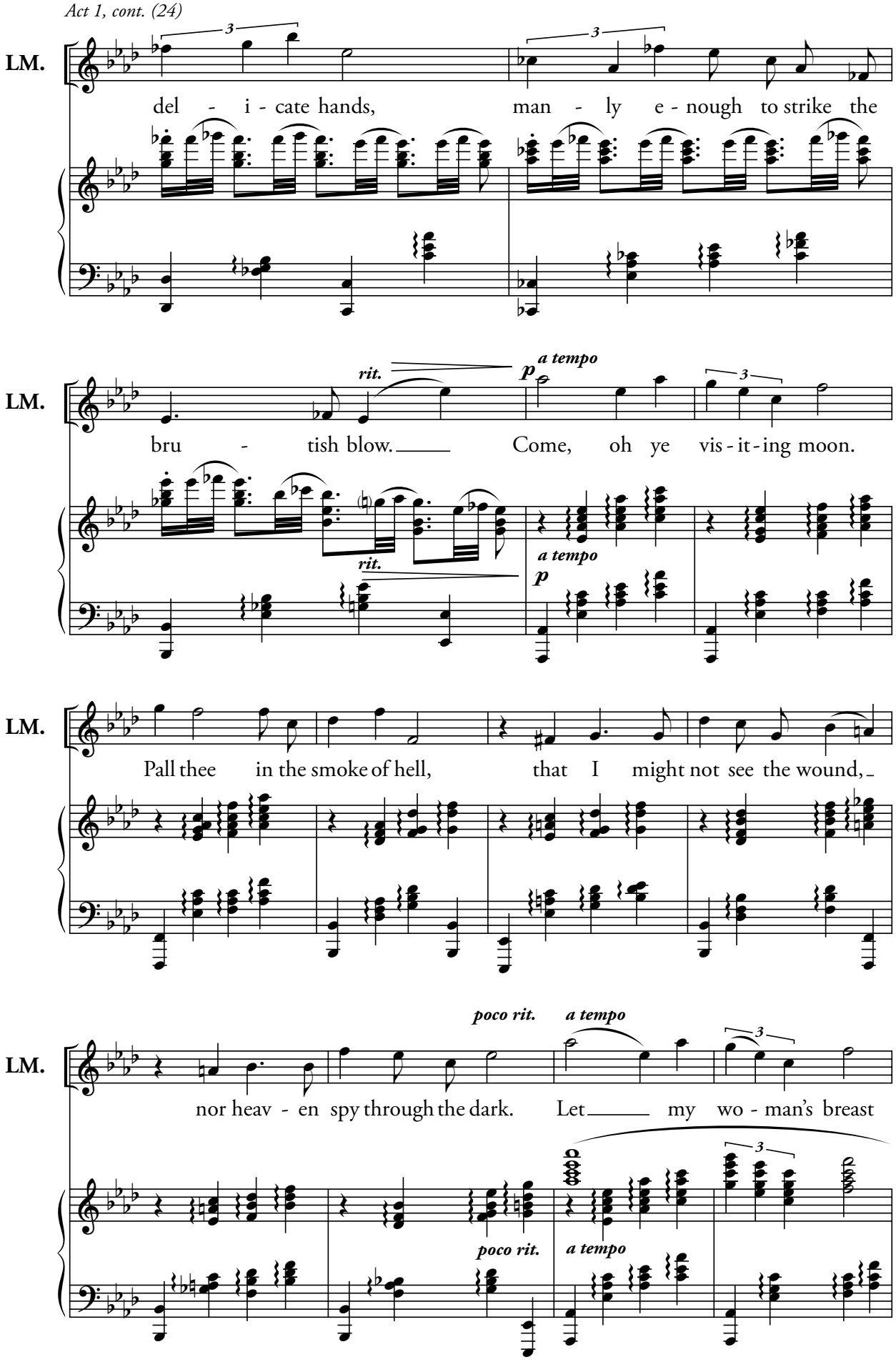

LM.
a piacere
f
(in deep conviction) Oh yes, my lord, I al-ways knew your greatness was but a jot a-way!
f
f
LM.
(back to the letter)
mf
"This message I post on to you, my dear-est part-ner mine,
mp
p
LM.
rit.
so you may re-joice in my hope-ful state. Read and know this twist in
f
rit.
7
LM.
a tempo
fate."
p
mf
Ooh Mac-
a tempo
f
mp

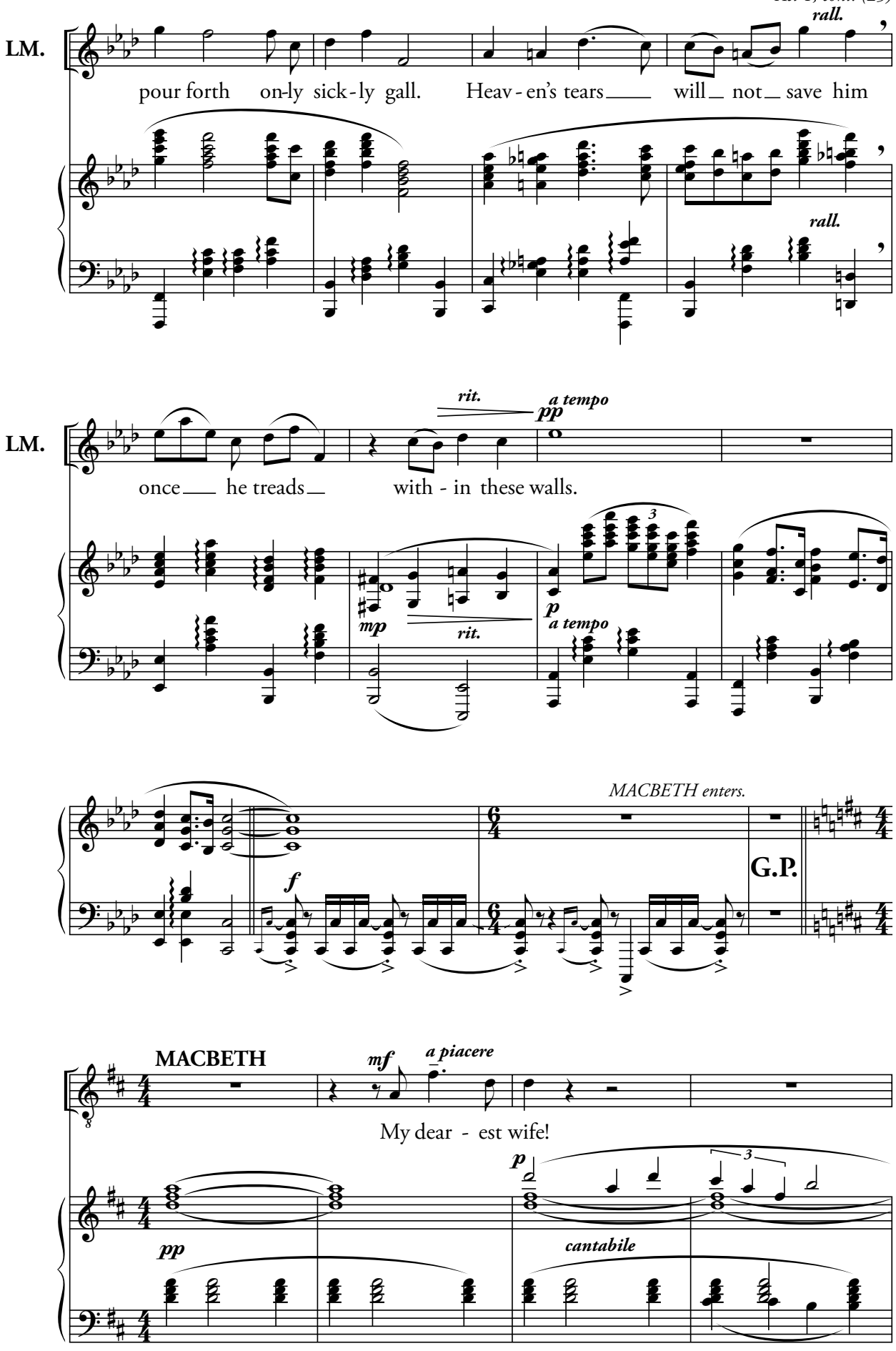

LM.
f
mf
beth, yet do I fear thy na - ture, too
LM.
rit.
a tempo
full are thee of hu - man - kind-ness, to
rit.
a tempo
LM.
mf
catch the near - est way to power. Come, my hus - band,
mf
LM.
3
fly to me, that I may in-struct your tongue and

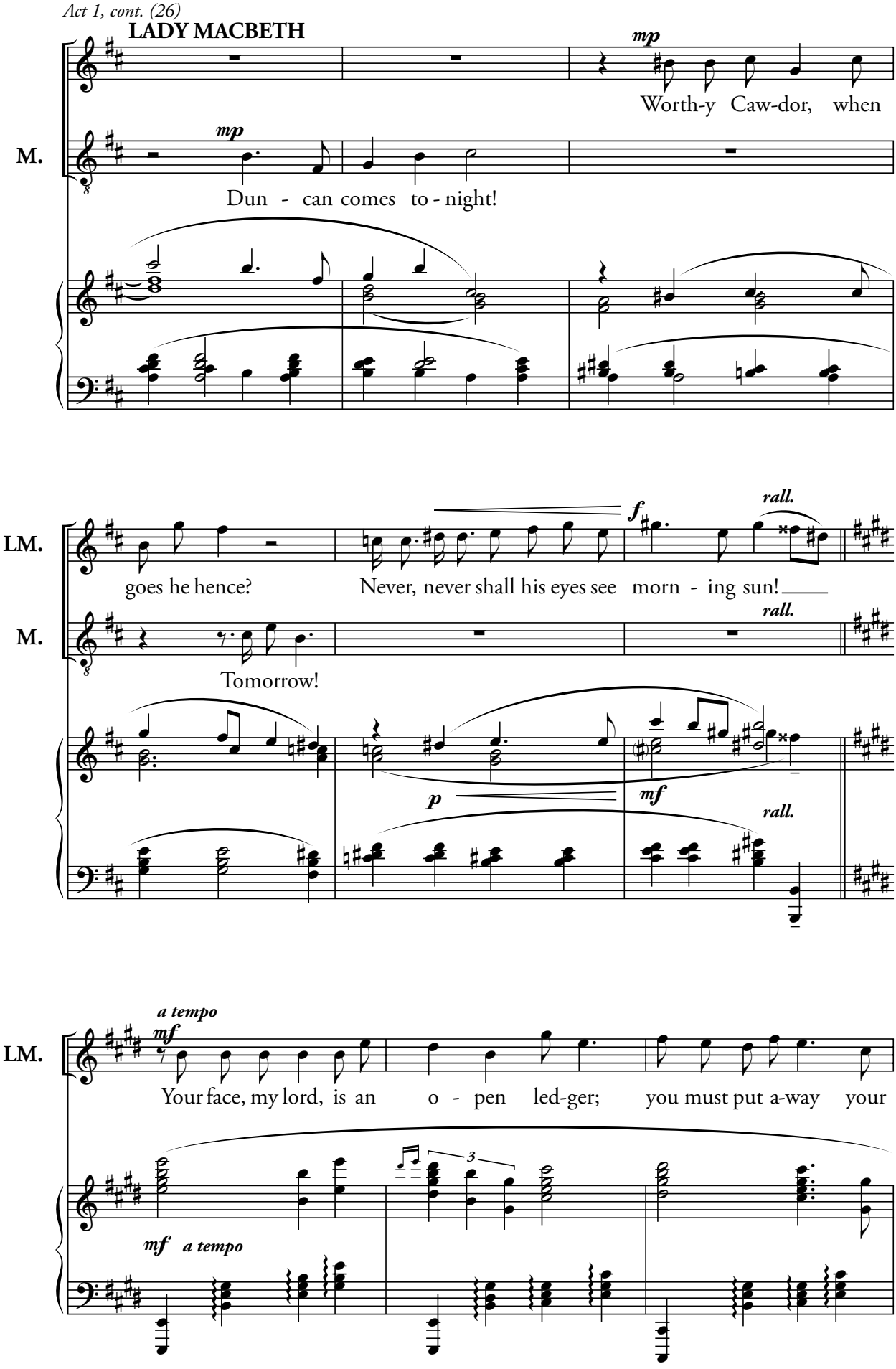

LM.
ear to win the crown, no thought of fear.
senza misura
f
LM.
A MESSENGER
To - night? How came this news?
senza misura
f
Ma - dam, a king comes to - night.
mf
senza misura
a tempo
mf
LM.
Duncan comes here to sleep?
a tempo
Ms.
Sent a-head to out-speed the king's ar-riv-al.
a tempo
mf
LM.
Dun - can comes here to sleep?
Dun - can comes here to

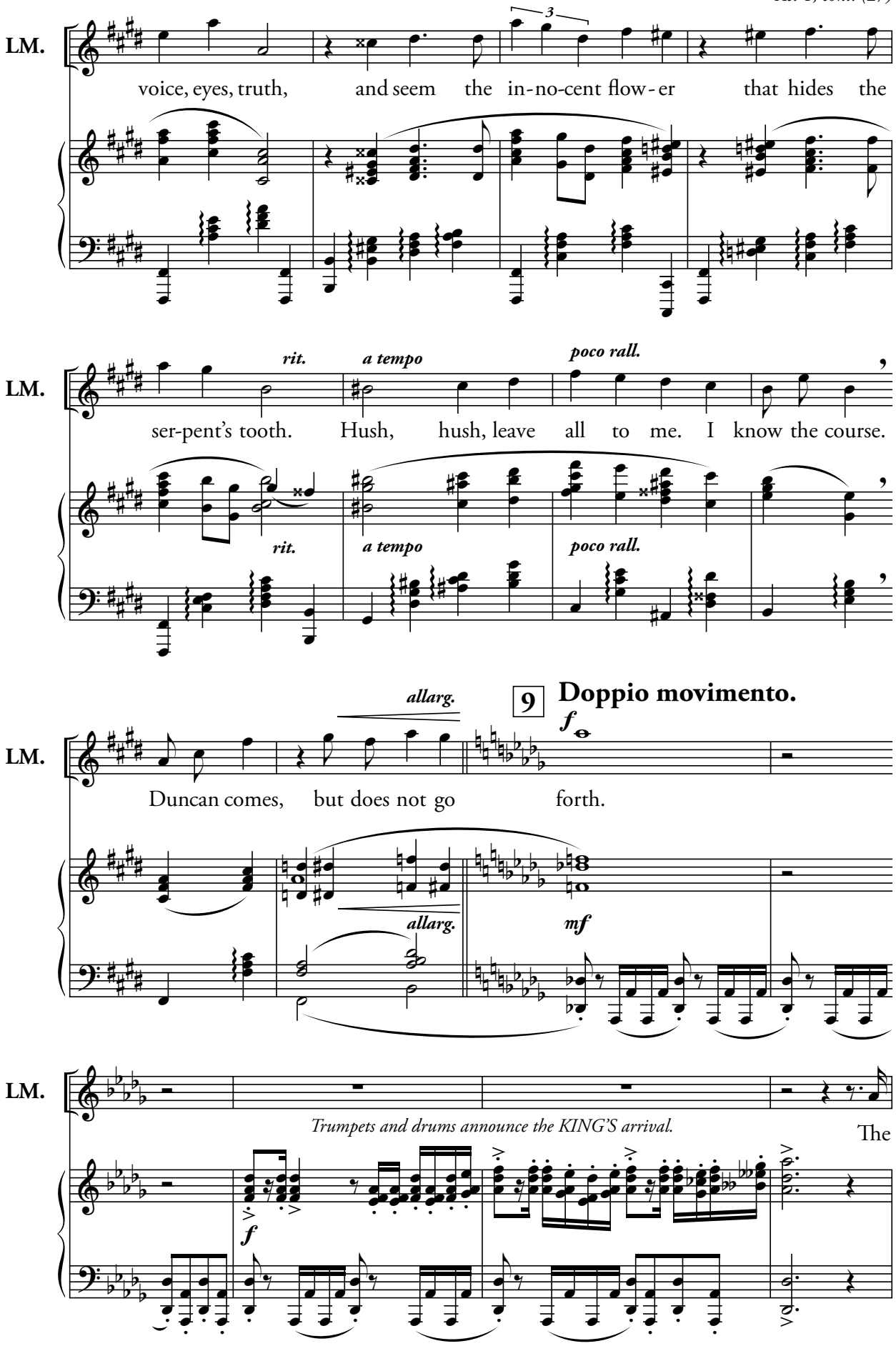

8
LM.
rit.
sleep un-der our pro - tec - tion?
f
rit.
Poco andante.
LM.
p
Come, oh ye vis - it - ing moon.
p
LM.
Come un - sex me here. A-vaunt, re-morse and com-pas - sion,
LM.
poco rit.
a tempo mf
squeeze tight your eyes and ears. Come, thick
poco rit.
a tempo


LM.
night and hide where dag - gers
LM.
fall. Make these, my
LM.
cresc.
3
f
del - i - cate hands, once trained to weave and
LM.
sew, make these, my


LM.
del - i - cate hands, man - ly e - nough to strike the
LM.
rit.
a tempo
p
bru - tish blow. Come, oh ye vis - it - ing moon.
rit.
a tempo
p
LM.
Pall thee in the smoke of hell, that I might not see the wound,
LM.
poco rit.
a tempo
nor heav - en spy through the dark. Let my wo - man's breast
poco rit.
a tempo


LM.
rall.
pour forth on-ly sick-ly gall. Heav-en's tears will not save him
rall.
LM.
rit.
a tempo
pp
once he treads with-in these walls.
mp
rit.
p
a tempo
3
MACBETH enters.
f
G.P.
MACBETH
mf
a piacere
My dear - est wife!
p
3
pp
cantabile


LADY MACBETH
mp
Worth-y Caw-dor, when
M.
mp
Dun - can comes to - night!
LM.
goes he hence?
f
rall.
Never, never shall his eyes see morn - ing sun!
M.
rall.
Tomorrow!
p
mf
rall.
LM.
a tempo
mf
Your face, my lord, is an o - pen led-ger; you must put a-way your
3
mf a tempo


LM.
voice, eyes, truth, and seem the in-no-cent flow-er that hides the
3
LM.
ser-pent's tooth. Hush, hush, leave all to me. I know the course.
rit.
a tempo
poco rall.
LM.
Duncan comes, but does not go forth.
allarg.
9
Doppio movimento.
f
mf
LM.
Trumpets and drums announce the KING'S arrival.
The
f

LM. ***a piacere*** king comes! I shall greet and feast his en - tour-age. Pur-pose your face and

She exits. ***rit.***

LM. steel your re-solve.

MACBETH ***rit.***

f ***rit.***

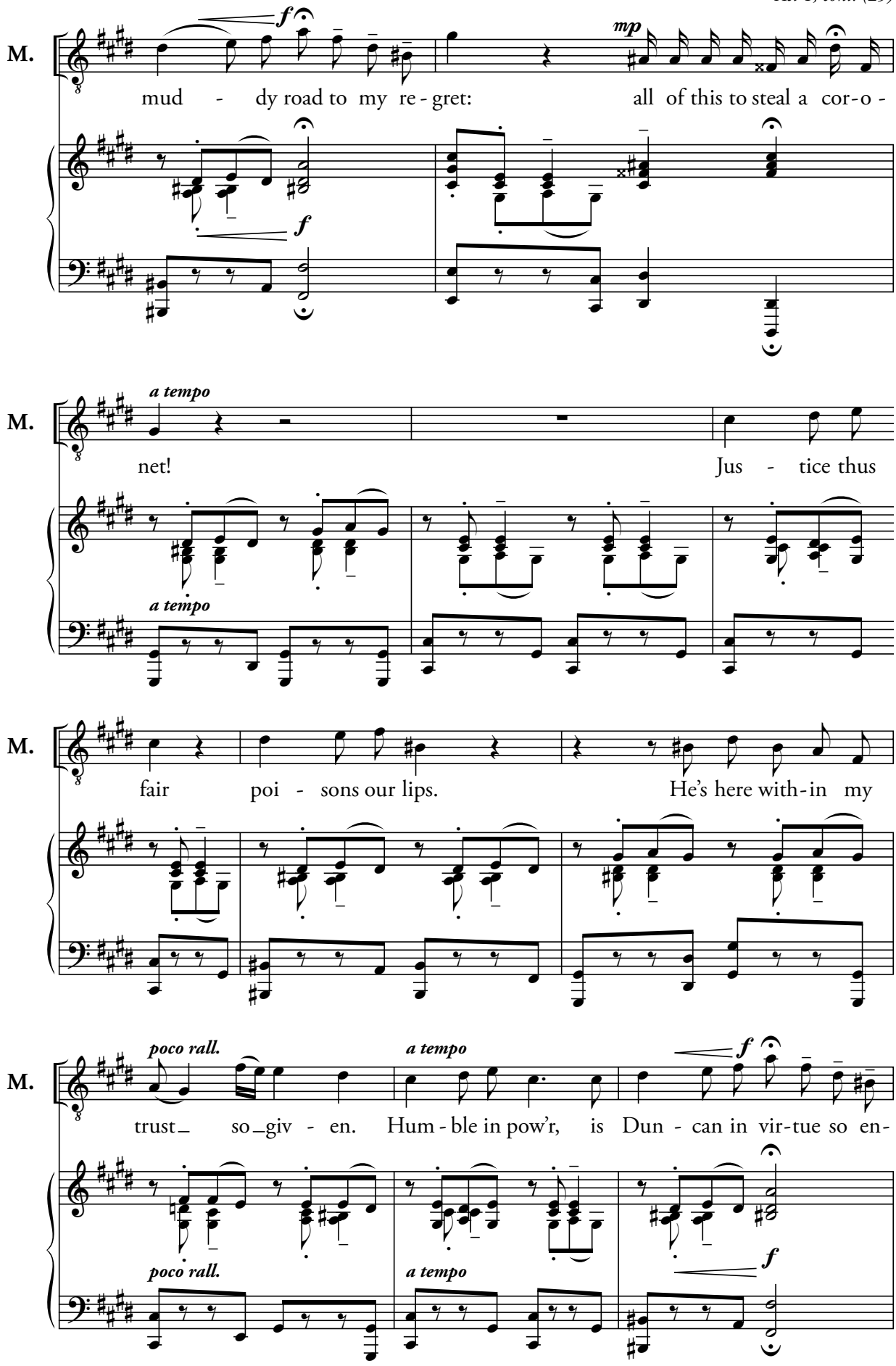
M. ***mp*** If it were done, when it were done,

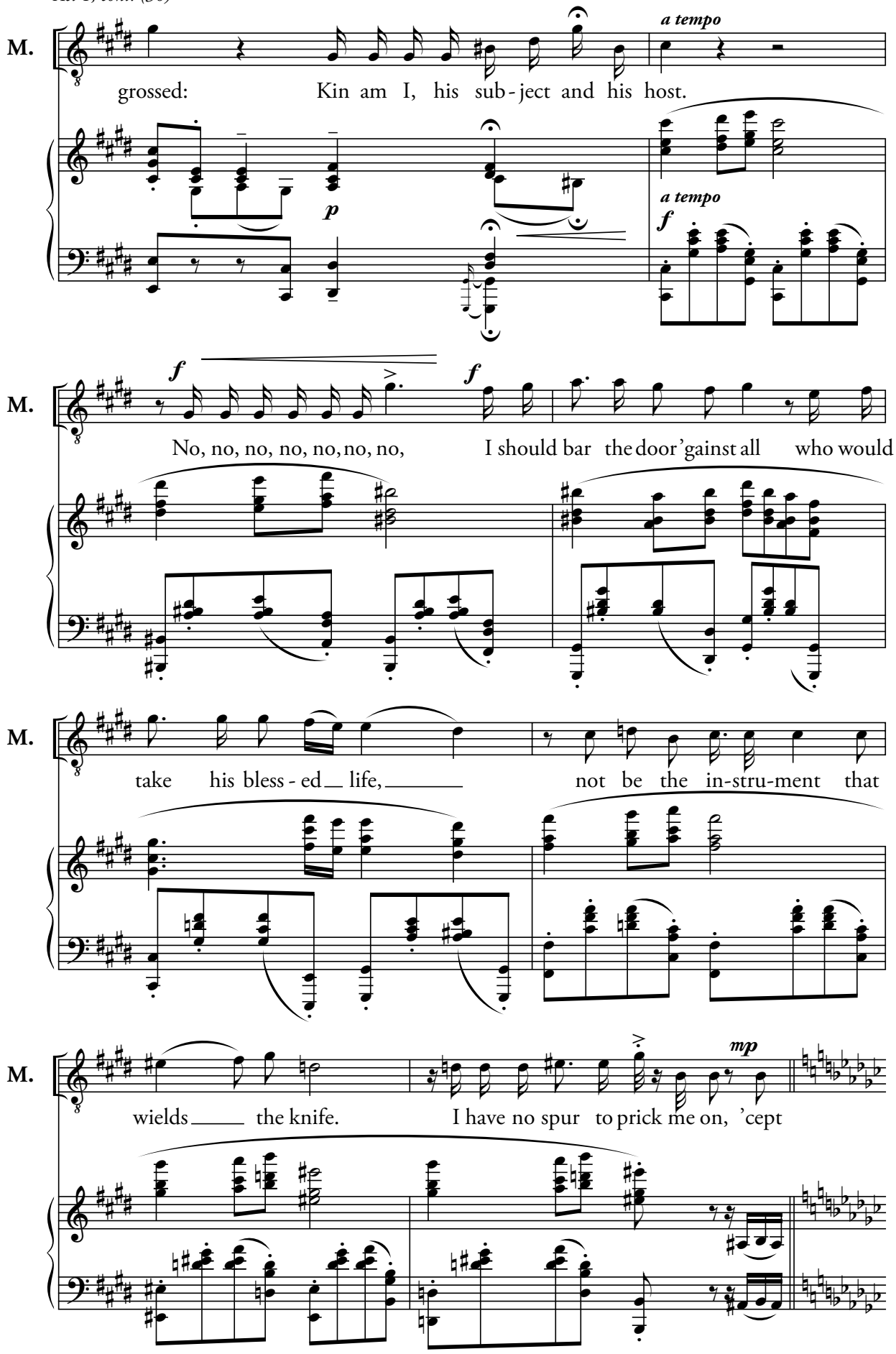
p

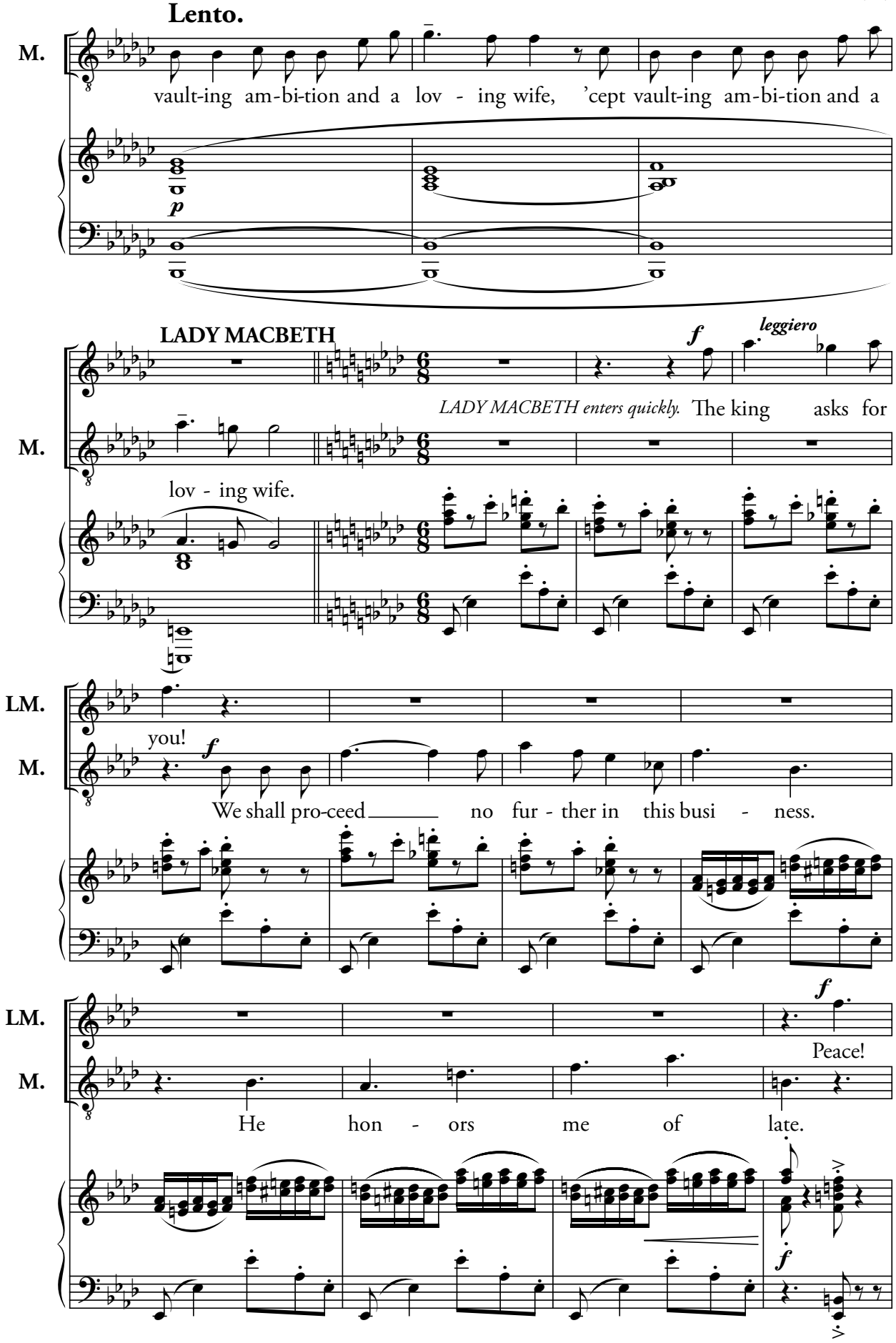
poco rall. ***a tempo***

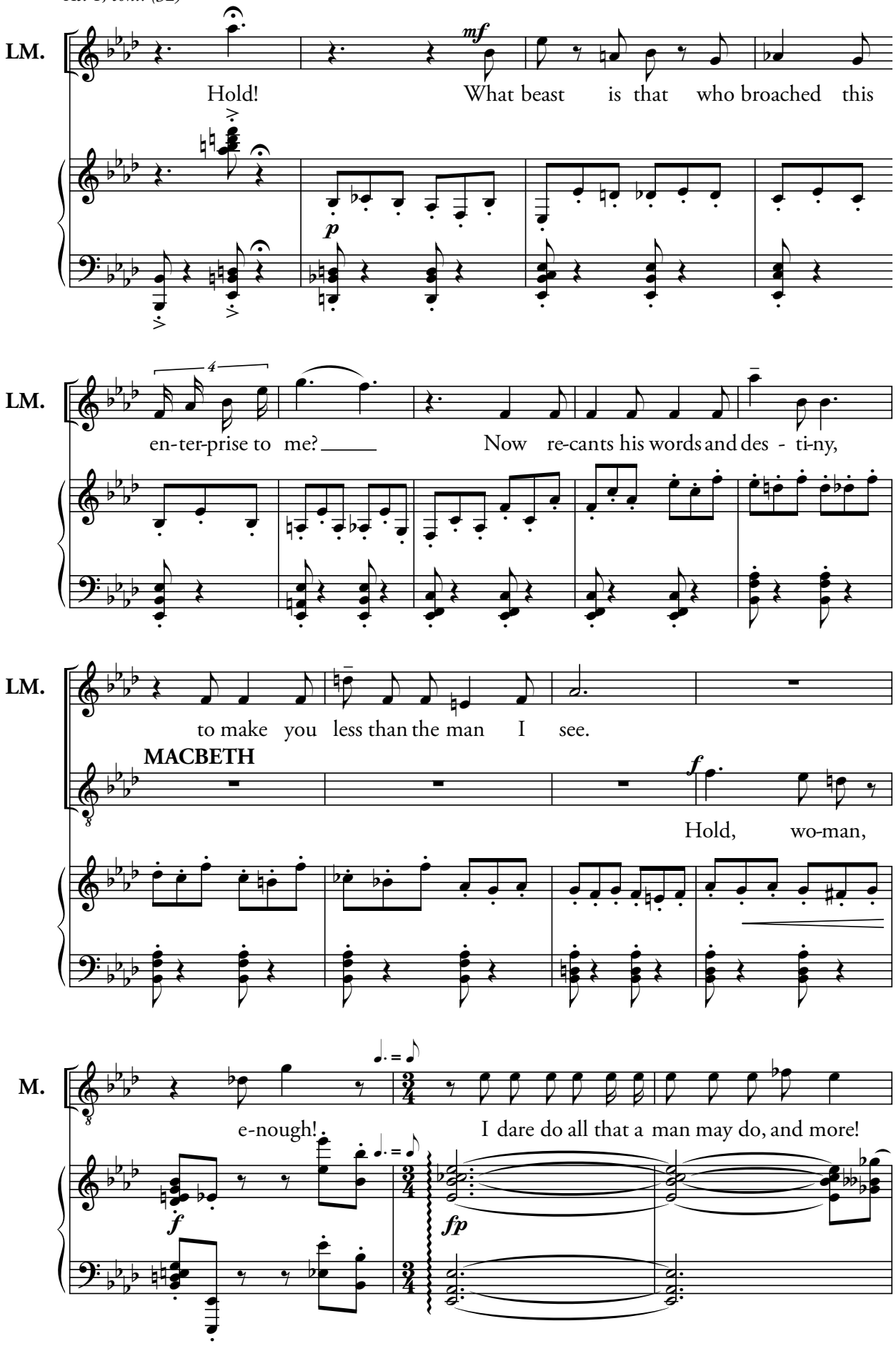
M. that this would be the be-all and-end - all, not plunge me down a

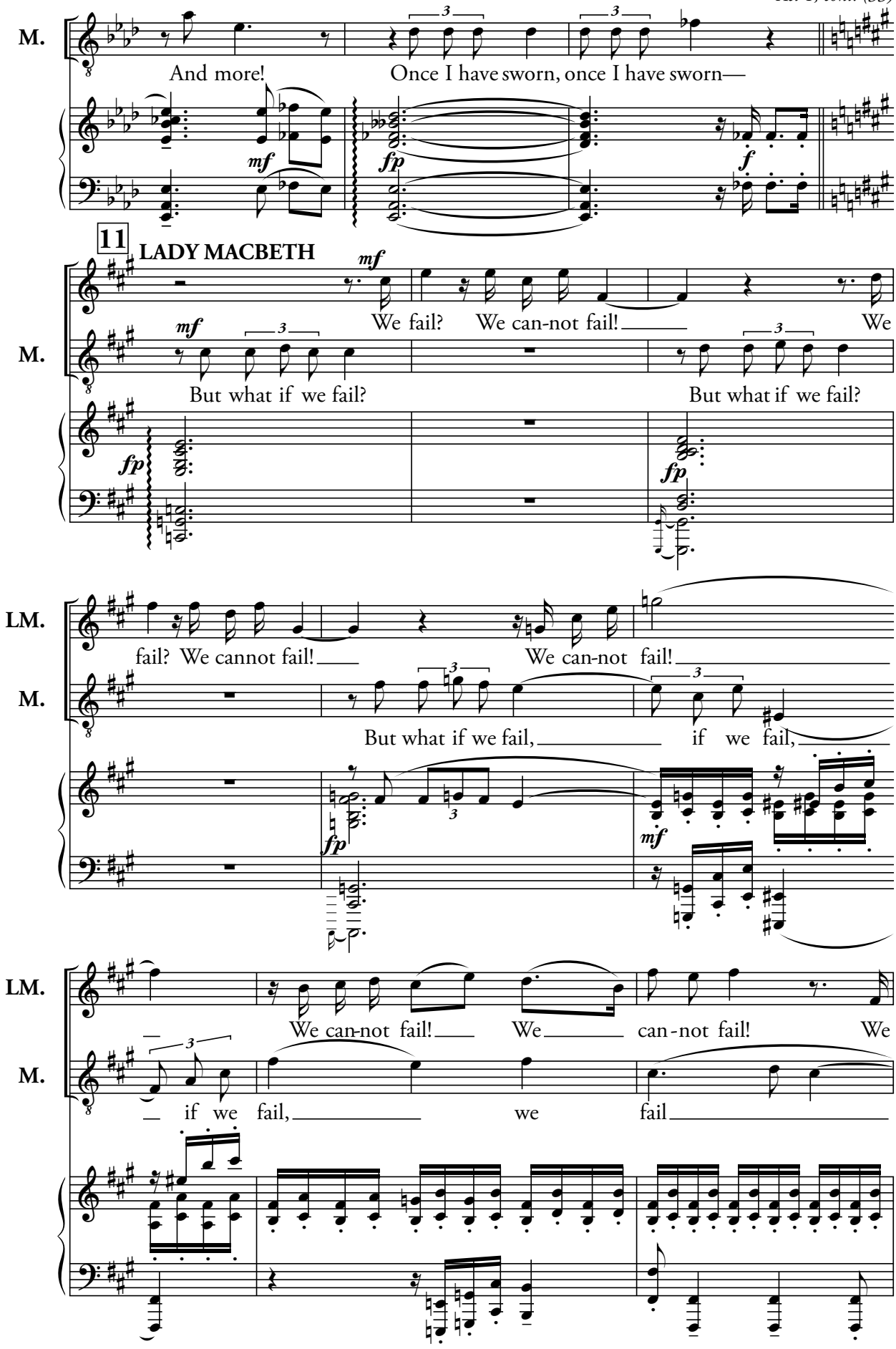
poco rall. ***a tempo***

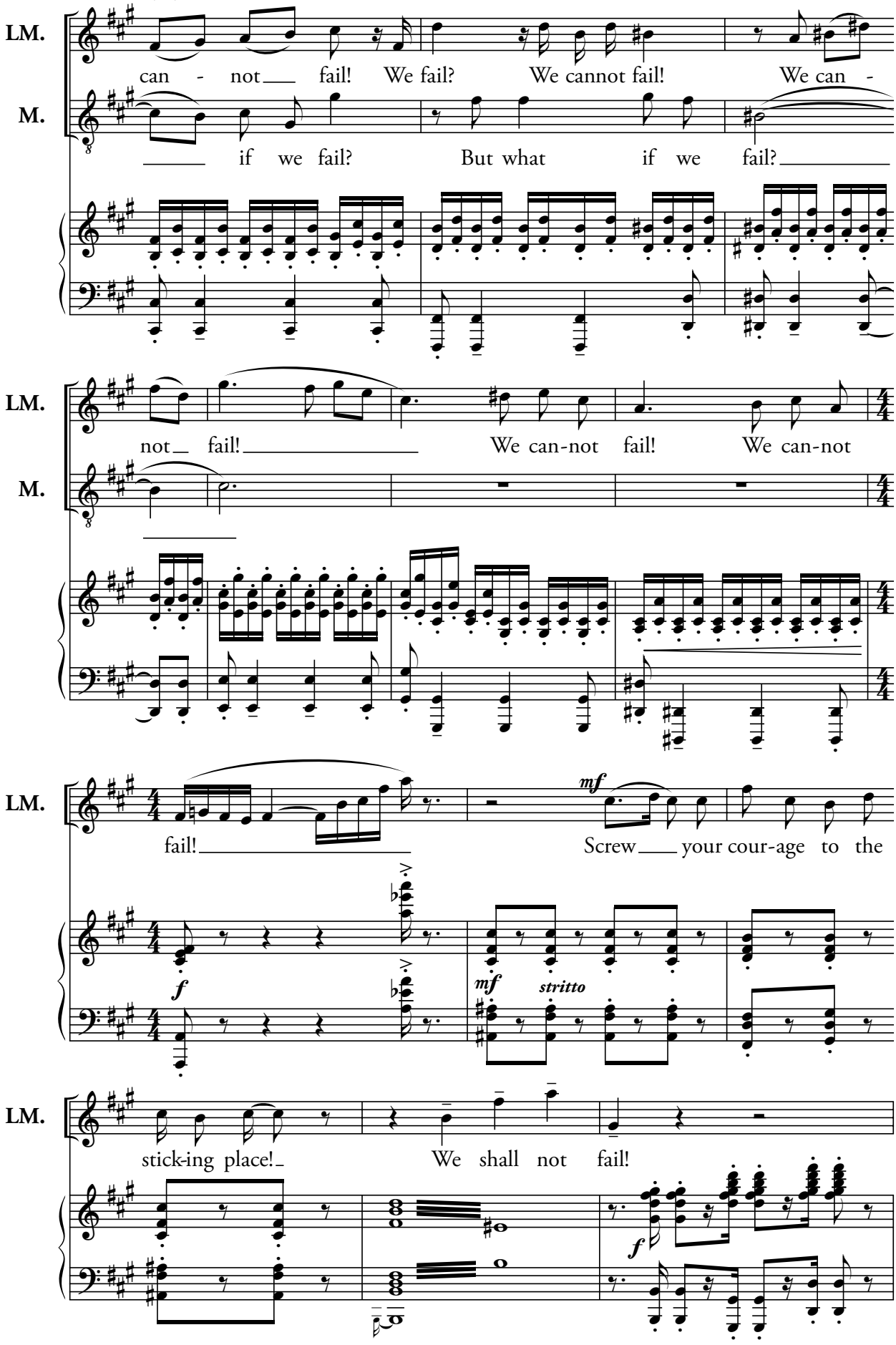

M.
f
mp
mud - dy road to my re - gret: all of this to steal a cor - o -
f
M.
a tempo
net! Jus - tice thus
a tempo
M.
fair poi - sons our lips. He's here with - in my
M.
poco rall.
a tempo
f
trust so_giv - en. Hum - ble in pow'r, is Dun - can in vir - tue so en -
poco rall.
a tempo
f

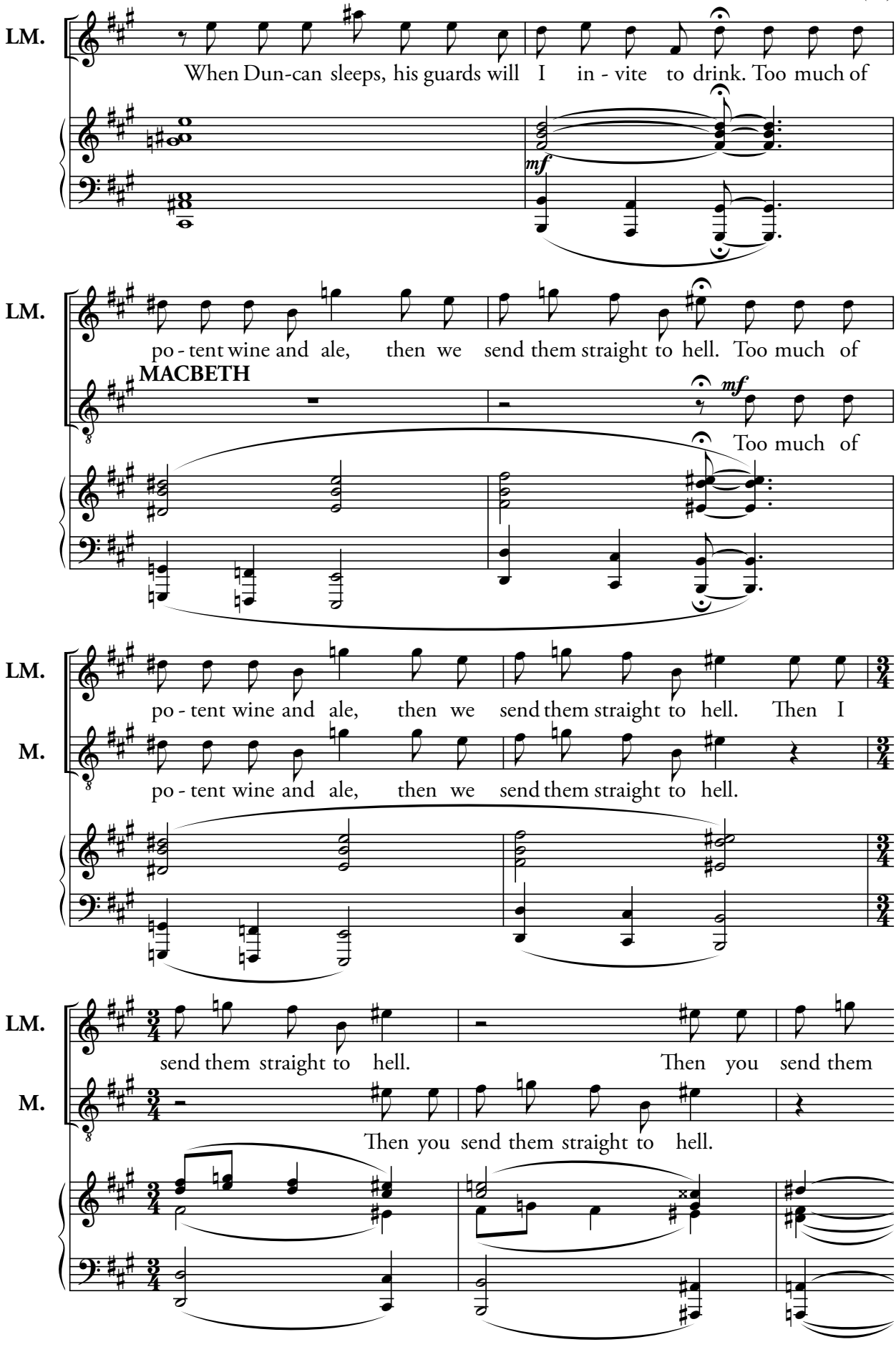

M.
a tempo
grossed: Kin am I, his sub - ject and his host.
p
a tempo
f
M.
f
f
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, I should bar the door 'gainst all who would
M.
take his bless - ed life, not be the in-stru-ment that
M.
mp
wields the knife. I have no spur to prick me on, 'cept

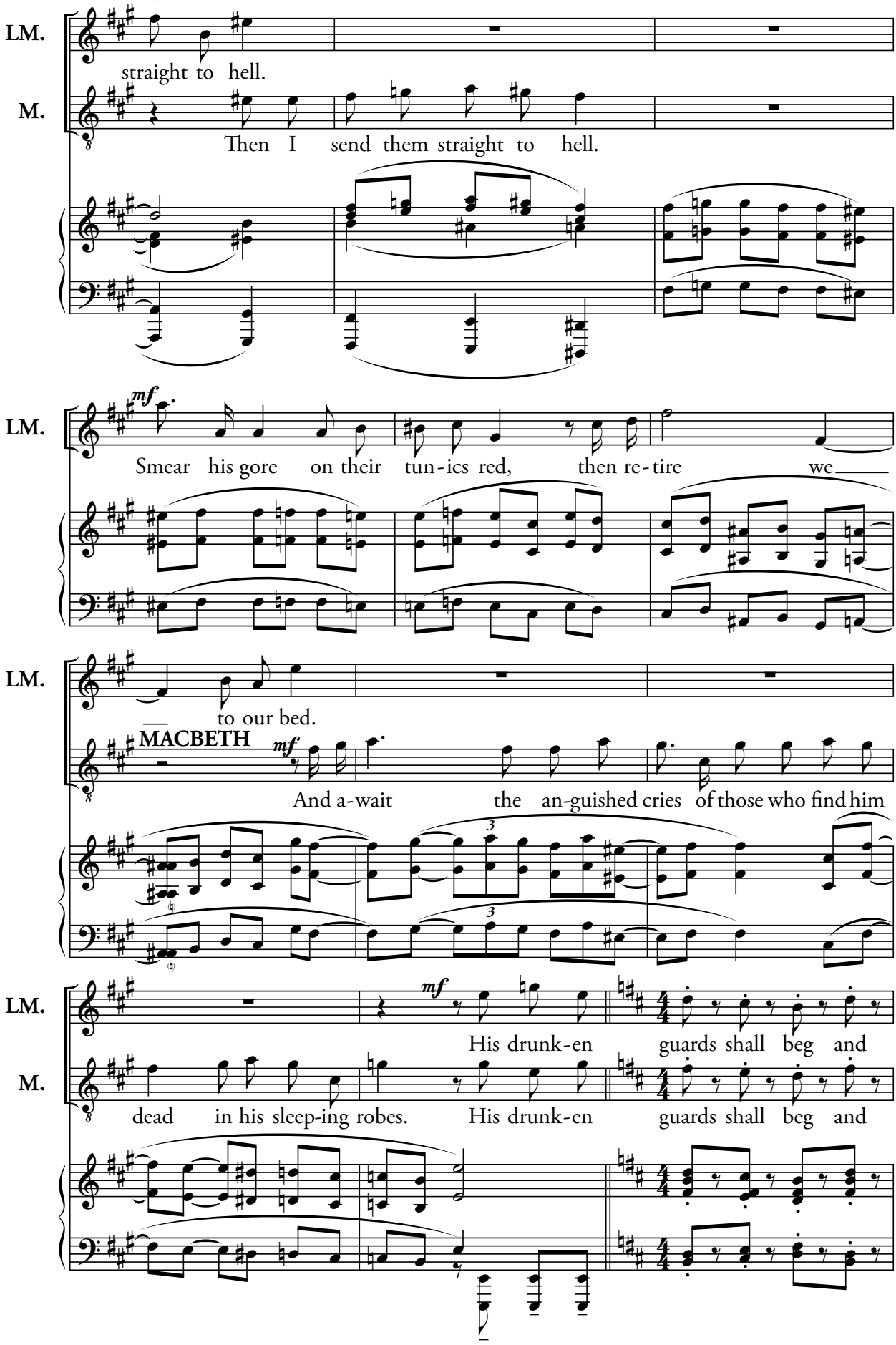

Lento.
M.
vault-ing am-bi-tion and a lov - ing wife, 'cept vault-ing am-bi-tion and a
p
LADY MACBETH
f
leggiero
LADY MACBETH enters quickly. The king asks for
M.
lov - ing wife.
LM.
M.
you!
f
We shall pro-ceed no fur - ther in this busi - ness.
LM.
M.
f
Peace!
He hon - ors me of late.
f

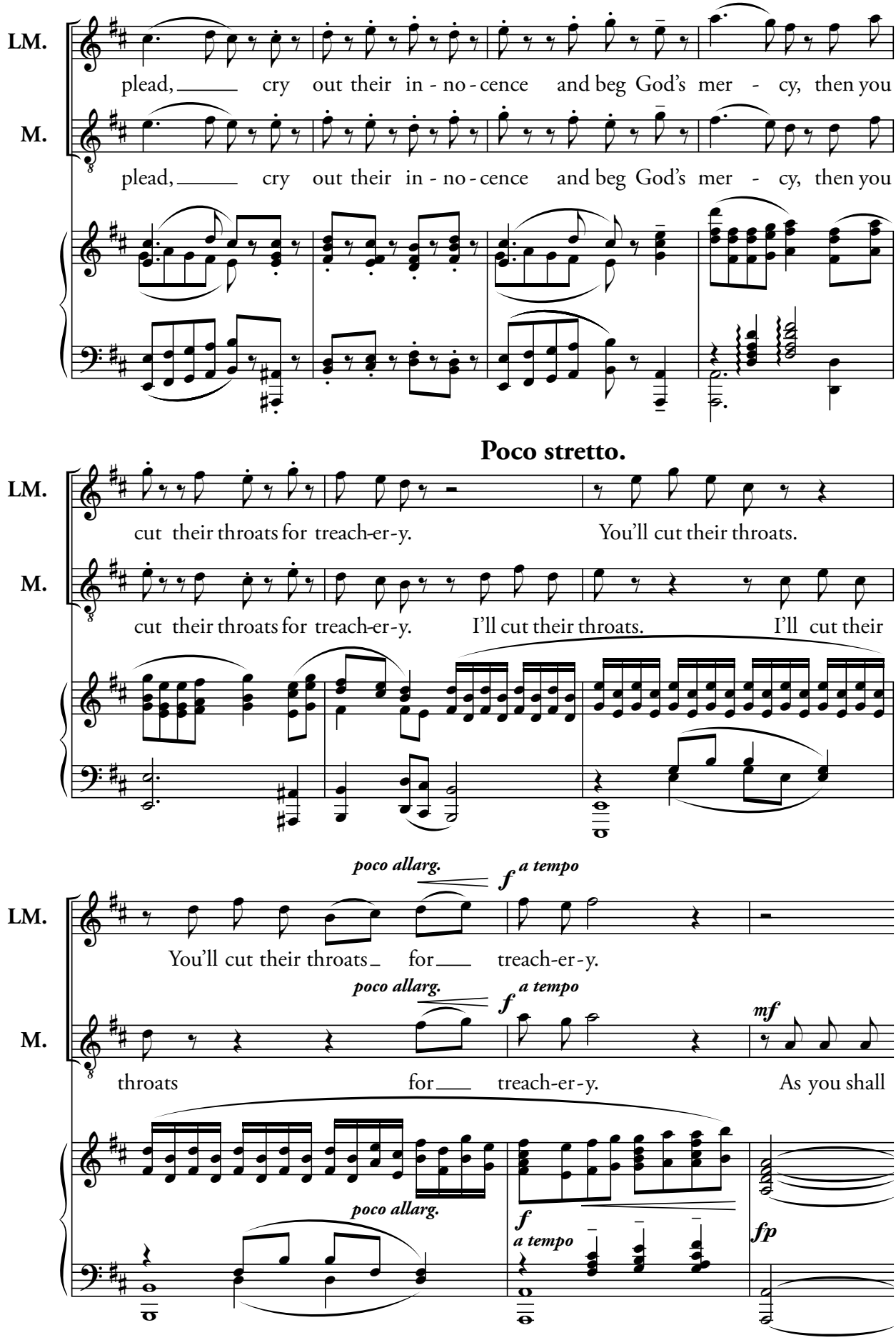

LM.
Hold!
What beast is that who broached this
mf
p
LM.
en-ter-prise to me?
Now re-cants his words and des - ti-ny,
LM.
to make you less than the man I see.
MACBETH
Hold, wo-man,
f
M.
e-nough!
I dare do all that a man may do, and more!
f
fp

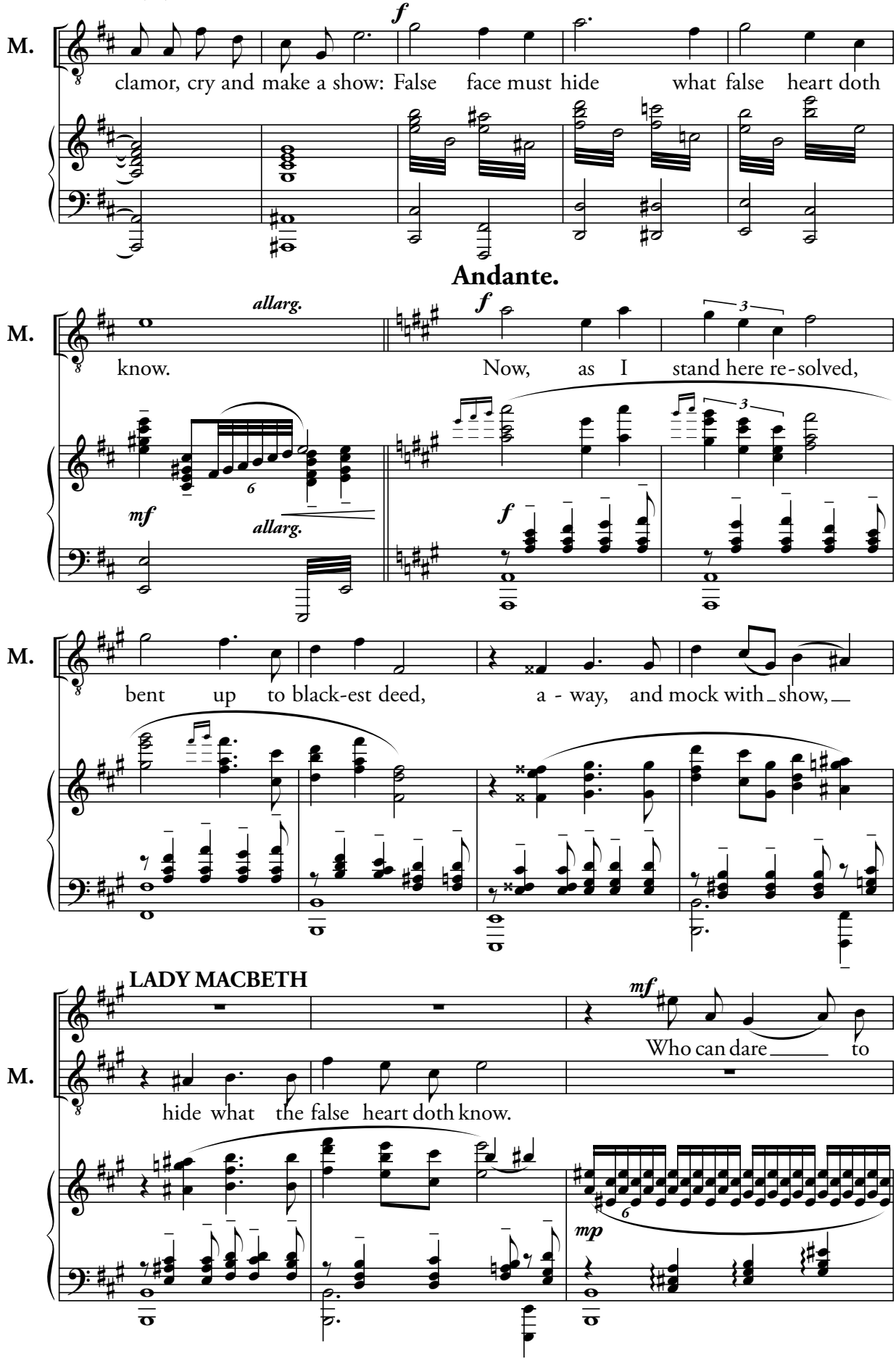

M.
And more!
Once I have sworn, once I have sworn—
mf
fp
f
11
LADY MACBETH
mf
We fail? We can-not fail!
We
But what if we fail?
But what if we fail?
fp
fp
LM.
M.
fail? We cannot fail!
We can-not fail!
But what if we fail,
if we fail,
fp
mf
LM.
M.
We can-not fail!
We
can-not fail!
We
if we fail,
we
fail

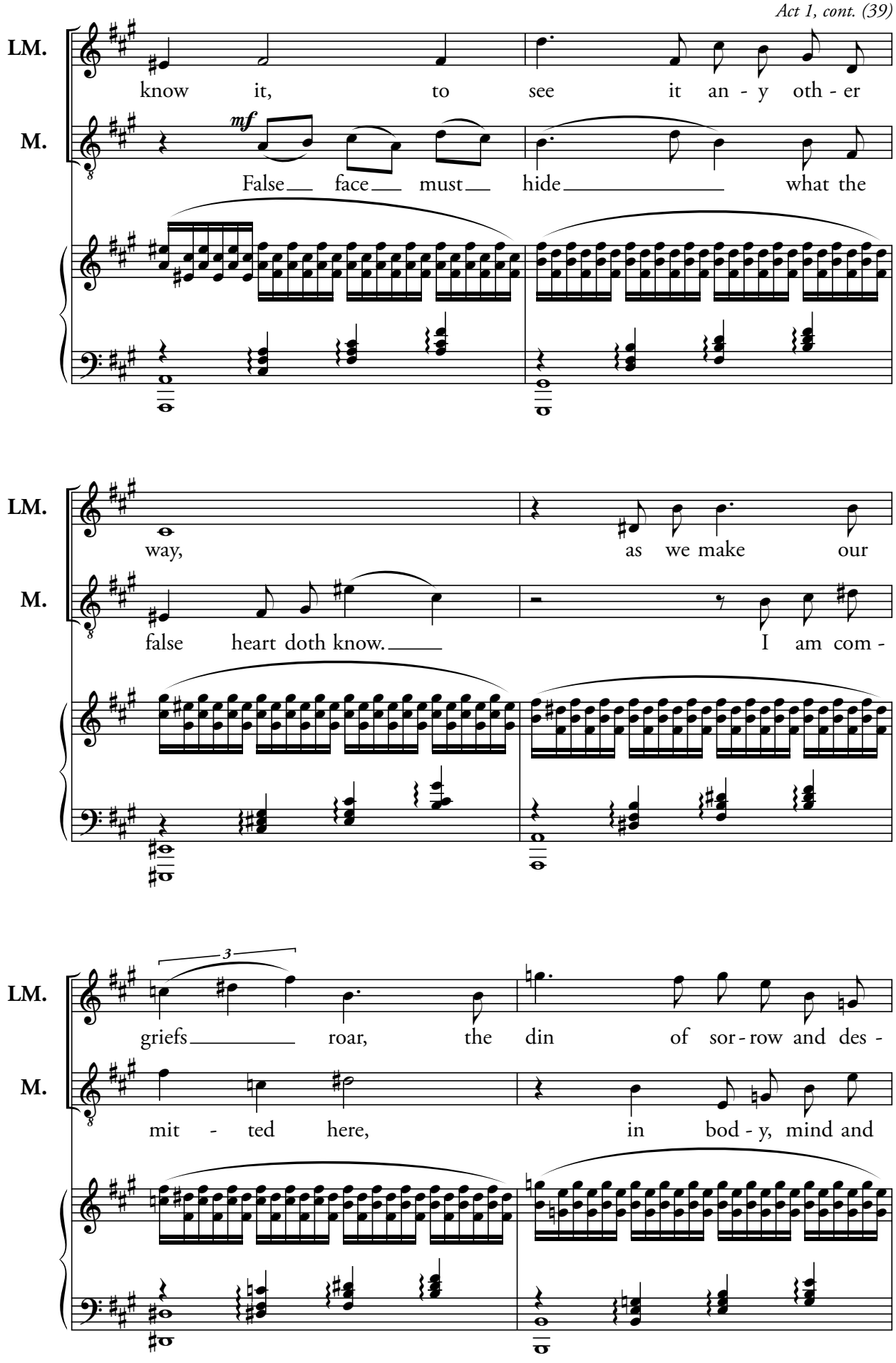

LM.
M.
can - not fail! We fail? We cannot fail! We can -
if we fail? But what if we fail?
not fail! We can-not fail! We can-not
fail!
Screw your cour-age to the
stick-ing place!
We shall not fail!
mf
f
mf
stritto
f

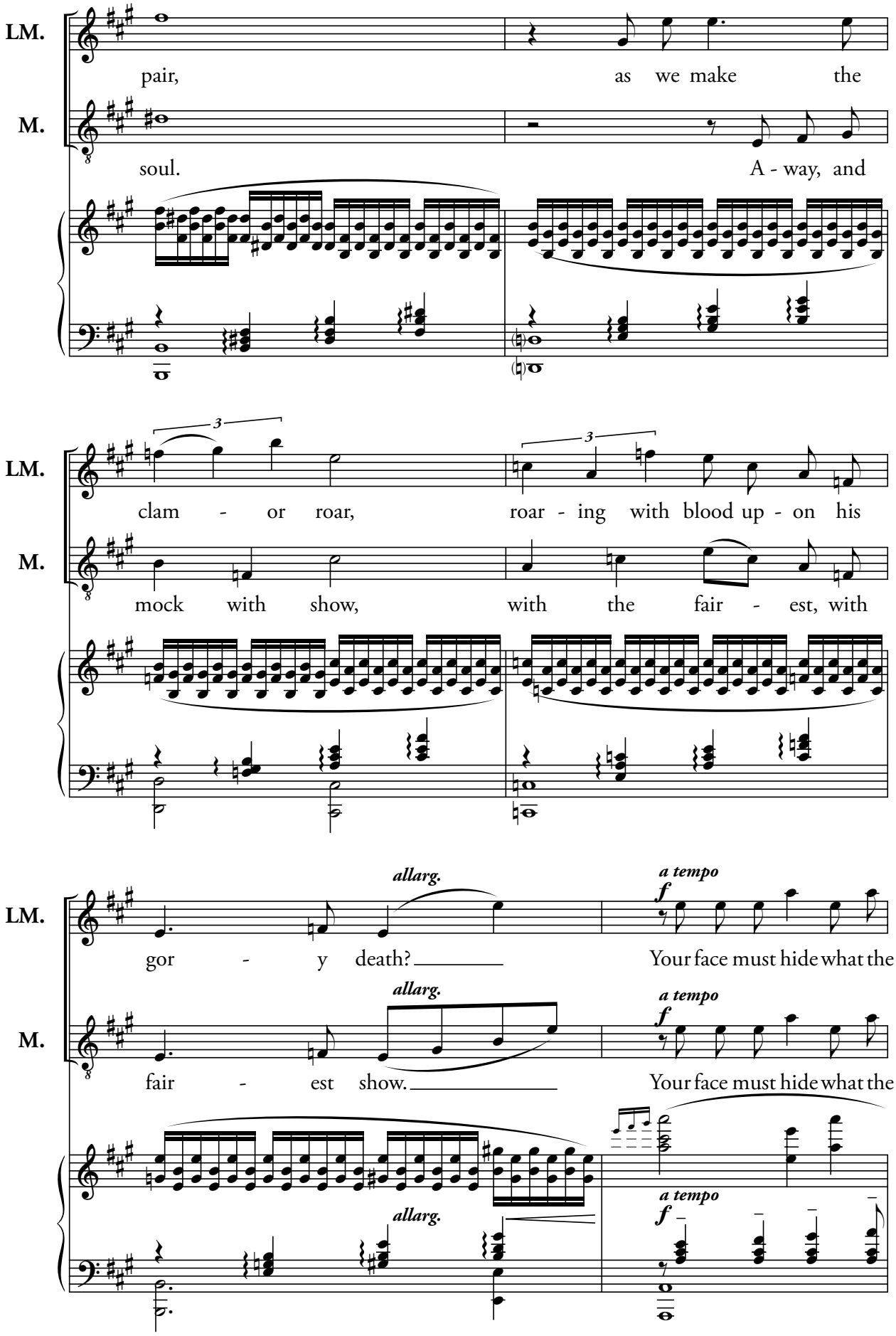

LM.
When Dun-can sleeps, his guards will I in - vite to drink. Too much of
mf
LM.
po - tent wine and ale, then we send them straight to hell. Too much of
MACBETH
mf
Too much of
LM.
po - tent wine and ale, then we send them straight to hell. Then I
M.
po - tent wine and ale, then we send them straight to hell.
LM.
send them straight to hell. Then you send them
M.
Then you send them straight to hell.

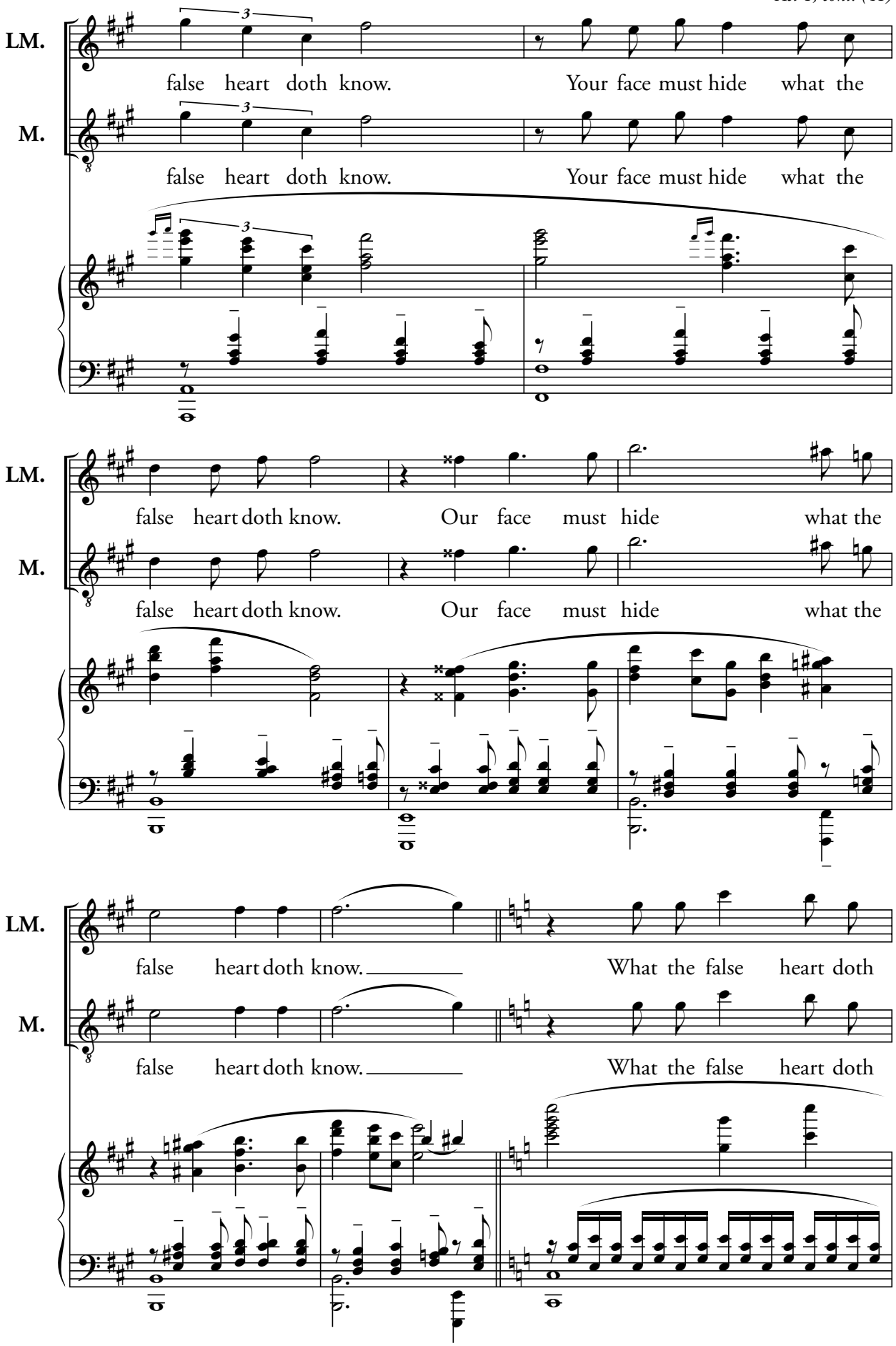

LM.
straight to hell.
M.
Then I send them straight to hell.
LM.
mf
Smear his gore on their tun-ics red, then re-tire we
LM.
to our bed.
MACBETH
mf
And a-wait the an-guished cries of those who find him
LM.
mf
His drunk-en guards shall beg and
M.
dead in his sleep-ing robes. His drunk-en guards shall beg and

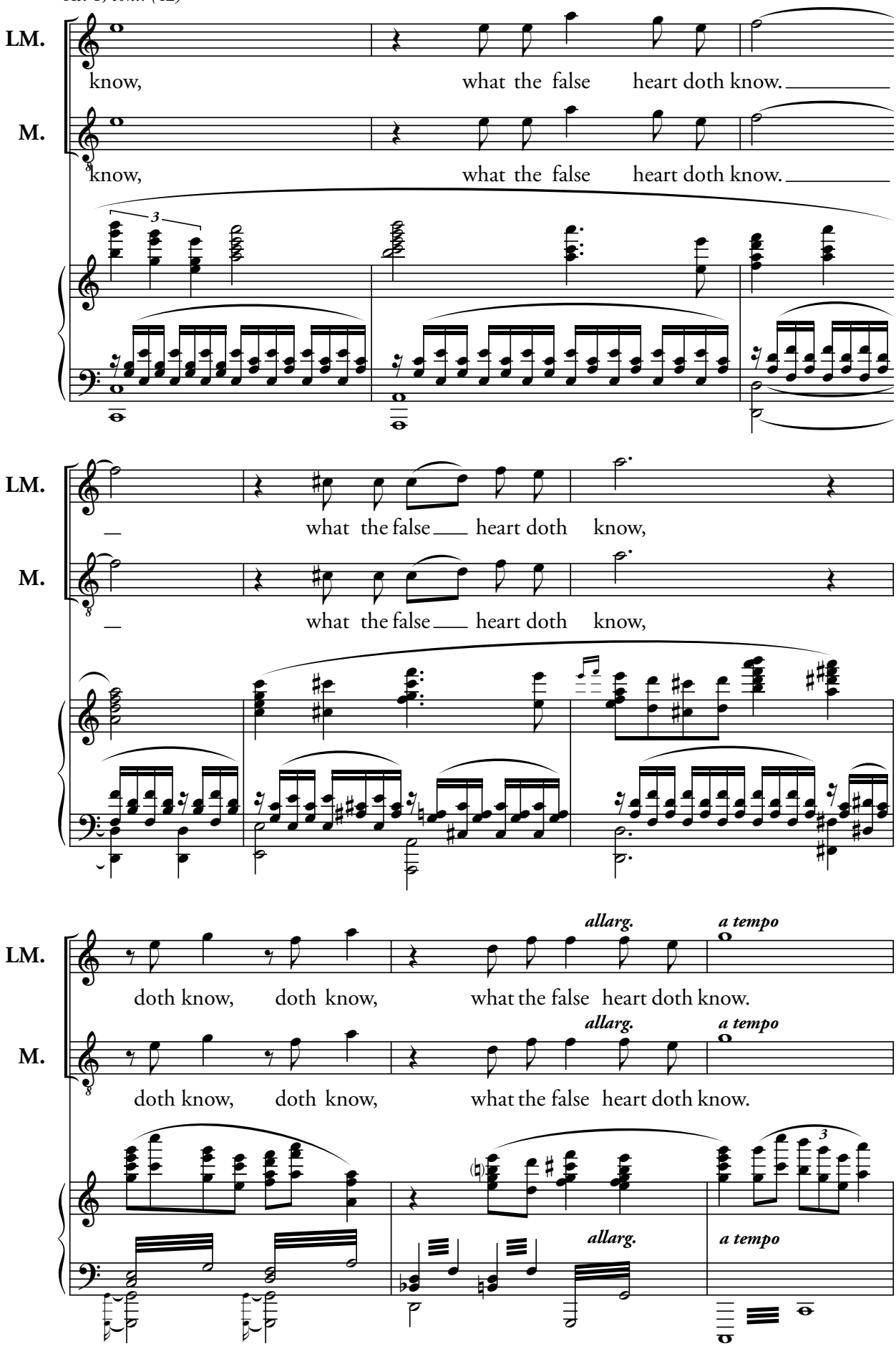

LM.
plead, cry out their in - no - cence and beg God's mer - cy, then you
M.
plead, cry out their in - no - cence and beg God's mer - cy, then you
Poco stretto.
LM.
cut their throats for treach-er-y. You'll cut their throats.
M.
cut their throats for treach-er-y. I'll cut their throats. I'll cut their
poco allarg.
f
a tempo
LM.
You'll cut their throats for treach-er-y.
poco allarg.
f
a tempo
mf
M.
throats for treach-er-y. As you shall
poco allarg.
f
a tempo
fp


M.
clamor, cry and make a show: False face must hide what false heart doth
Andante.
allarg.
know.
Now, as I stand here re-solved,
bent up to black-est deed, a - way, and mock with show,
LADY MACBETH
Who can dare to
hide what the false heart doth know.


LM.
know it, to see it an - y oth - er
M.
mf
False face must hide what the
LM.
way, as we make our
M.
false heart doth know. I am com -
LM.
griefs roar, the din of sor - row and des -
M.
mit - ted here, in bod - y, mind and


LM.
pair, as we make the
M.
soul. A - way, and
LM.
clam - or roar, roar - ing with blood up - on his
M.
mock with show, with the fair - est, with
LM.
allarg.
gor - y death?
a tempo
f
Your face must hide what the
M.
allarg.
fair - est show.
a tempo
f
Your face must hide what the
allarg.
a tempo
f


LM.
M.
false heart doth know. Your face must hide what the
false heart doth know. Your face must hide what the
LM.
M.
false heart doth know. Our face must hide what the
false heart doth know. Our face must hide what the
LM.
M.
false heart doth know. What the false heart doth
false heart doth know. What the false heart doth


LM.
know, what the false heart doth know.
M.
know, what the false heart doth know.
3
LM.
what the false heart doth know,
M.
what the false heart doth know,
LM.
allarg.
a tempo
doth know, doth know, what the false heart doth know.
M.
allarg.
a tempo
doth know, doth know, what the false heart doth know.
3
allarg.
a tempo

The Great Hall, bells tolling 4:00am. FLEANCE sits on the stairs, with a lantern. The stairs lead to the King's chambers above.

13 Misterioso.

dim. *rit.* *p*

FLEANCE *mp*

The night's not done, I await the bell.

BANQUO *mp*

Time for your nightly du-ty to be done, my son.

fp *fp* *mf*

MACBETH *poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*

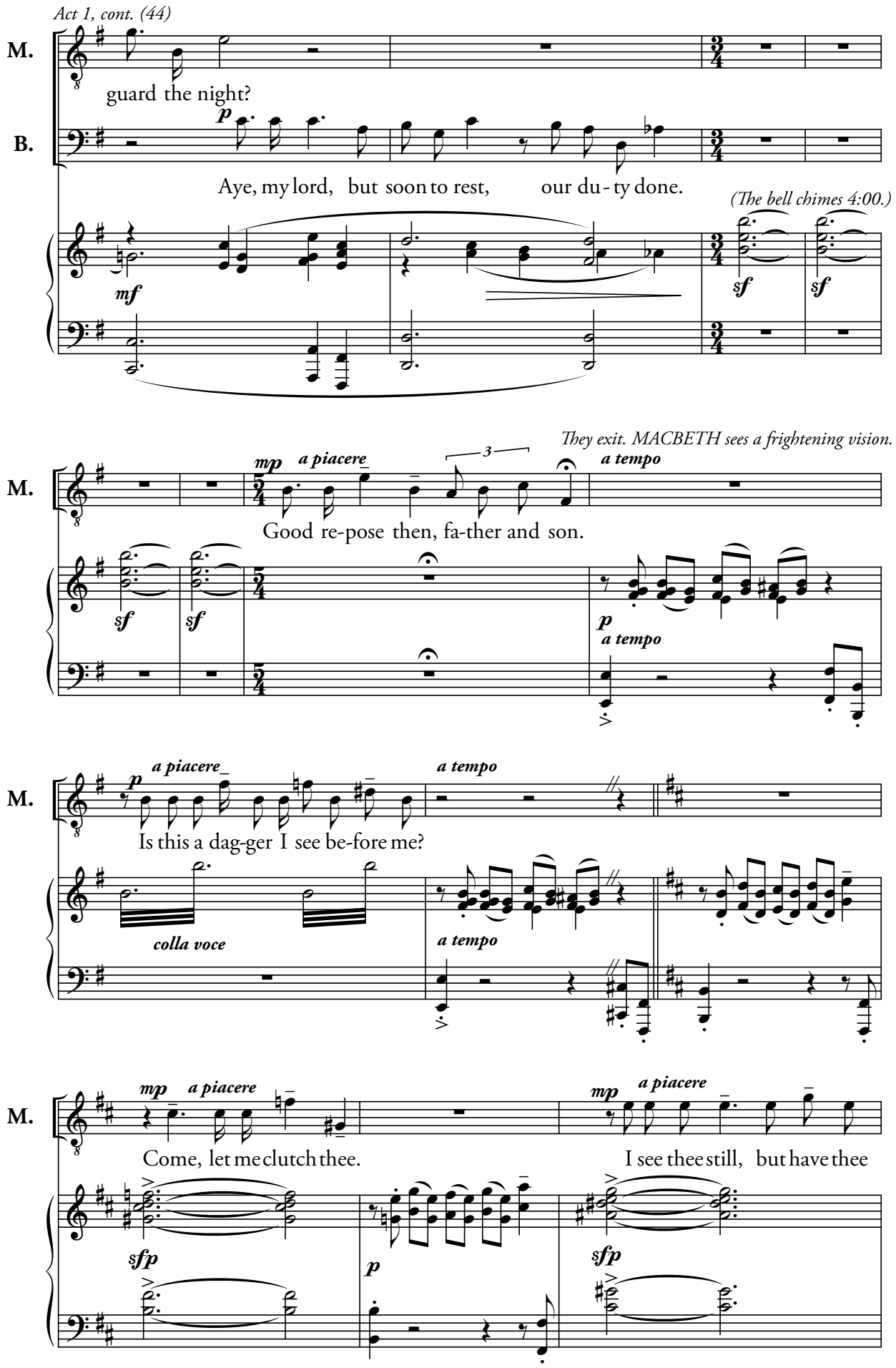
Banquo, Fleance, still

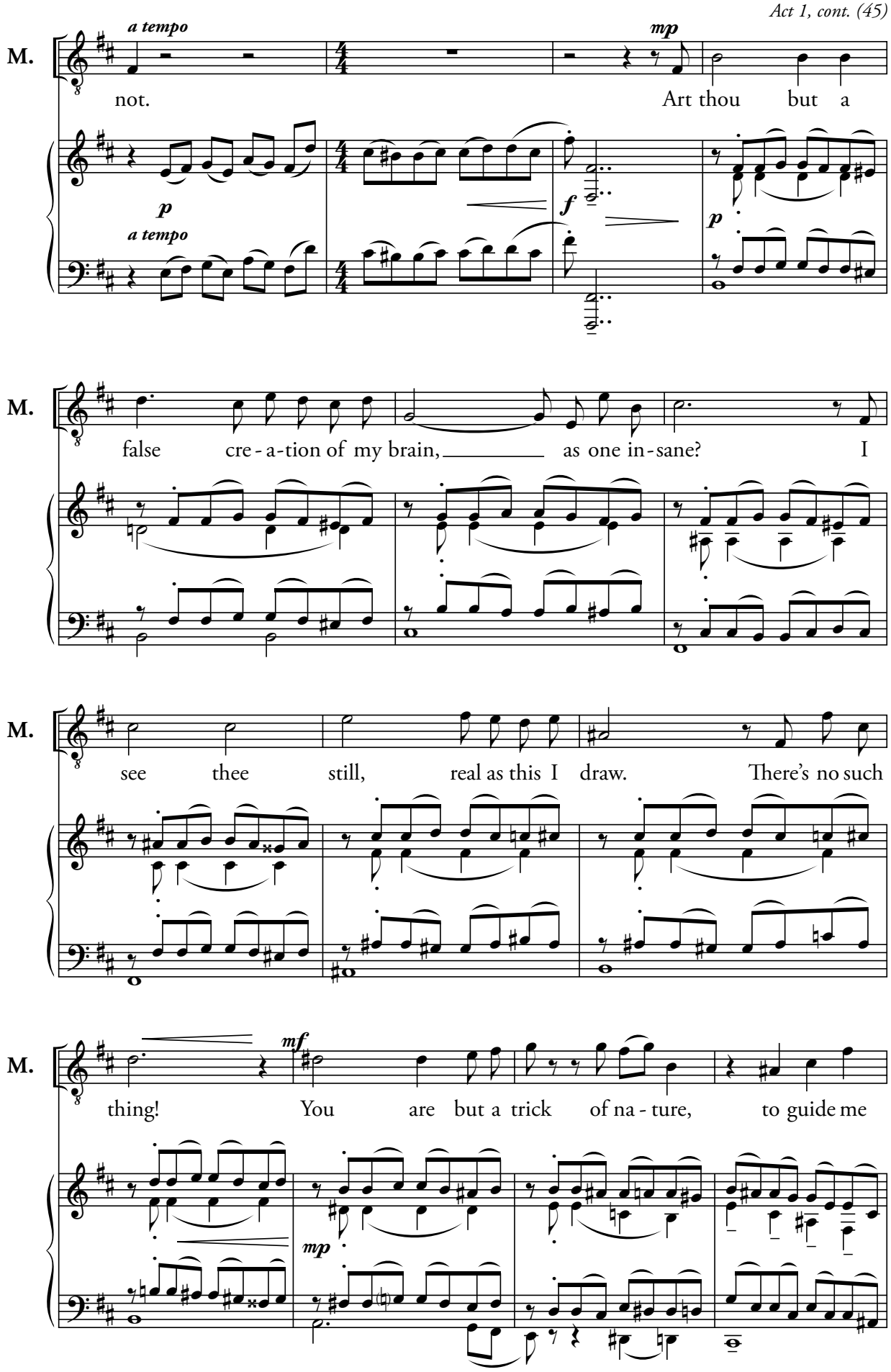
Fle. *poco rit.* *a tempo*

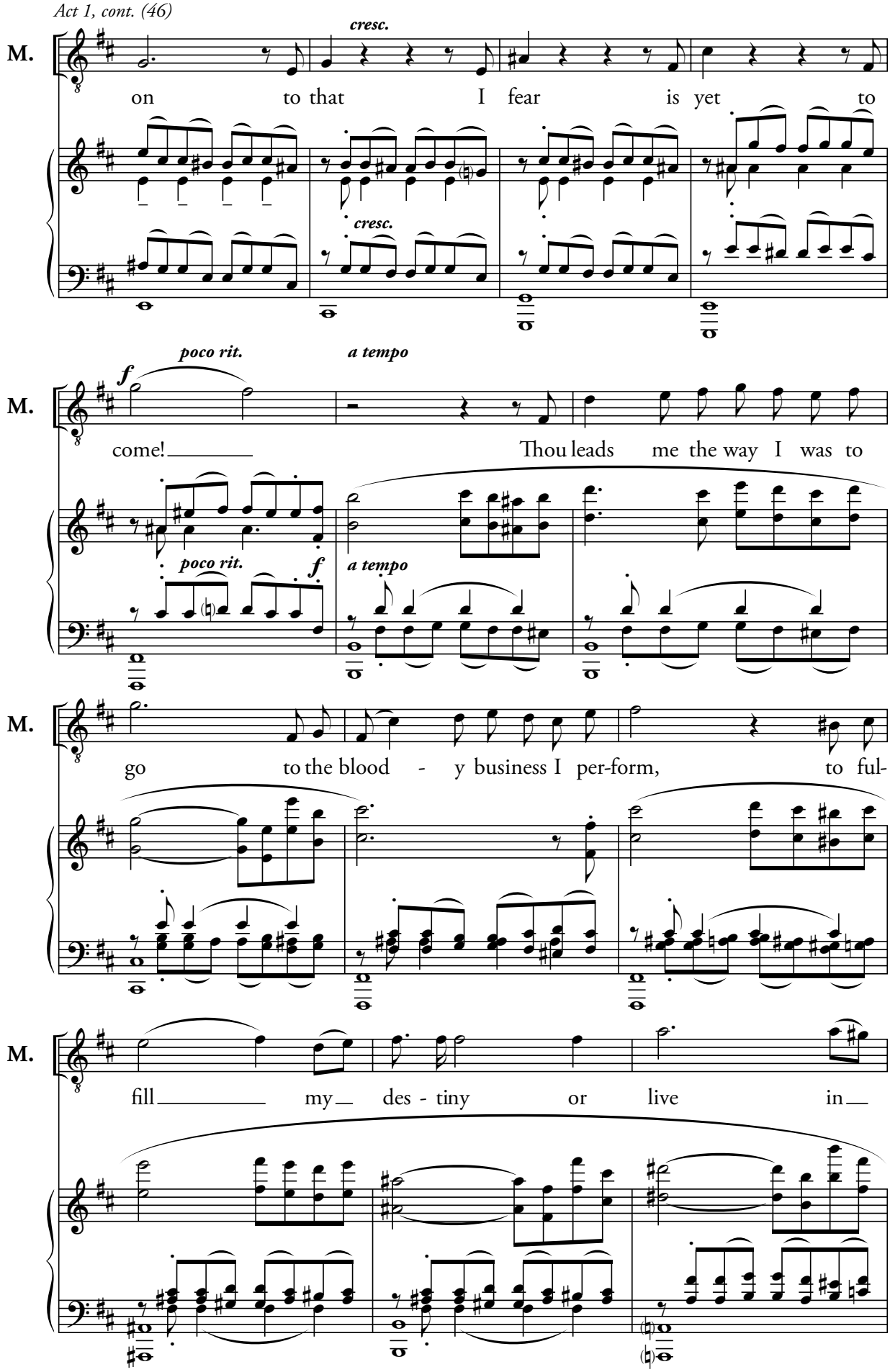
'Twas an un-rul-y night but the King sleeps well.

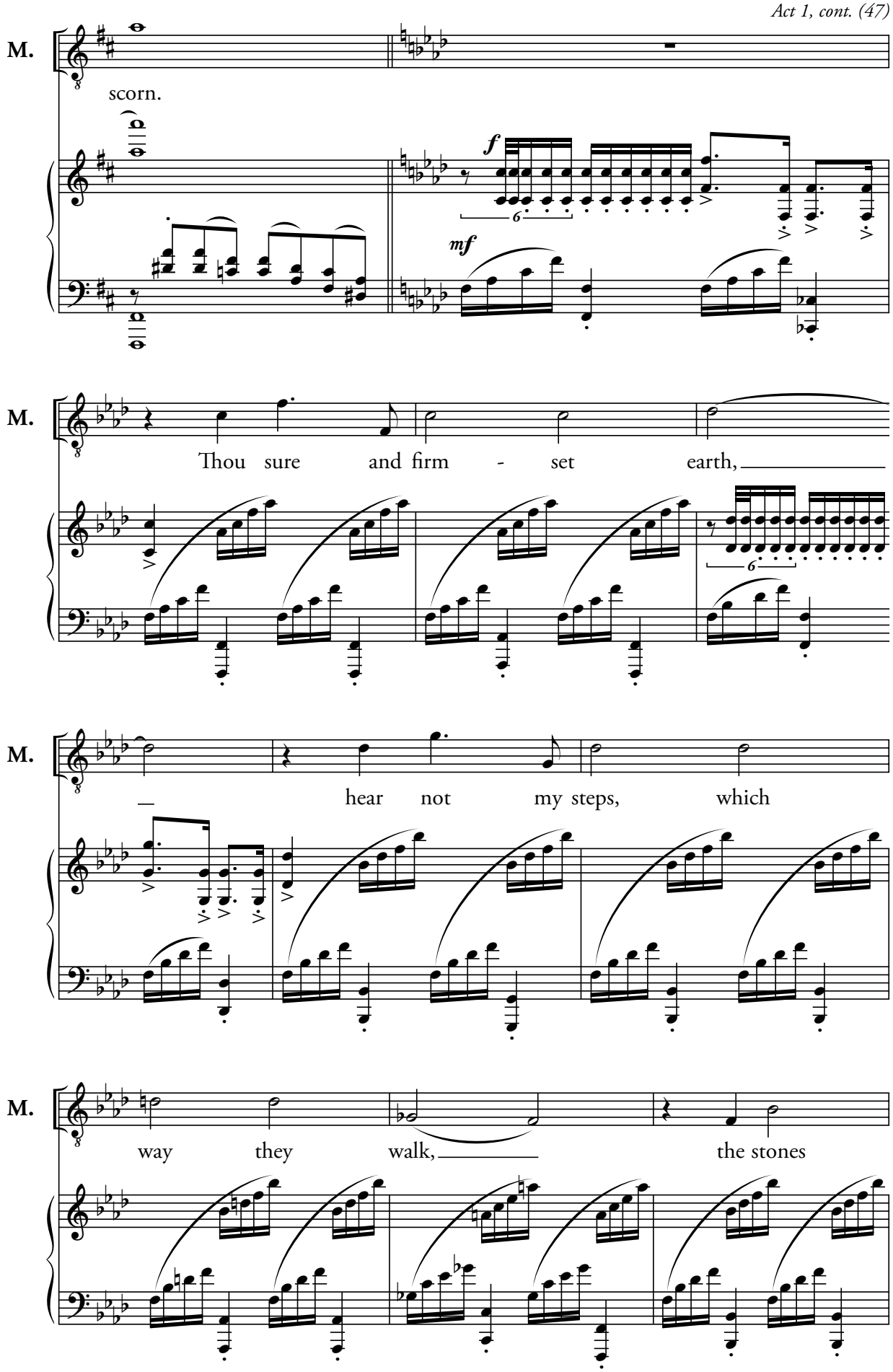
B. *poco rit.* *a tempo*

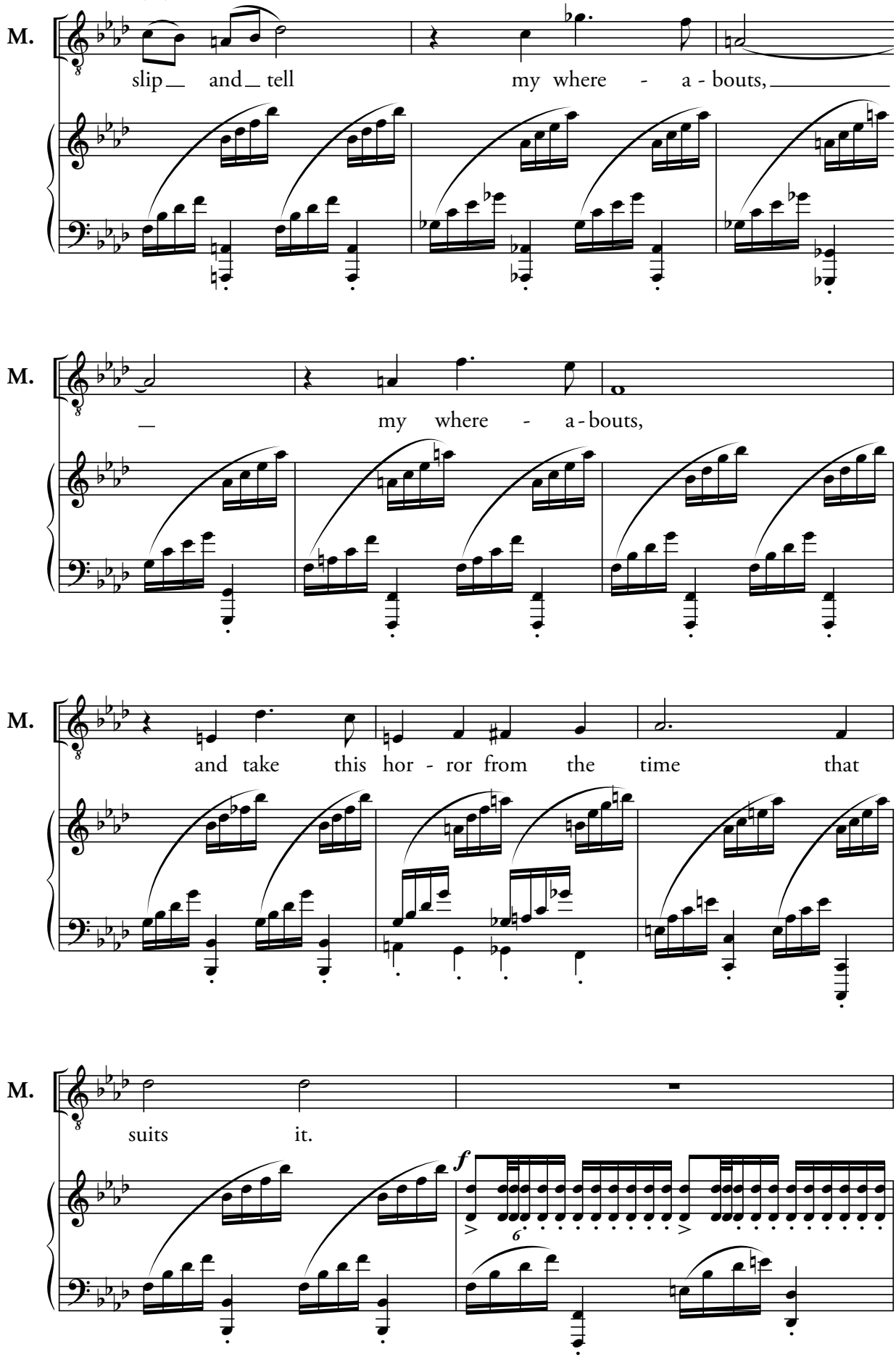
fp *fp* *p* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

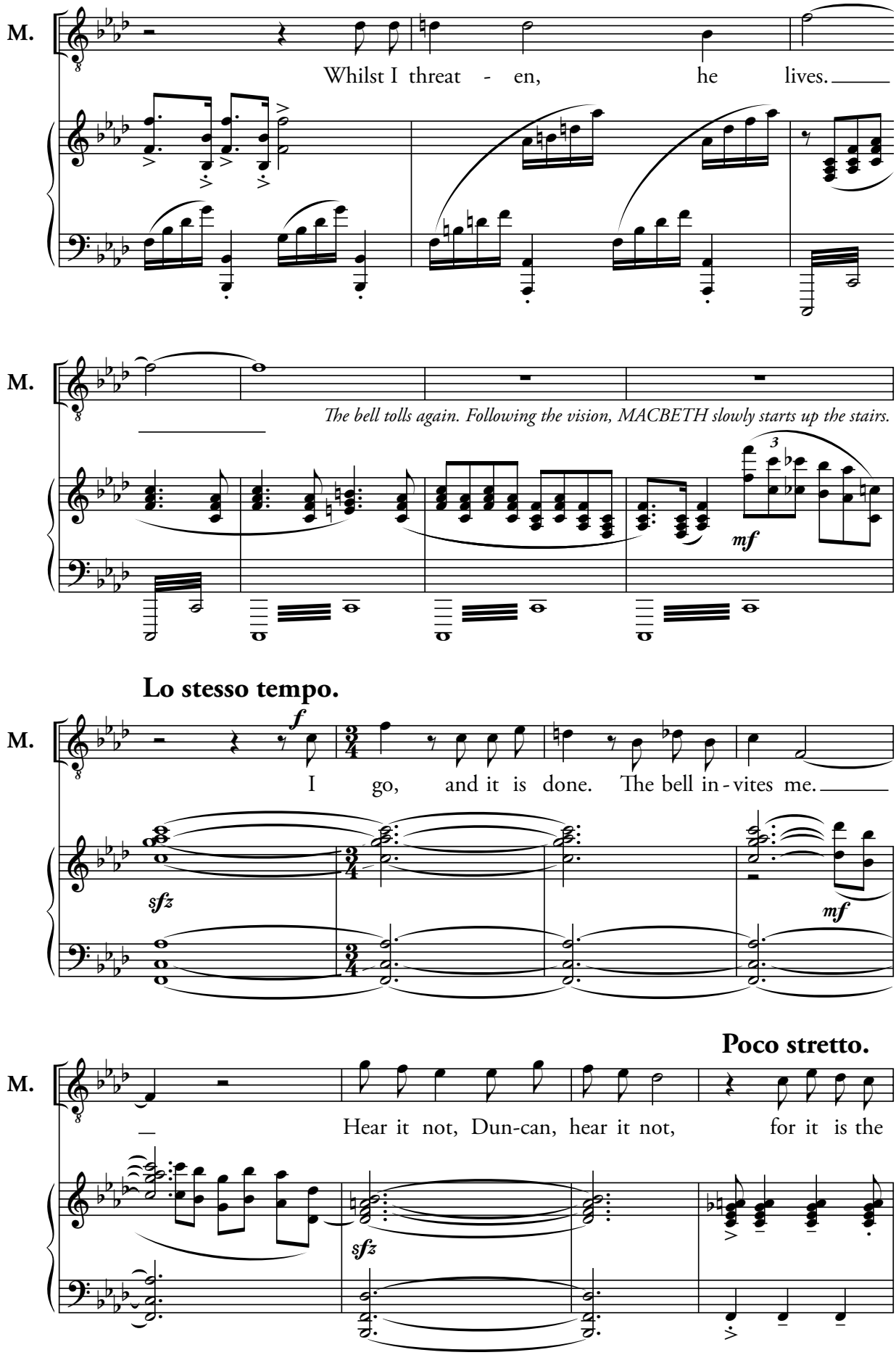

M.
guard the night?
B.
Aye, my lord, but soon to rest, our du - ty done.
(The bell chimes 4:00.)
They exit. MACBETH sees a frightening vision.
Good re-pose then, fa-ther and son.
Is this a dag-ger I see be-fore me?
colla voce
Come, let me clutch thee.
I see thee still, but have thee

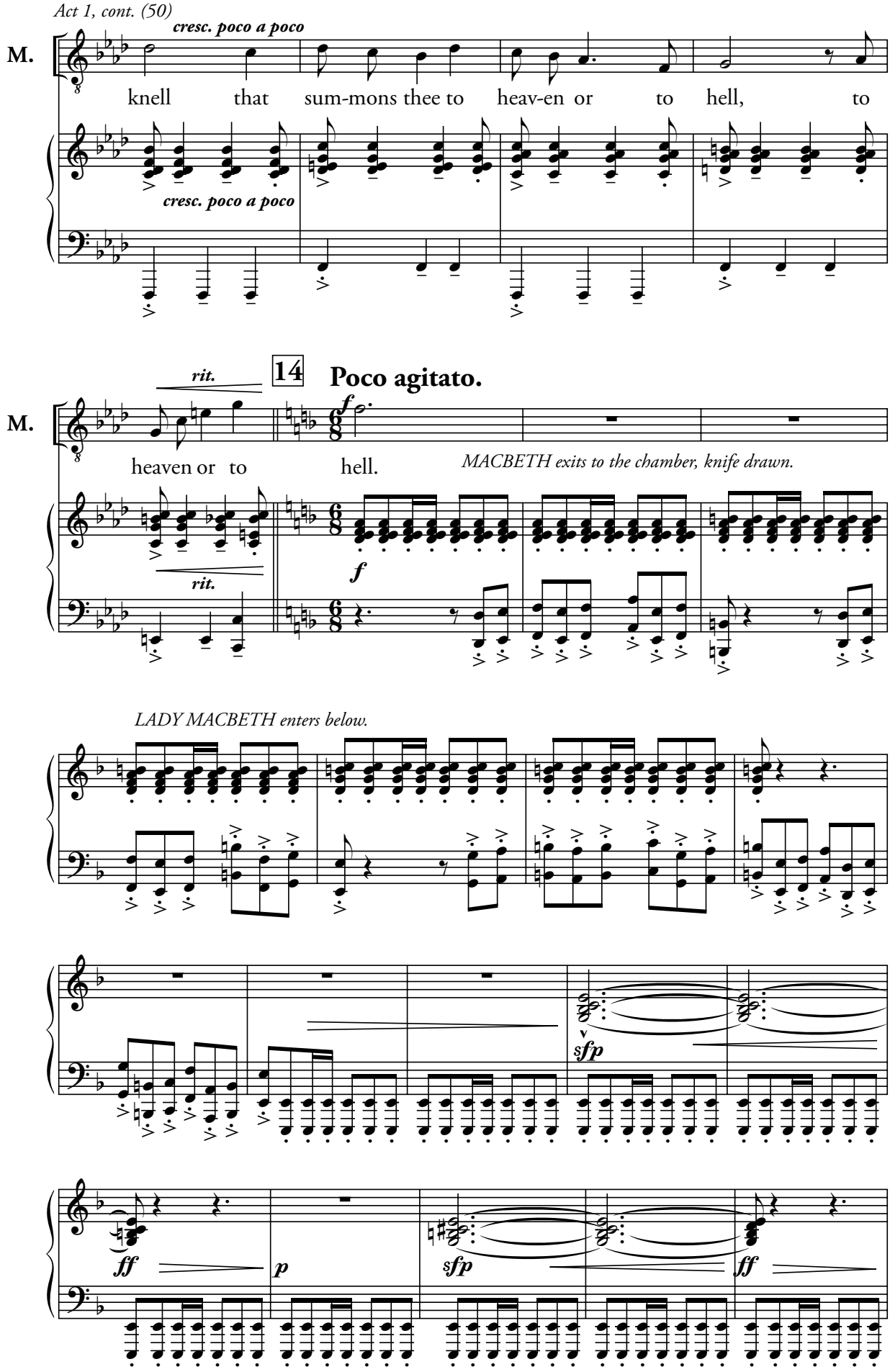

M.
a tempo
mp
not.
Art thou but a
p
a tempo
f
p
M.
false cre - a - tion of my brain, as one in - sane? I
M.
see thee still, real as this I draw. There's no such
M.
mf
thing! You are but a trick of na - ture, to guide me
mp

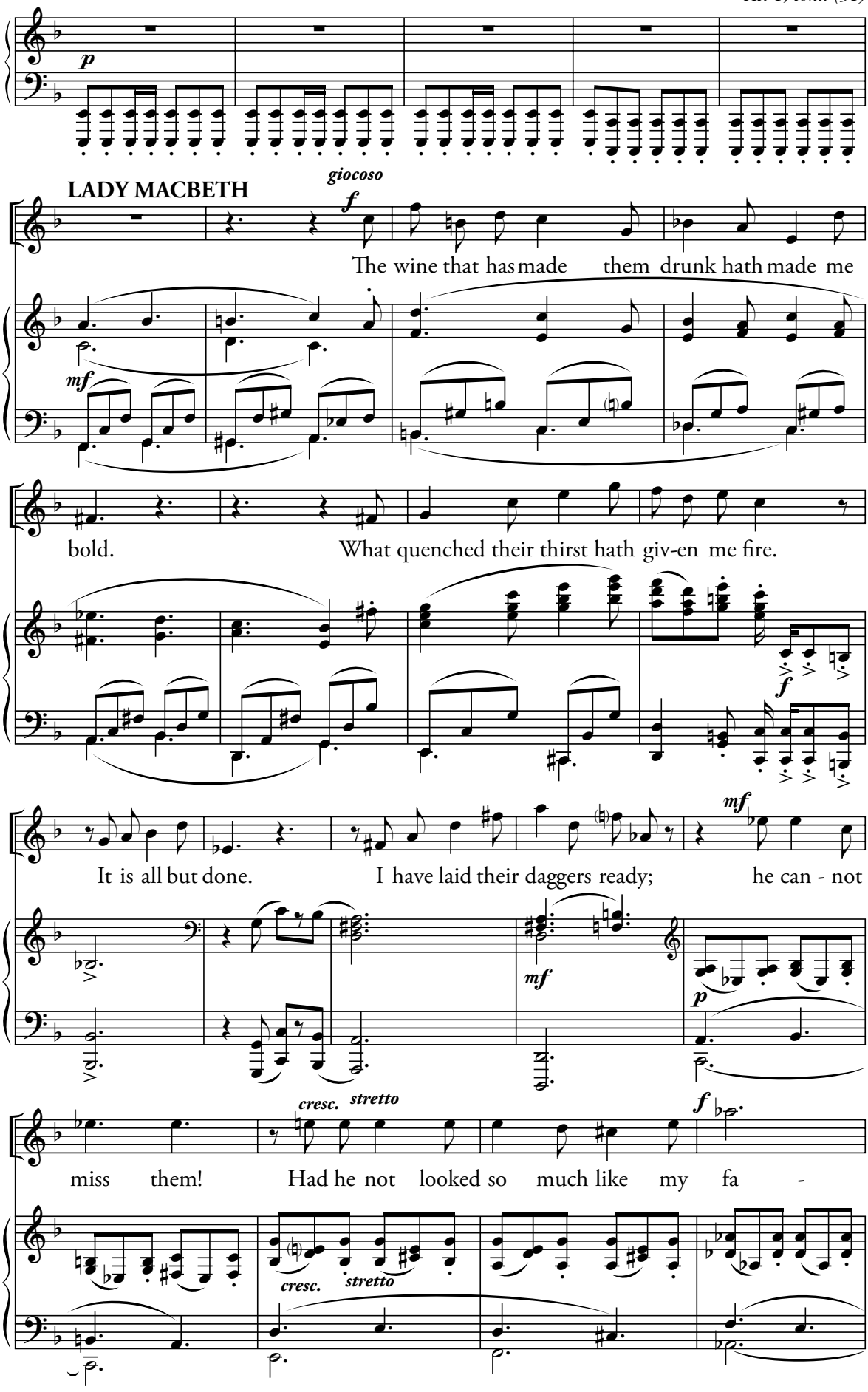

M.
cresc.
on to that I fear is yet to
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
f
come!
Thou leads me the way I was to
poco rit.
f
a tempo
M.
go to the blood - y business I per-form, to ful-
M.
fill my des - tiny or live in

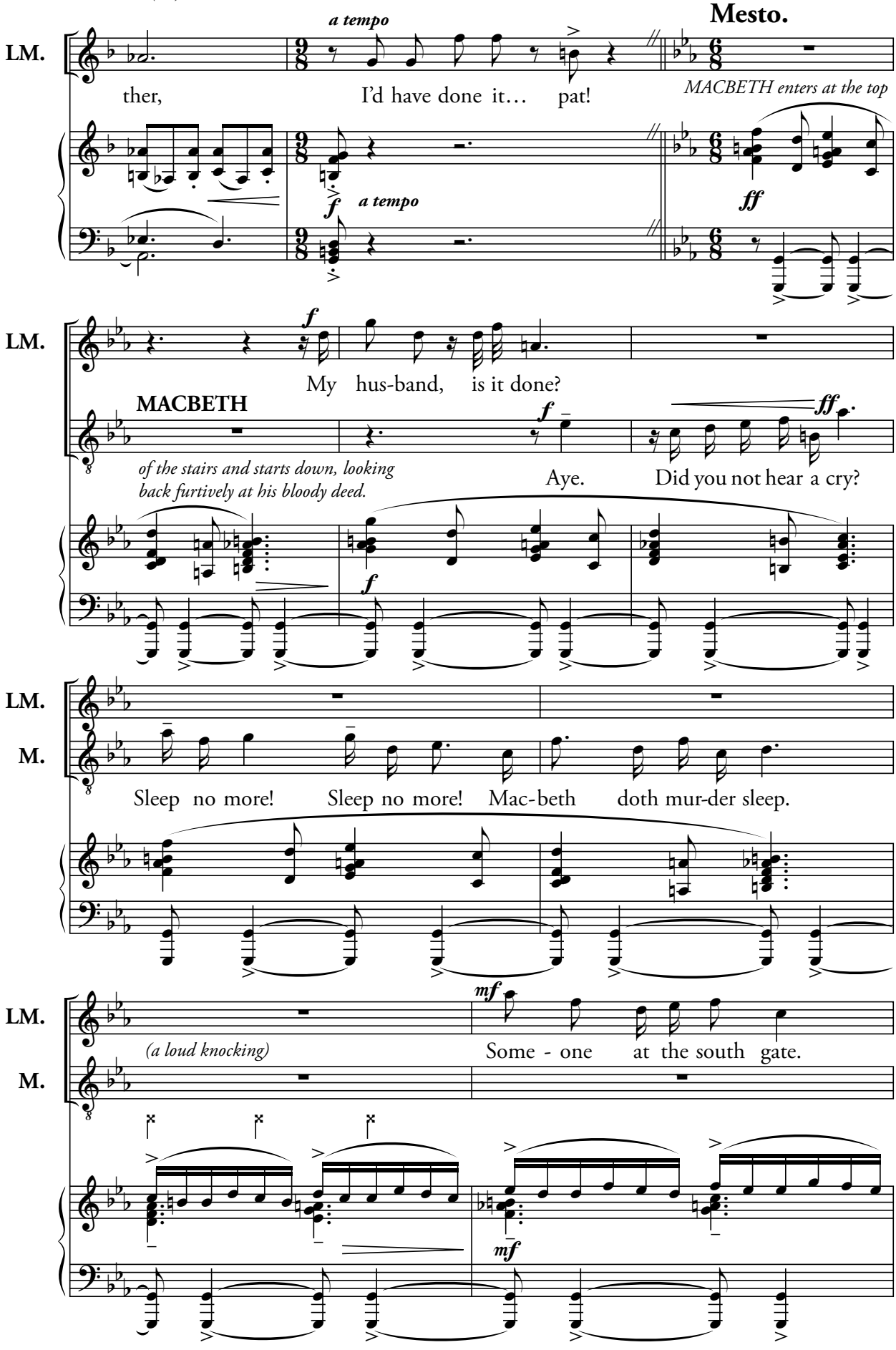

M.
scorn.
f
mf
M.
Thou sure and firm - set earth,
M.
hear not my steps, which
M.
way they walk, the stones

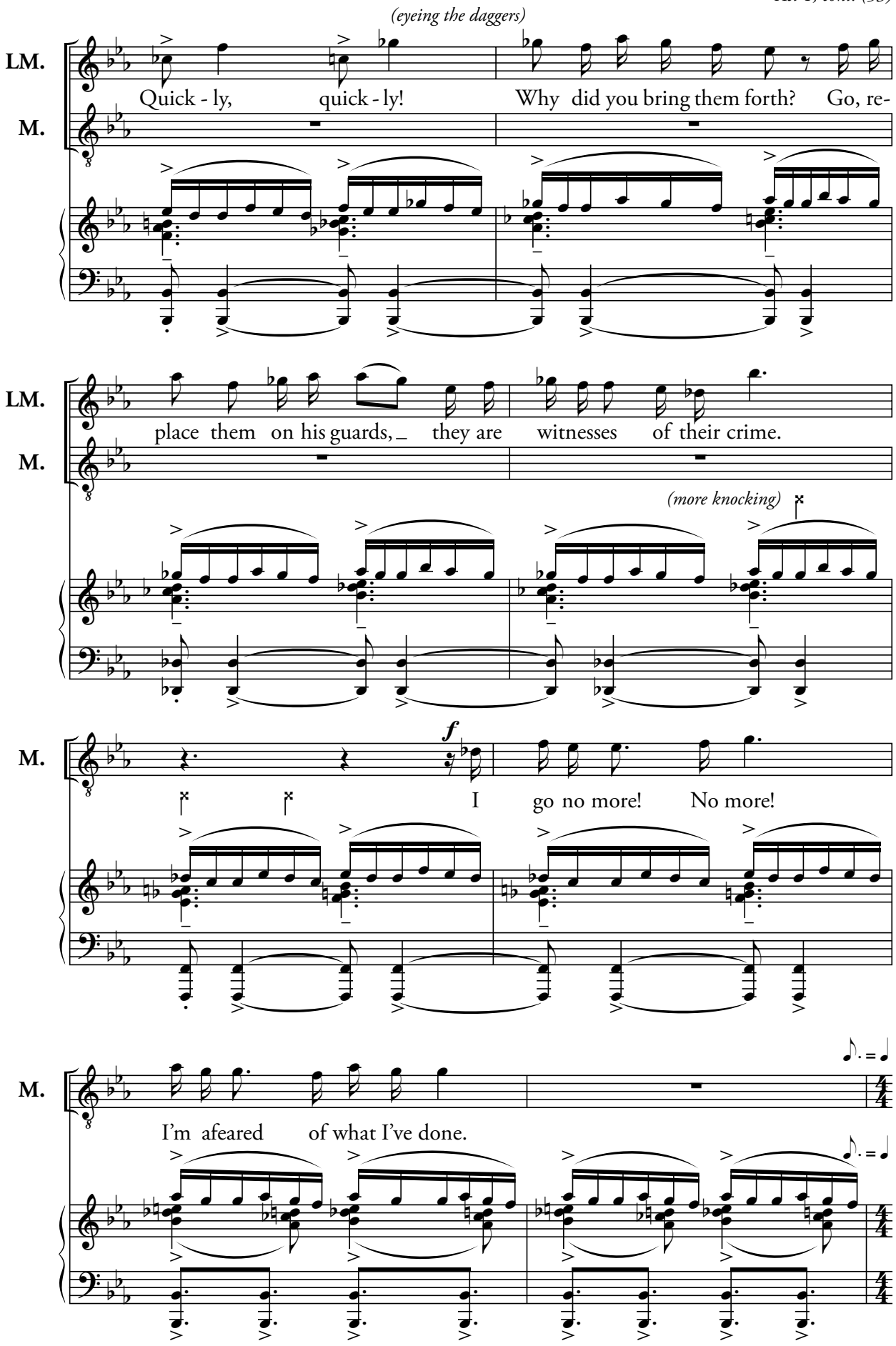

M.
slip and tell my where - a - bouts,
M.
my where - a - bouts,
M.
and take this hor - ror from the time that
M.
suits it.
f
6


M.
Whilst I threat - en, he lives.
M.
The bell tolls again. Following the vision, MACBETH slowly starts up the stairs.
mf
Lo stesso tempo.
M.
f
I go, and it is done. The bell in - vites me.
sfz
mf
Poco stretto.
M.
Hear it not, Dun-can, hear it not, for it is the
sfz


M.
cresc. poco a poco
knell that sum-mons thee to heav-en or to hell, to
cresc. poco a poco
rit.
14
Poco agitato.
M.
heaven or to hell.
f
MACBETH exits to the chamber, knife drawn.
rit.
f
LADY MACBETH enters below.
sfp
ff
p
sfp
ff


p
LADY MACBETH
giocoso
f
The wine that has made them drunk hath made me
mf
LM.
bold.
What quenched their thirst hath giv-en me fire.
f
LM.
It is all but done.
I have laid their daggers ready;
he can - not
mf
mf
p
LM.
cresc.
stretto
f
miss them!
Had he not looked so much like my fa -
cresc.
stretto


Mesto.
a tempo
LM.
ther,
I'd have done it… pat!
MACBETH enters at the top
f
a tempo
ff
LM.
f
My hus-band, is it done?
MACBETH
ff
of the stairs and starts down, looking back furtively at his bloody deed.
Aye. Did you not hear a cry?
f
LM.
M.
Sleep no more! Sleep no more! Mac-beth doth mur-der sleep.
LM.
mf
(a loud knocking)
Some - one at the south gate.
M.
mf


(eyeing the daggers)
LM.
M.
Quick - ly, quick - ly! Why did you bring them forth? Go, re-
LM.
M.
place them on his guards, they are witnesses of their crime.
(more knocking)
M.
f
I go no more! No more!
M.
I'm afeared of what I've done.

LADY MACBETH

mp

Give them me, go! Some wa - ter will wash the col-or from your

fp

LM.

mf

hands. I will gild the guards and meet with

mp

LM.

thee in our cham-ber. Swiftly go, go, go, go!

cresc. poco accel.

f

Misterioso.

MACBETH

mp

Knock! Knock! Knock! Oh wake Duncan with your knock-ing! I

fp *fp*

p *mf*

M.

would that you could. Turn o - ver the hour - glass of

fp

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*

M.

f

time, a-wake me from this mad-man's dream and say this was but fan-ta-sy.

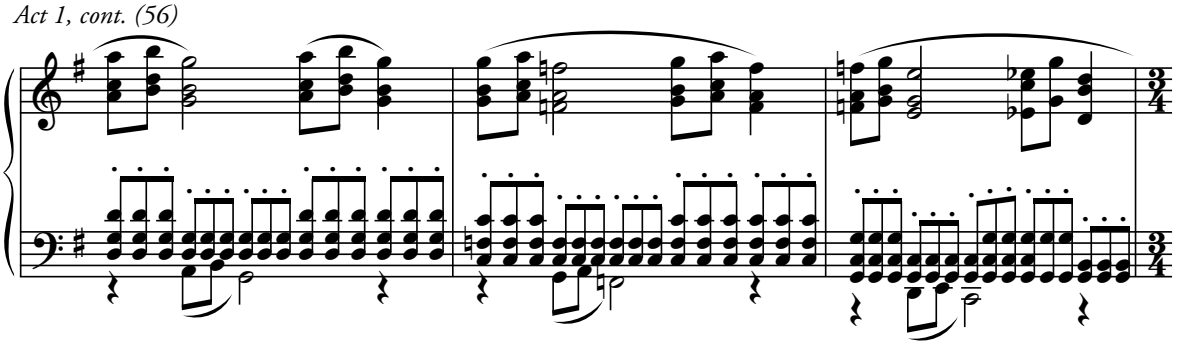
fp

mf

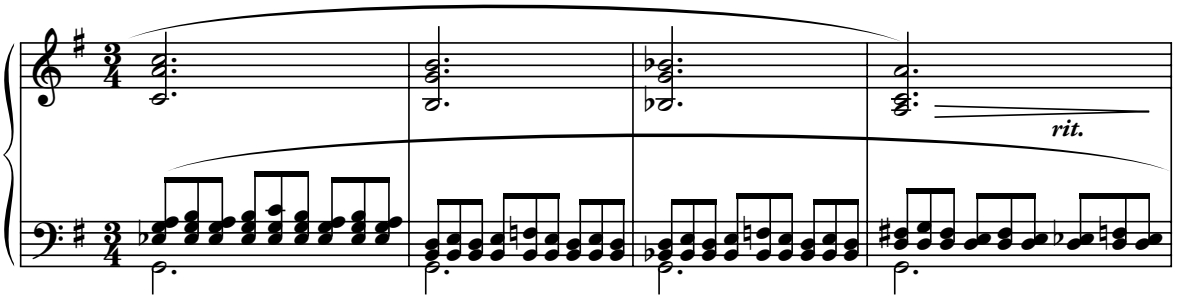
Poco più mosso.

f *poco allarg.* *a tempo*

Act 1, cont. (56)

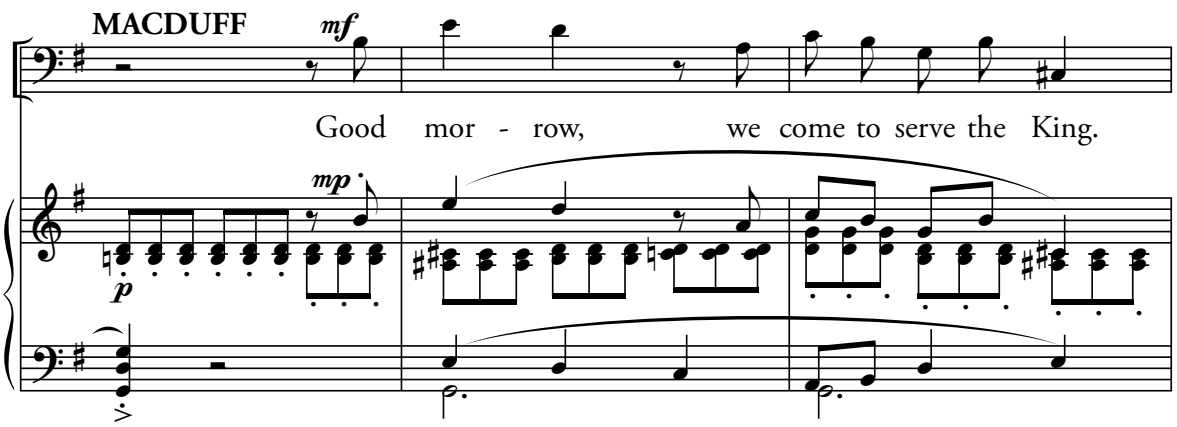


MACDUFF enters with his entourage of knights.



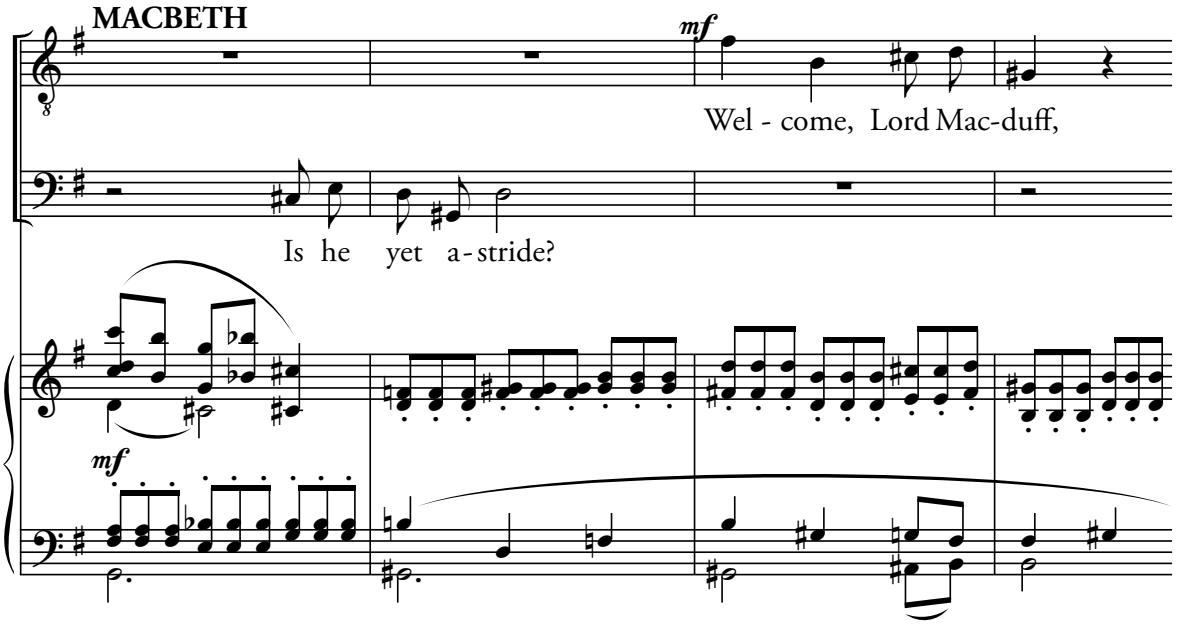
Andante.

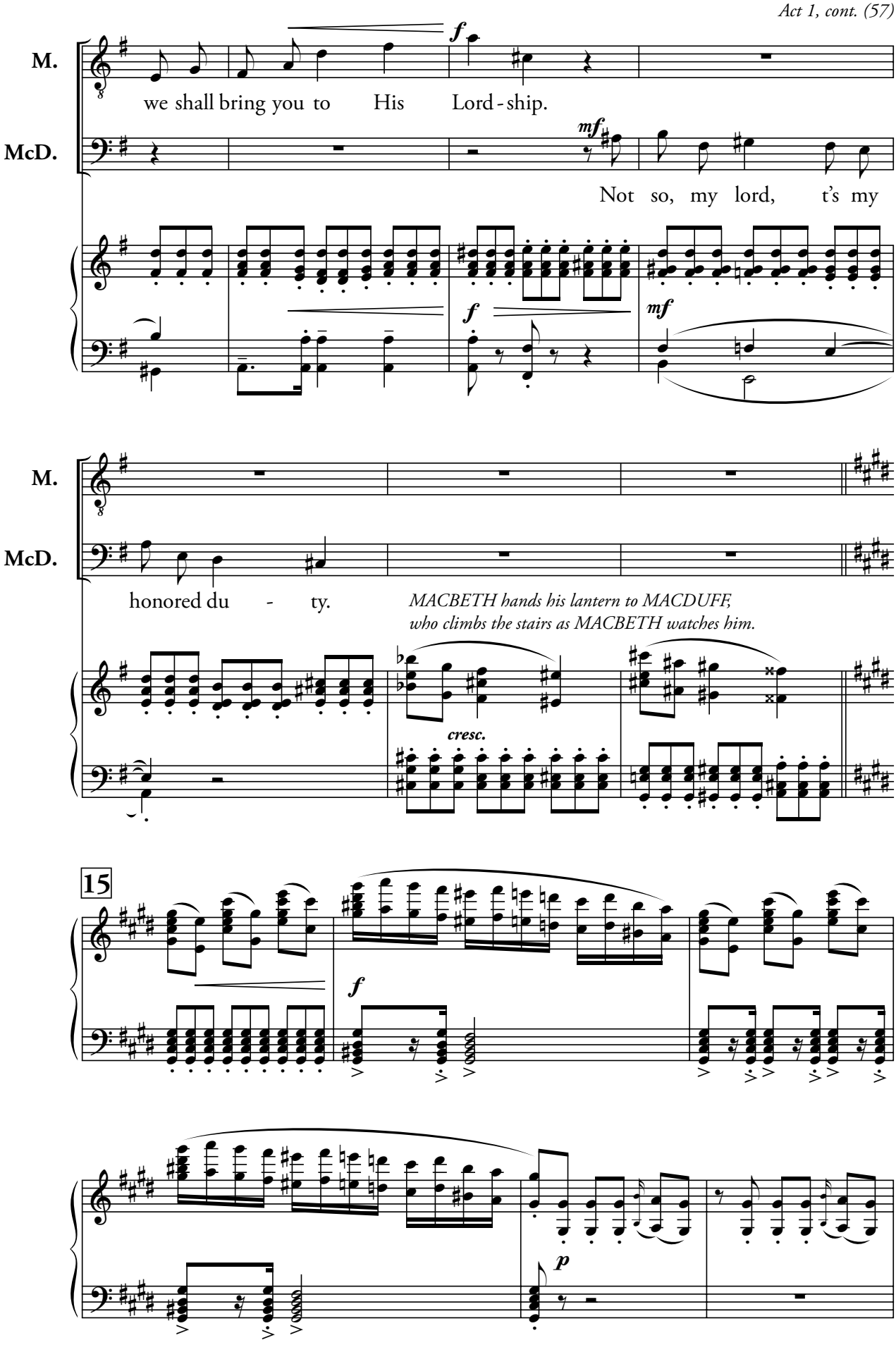
MACDUFF

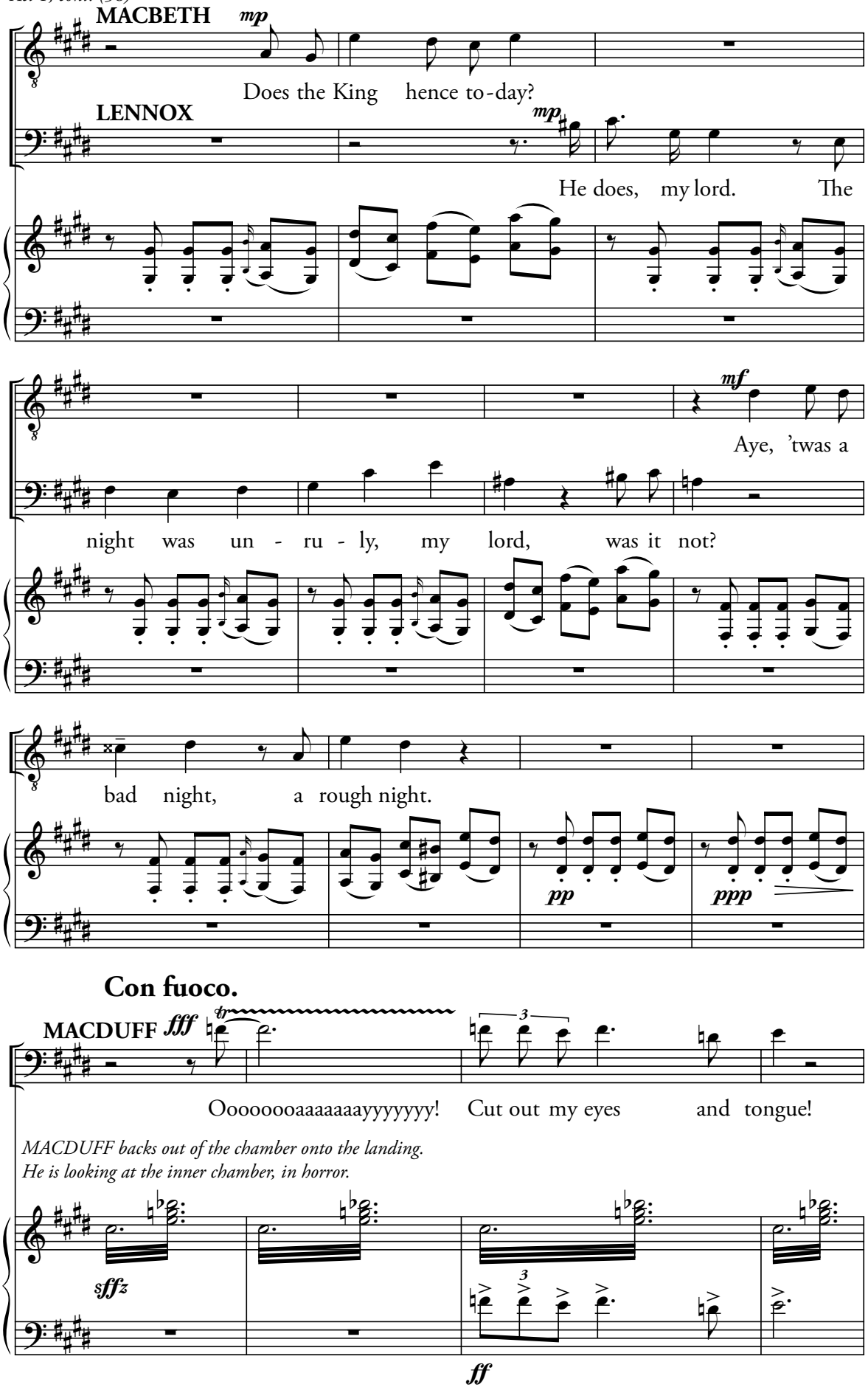


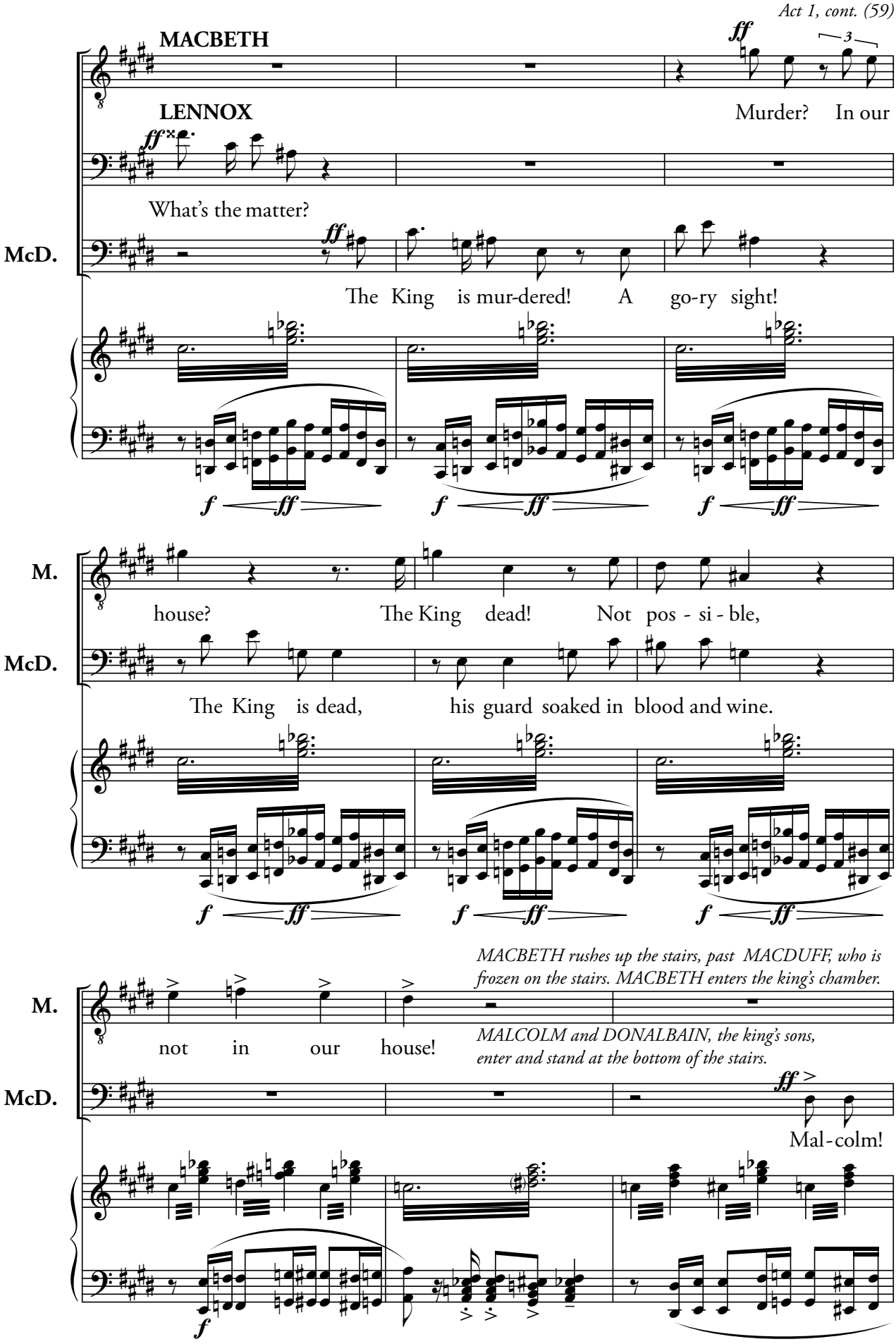
MACBETH

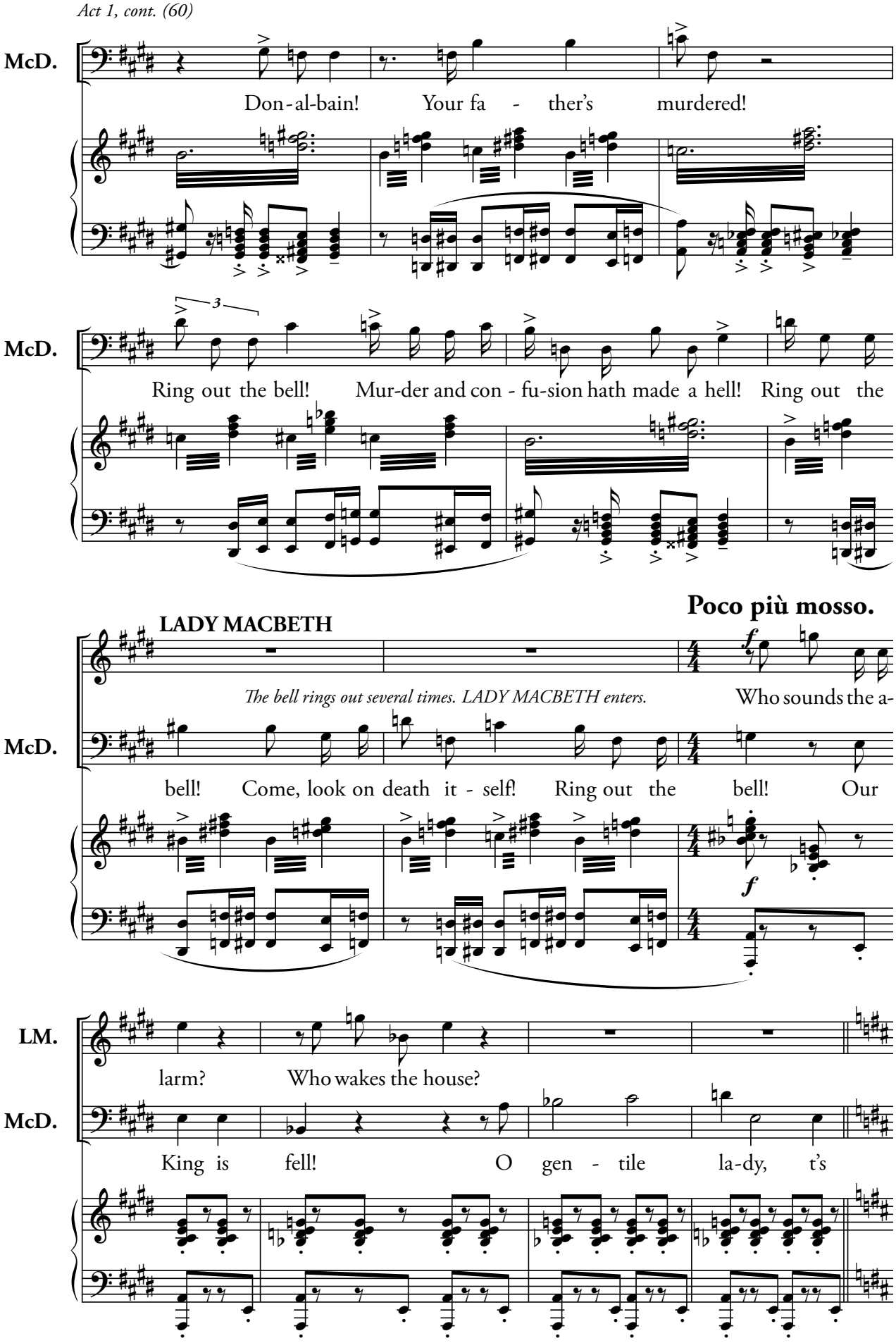
McD.




M.
McD.
we shall bring you to His Lord - ship.
Not so, my lord, t's my
honored du - ty.
MACBETH hands his lantern to MACDUFF,
who climbs the stairs as MACBETH watches him.
cresc.
15


MACBETH
mp
Does the King hence to-day?
LENNOX
mp
He does, my lord. The
M.
mf
Aye, 'twas a
Len.
night was un - ru - ly, my lord, was it not?
M.
bad night, a rough night.
pp
ppp
Con fuoco.
MACDUFF
fff
tr
3
Oooooooaaaaaaayyyyyyyy! Cut out my eyes and tongue!
MACDUFF backs out of the chamber onto the landing.
He is looking at the inner chamber, in horror.
sffz
3
ff


MACBETH
LENNOX
Murder? In our
What's the matter?
McD.
The King is mur-dered! A go-ry sight!
M.
house? The King dead! Not pos - si - ble,
McD.
The King is dead, his guard soaked in blood and wine.
MACBETH rushes up the stairs, past MACDUFF, who is frozen on the stairs. MACBETH enters the king's chamber.
M.
not in our house!
MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, the king's sons, enter and stand at the bottom of the stairs.
McD.
Mal - colm!


McD.
Don-al-bain! Your fa - ther's murdered!
McD.
Ring out the bell! Mur-der and con - fu-sion hath made a hell! Ring out the
Poco più mosso.
LADY MACBETH
The bell rings out several times. LADY MACBETH enters.
Who sounds the a-
McD.
bell! Come, look on death it - self! Ring out the bell! Our
LM.
larm? Who wakes the house?
McD.
King is fell! O gen - tile la-dy, t's

McD. not for you to hear what I have seen.

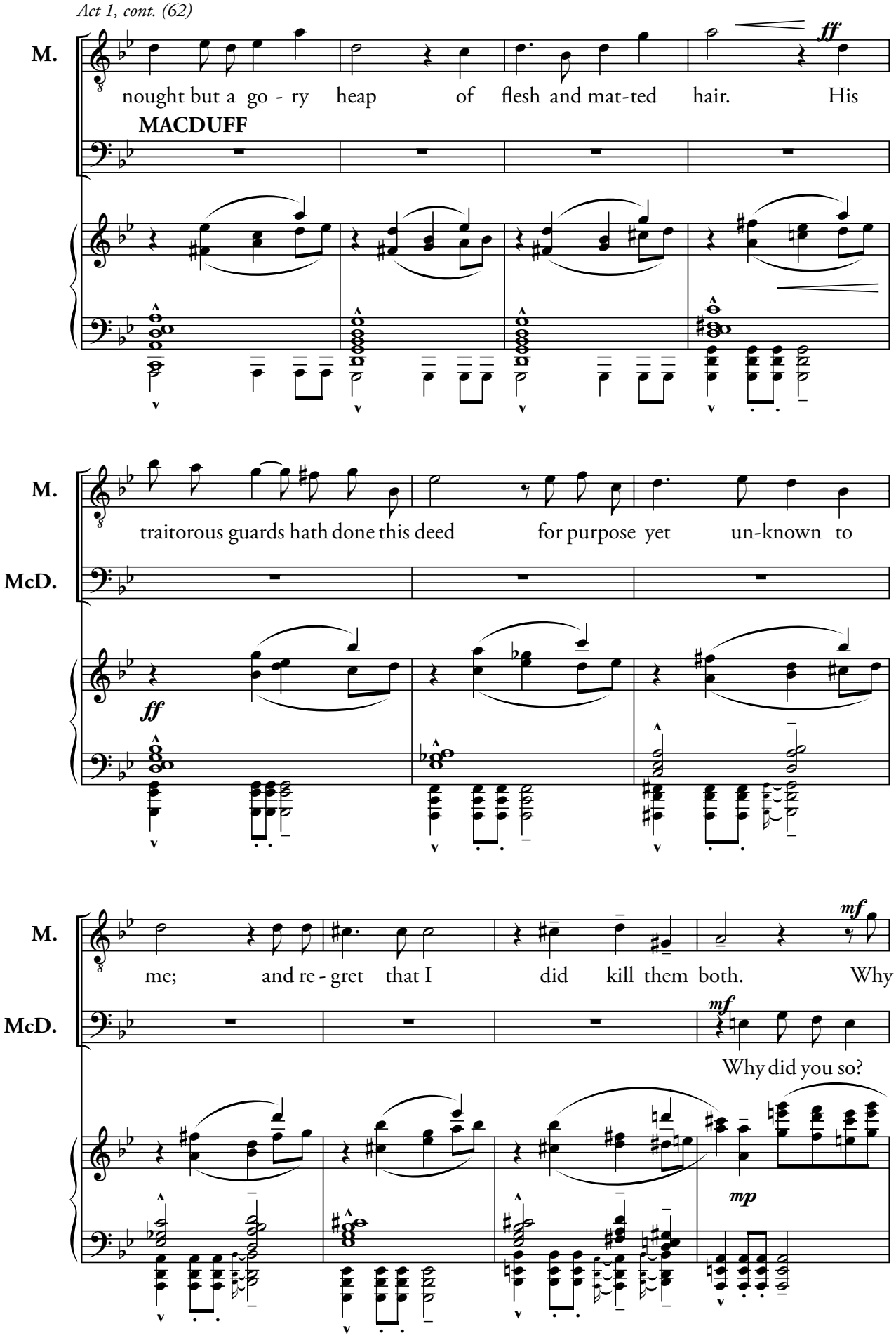
McD. O Banquo, our roy - al mas - ter's

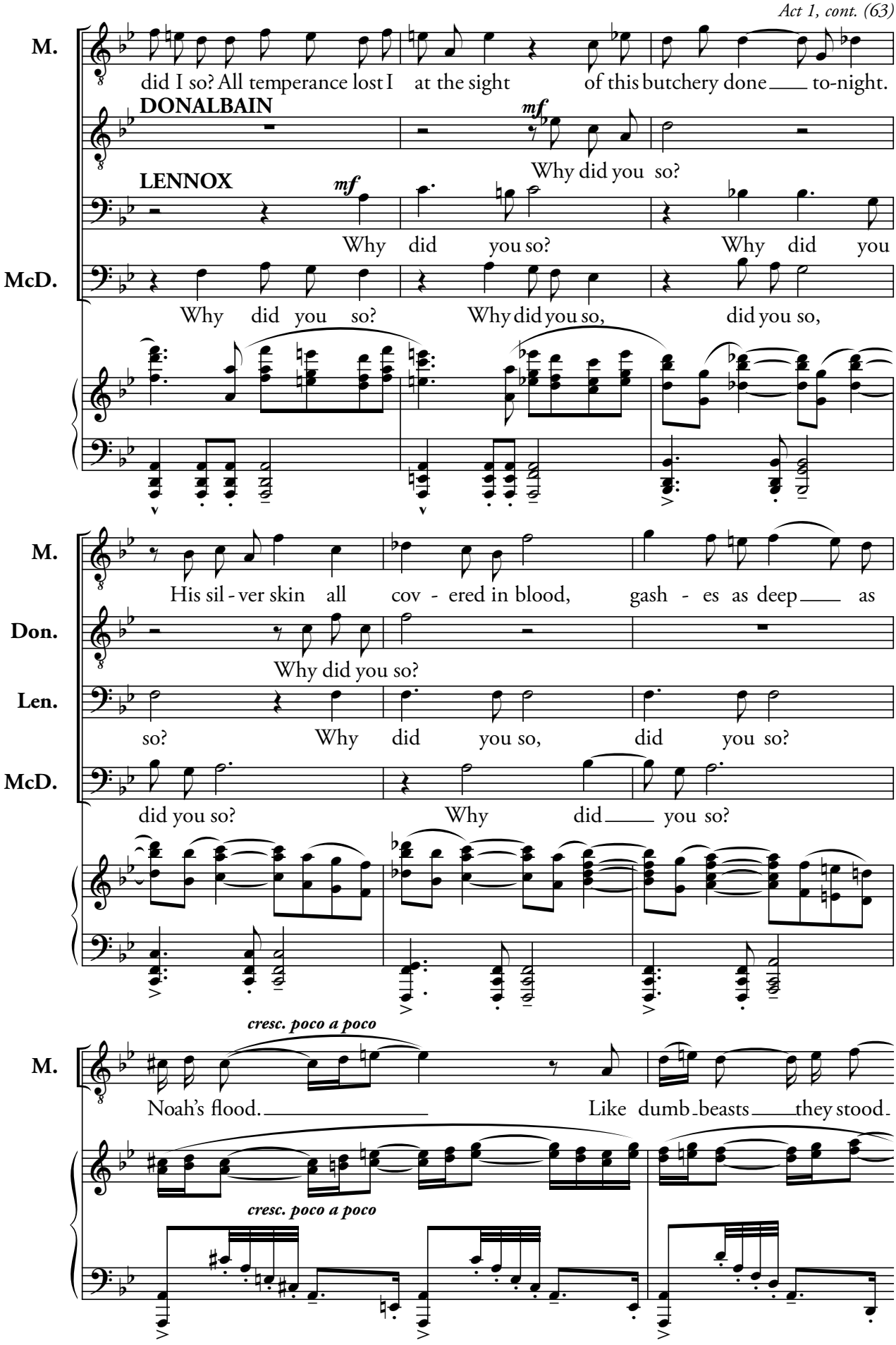
LM. *f* Not so, not so, not in our lov - ing house! *MACBETH enters from out of the chamber, looking haggard and exhausted.*

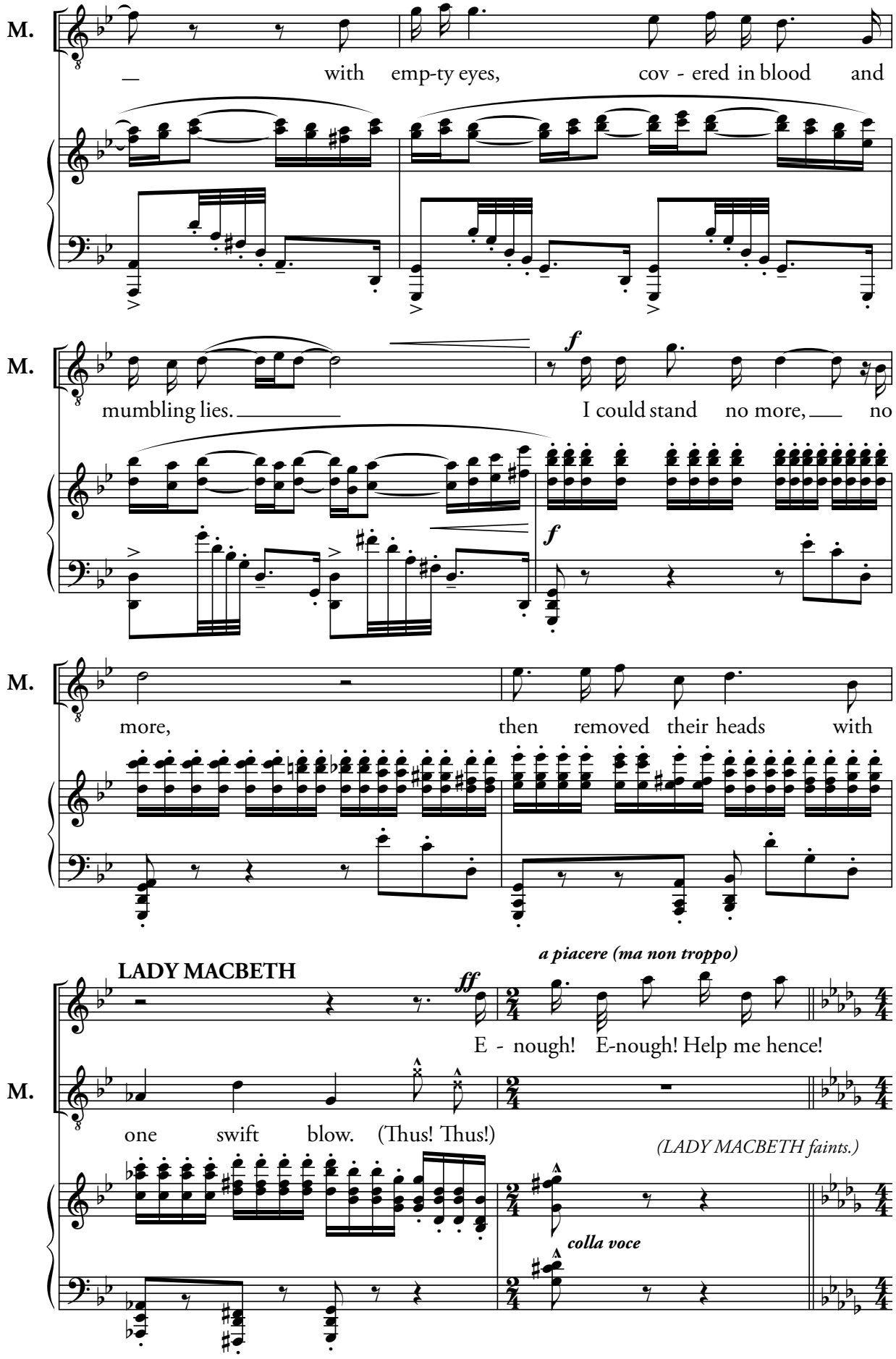
McD. dead!

MACBETH *allarg.* **16 Grave.** *f* Ooh, friends, the king is gone, he's

ff *allarg.* *f*


M.
nought but a go - ry heap of flesh and mat-ted hair. His
MACDUFF
ff
M.
traitorous guards hath done this deed for purpose yet un-known to
McD.
ff
M.
me; and re - gret that I did kill them both. Why
mf
McD.
mf
Why did you so?
mp


M.
did I so? All temperance lost I at the sight of this butchery done to-night.
DONALBAIN
mf
Why did you so?
LENNOX
mf
Why did you so? Why did you
McD.
Why did you so? Why did you so, did you so,
M.
His sil - ver skin all cov - ered in blood, gash - es as deep as
Don.
Why did you so?
Len.
so? Why did you so, did you so?
McD.
did you so? Why did you so?
cresc. poco a poco
M.
Noah's flood. Like dumb beasts they stood.
cresc. poco a poco


M.
with emp-ty eyes, cov - ered in blood and
M.
mumbling lies.
f
I could stand no more, no
f
M.
more, then removed their heads with
LADY MACBETH
ff
a piacere (ma non troppo)
E - nough! E-nough! Help me hence!
M.
one swift blow. (Thus! Thus!)
(LADY MACBETH faints.)
colla voce

Più mosso.

LENNOX

f

Look to the la - dy. We must stand together, a-venge the

f

Len.

King and all his heirs. Pro-tect we must our Scot - land

LADY MACBETH

f

Pro-tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

MACBETH

f

Pro-tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

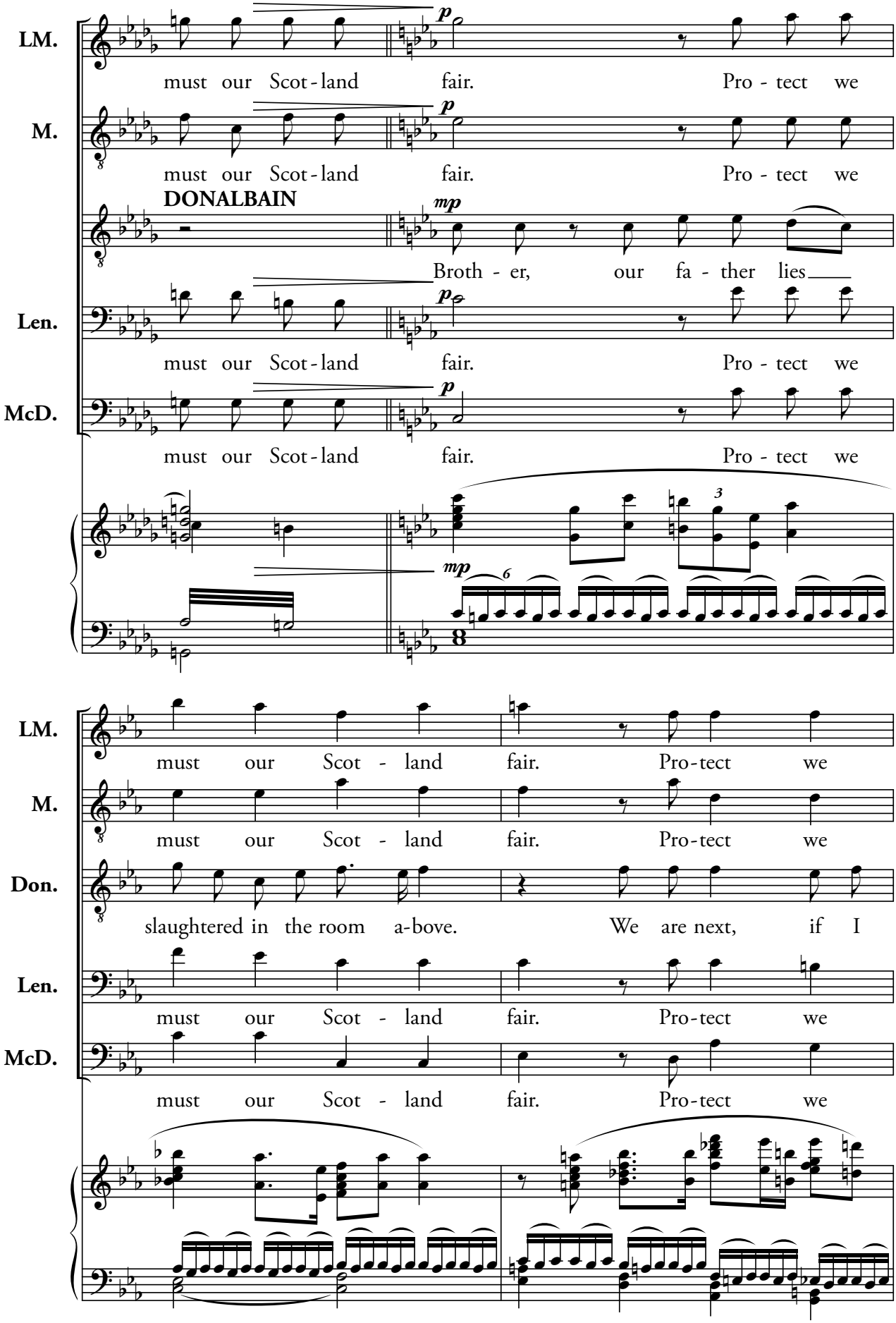
Len.

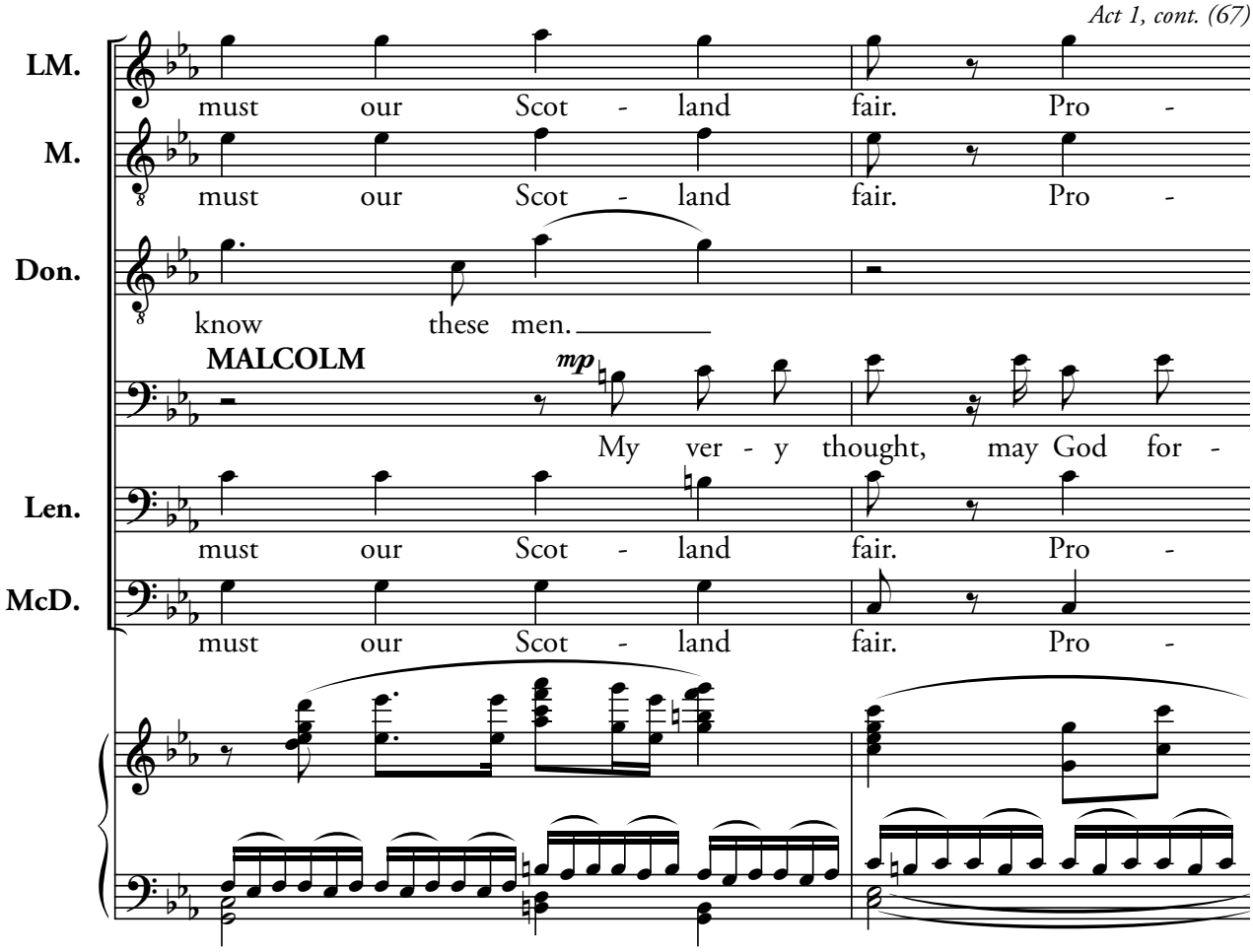
fair. Pro-tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

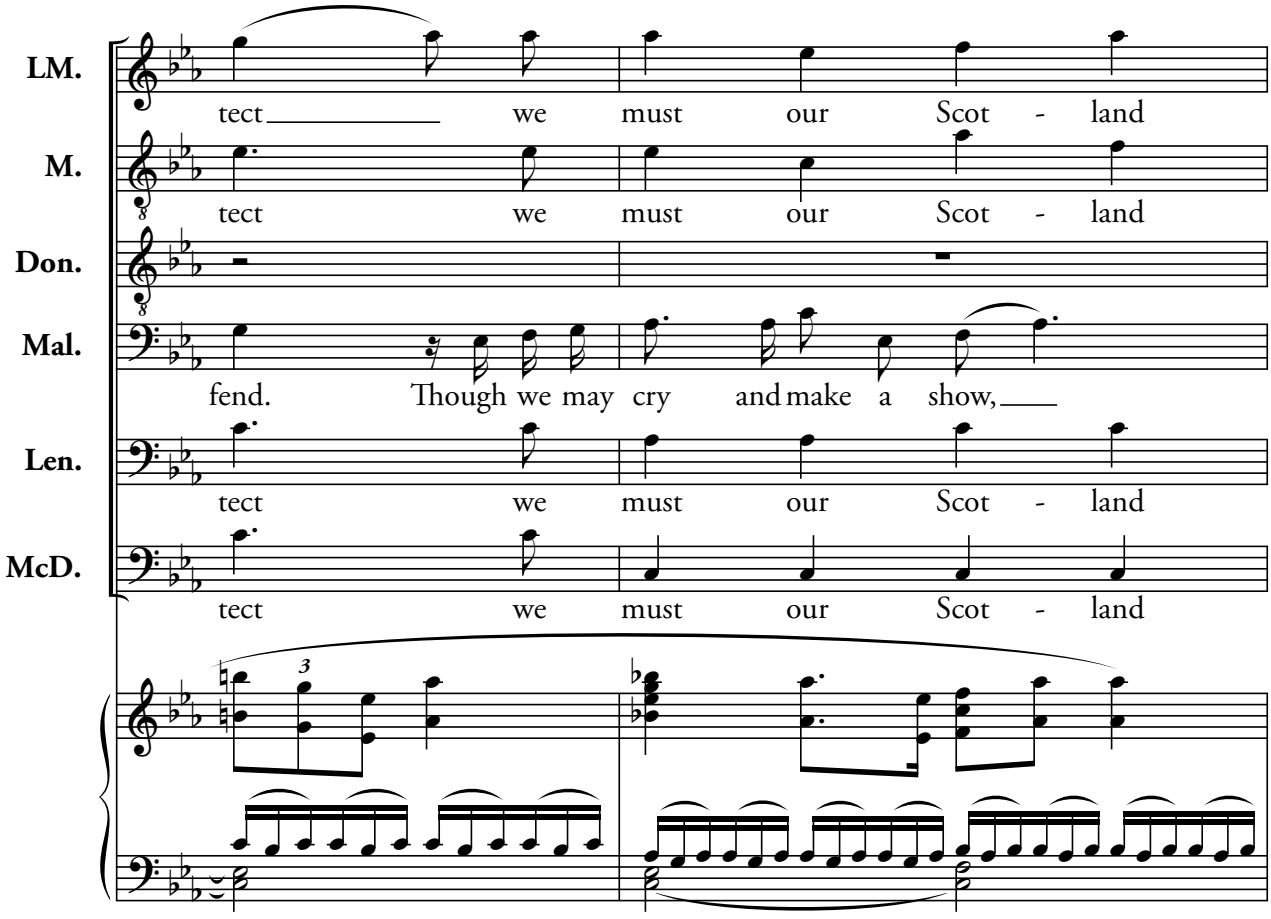
MACDUFF

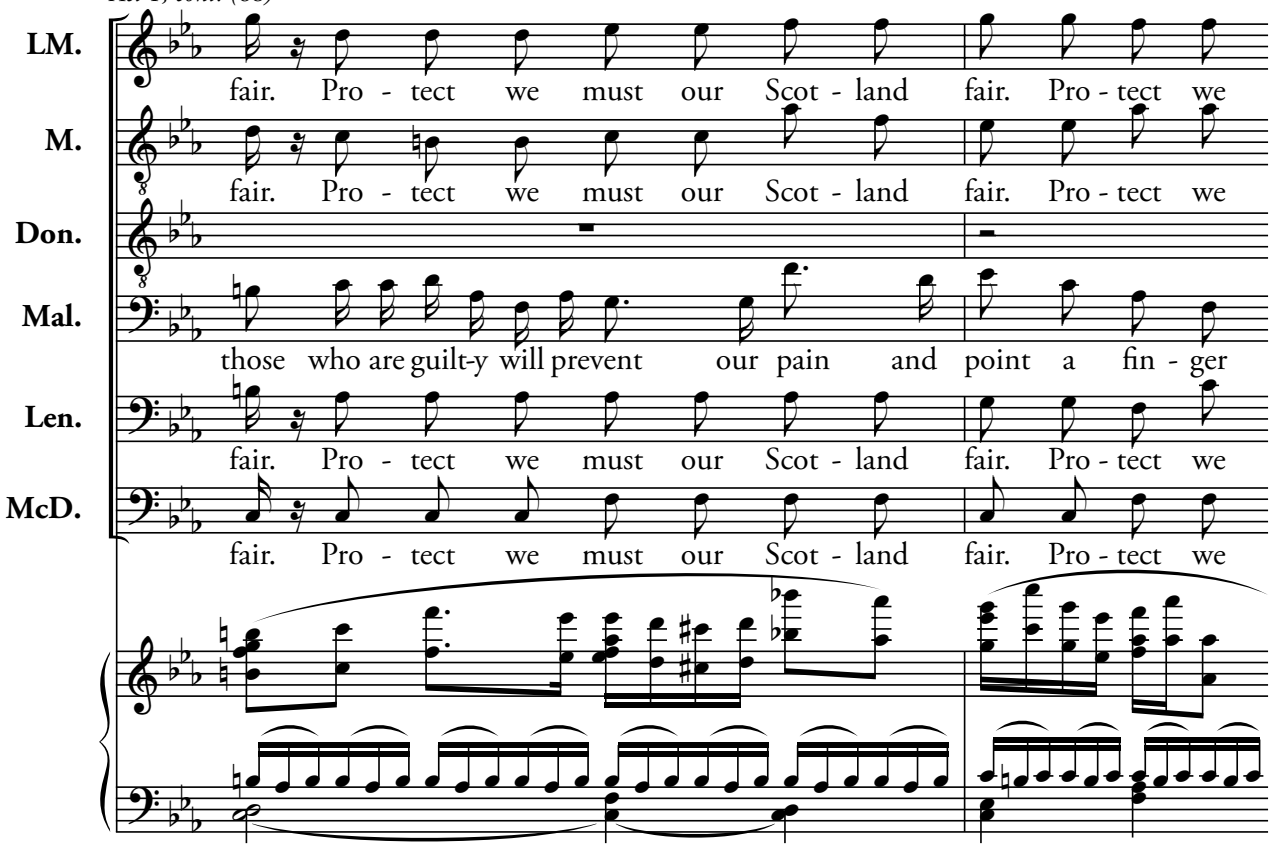
f

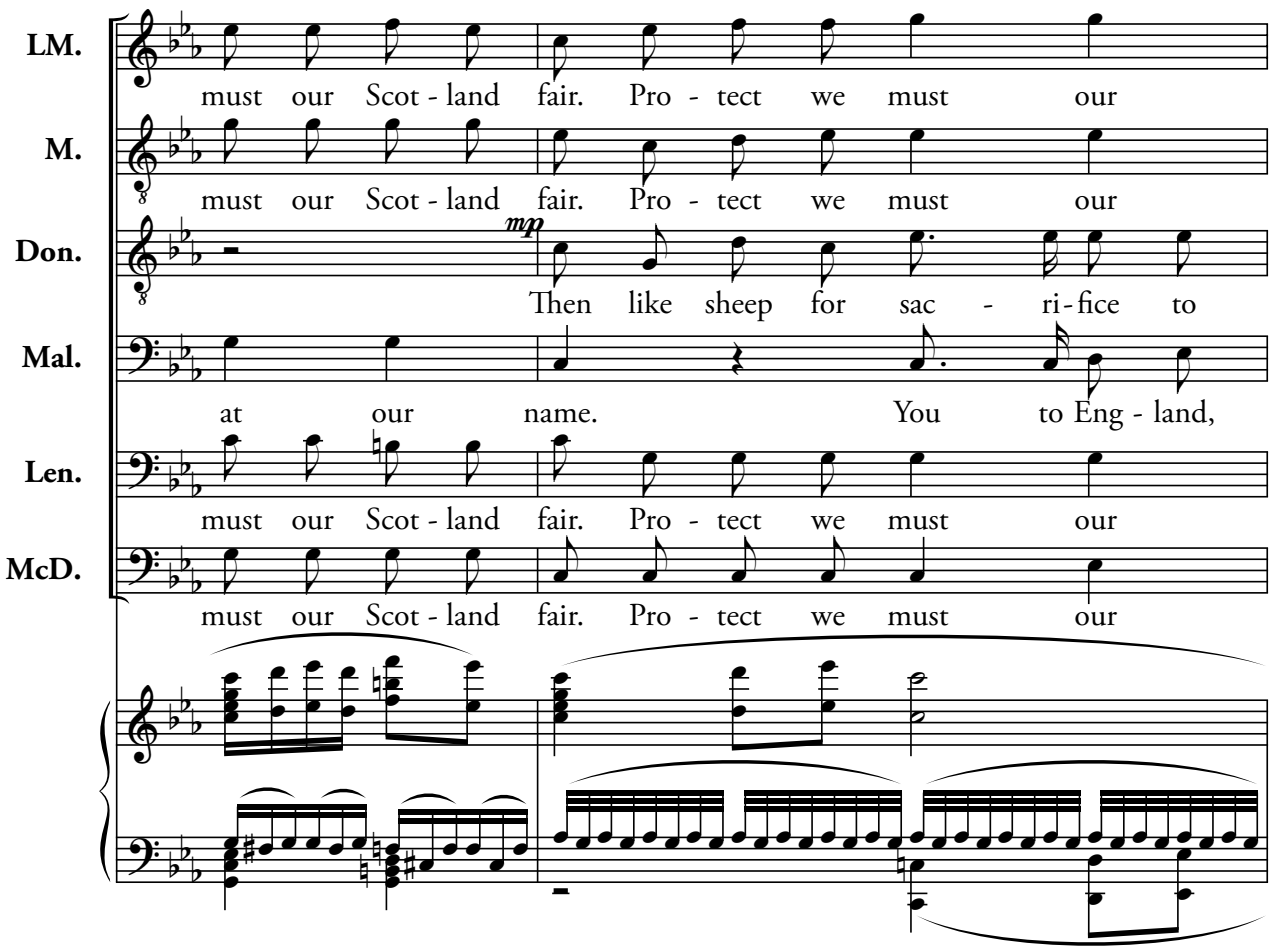
Pro-tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

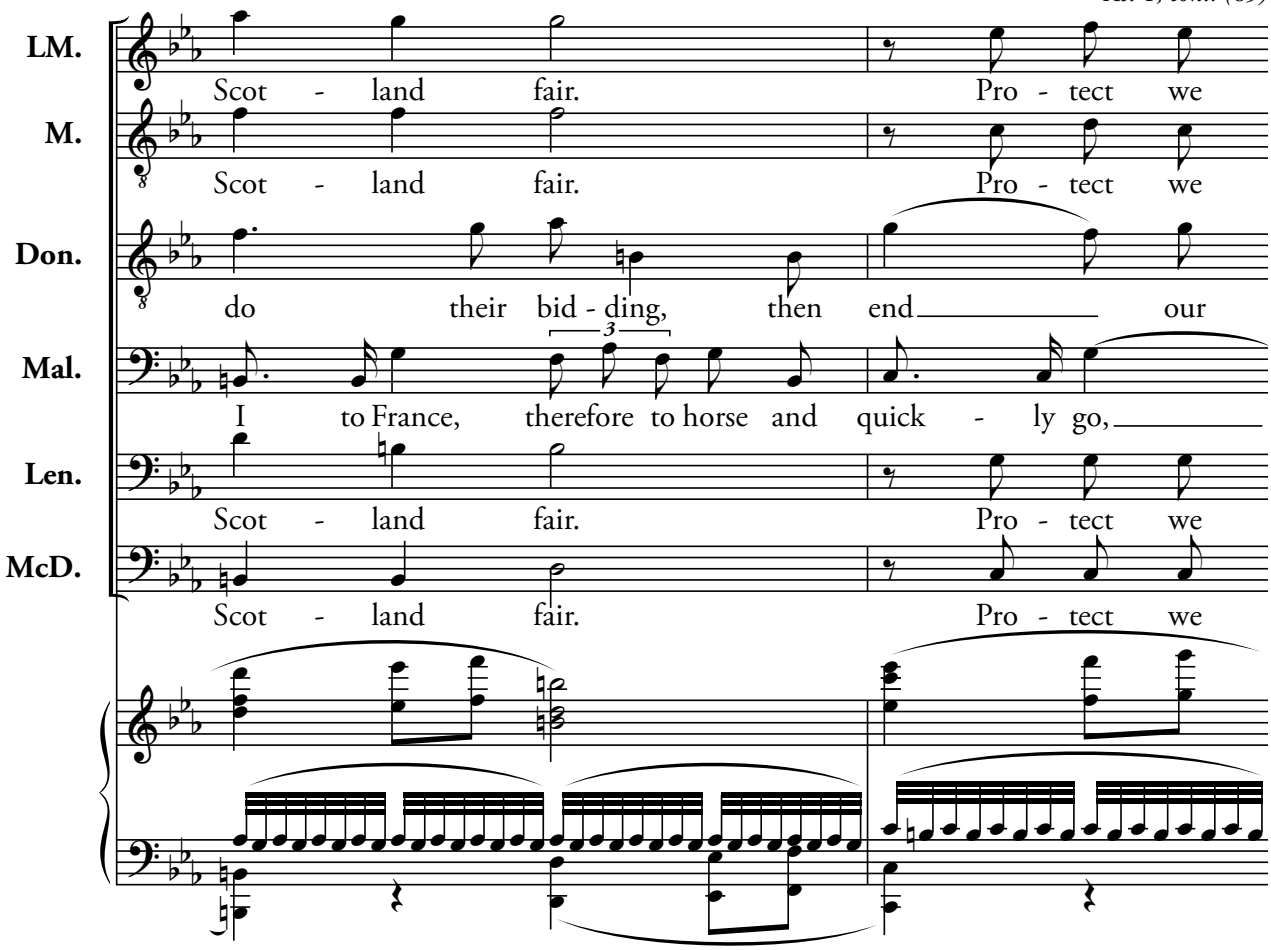

LM.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
M.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
DONALBAIN
Broth - er, our fa - ther lies
Len.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
McD.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
LM.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro-tect we
M.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro-tect we
Don.
slaughtered in the room a-bove. We are next, if I
Len.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro-tect we
McD.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro-tect we

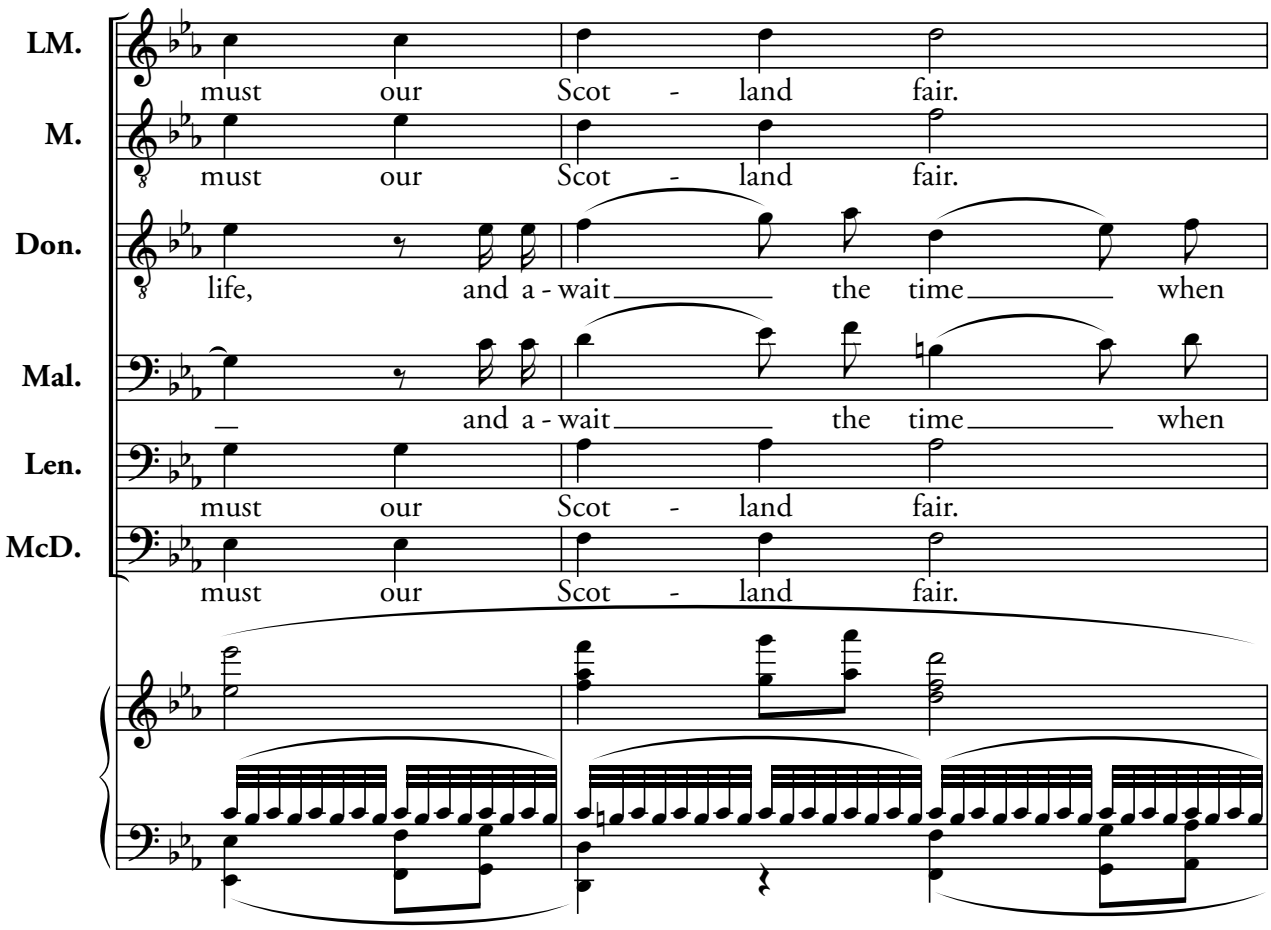

LM.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro -
M.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro -
Don.
know these men.
MALCOLM
mp
My ver - y thought, may God for -
Len.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro -
McD.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro -

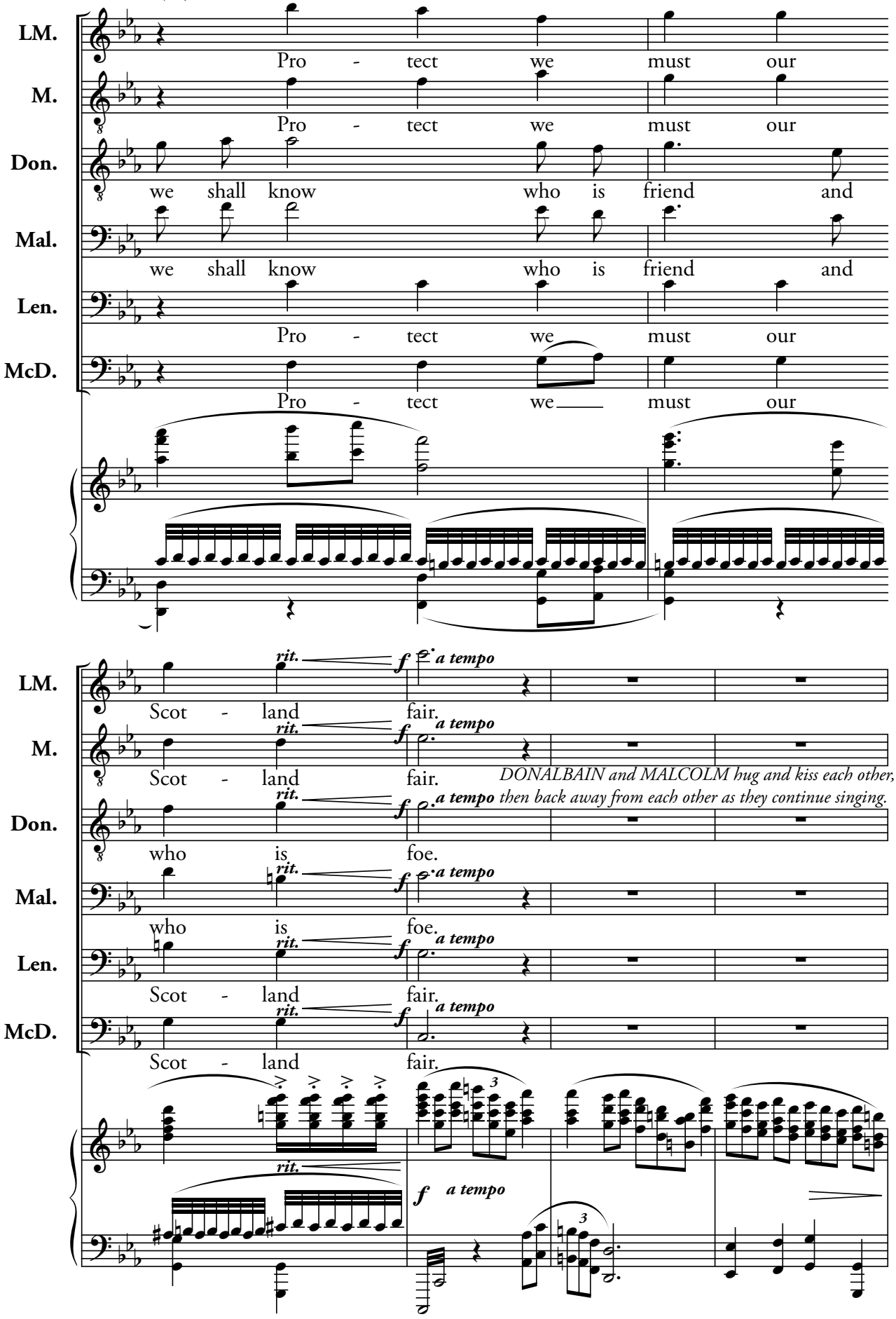

LM.
tect we must our Scot - land
M.
tect we must our Scot - land
Don.
Mal.
fend. Though we may cry and make a show,
Len.
tect we must our Scot - land
McD.
tect we must our Scot - land

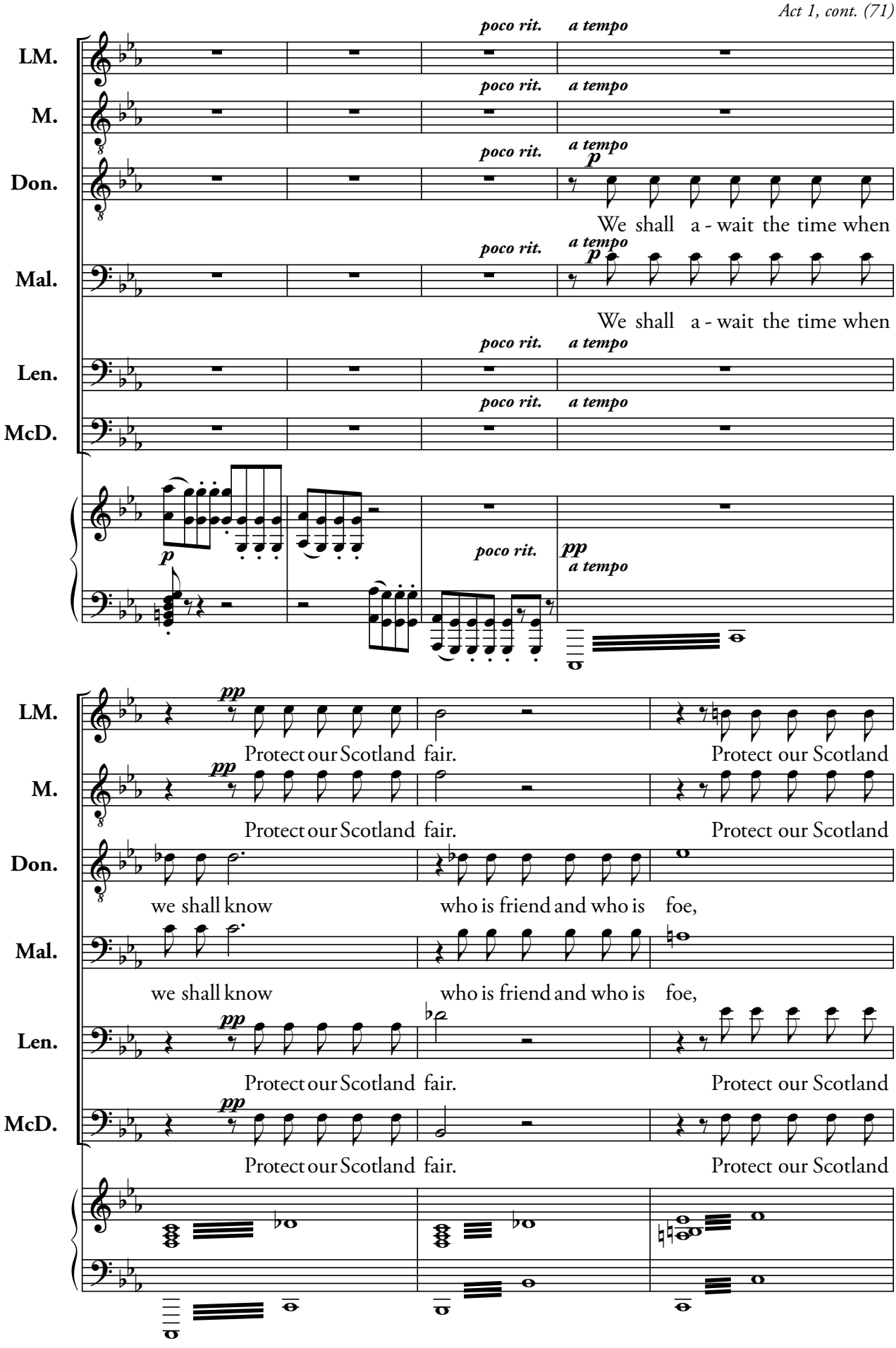

LM.
fair. Pro - tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
M.
fair. Pro - tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
Don.
Mal.
those who are guilt-y will prevent our pain and point a fin - ger
Len.
fair. Pro - tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
McD.
fair. Pro - tect we must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

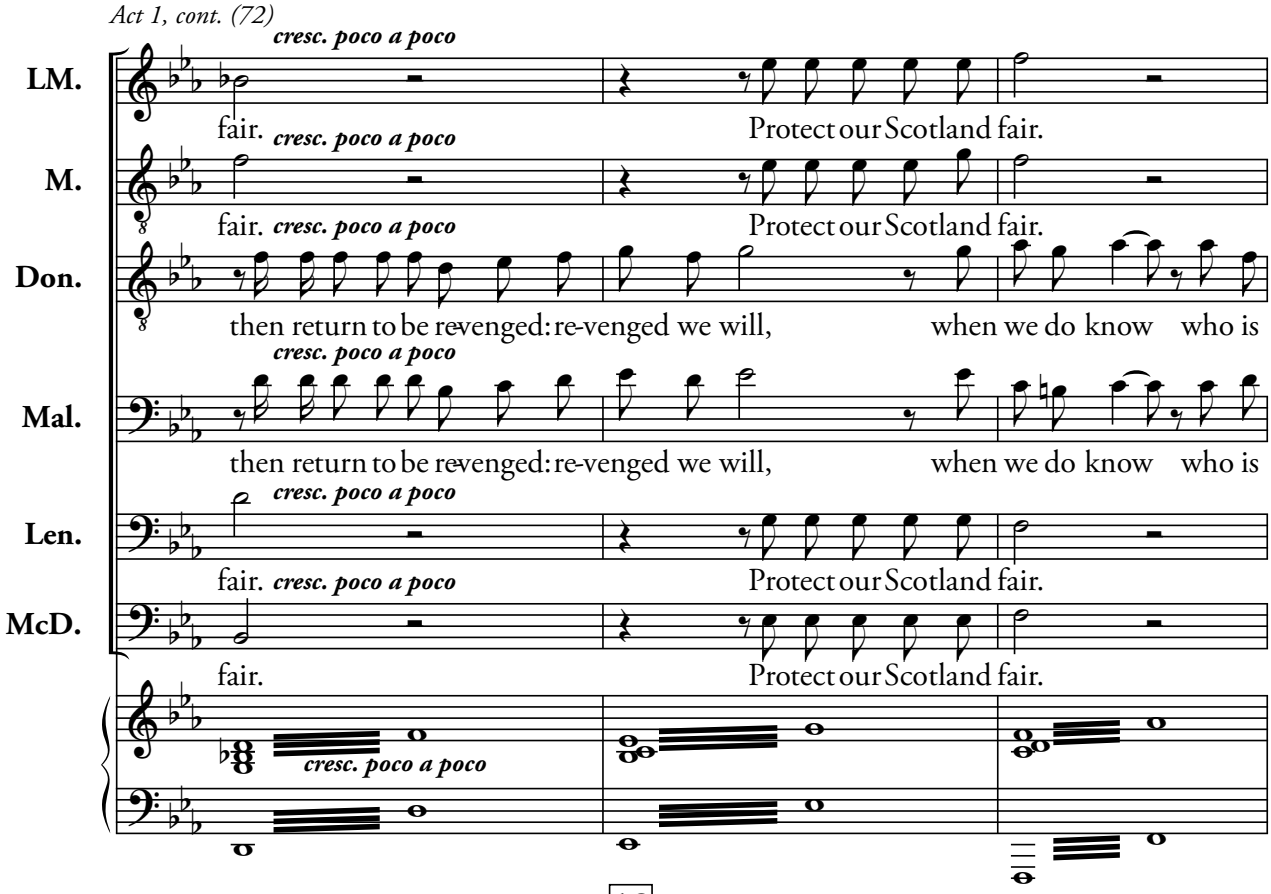

LM.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we must our
M.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we must our
Don.
mp
Then like sheep for sac - ri - fice to
Mal.
at our name. You to Eng - land,
Len.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we must our
McD.
must our Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we must our


LM.
Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
M.
Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
Don.
do their bid - ding, then end our
Mal.
I to France, therefore to horse and quick - ly go,
Len.
Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we
McD.
Scot - land fair. Pro - tect we

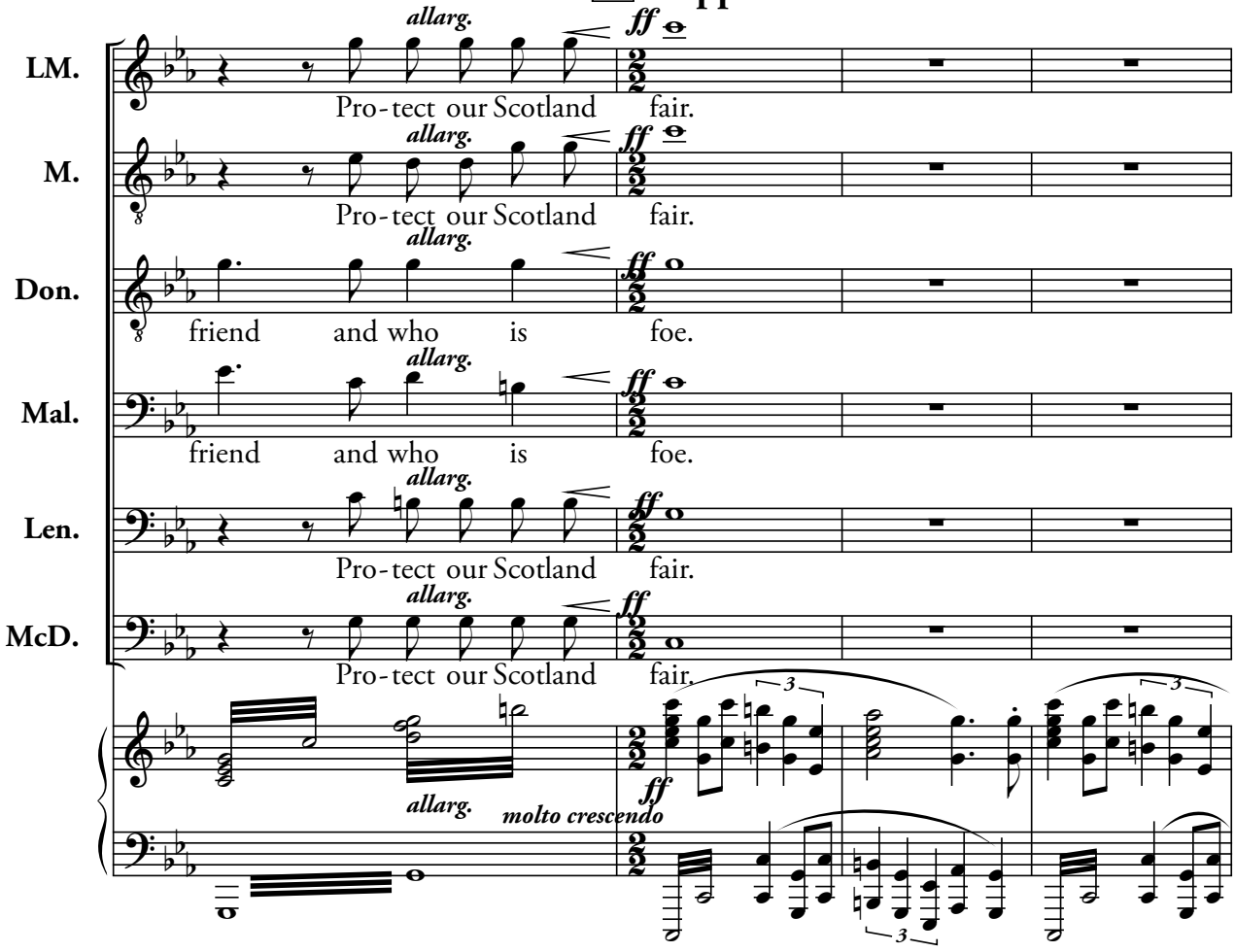

LM.
must our Scot - land fair.
M.
must our Scot - land fair.
Don.
life, and a - wait the time when
Mal.
and a - wait the time when
Len.
must our Scot - land fair.
McD.
must our Scot - land fair.

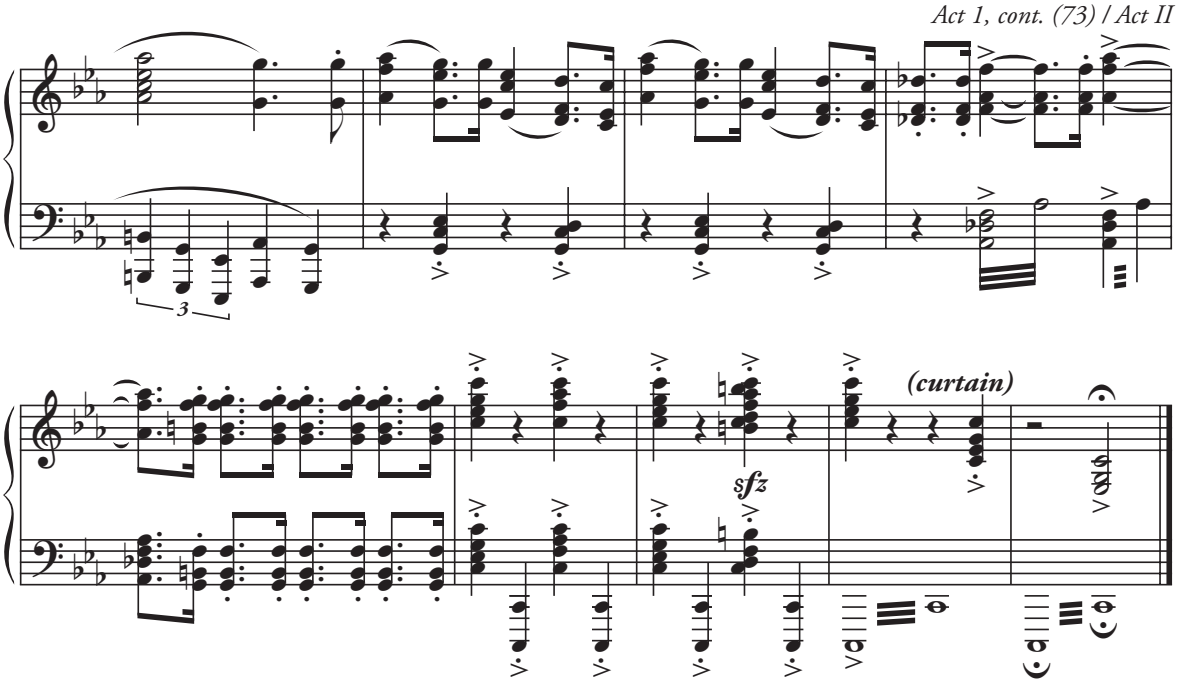

LM.
Pro - tect we must our
M.
Pro - tect we must our
Don.
we shall know who is friend and
Mal.
we shall know who is friend and
Len.
Pro - tect we must our
McD.
Pro - tect we must our
rit.
a tempo
Scot - land fair.
who is foe.
DONALBAIN and MALCOLM hug and kiss each other,
then back away from each other as they continue singing.


LM.
M.
Don.
Mal.
Len.
McD.
poco rit.
a tempo
p
We shall a - wait the time when
pp
Protect our Scotland fair.
Protect our Scotland
we shall know
who is friend and who is foe,



18 Doppio movimento.

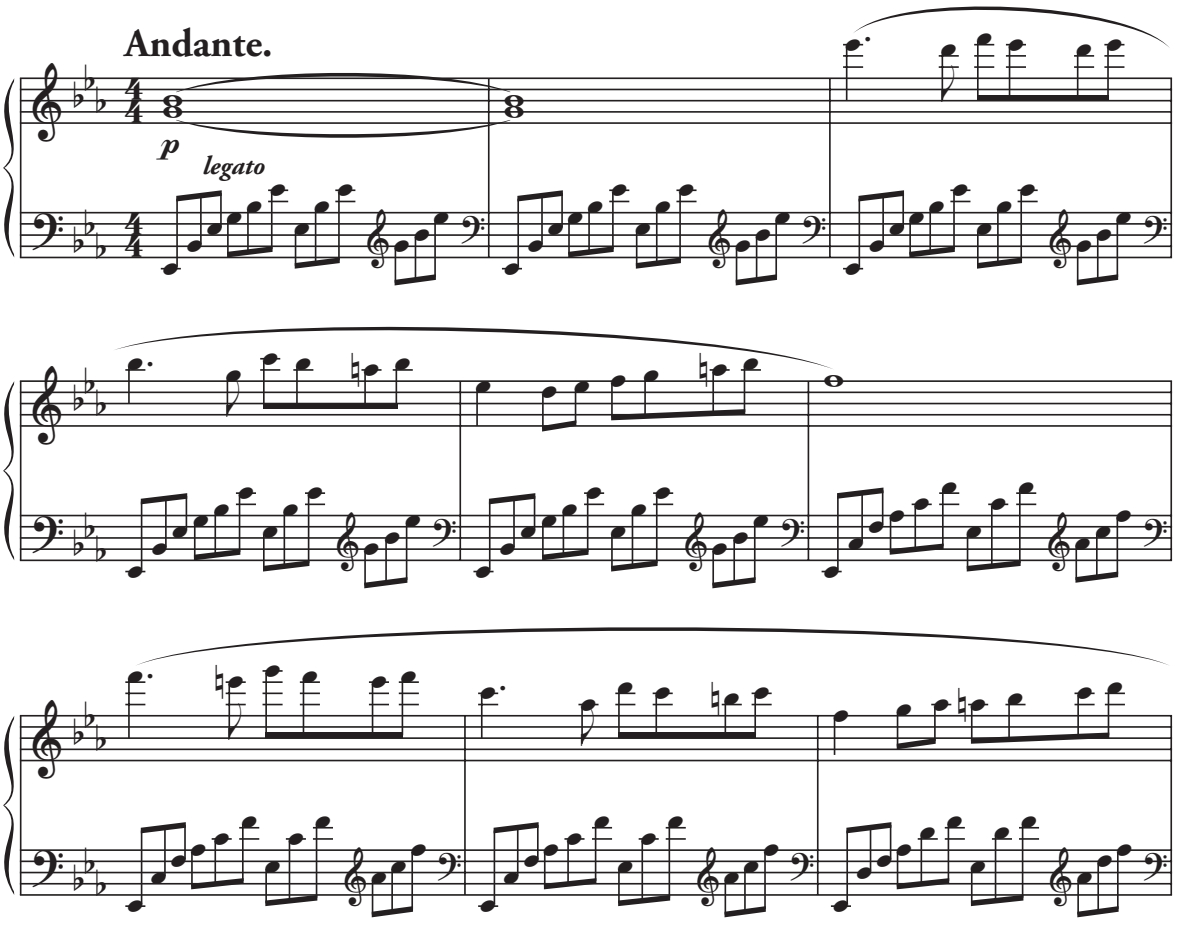


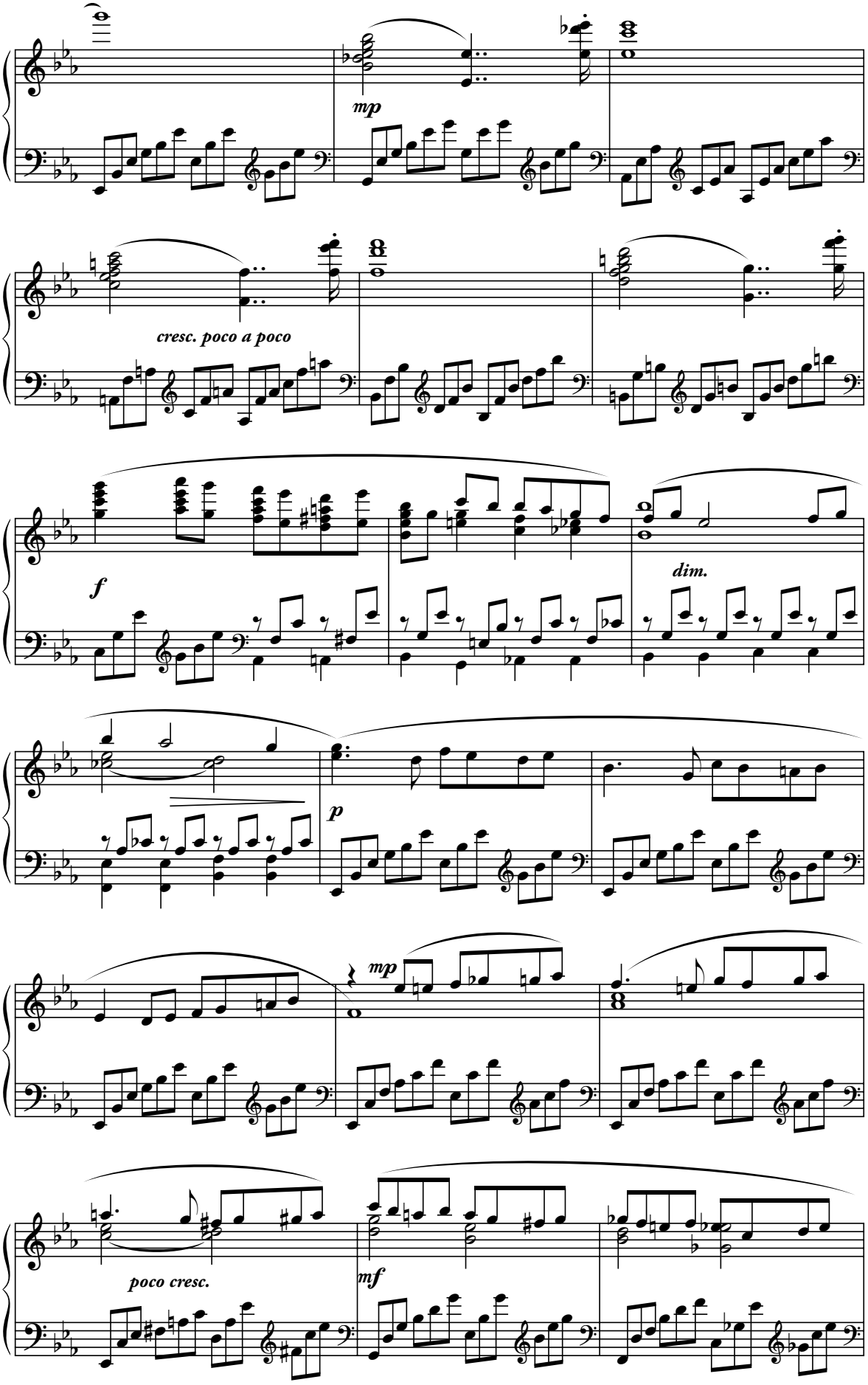


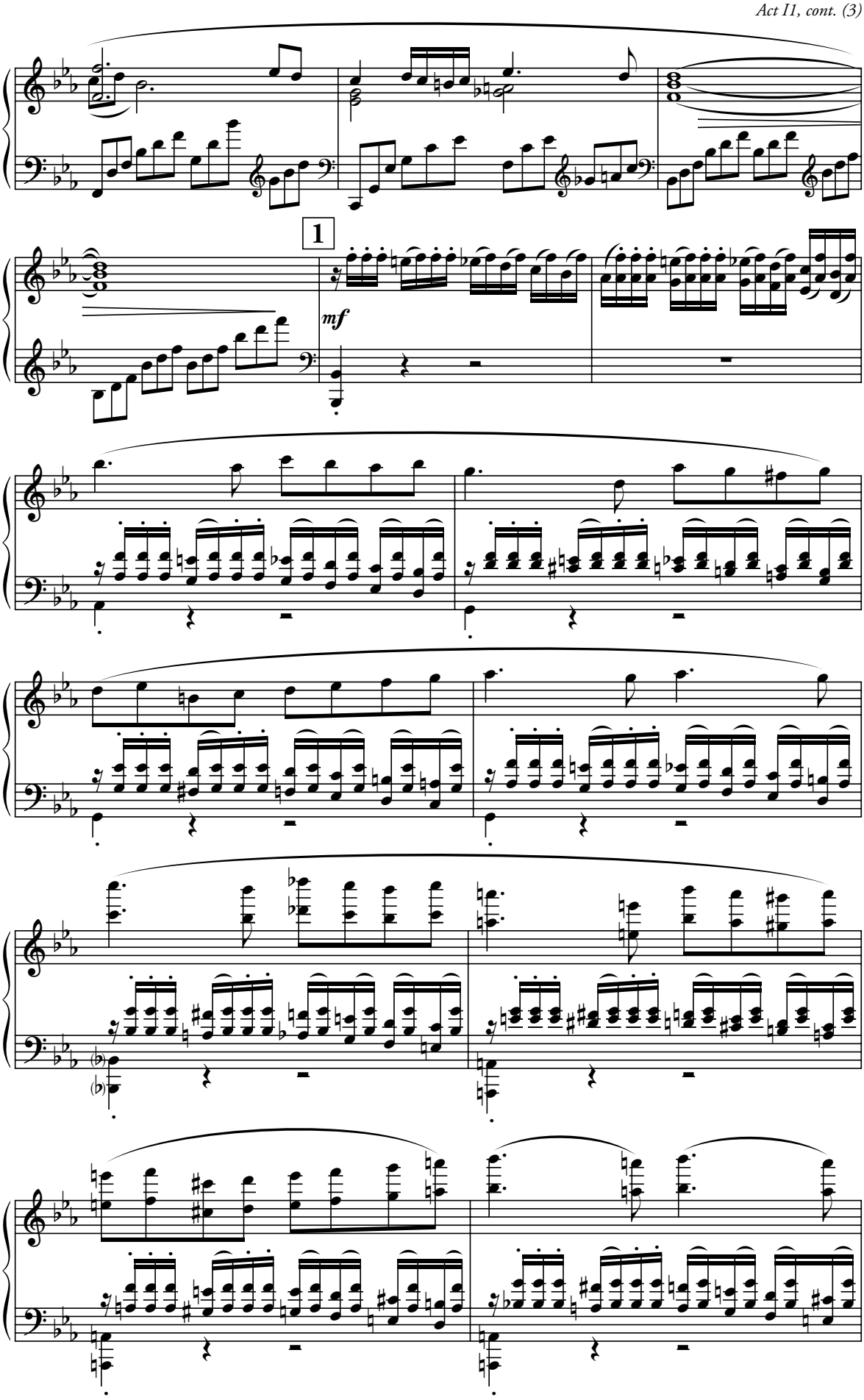
End of Act I

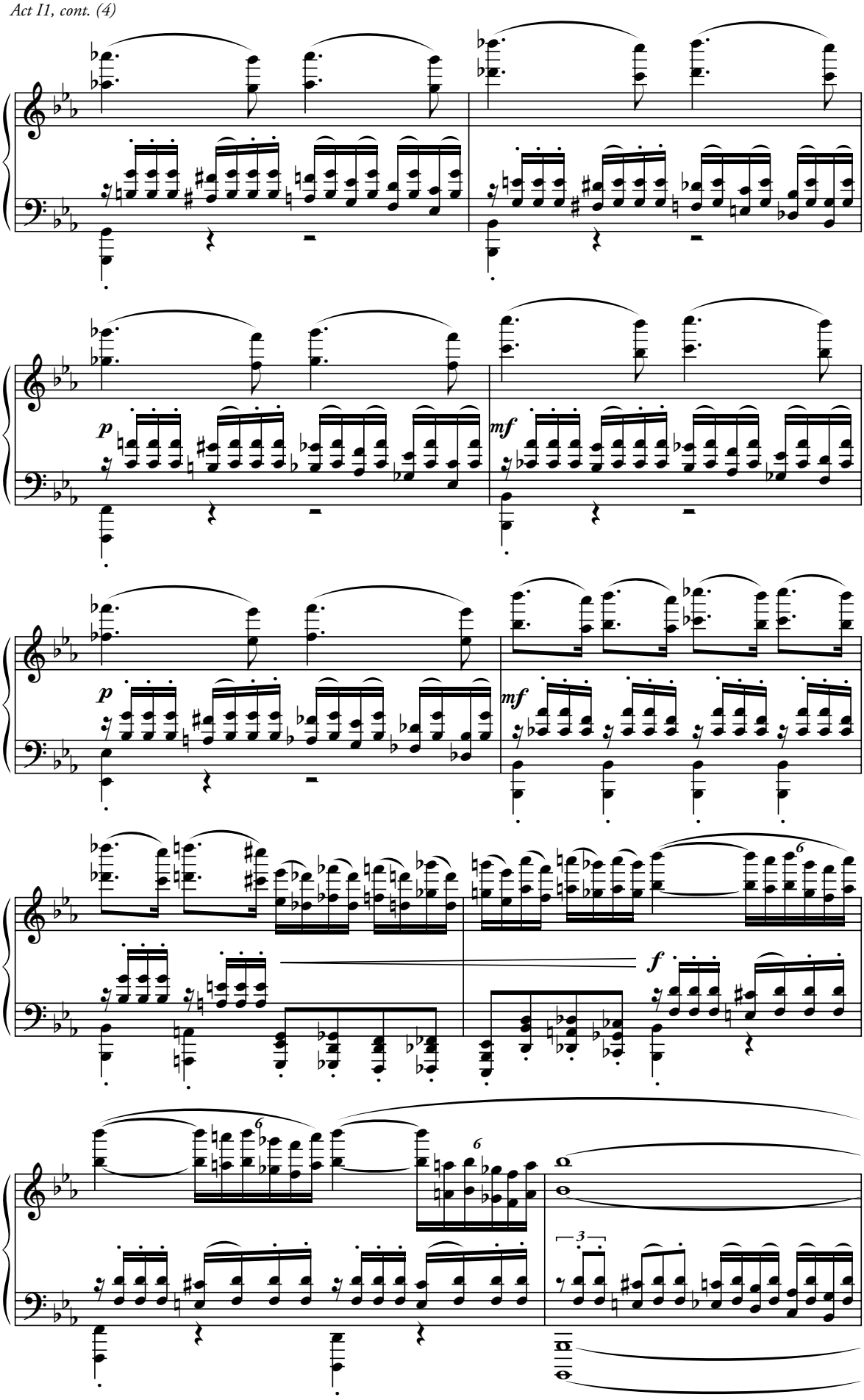
Act Two

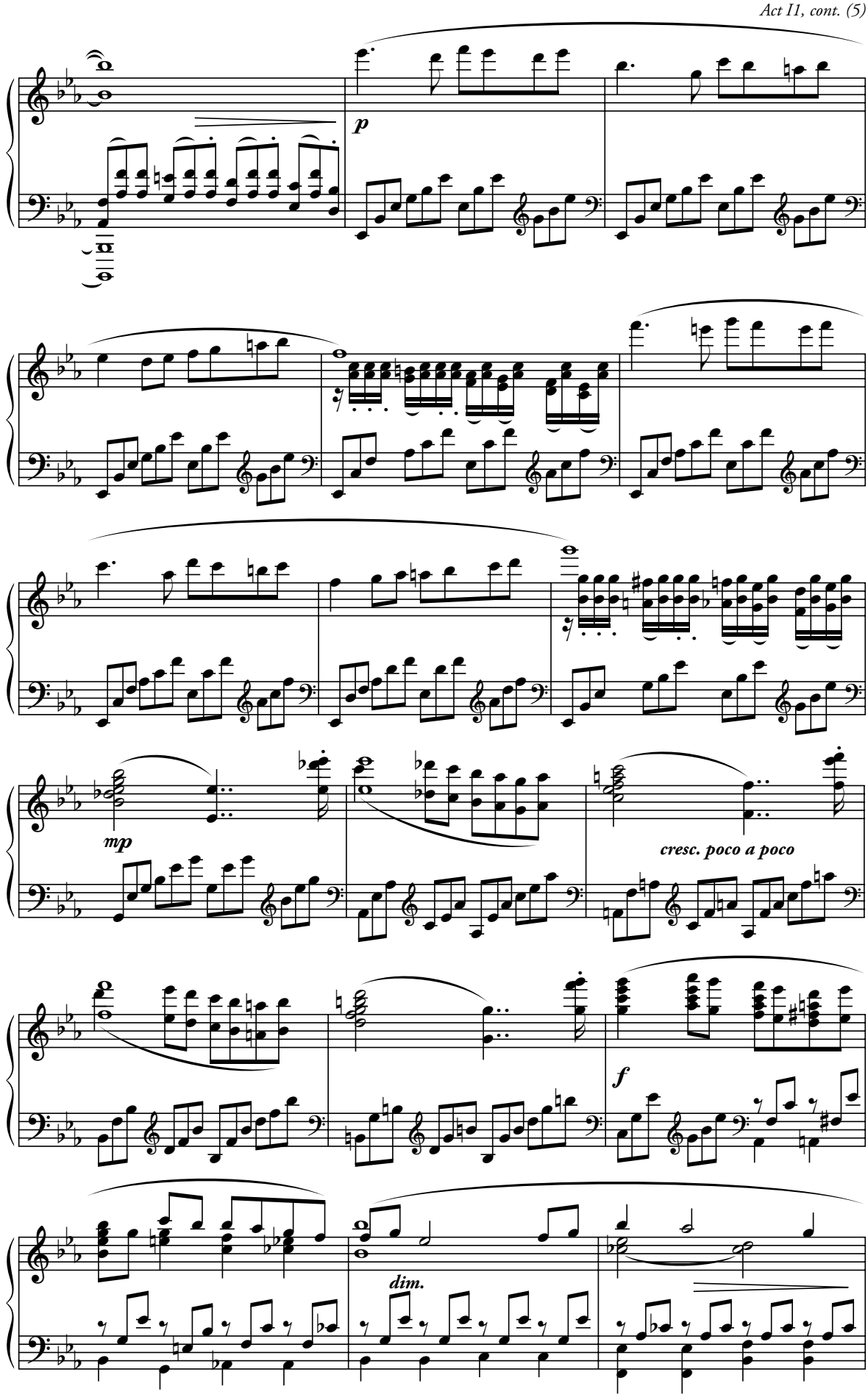
Entr'Acte

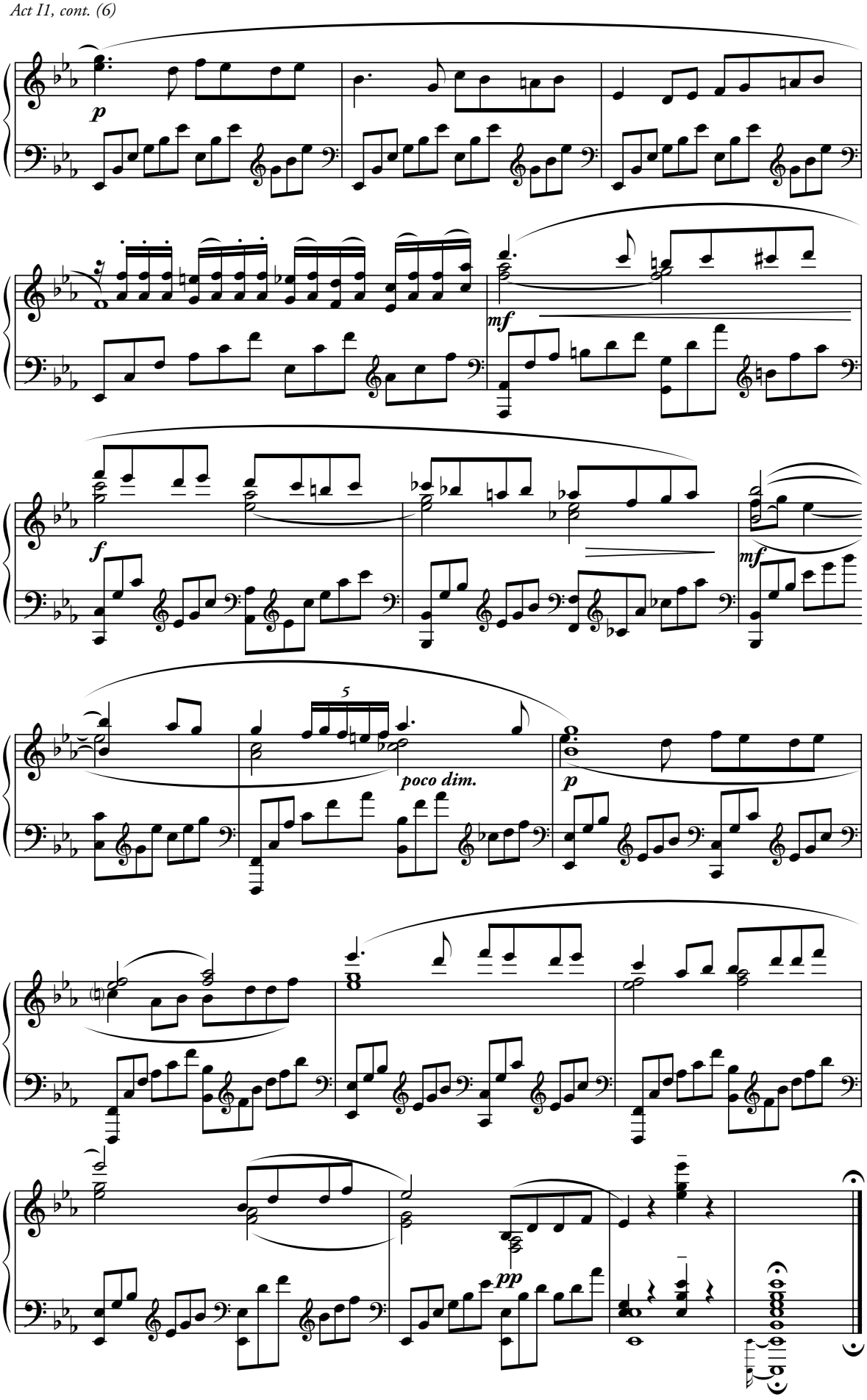



mp
cresc. poco a poco
f
dim.
p
mp
poco cresc.
mf


1
mf


p
mf
p
mf
6
f
6
6
3


p
mp
cresc. poco a poco
f
dim.


p
mf
f
mf
5
poco dim.
p
pp

Dunsinane Castle, a year later. DUNCAN has been buried, and MACBETH has been crowned king of Scotland. Duncan's SONS have fled to England, and are under suspicion that they murdered their father.

2 Allegro maestoso.

(curtain)

f

A day in the Great Entrance Hall. BANQUO is musing to himself about the political situation. FLEANCE stands nearby.

BANQUO

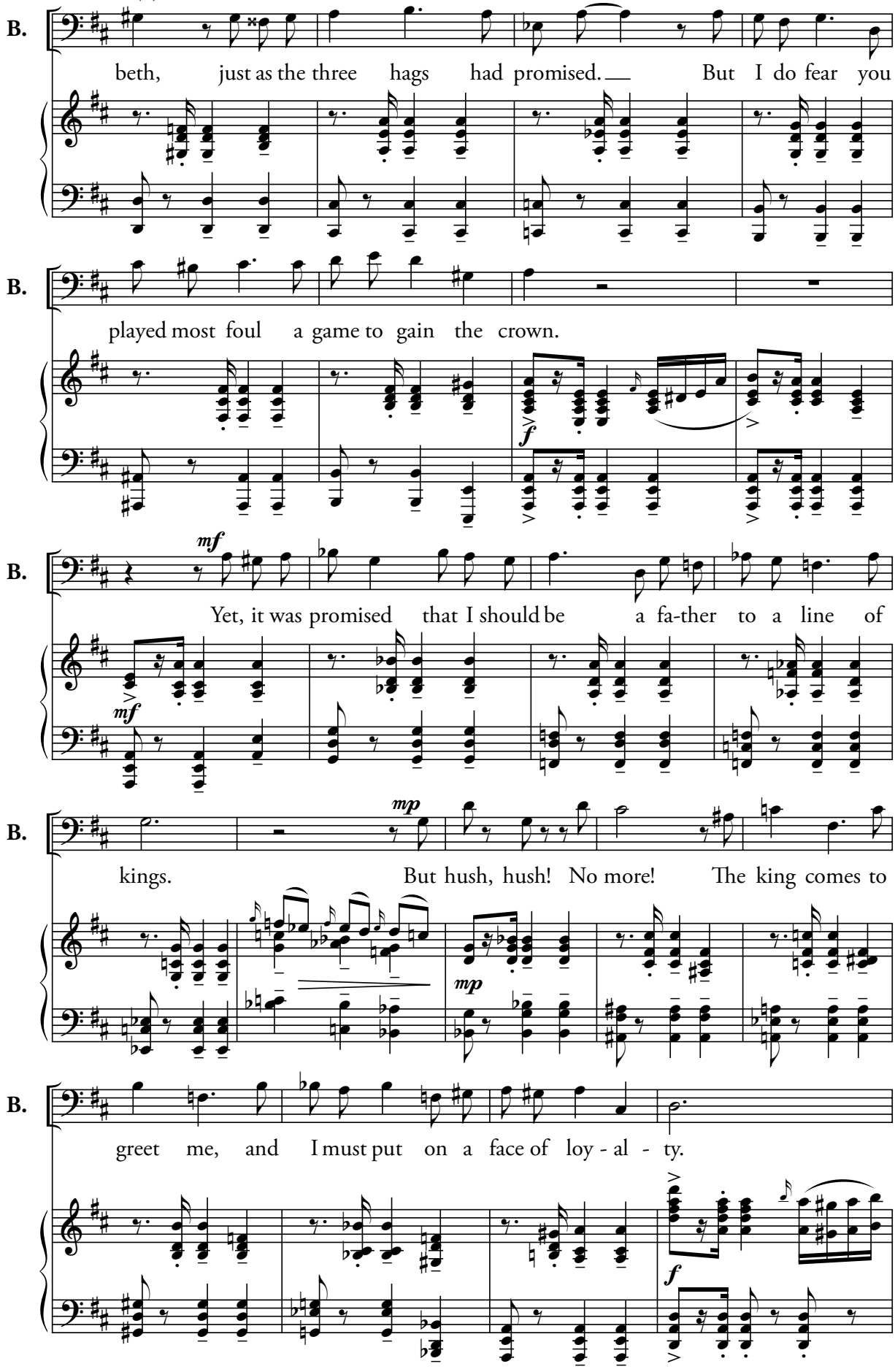
poco rit. *a tempo*

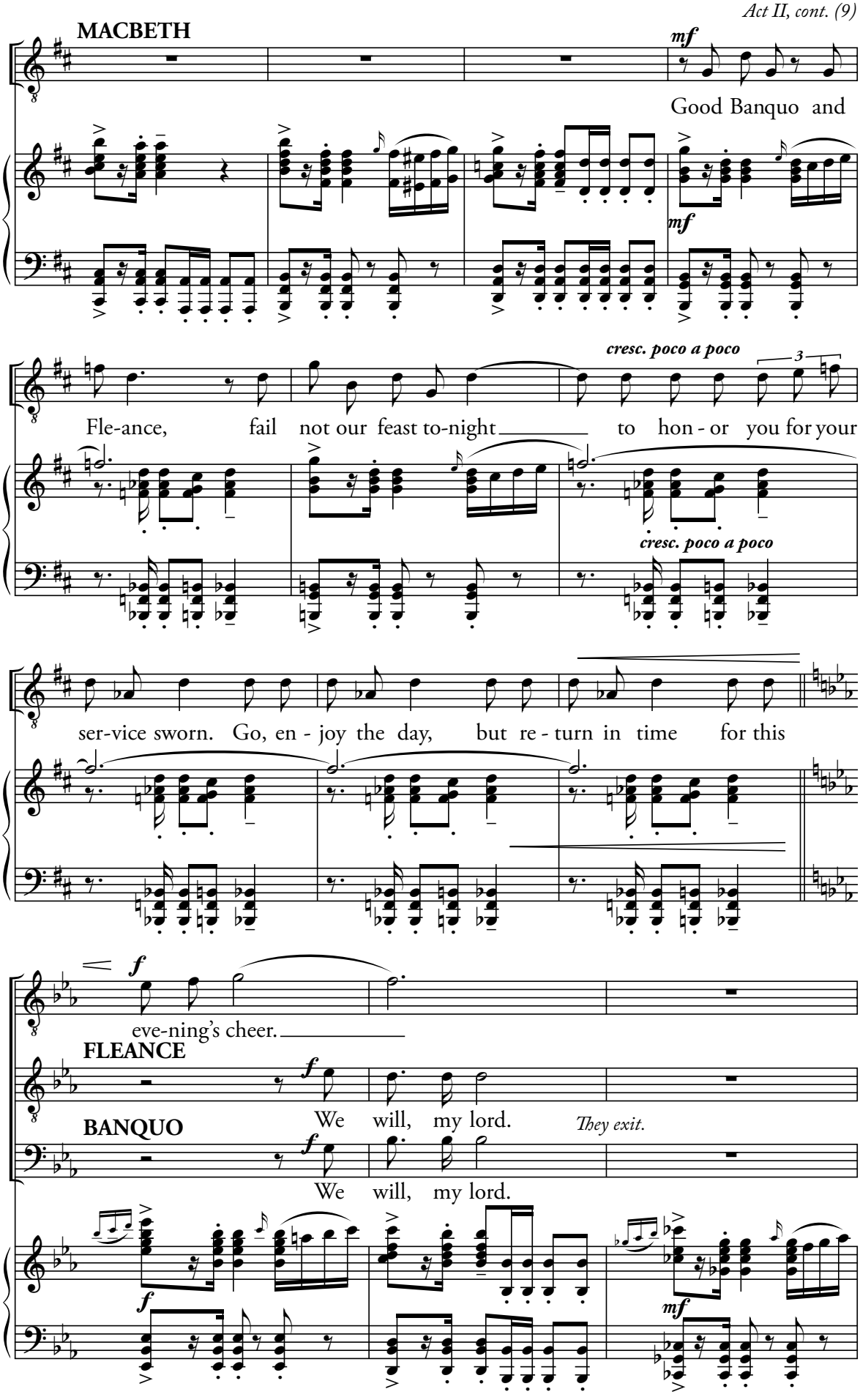
f

Thou has it all now, Mac-

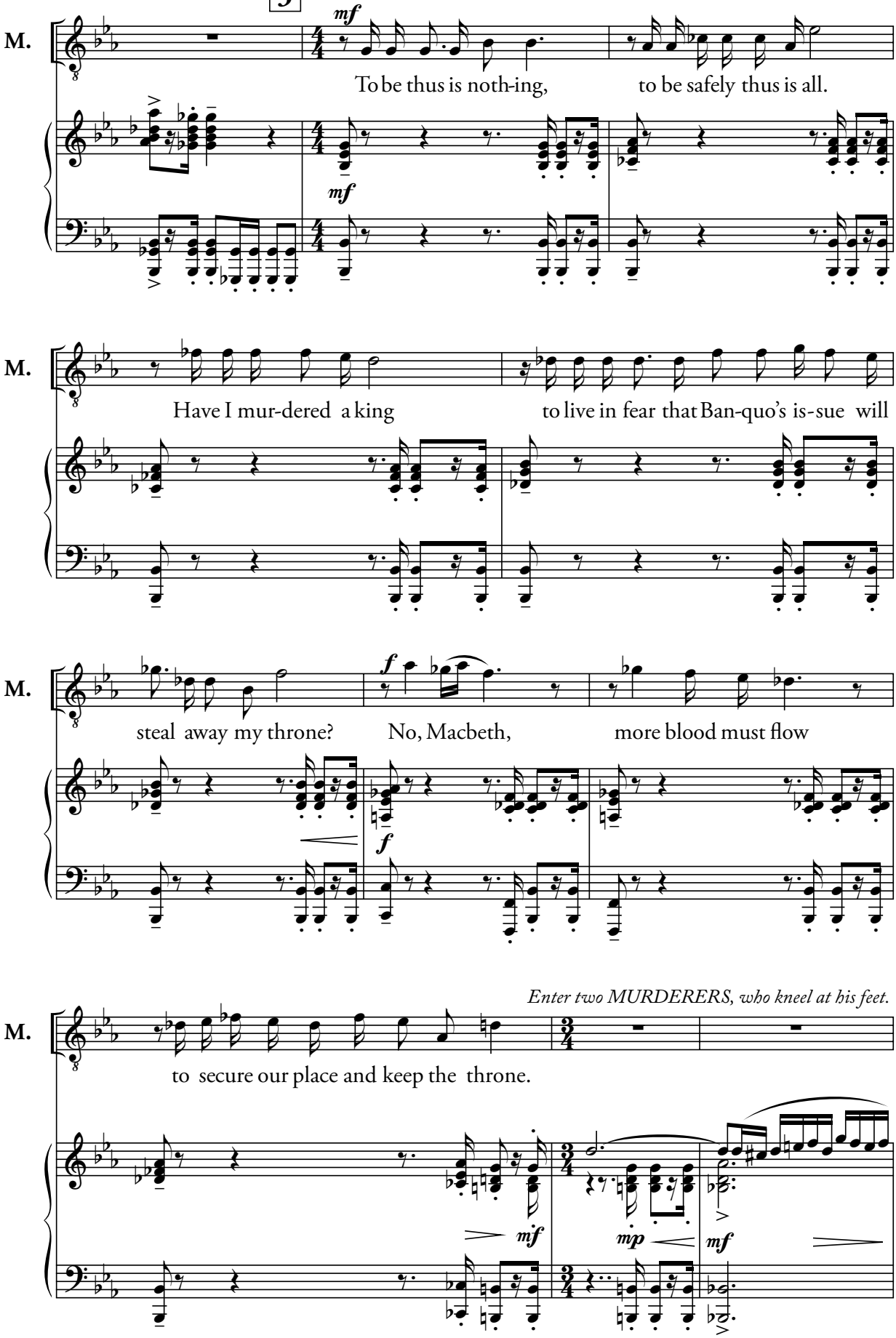
mf *a tempo*

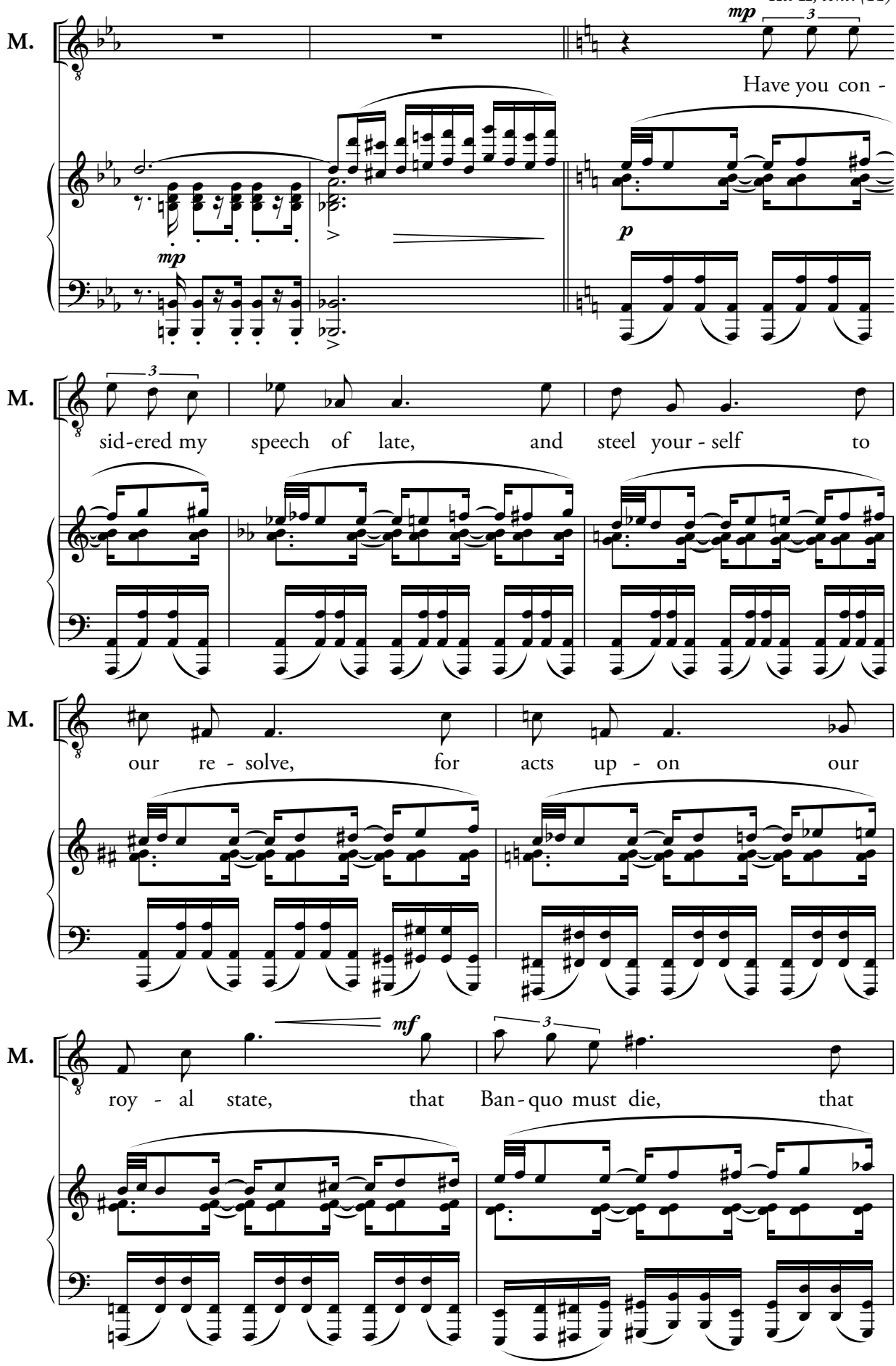
poco rit.

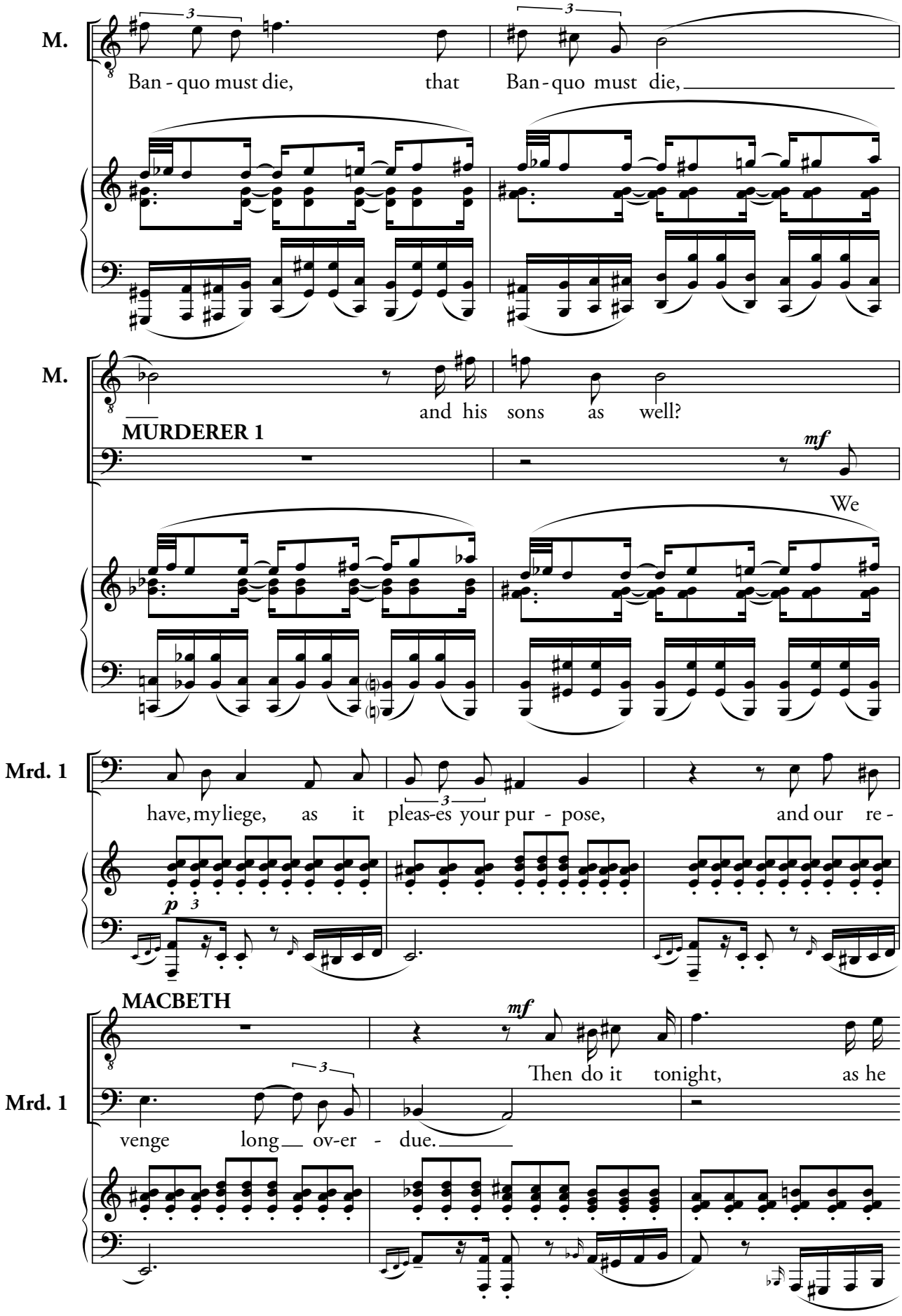

B.
beth, just as the three hags had promised. But I do fear you
B.
played most foul a game to gain the crown.
f
B.
mf
Yet, it was promised that I should be a fa-ther to a line of
mf
B.
mp
kings. But hush, hush! No more! The king comes to
mp
B.
greet me, and I must put on a face of loy - al - ty.
f

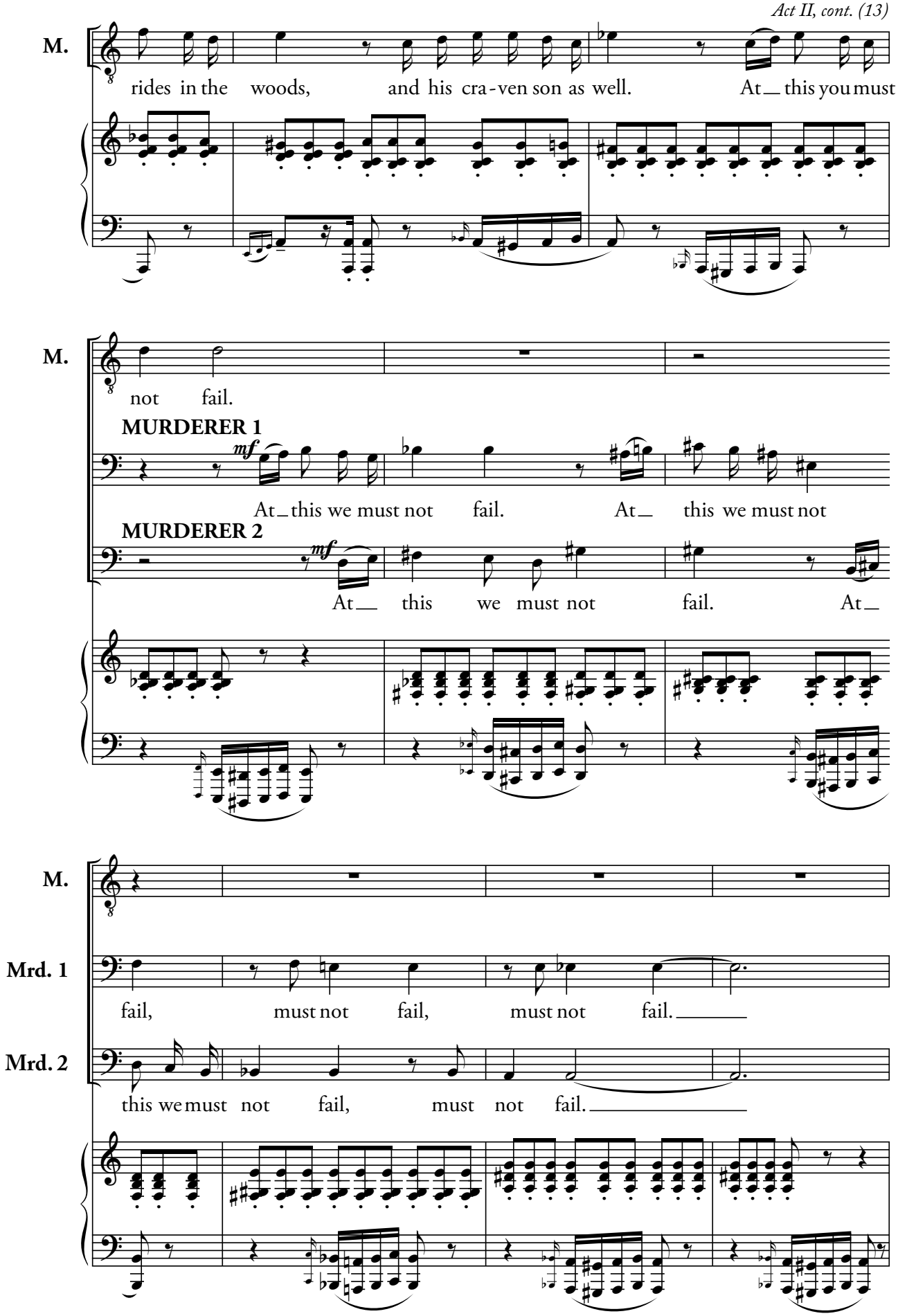

MACBETH
mf
Good Banquo and
M.
cresc. poco a poco
3
Fle-ance, fail not our feast to-night to hon - or you for your
cresc. poco a poco
M.
ser-vice sworn. Go, en - joy the day, but re - turn in time for this
M.
f
eve-ning's cheer.
FLEANCE
f
We will, my lord.
They exit.
BANQUO
f
We will, my lord.
f
mf

3 **Poco recitative.**




M.
mp
3
Have you con -
p
M.
3
sid-ered my speech of late, and steel your - self to
M.
our re - solve, for acts up - on our
M.
mf
3
roy - al state, that Ban-quo must die, that


M.
Ban - quo must die, that Ban - quo must die,
M.
and his sons as well?
MURDERER 1
mf
We
Mrd. 1
have, my liege, as it pleas-es your pur - pose, and our re -
p
MACBETH
mf
Then do it tonight, as he
Mrd. 1
venge long ov-er - due.


M.
rides in the woods, and his cra-ven son as well. At this you must
M.
not fail.
MURDERER 1
mf
At this we must not fail. At this we must not
MURDERER 2
mf
At this we must not fail. At
M.
Mrd. 1
fail, must not fail, must not fail.
Mrd. 2
this we must not fail, must not fail.

MACBETH

Must be sure. Must be

mp

M.

a tempo

sure. Must be sure.

The MURDERERS exit.

mf

a tempo

4 Poco andante.

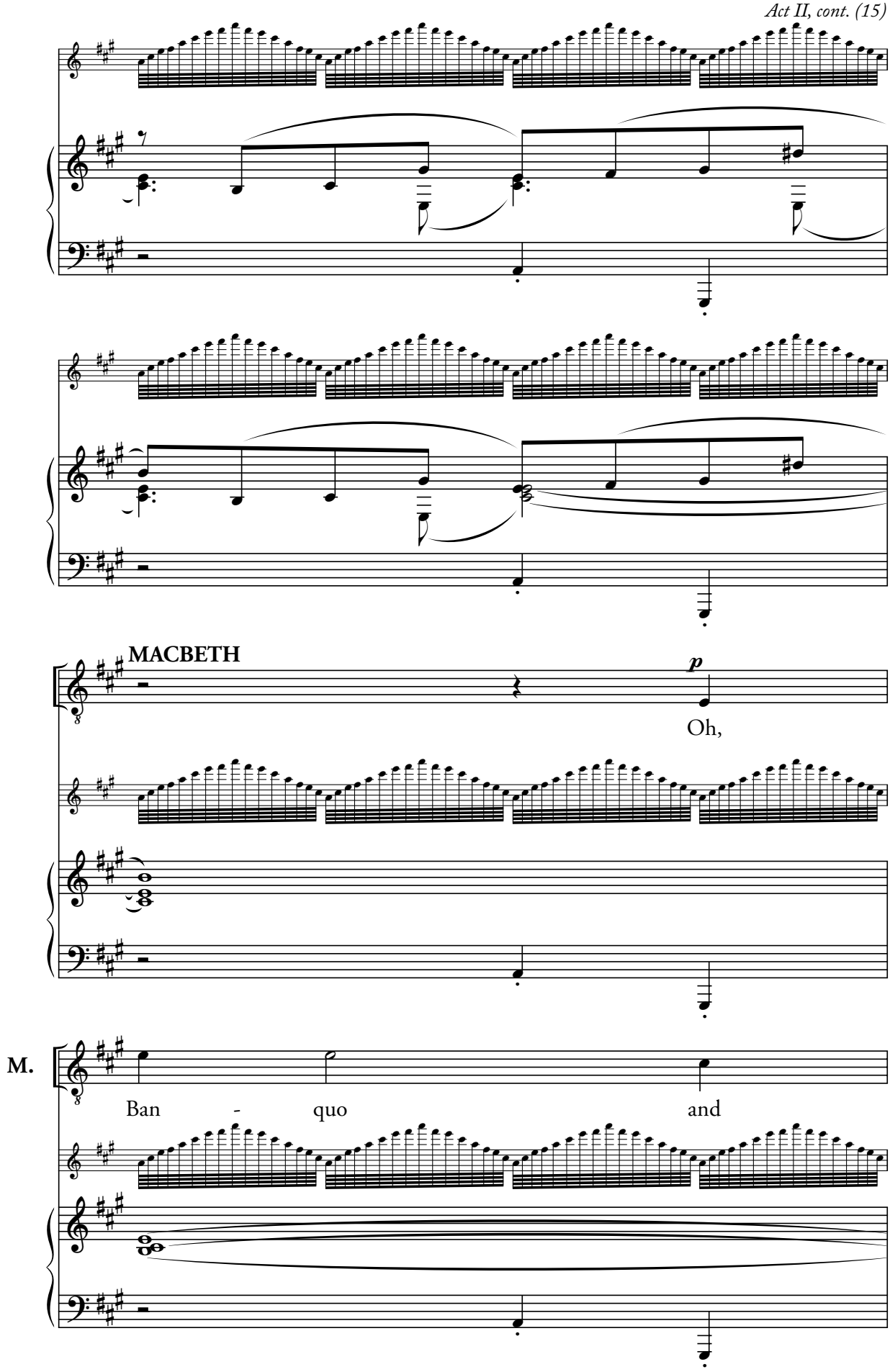
ossia

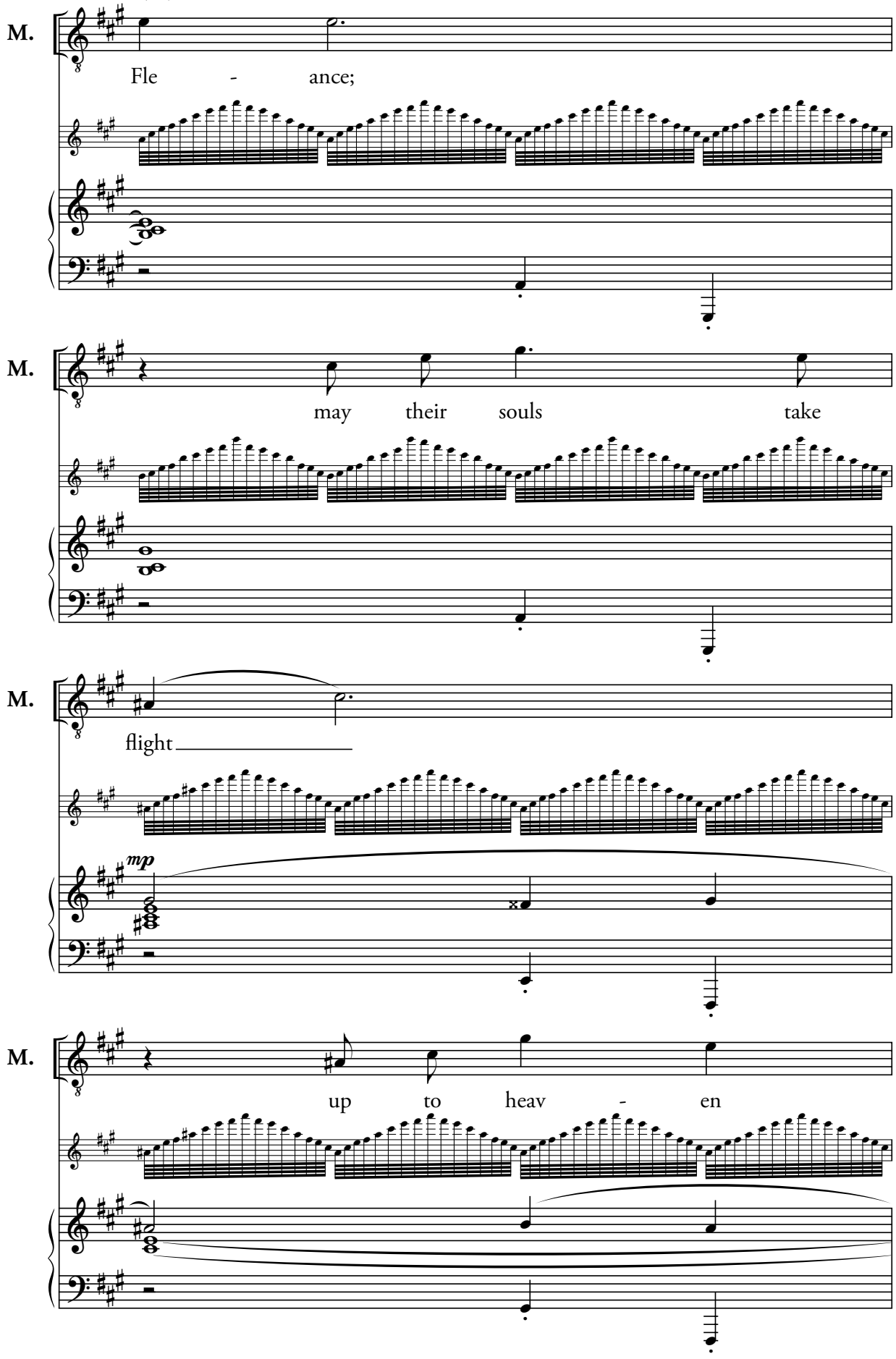
p

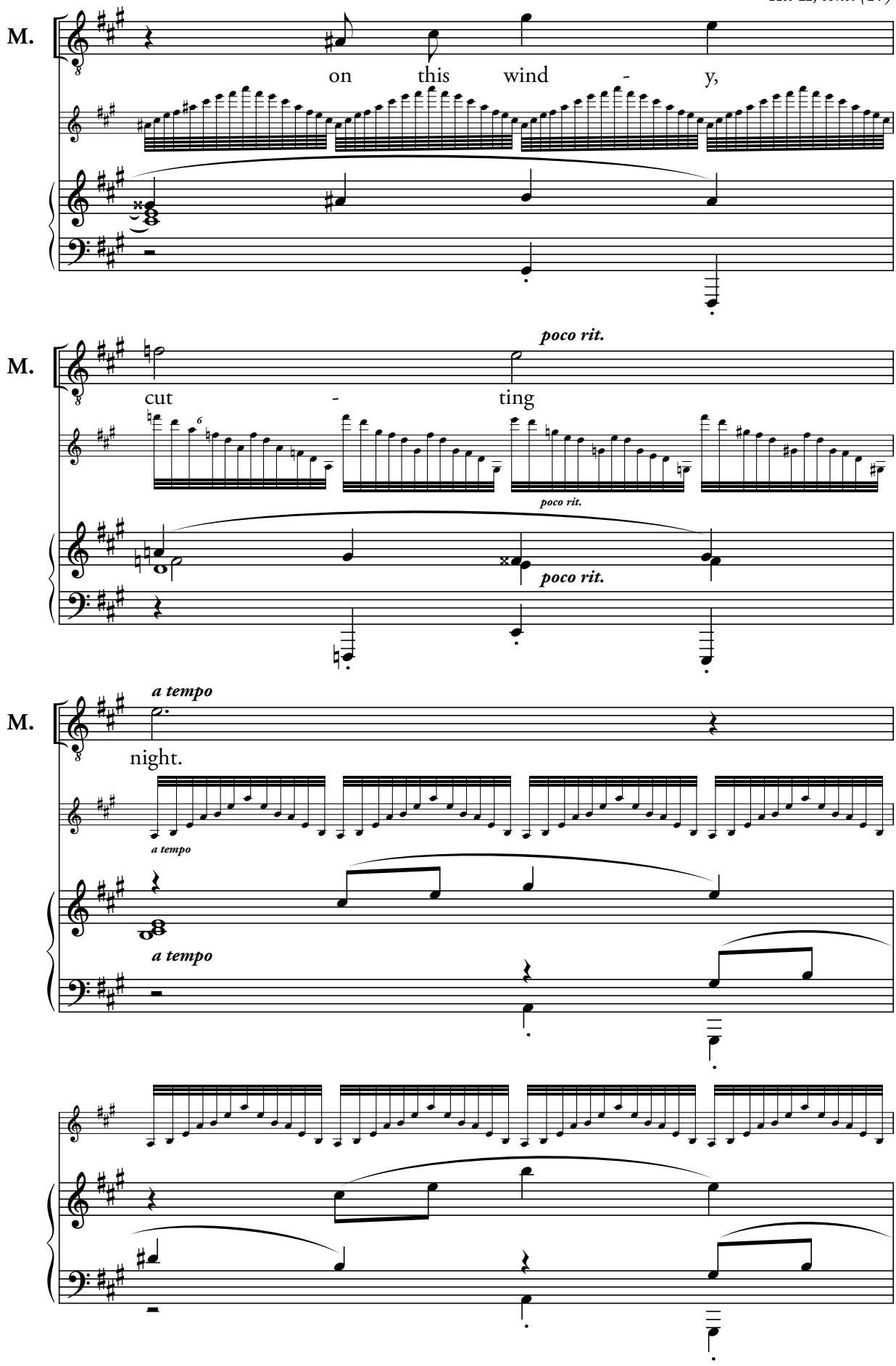
p

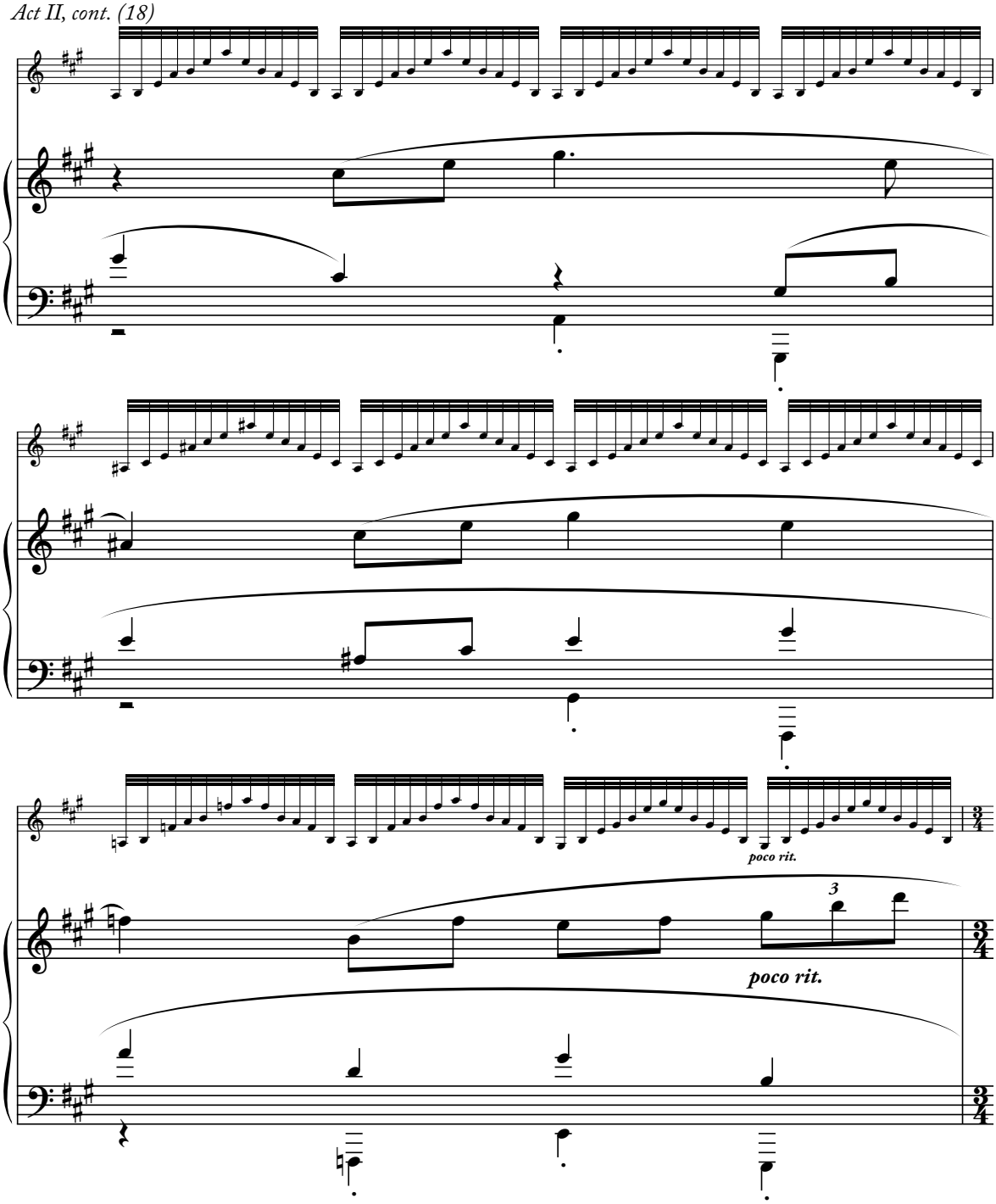
mp

mf

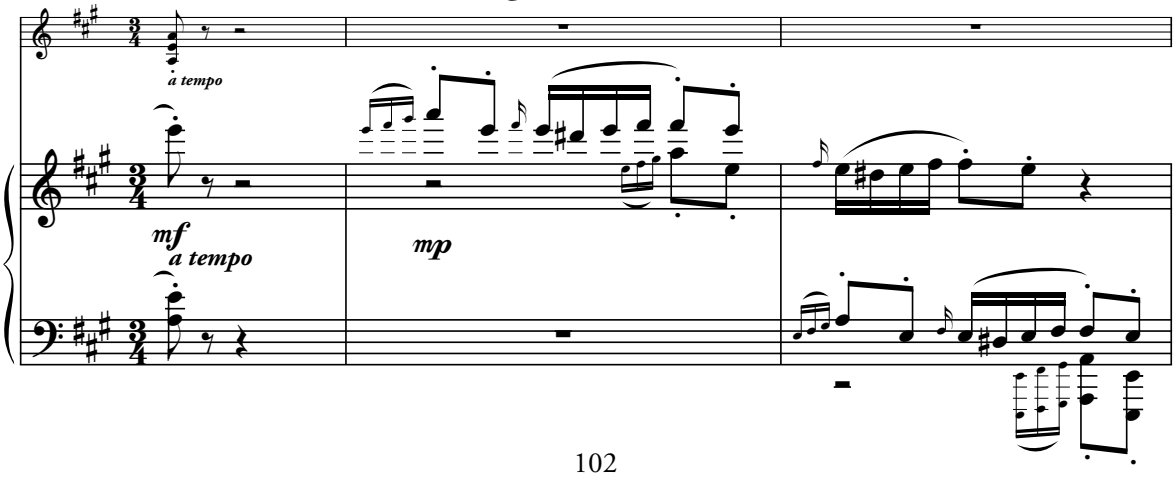

MACBETH
p
Oh,
M.
Ban - quo and

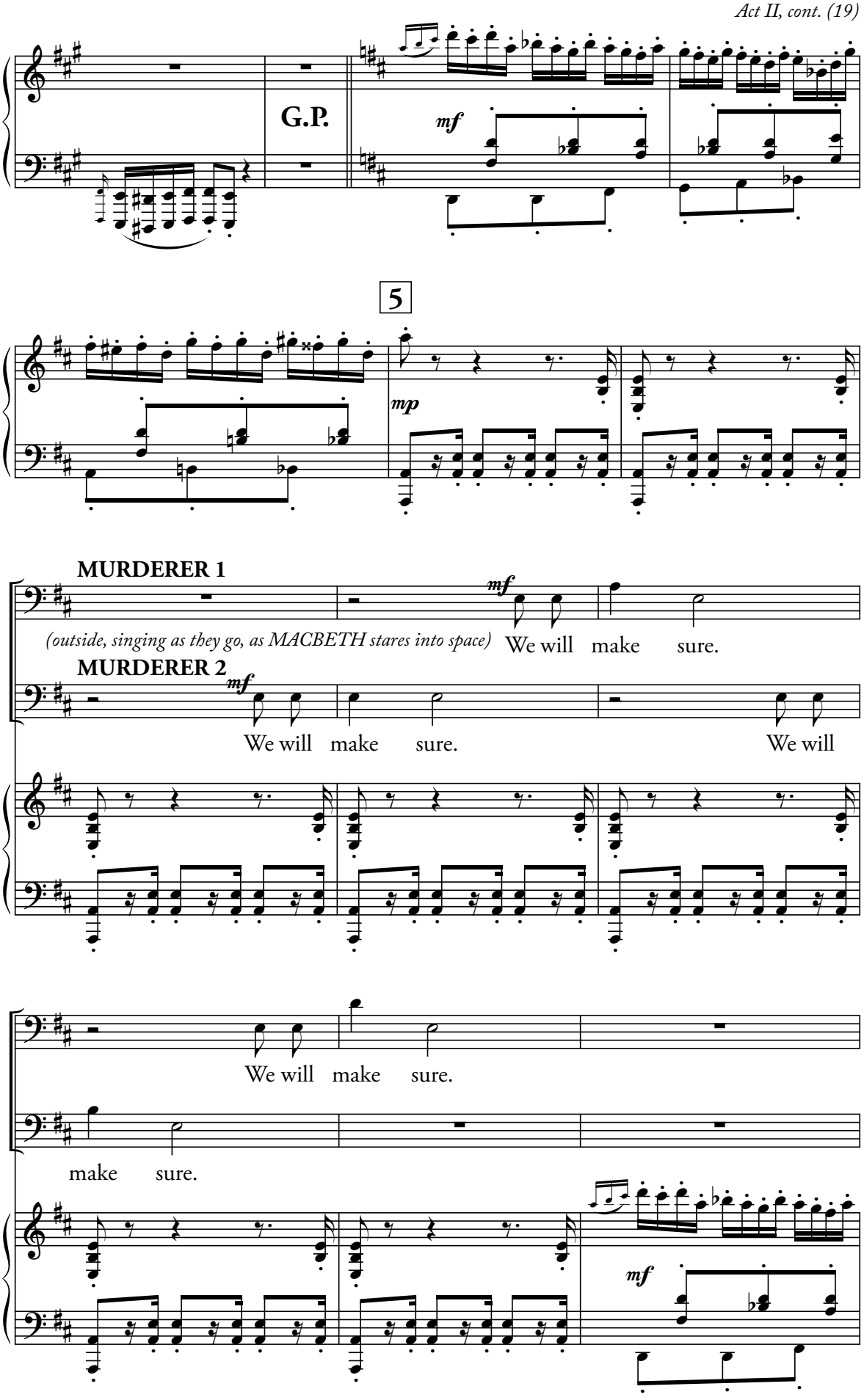

M.
Fle - ance;
M.
may their souls take
M.
flight
mp
M.
up to heav - en

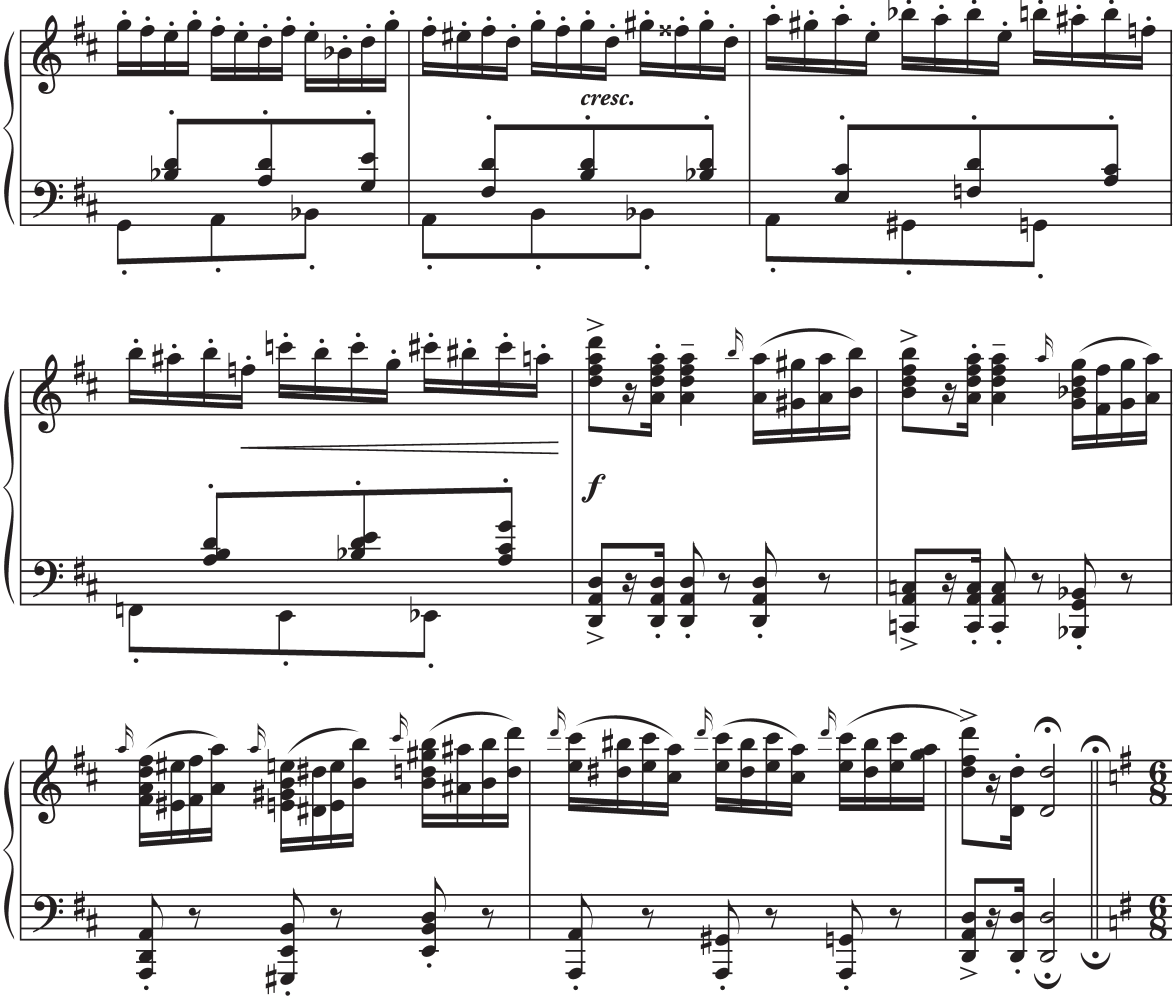

M.
on this wind - y,
M.
poco rit.
cut - ting
poco rit.
poco rit.
M.
a tempo
night.
a tempo
a tempo



Poco allegro.

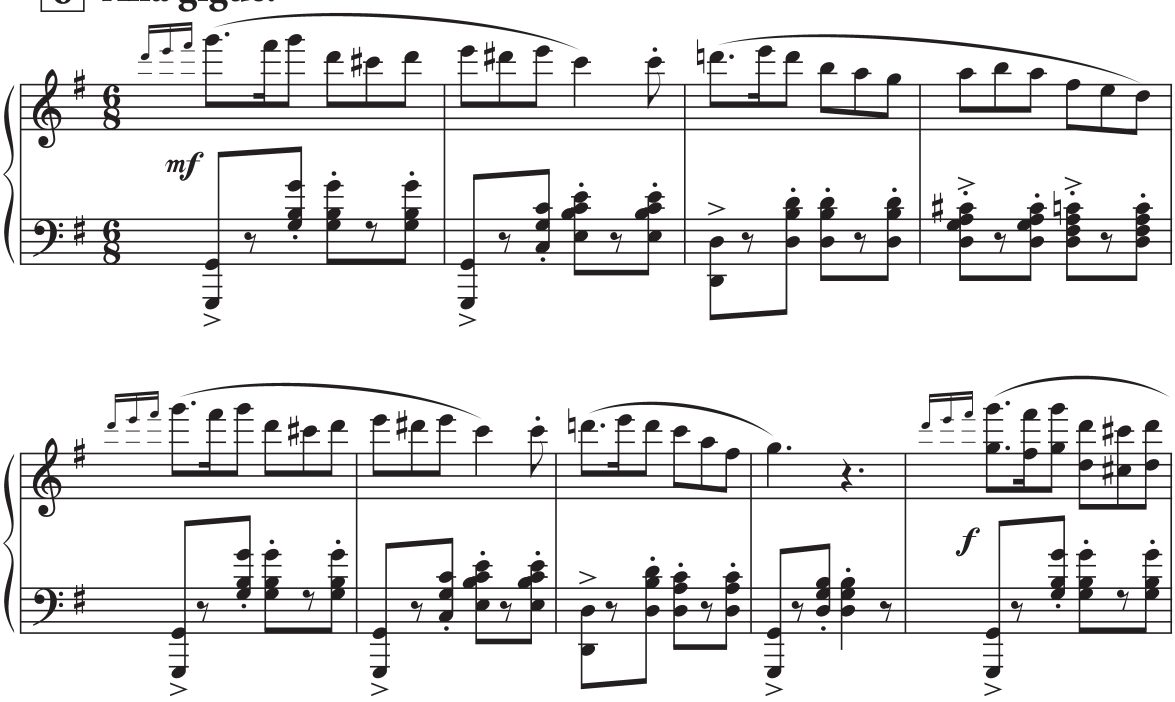


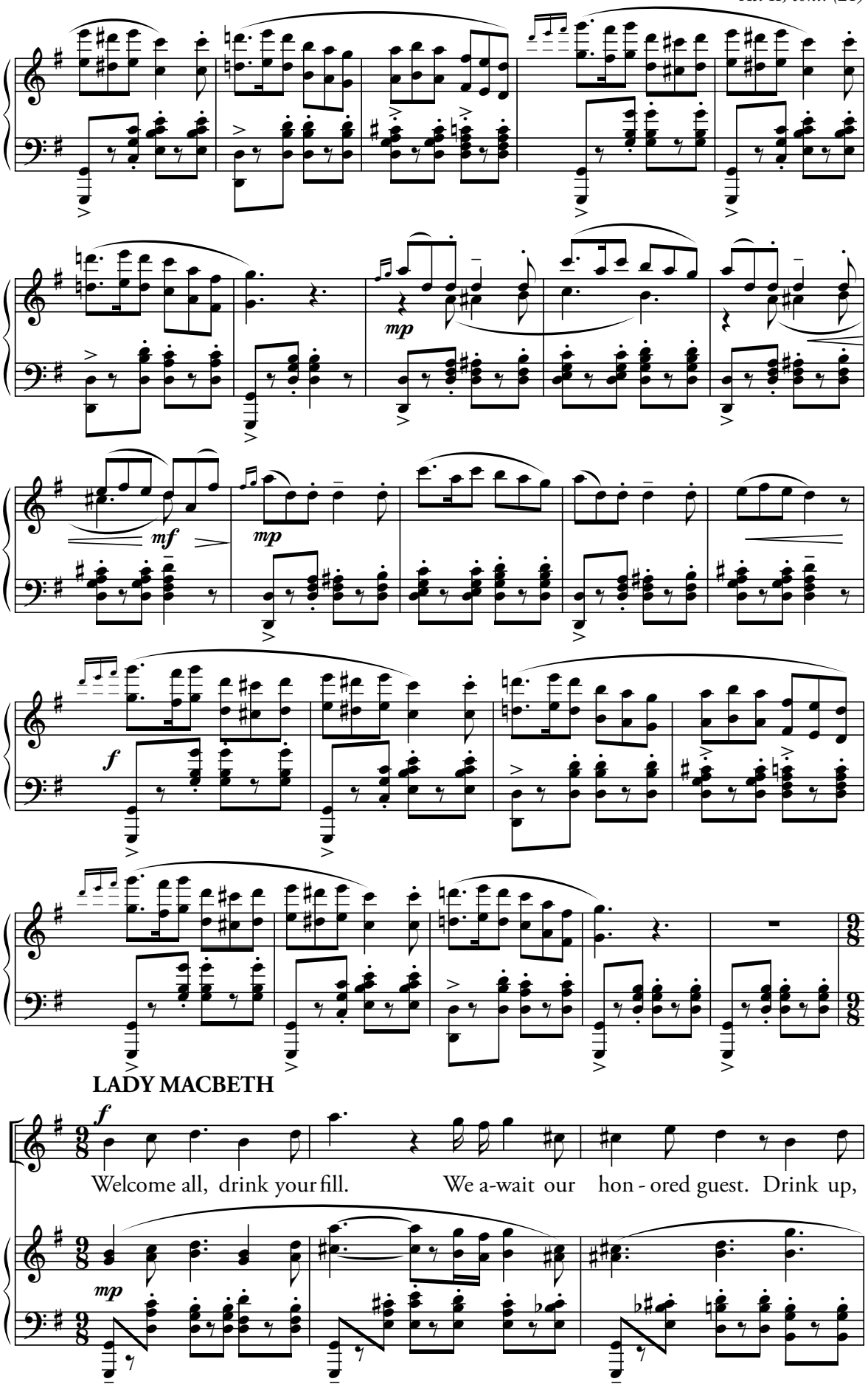

G.P.
mf
5
mp
MURDERER 1
mf
(outside, singing as they go, as MACBETH stares into space)
We will make sure.
MURDERER 2
mf
We will make sure. We will
Mrd. 1
We will make sure.
Mrd. 2
make sure.
mf

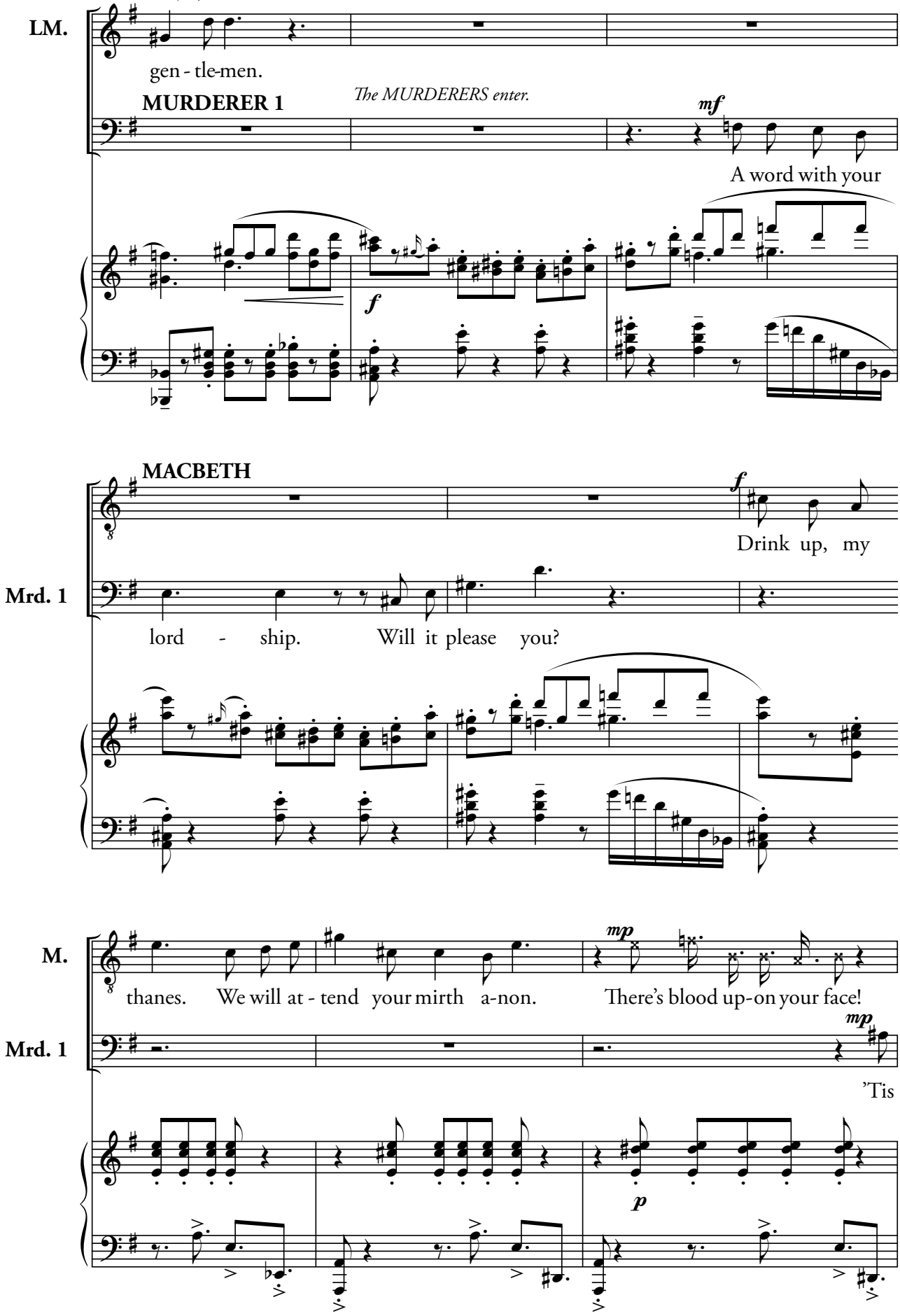


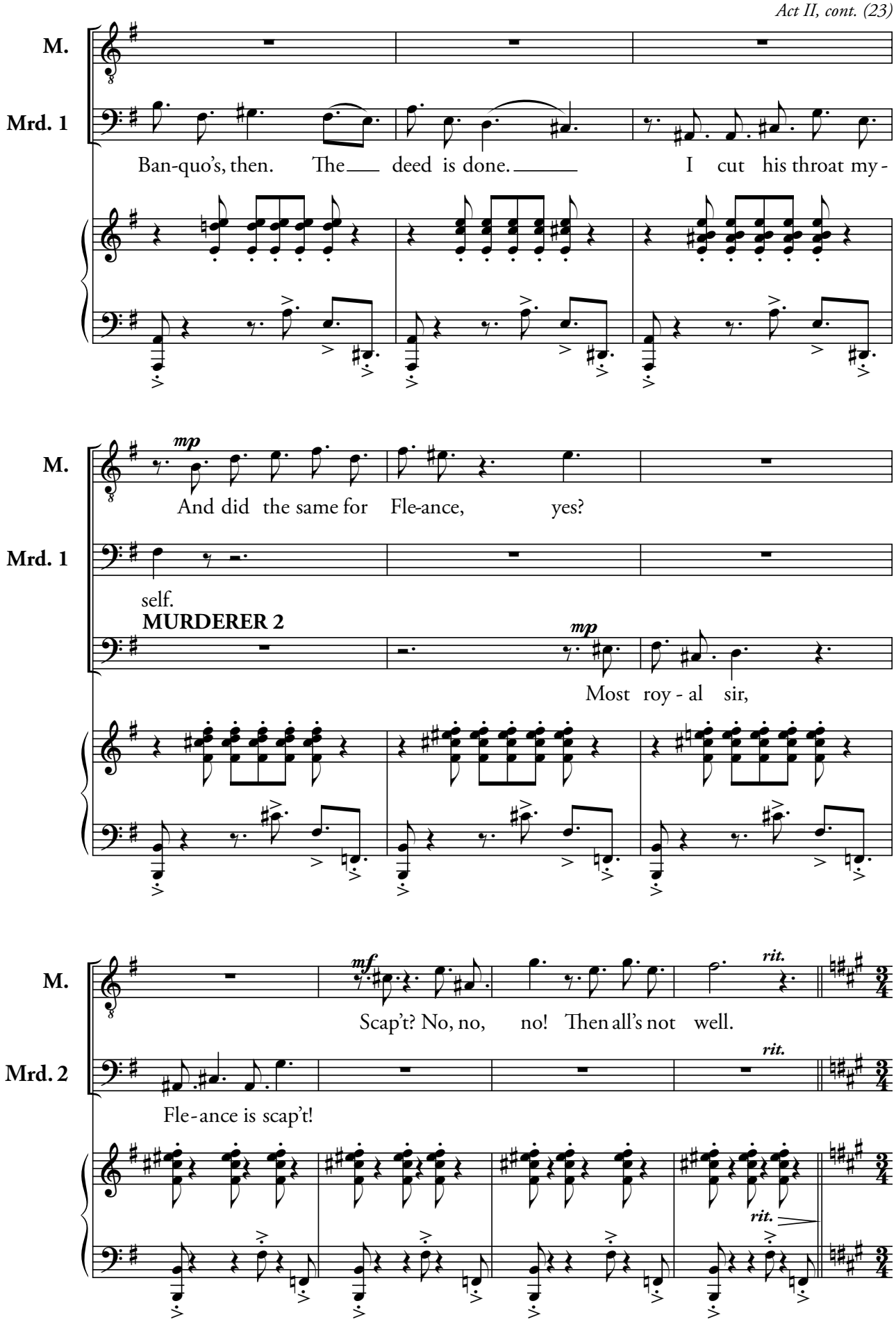
Banquet at a long table LORDS and THANES sit and talk as Scottish music is played to laughter and good fellowship. LADY MACBETH and MACBETH are acting as the hosts.

6 Alla gigue.




mp
mf
mp
f
LADY MACBETH
f
Welcome all, drink your fill. We a-wait our hon - ored guest. Drink up,
mp


LM.
gen - tle-men.
MURDERER 1
The MURDERERS enter.
mf
A word with your
f
MACBETH
f
Drink up, my
Mrd. 1
lord - ship. Will it please you?
M.
mp
thanes. We will at - tend your mirth a-non. There's blood up-on your face!
Mrd. 1
mp
'Tis
p


M.
Mrd. 1
Ban-quo's, then. The deed is done. I cut his throat my-
mp
And did the same for Fle-ance, yes?
self.
MURDERER 2
mp
Most roy - al sir,
mf
rit.
Scap't? No, no, no! Then all's not well.
Mrd. 2
rit.
Fle-ance is scap't!
rit.

Act II, cont. (24)

Poco trattenuto.

M. *p*

Now I'm ca-bin cribbed, con-fined, bound in by

p

M.

saucy doubts and fears; though he has no teeth now, they will come with years.

BANQUO's ghost comes in and sits at Macbeth's table.

M. *mp* *rit. appena*

Go… we will speak a-non.

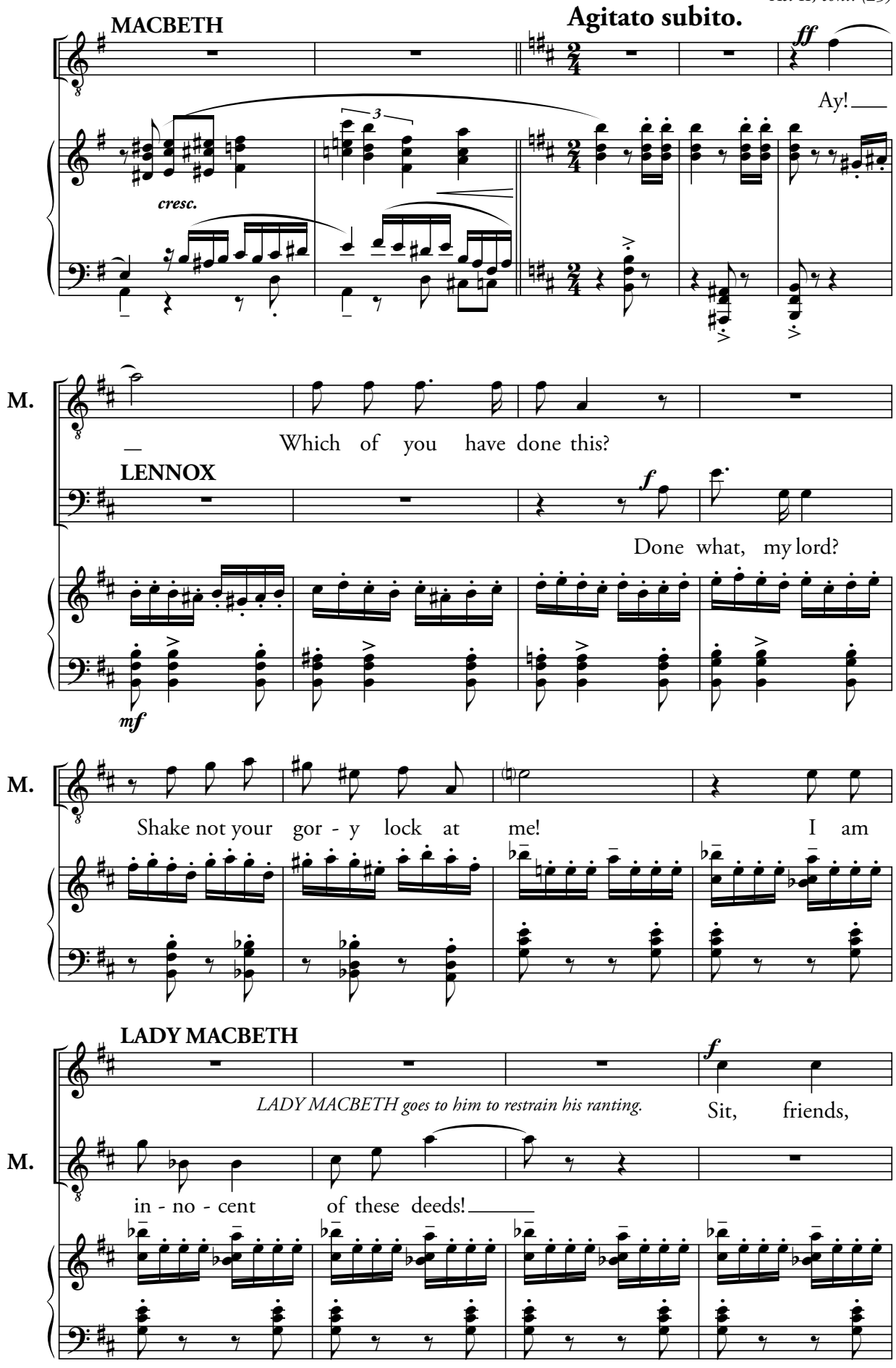
mp *p* *rit. appena*

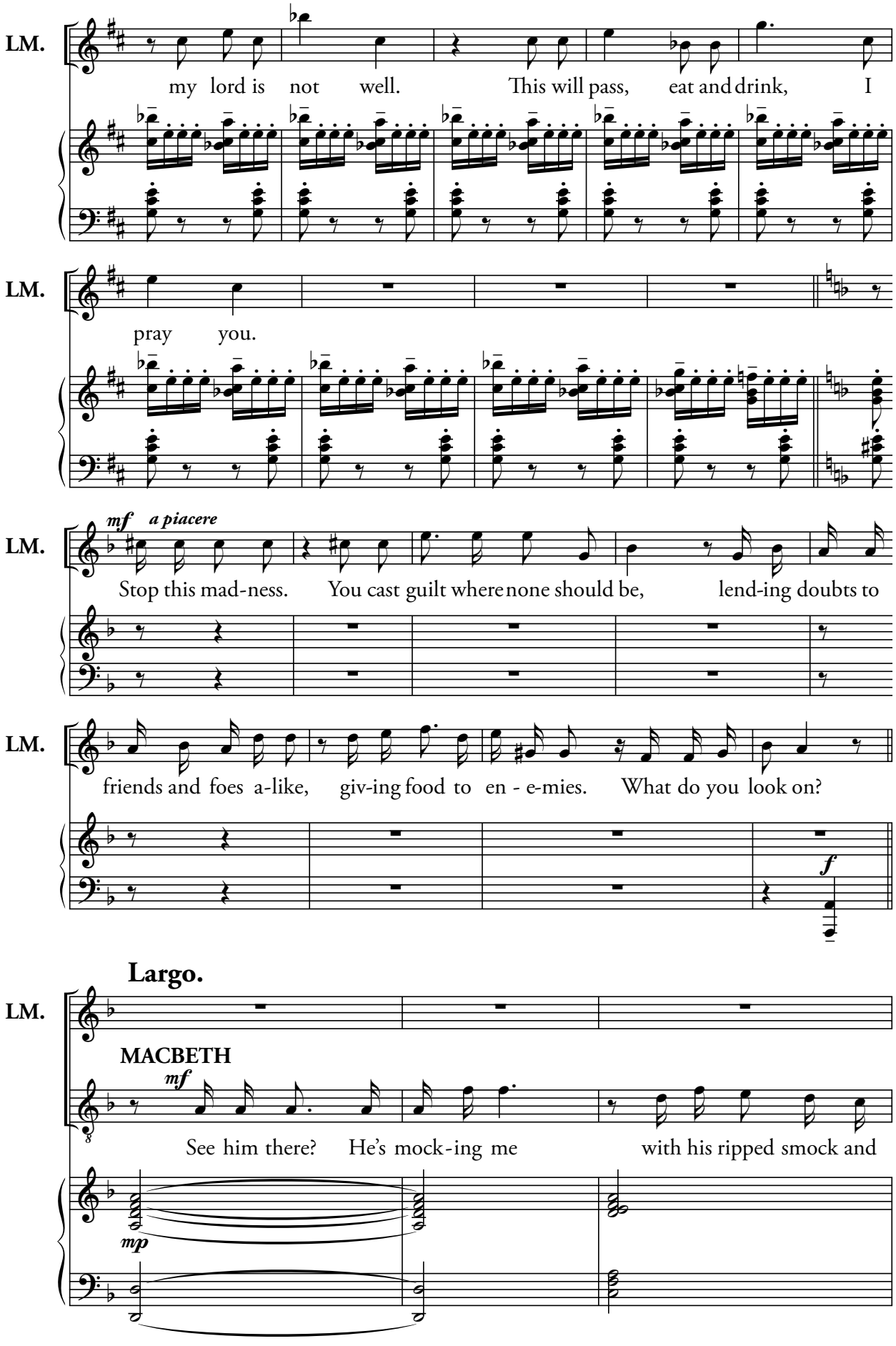
7 **Poco andante.**

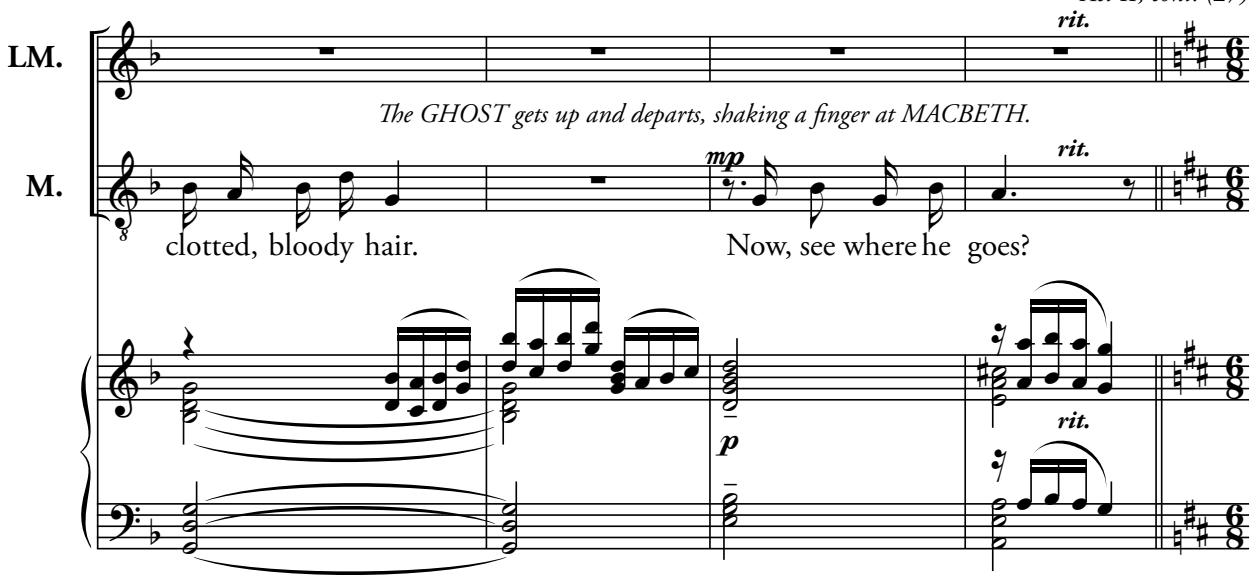
LADY MACBETH *mf*

Your seat, my lord; the guests a-wait your toast.

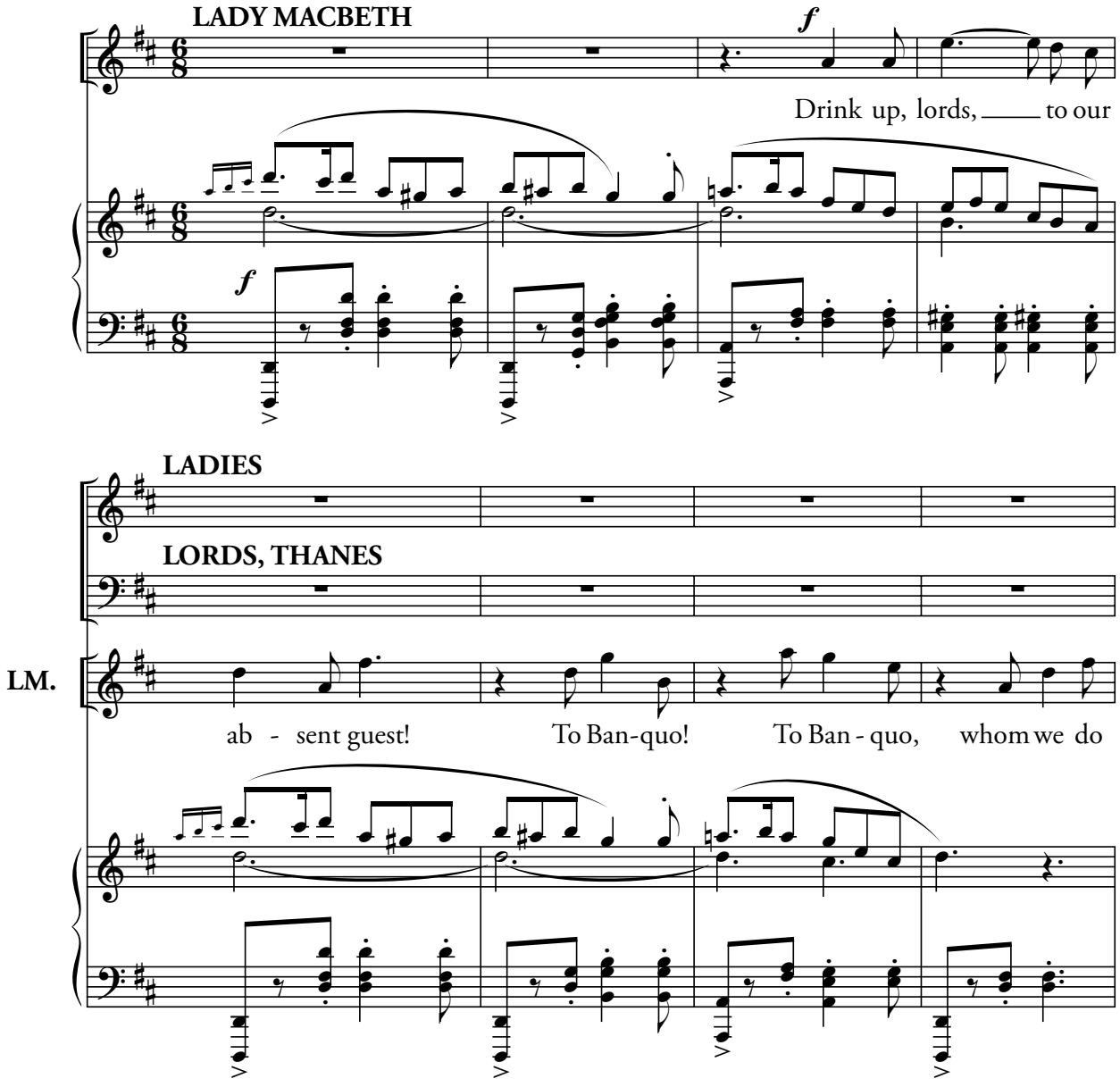
mf

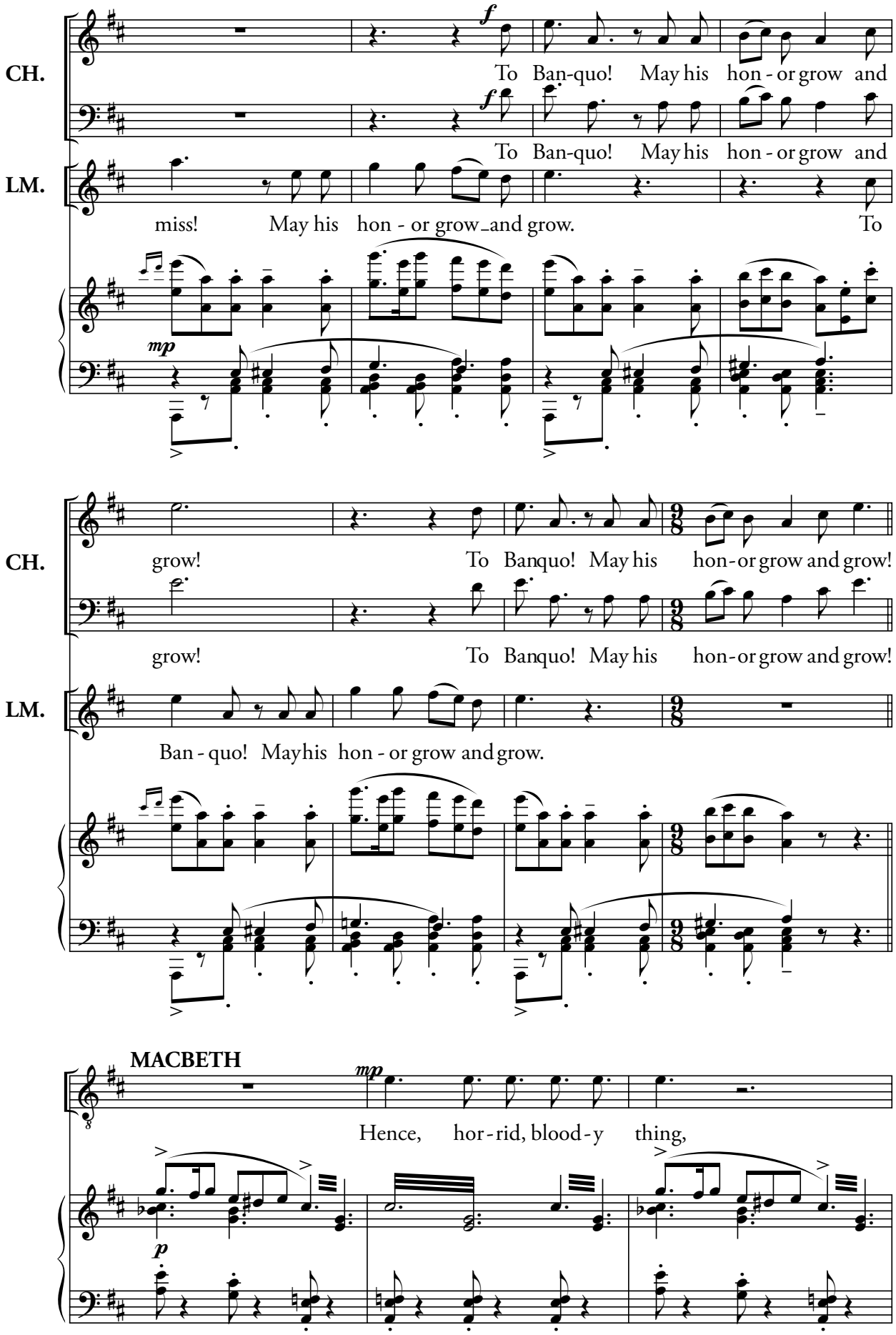

MACBETH
Agitato subito.
ff
Ay!
cresc.
M.
Which of you have done this?
LENNOX
f
Done what, my lord?
mf
M.
Shake not your gor - y lock at me! I am
LADY MACBETH
f
LADY MACBETH goes to him to restrain his ranting.
Sit, friends,
M.
in - no - cent of these deeds!

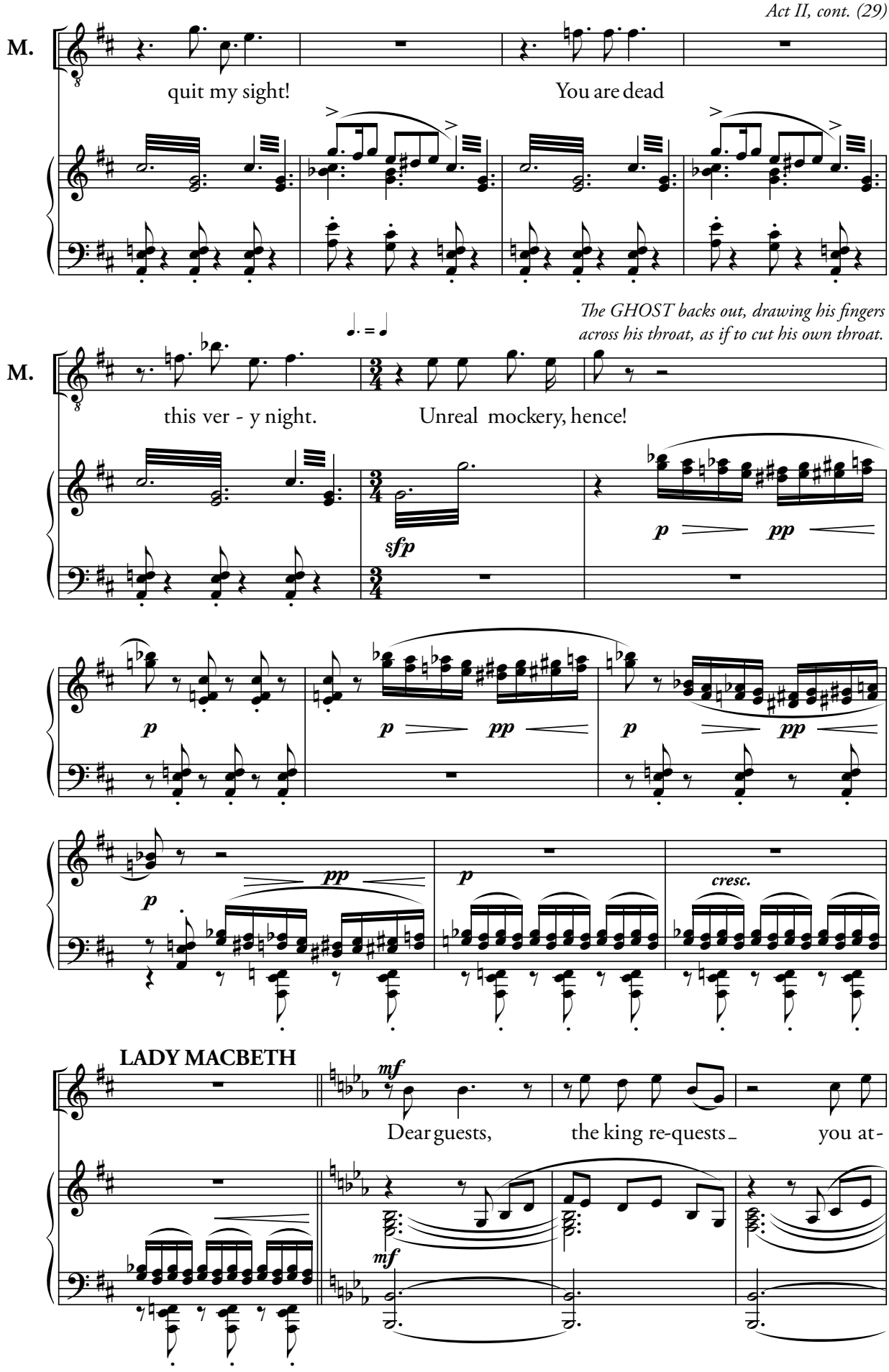

LM.
my lord is not well. This will pass, eat and drink, I
LM.
pray you.
LM.
mf a piacere
Stop this mad-ness. You cast guilt where none should be, lend-ing doubts to
LM.
friends and foes a-like, giv-ing food to en - e-mies. What do you look on?
f
Largo.
LM.
MACBETH
mf
See him there? He's mock-ing me with his ripped smock and
mp

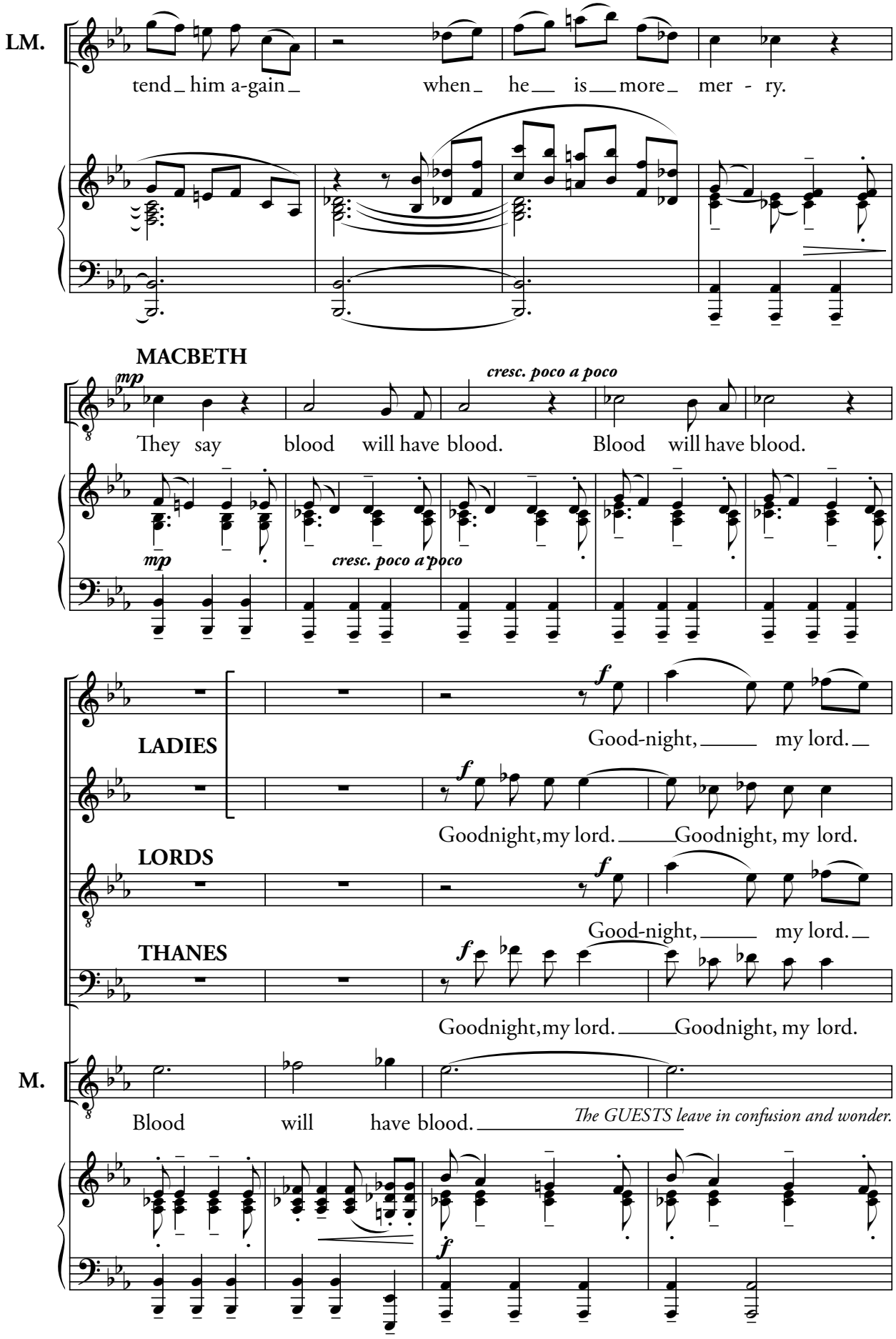


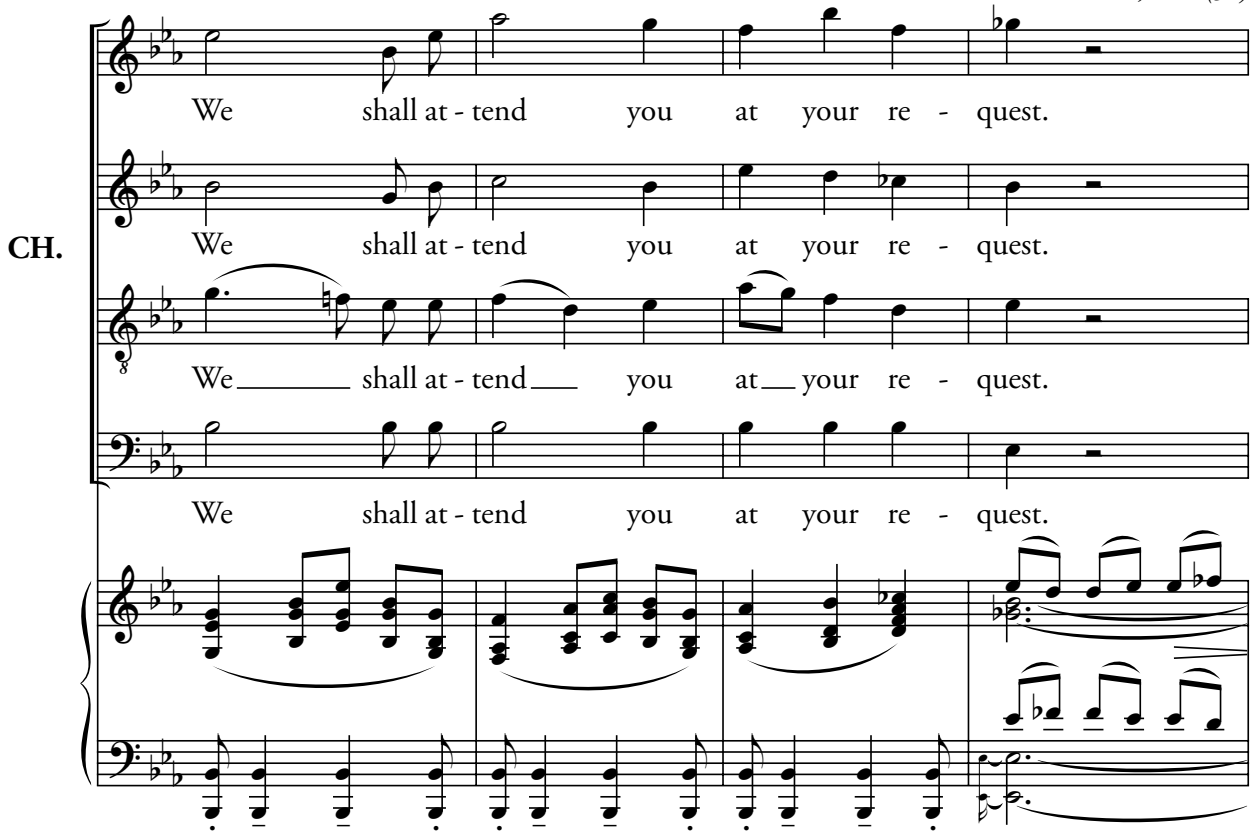
8 **Alla gigue. (Tempo I°.)**




CH.
f
To Ban-quo! May his hon - or grow and
To Ban-quo! May his hon - or grow and
LM.
miss! May his hon - or grow and grow. To
mp
CH.
grow! To Banquo! May his hon-or grow and grow!
grow! To Banquo! May his hon-or grow and grow!
LM.
Ban - quo! May his hon - or grow and grow.
MACBETH
mp
Hence, hor - rid, blood - y thing,
p

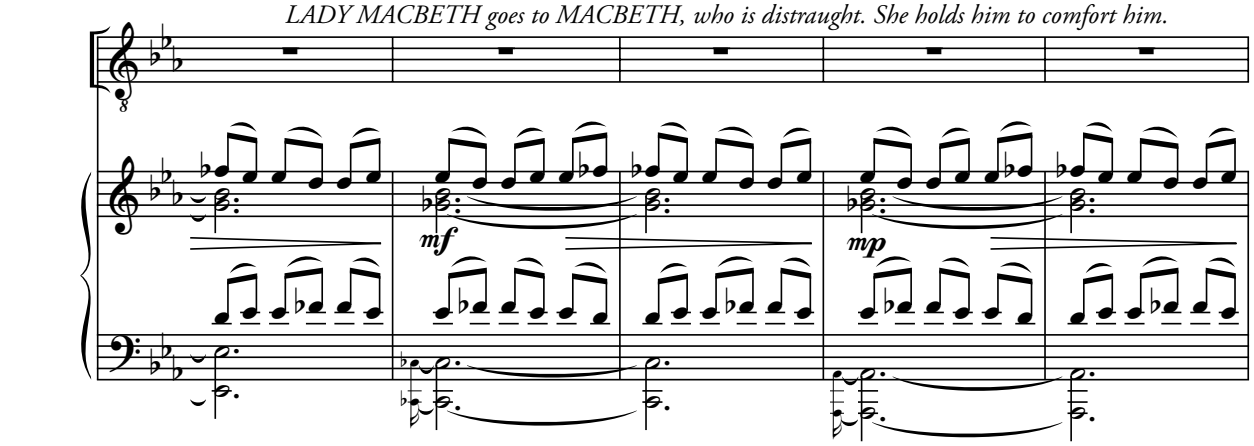

M.
quit my sight!
You are dead
The GHOST backs out, drawing his fingers across his throat, as if to cut his own throat.
M.
this ver - y night.
Unreal mockery, hence!
sfp
p
pp
cresc.
LADY MACBETH
mf
Dear guests,
the king re-quests
you at-

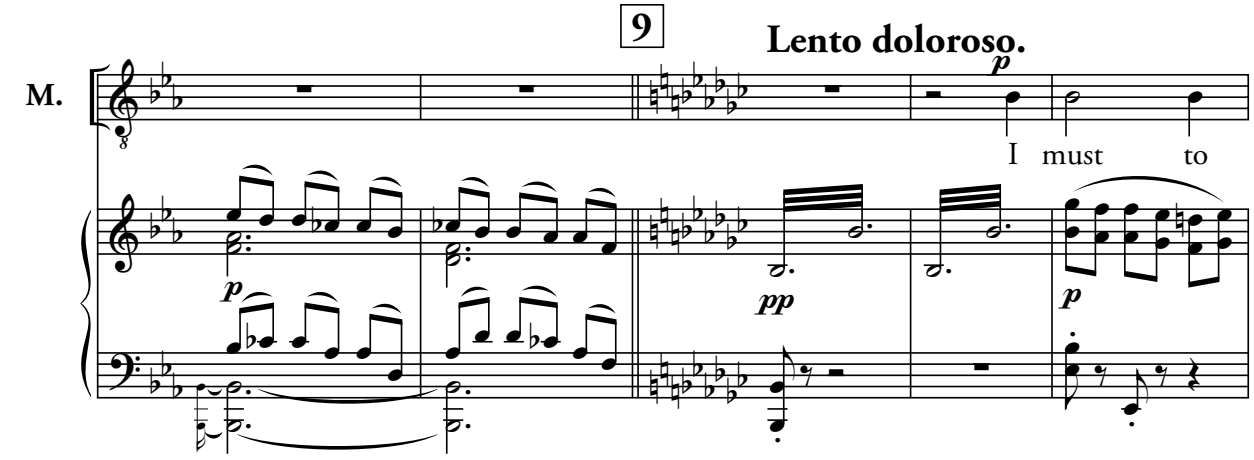

LM.
tend him a-gain when he is more mer - ry.
MACBETH
mp
cresc. poco a poco
They say blood will have blood. Blood will have blood.
mp
cresc. poco a poco
f
LADIES
Good-night, my lord.
Goodnight, my lord. Goodnight, my lord.
f
LORDS
Good-night, my lord.
f
THANES
Goodnight, my lord. Goodnight, my lord.
M.
Blood will have blood.
The GUESTS leave in confusion and wonder.
f

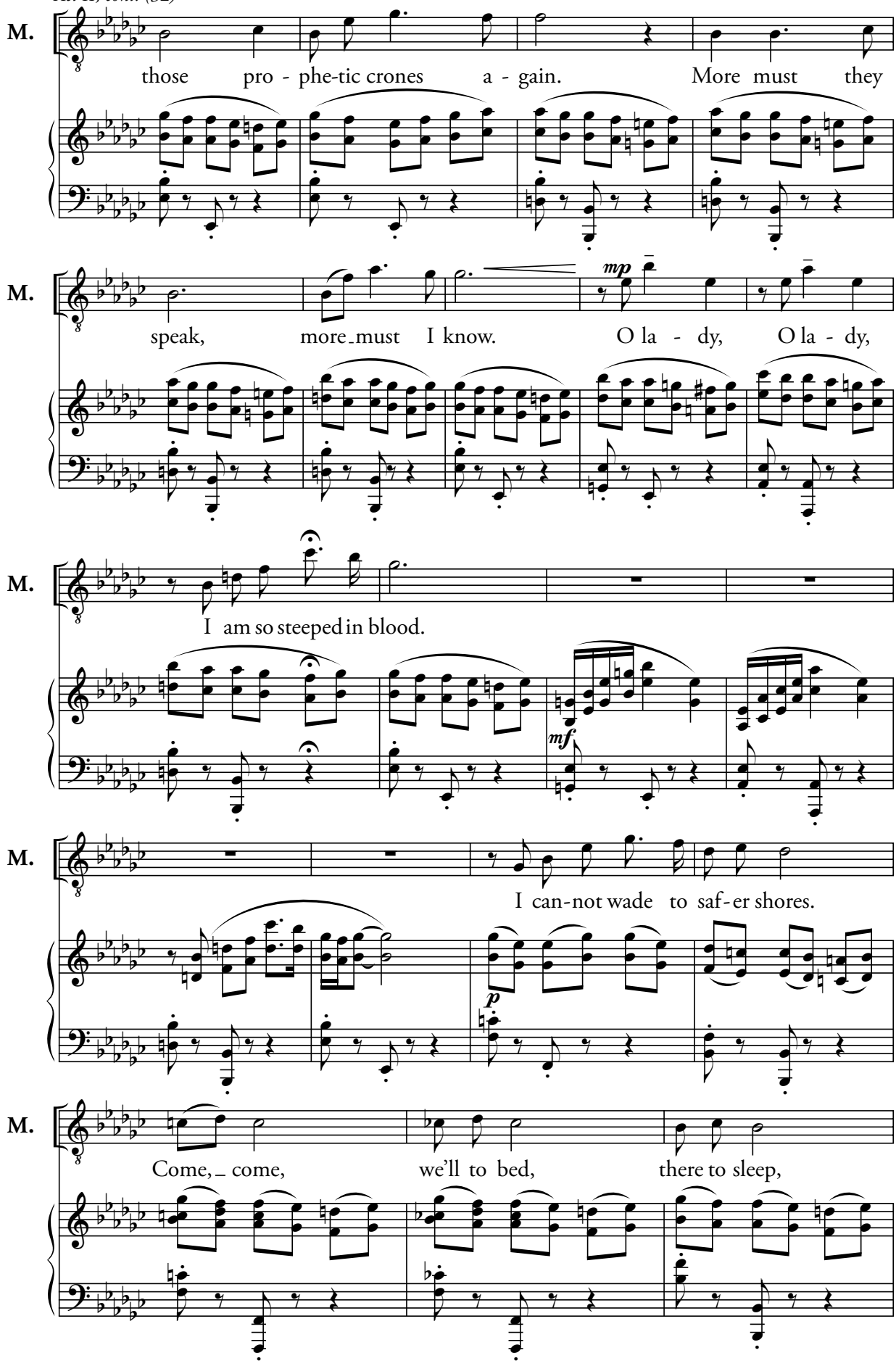


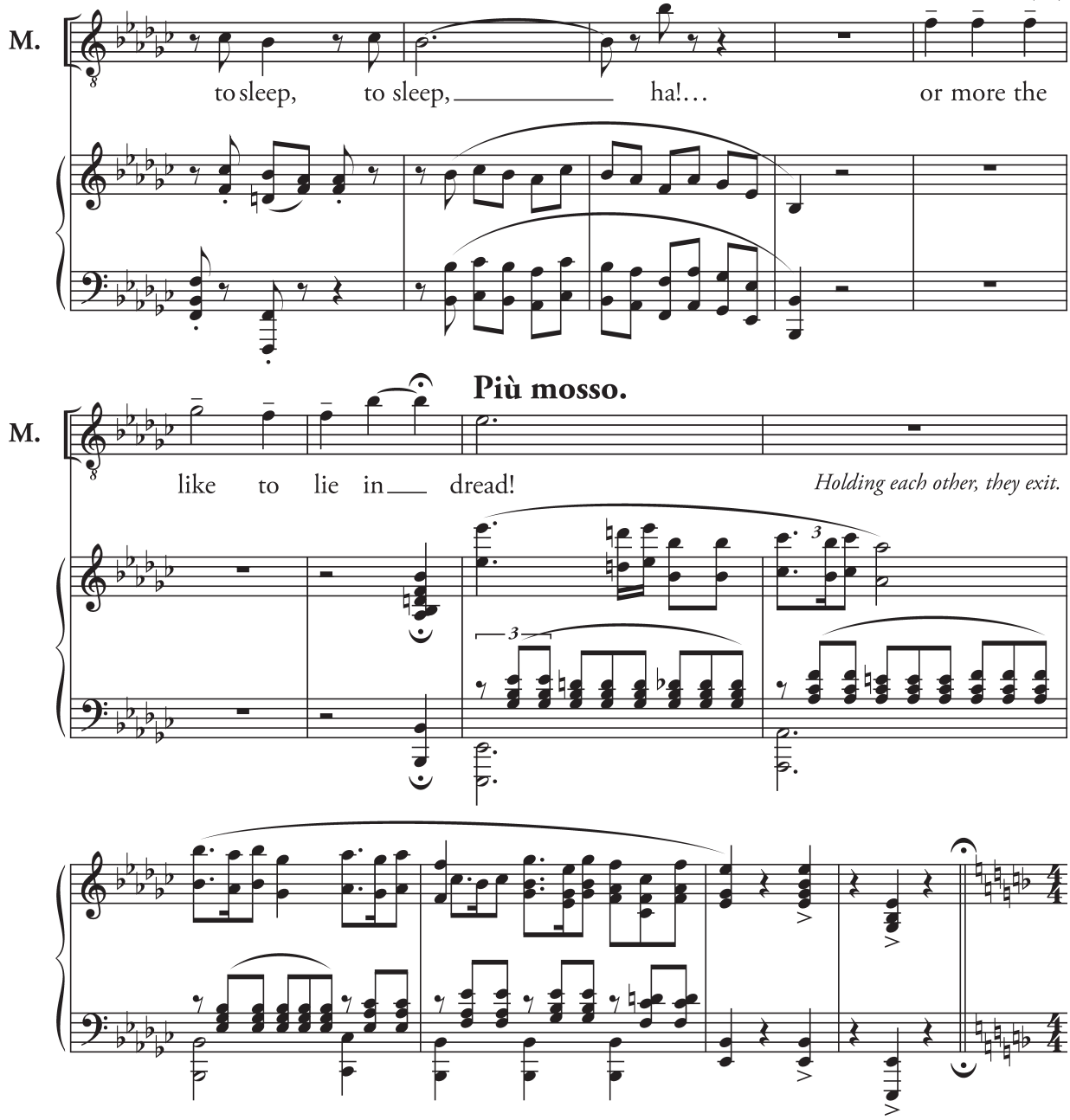
MACBETH

LADY MACBETH goes to MACBETH, who is distraught. She holds him to comfort him.

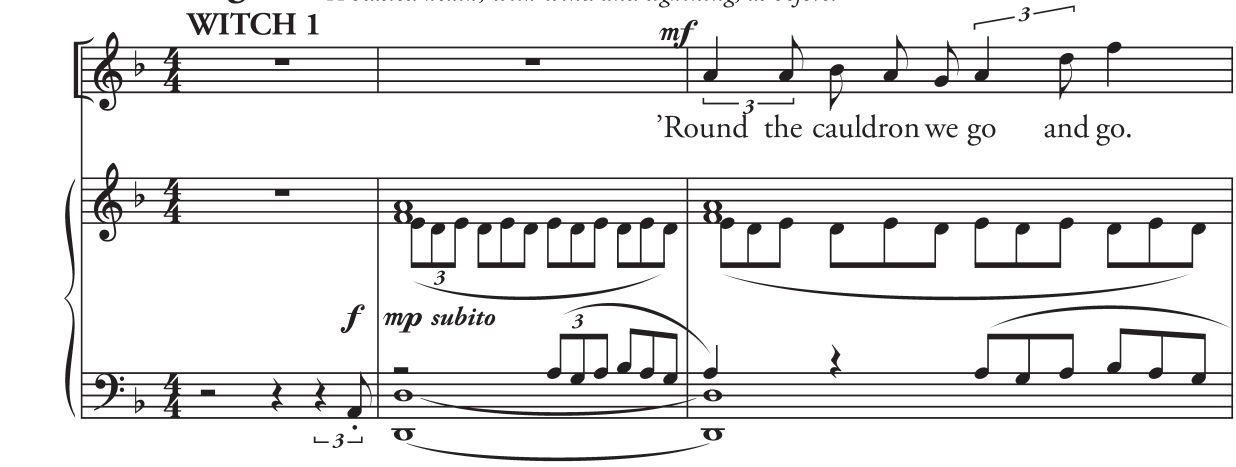


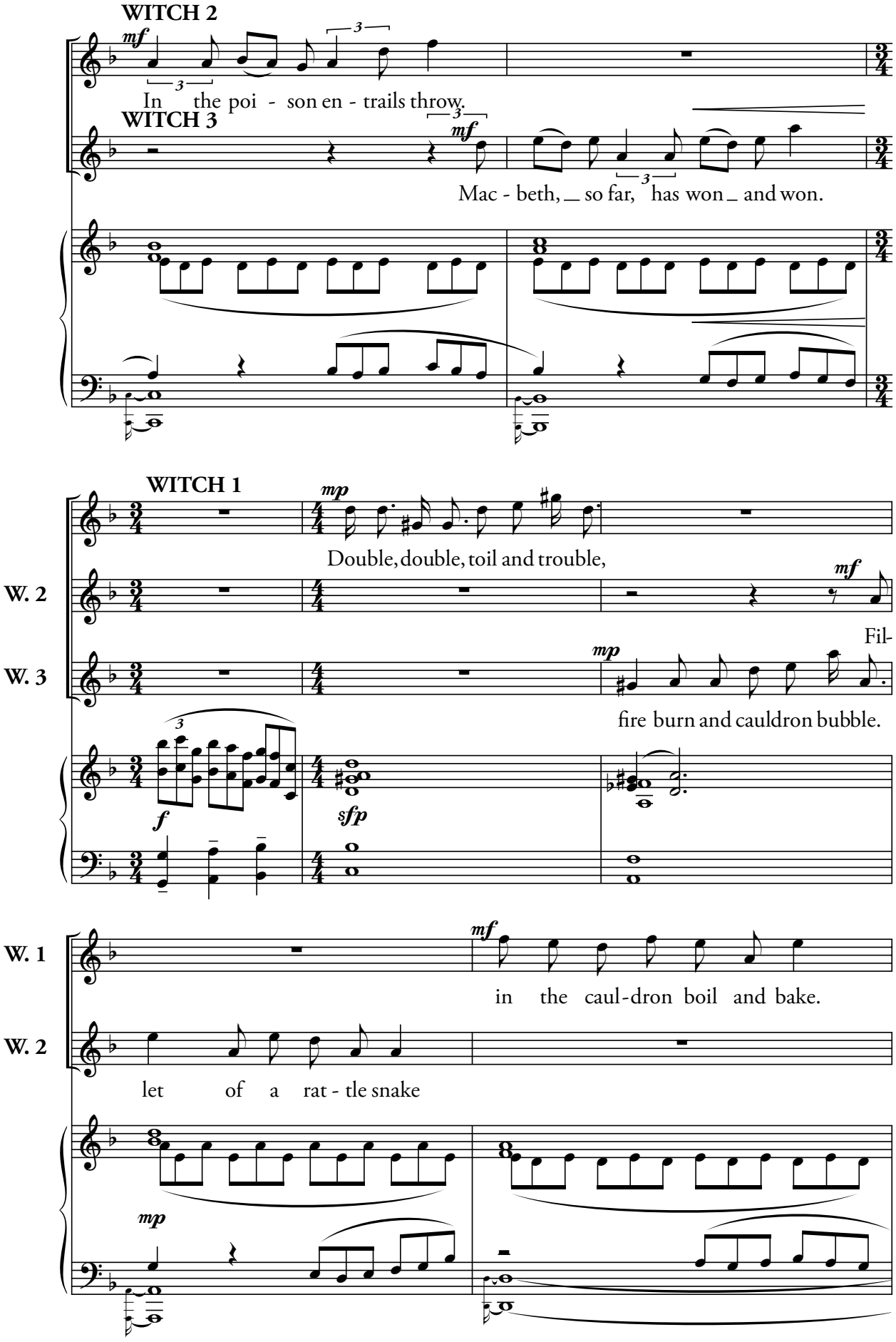


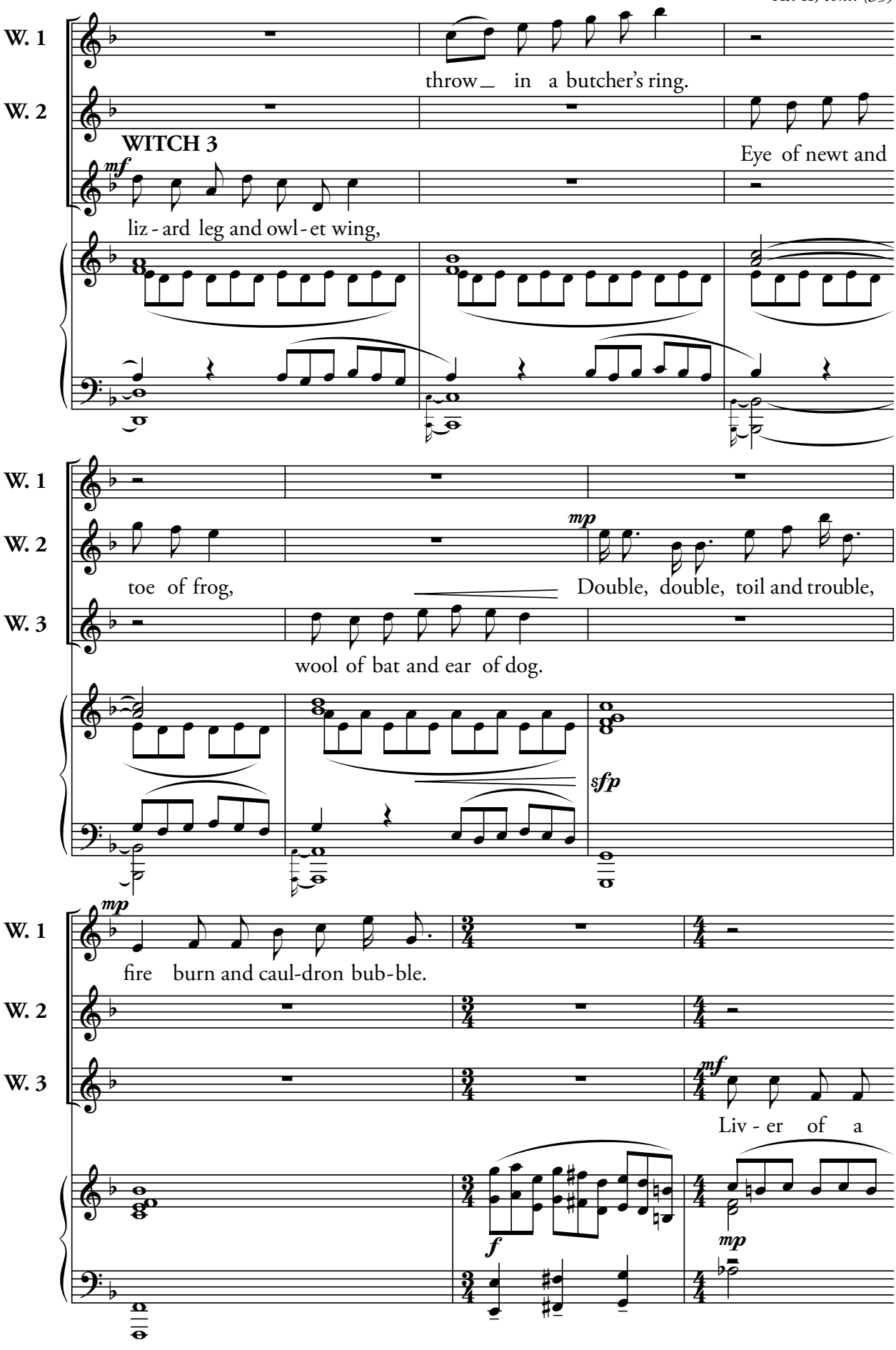

M.
those pro - phe-tic crones a - gain. More must they
M.
speak, more must I know. O la - dy, O la - dy,
mp
M.
I am so steeped in blood.
mf
M.
I can-not wade to saf-er shores.
p
M.
Come, come, we'll to bed, there to sleep,

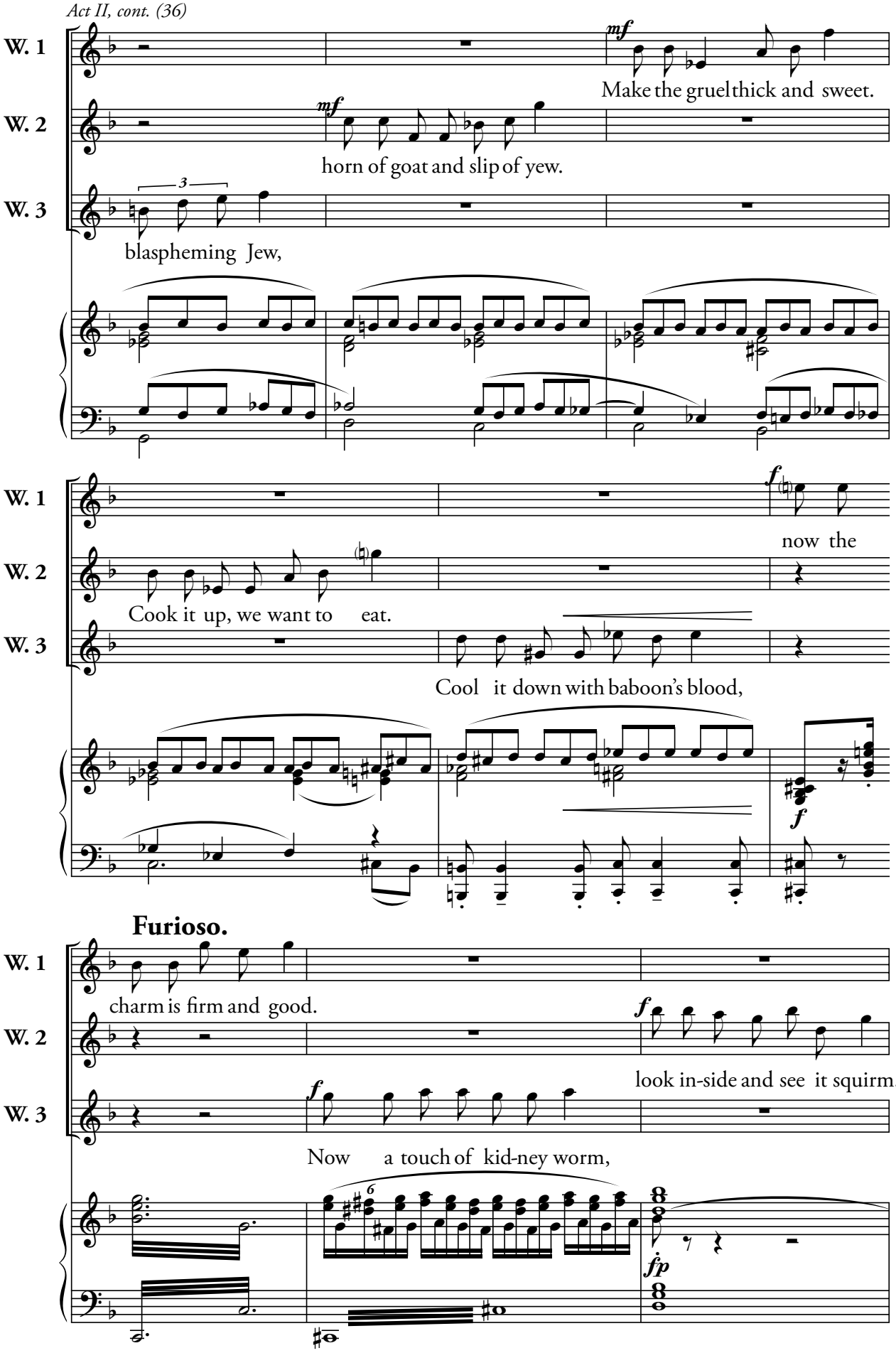


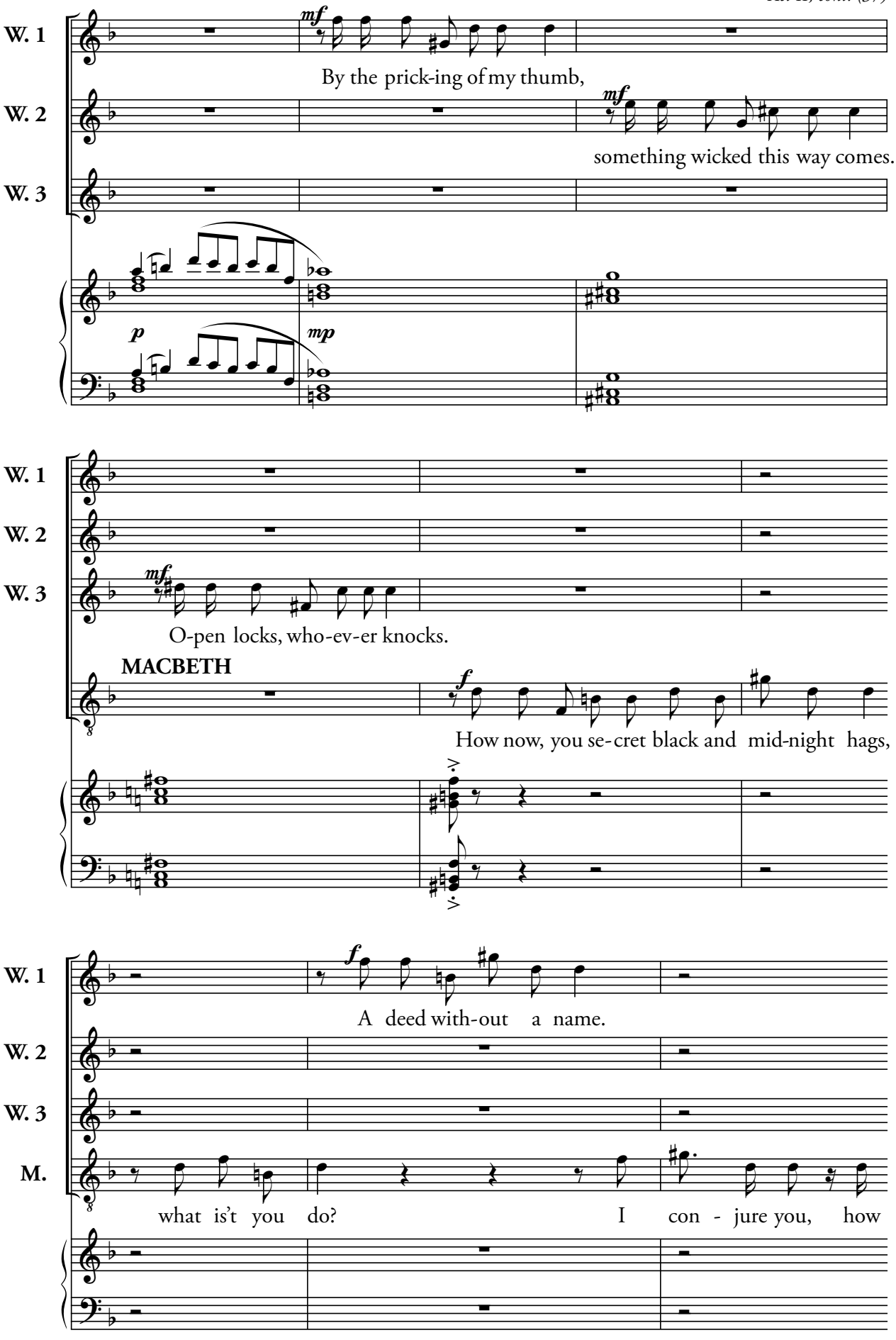
10 Allegro. *A blasted heath, with wind and lightning, as before.*

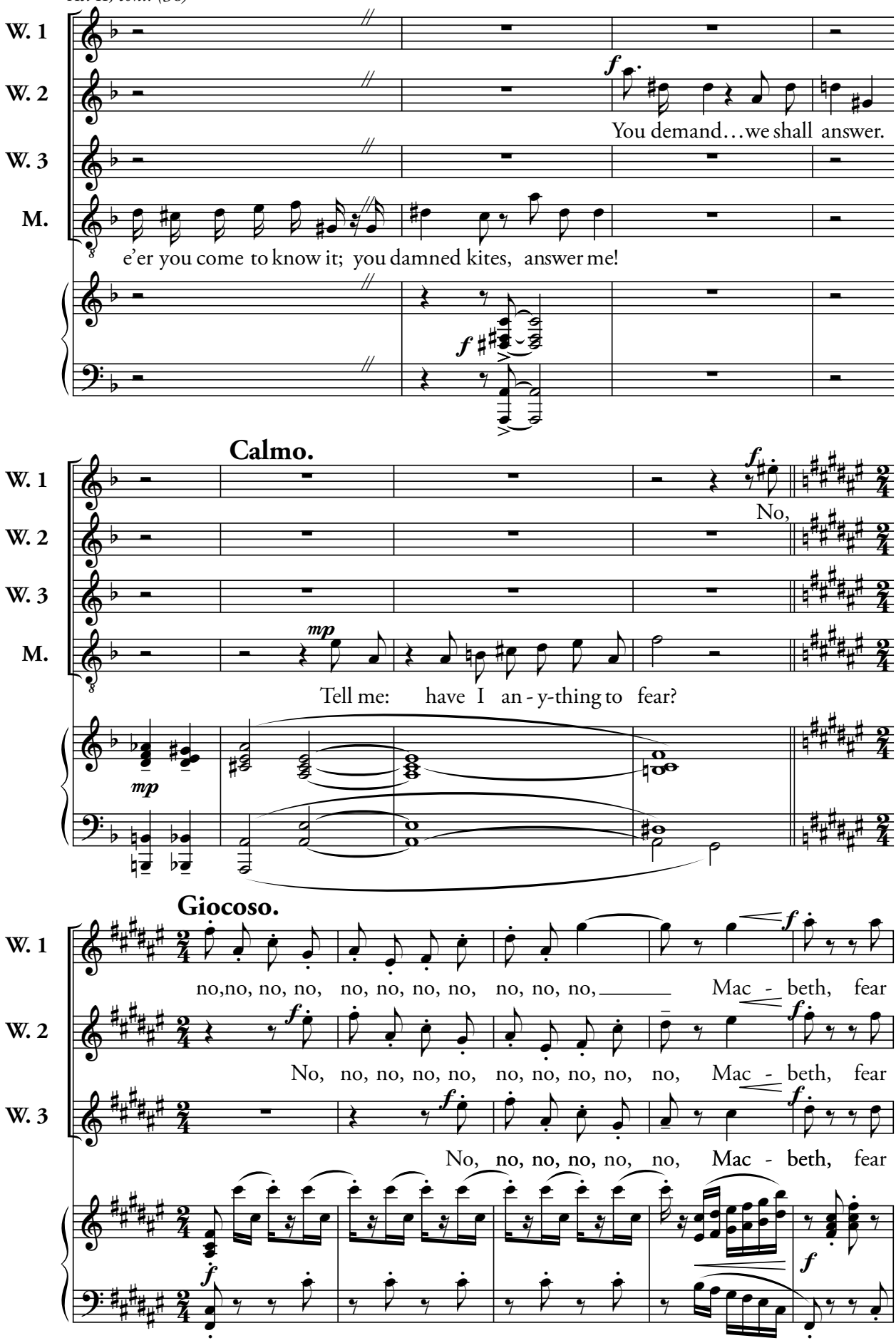


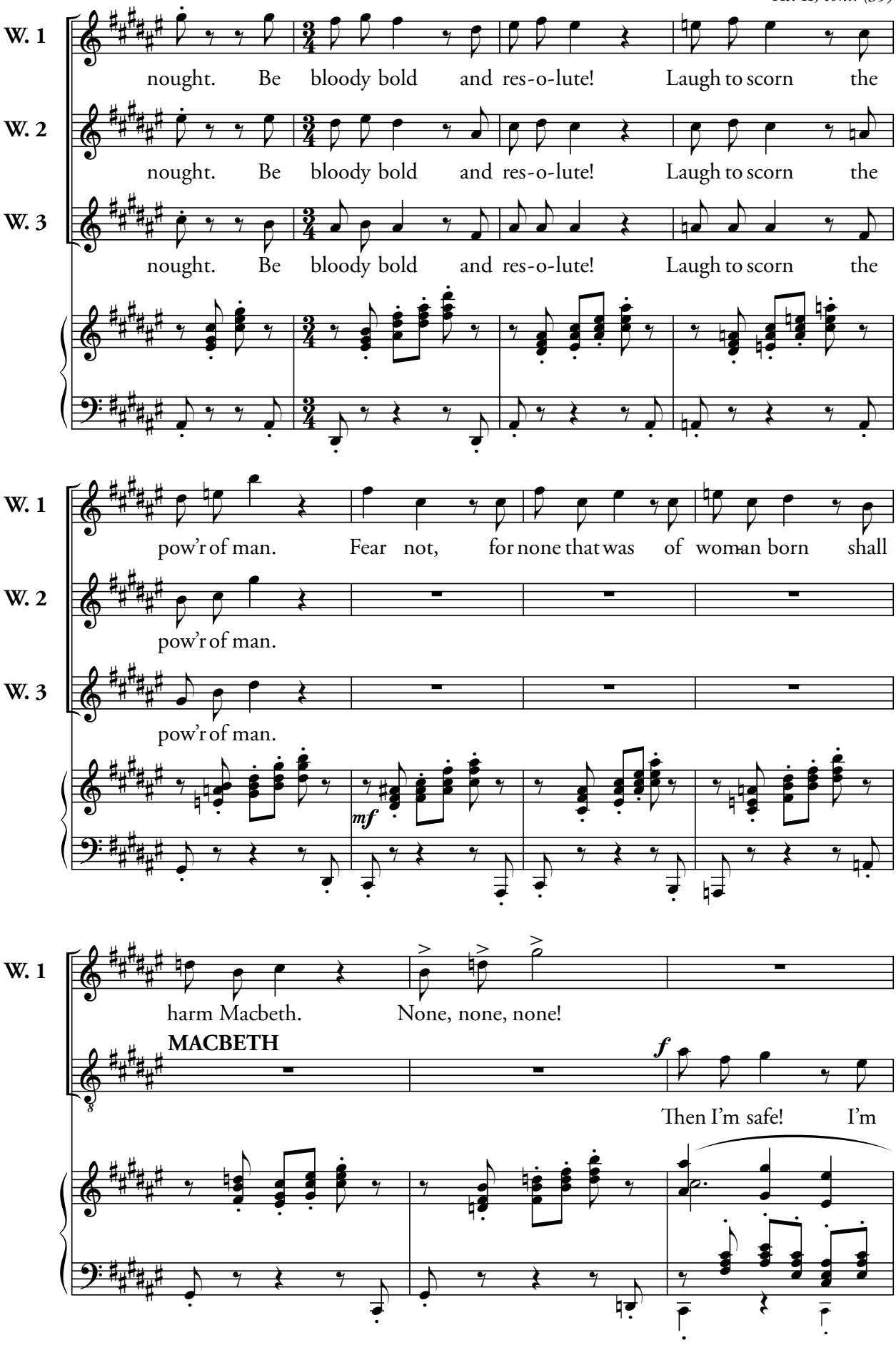

WITCH 2
mf
In the poi - son en - trails throw.
WITCH 3
mf
Mac - beth, so far, has won and won.
WITCH 1
mp
Double, double, toil and trouble,
W. 2
mf
Fil-
W. 3
mp
fire burn and cauldron bubble.
f
sfp
W. 1
mf
in the caul-dron boil and bake.
W. 2
let of a rat - tle snake
mp

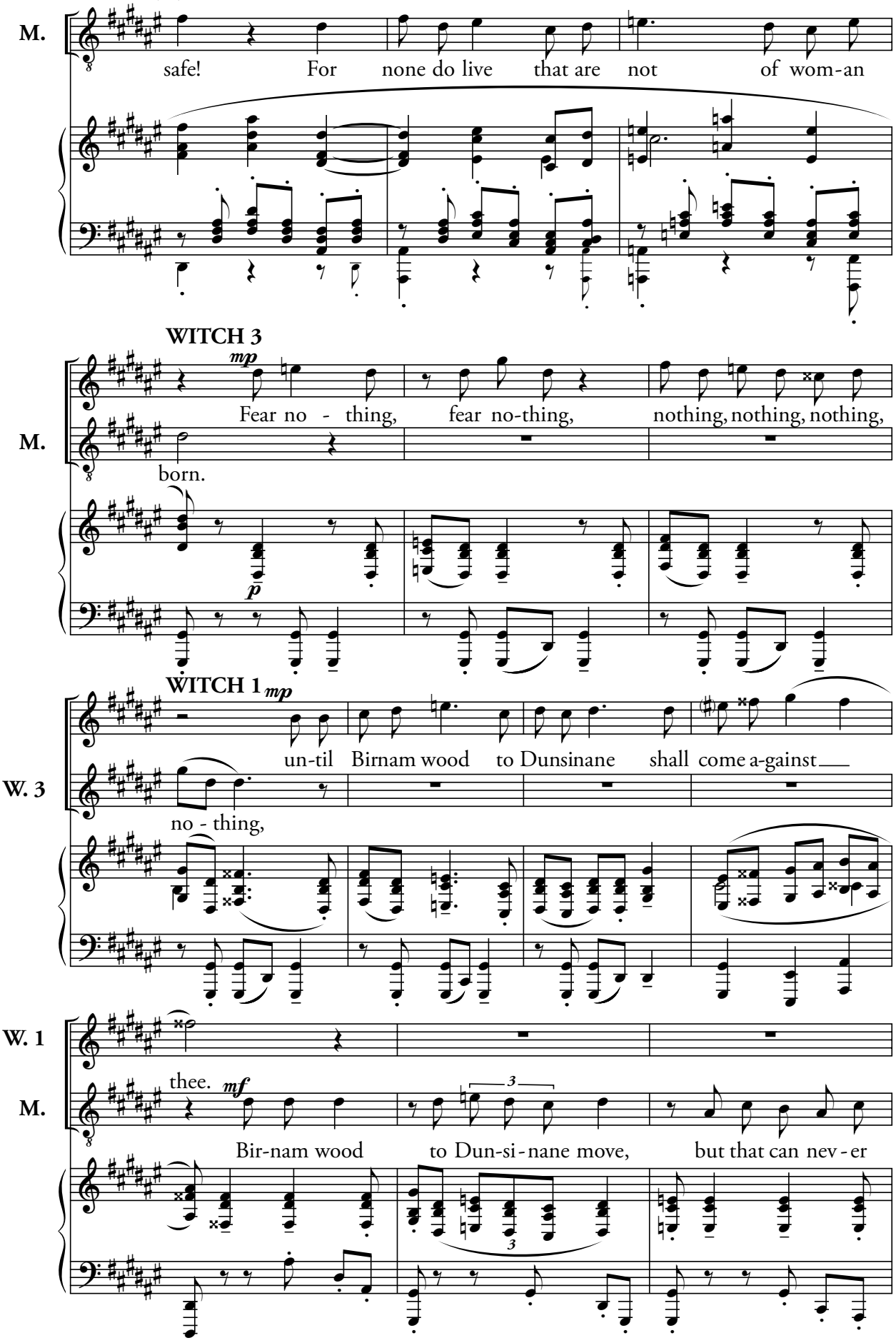

W. 1
W. 2
throw_ in a butcher's ring.
WITCH 3
Eye of newt and
mf
liz - ard leg and owl - et wing,
W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
mp
toe of frog,
Double, double, toil and trouble,
wool of bat and ear of dog.
sfp
mp
W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
fire burn and caul-dron bub-ble.
mf
Liv - er of a
f
mp

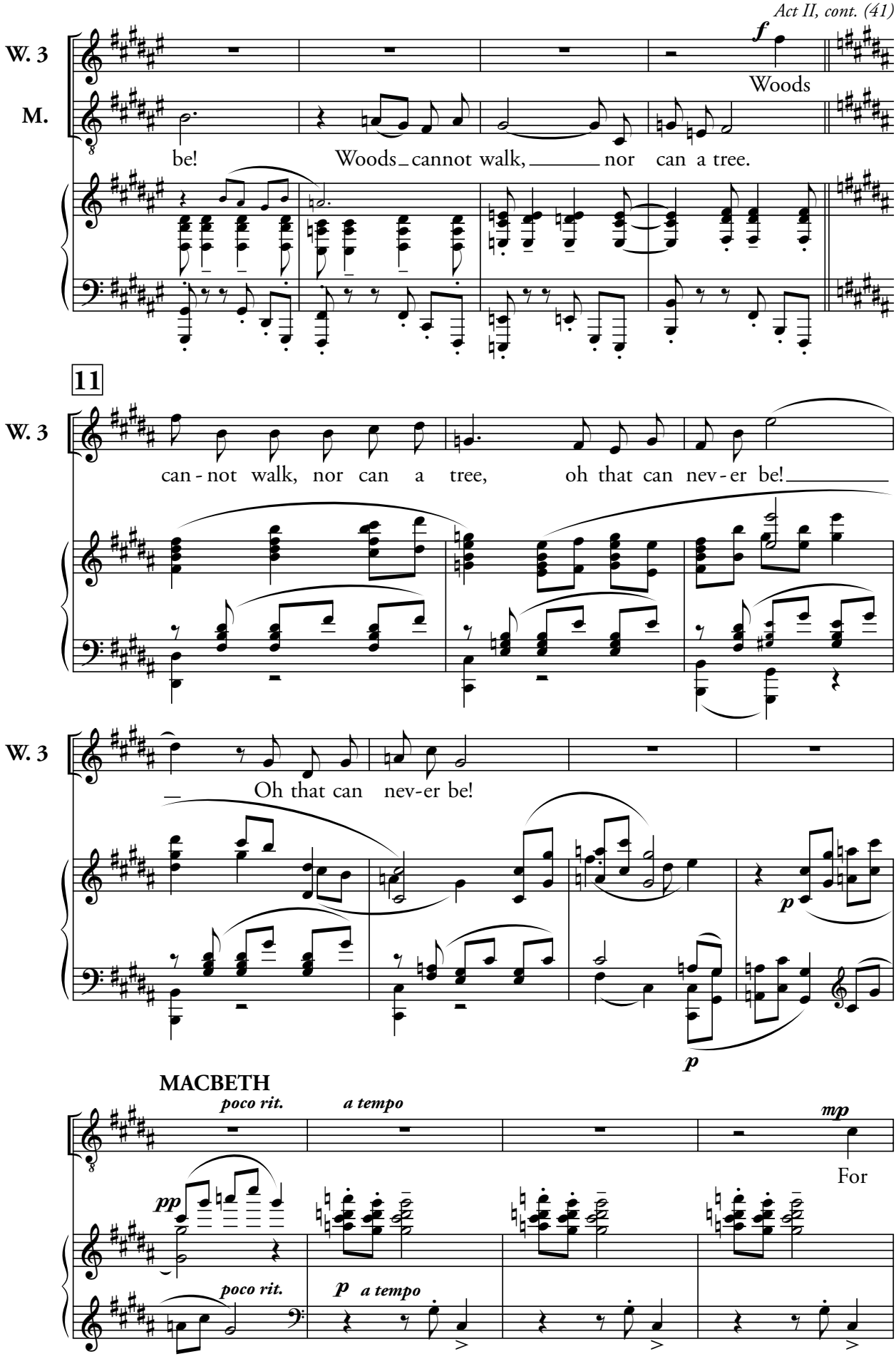

W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
mf
Make the gruel thick and sweet.
mf
horn of goat and slip of yew.
3
blaspheming Jew,
f
now the
Cook it up, we want to eat.
Cool it down with baboon's blood,
f
Furioso.
charm is firm and good.
f
look in-side and see it squirm.
f
Now a touch of kid-ney worm,
6
fp

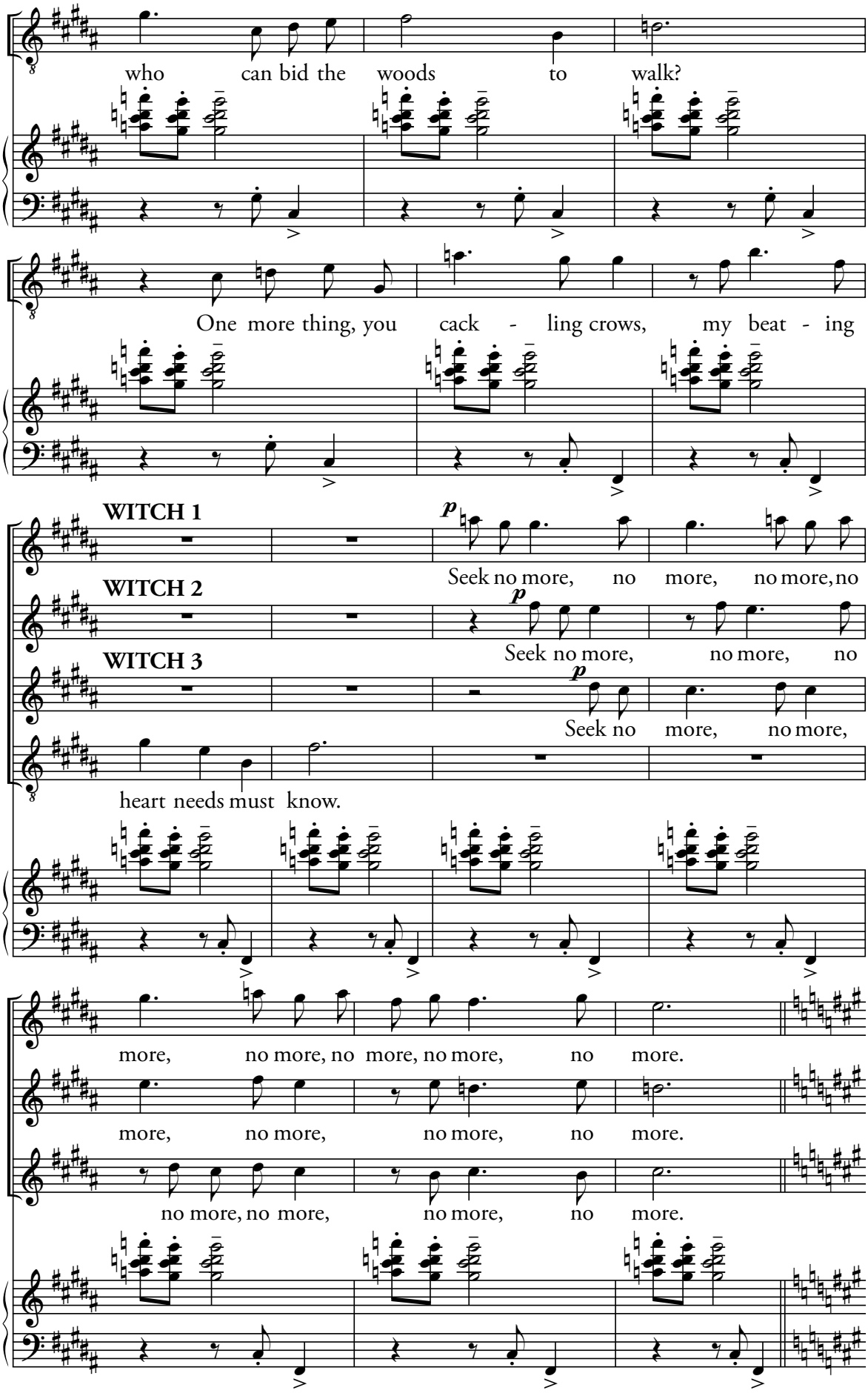

W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
mf
By the prick-ing of my thumb,
mf
something wicked this way comes.
p
mp
W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
mf
O-pen locks, who-ev-er knocks.
MACBETH
f
How now, you se-cret black and mid-night hags,
W. 1
f
A deed with-out a name.
W. 2
W. 3
M.
what is't you do?
I con - jure you, how


W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
M.
You demand…we shall answer.
e'er you come to know it; you damned kites, answer me!
Calmo.
No,
Tell me: have I an - y-thing to fear?
Giocoso.
no,no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Mac - beth, fear
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Mac - beth, fear
No, no, no, no, no, no, Mac - beth, fear

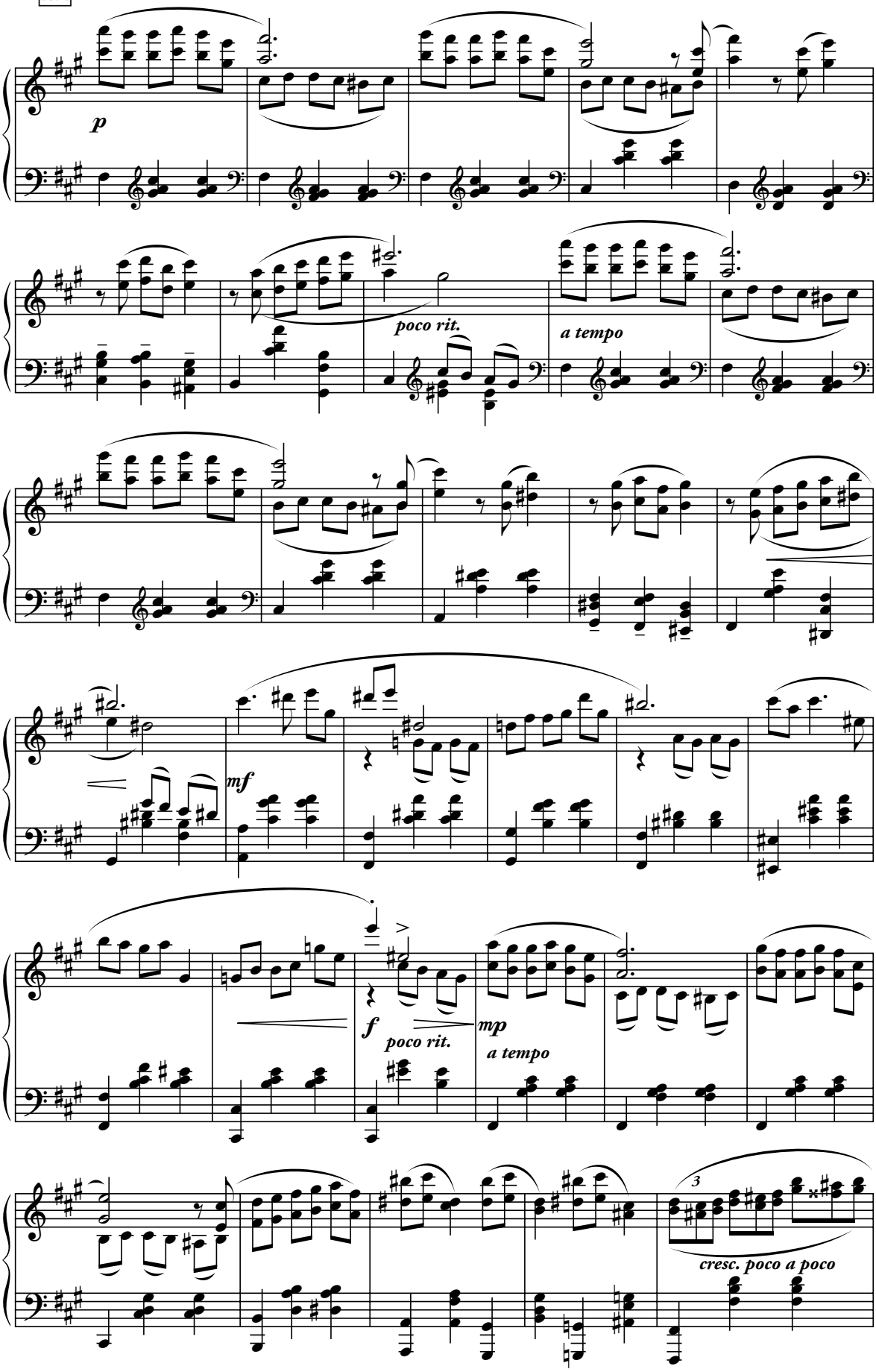

W. 1
nought. Be bloody bold and res-o-lute! Laugh to scorn the
W. 2
nought. Be bloody bold and res-o-lute! Laugh to scorn the
W. 3
nought. Be bloody bold and res-o-lute! Laugh to scorn the
W. 1
pow'r of man. Fear not, for none that was of woman born shall
W. 2
pow'r of man.
W. 3
pow'r of man.
mf
W. 1
harm Macbeth. None, none, none!
MACBETH
f
Then I'm safe! I'm

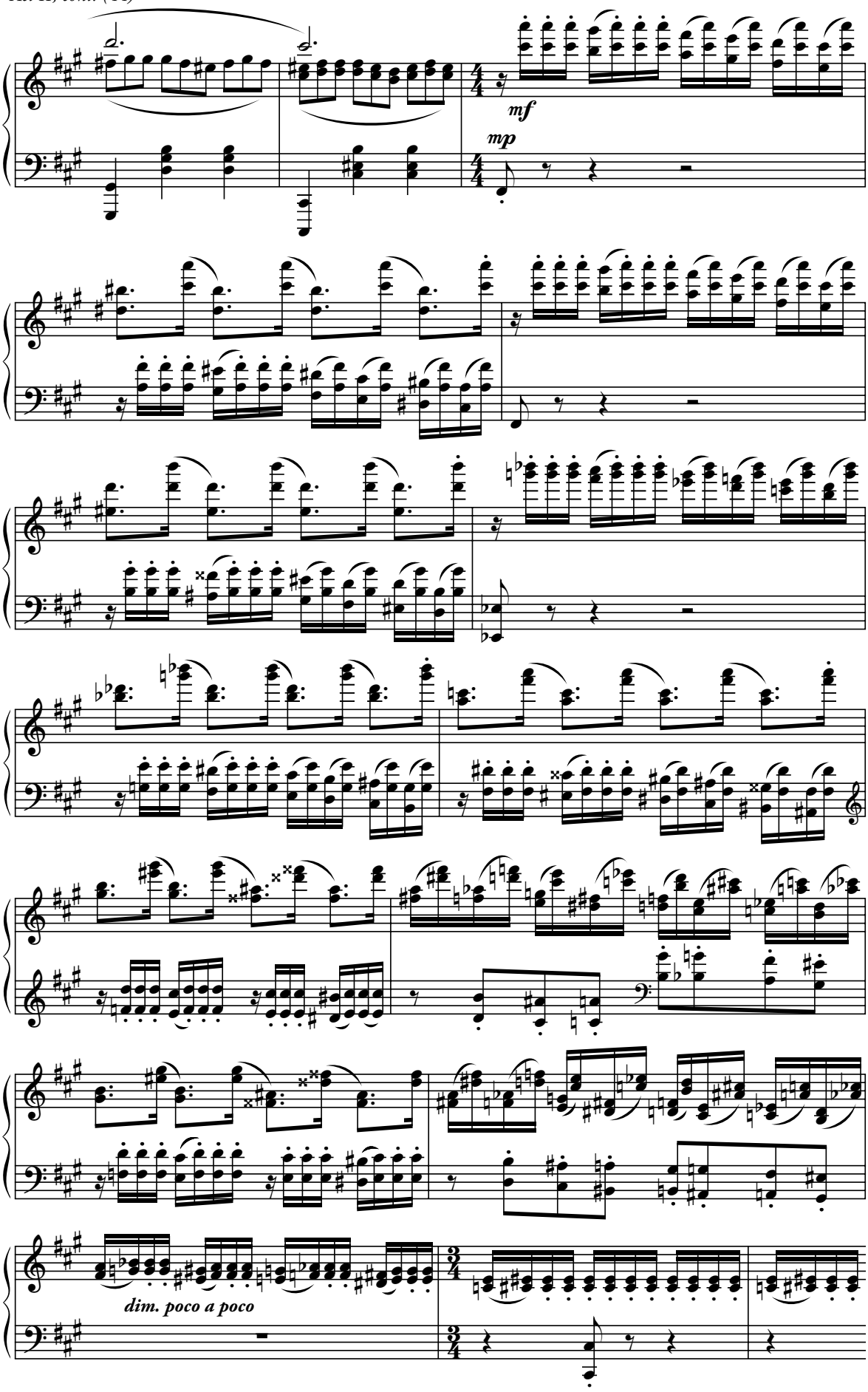

M.
safe! For none do live that are not of wom-an
WITCH 3
mp
Fear no - thing, fear no-thing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
M.
born.
p
WITCH 1
mp
un-til Birnam wood to Dunsinane shall come a-gainst
W. 3
no - thing,
W. 1
thee.
mf
M.
Bir-nam wood to Dun-si - nane move, but that can nev - er

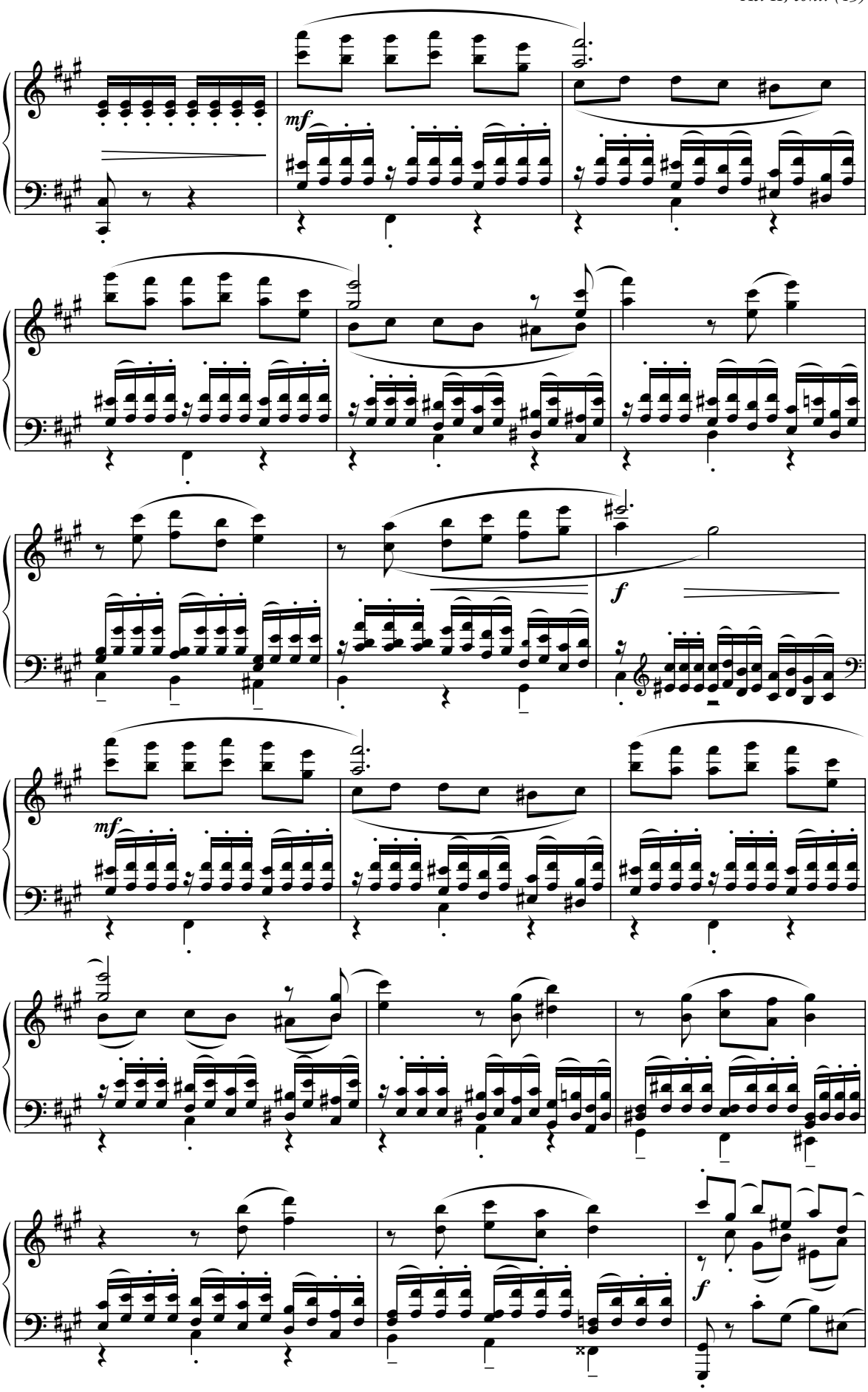

W. 3
M.
f
Woods
be!
Woods cannot walk, nor can a tree.
11
W. 3
can - not walk, nor can a tree, oh that can nev - er be!
W. 3
Oh that can nev-er be!
p
p
MACBETH
poco rit.
a tempo
mp
For
pp
poco rit.
p
a tempo

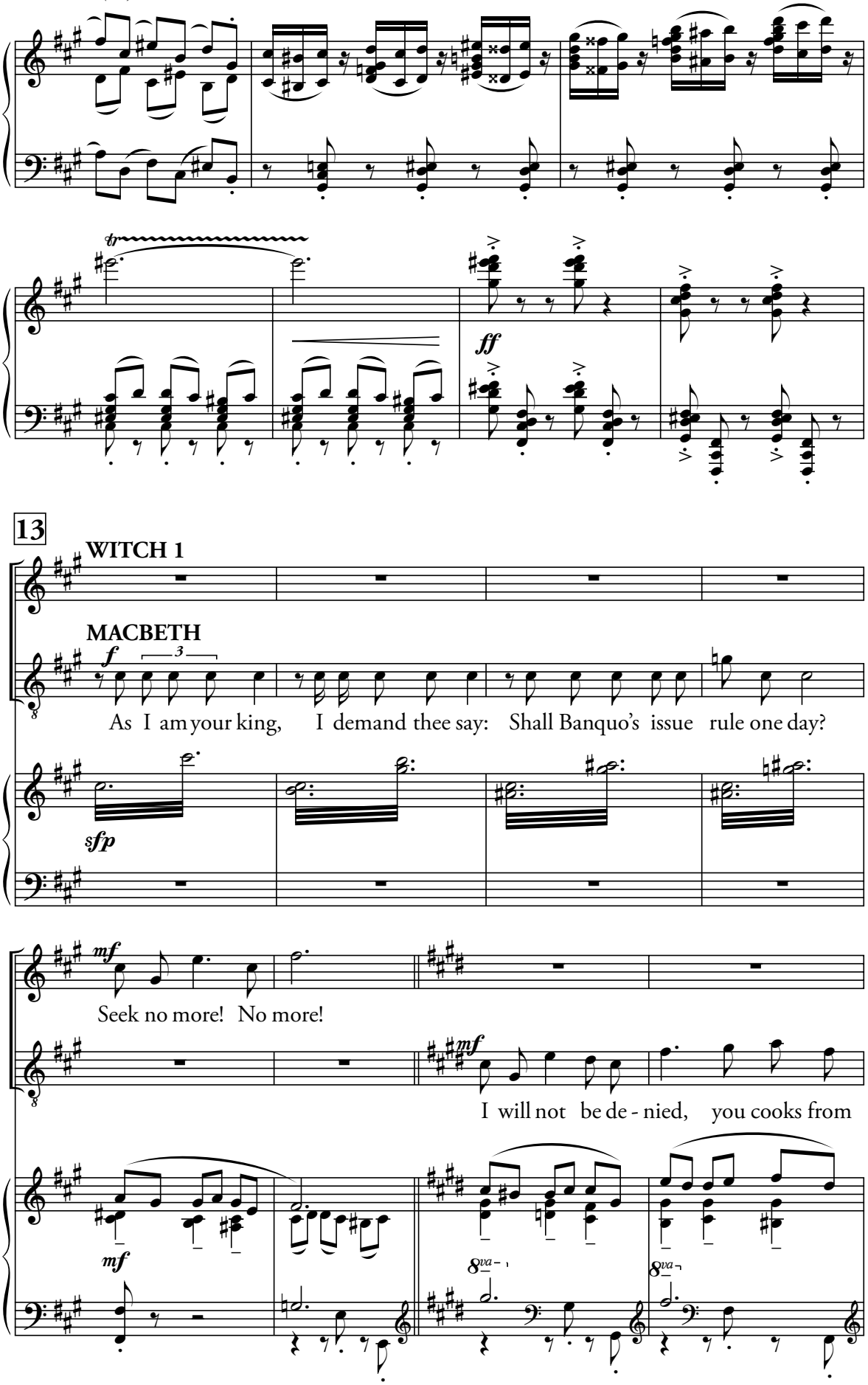

M.
who can bid the woods to walk?
M.
One more thing, you cack - ling crows, my beat - ing
WITCH 1
WITCH 2
WITCH 3
p
Seek no more, no more, no more, no
Seek no more, no more, no
Seek no more, no more,
M.
heart needs must know.
W. 1
more, no more, no more, no more, no more.
W. 2
more, no more, no more, no more.
W. 3
no more, no more, no more, no more.

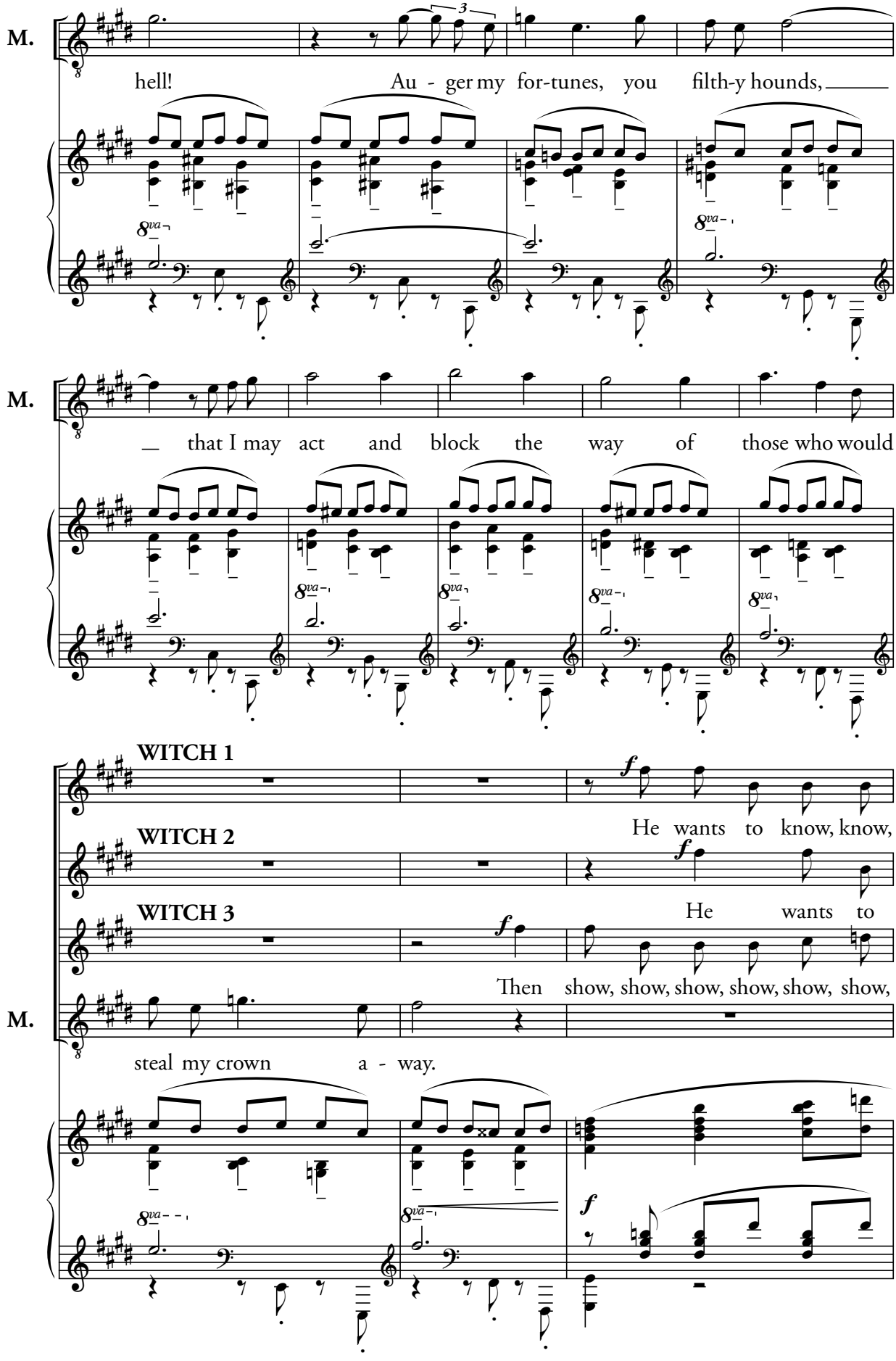
12 **Valse.**

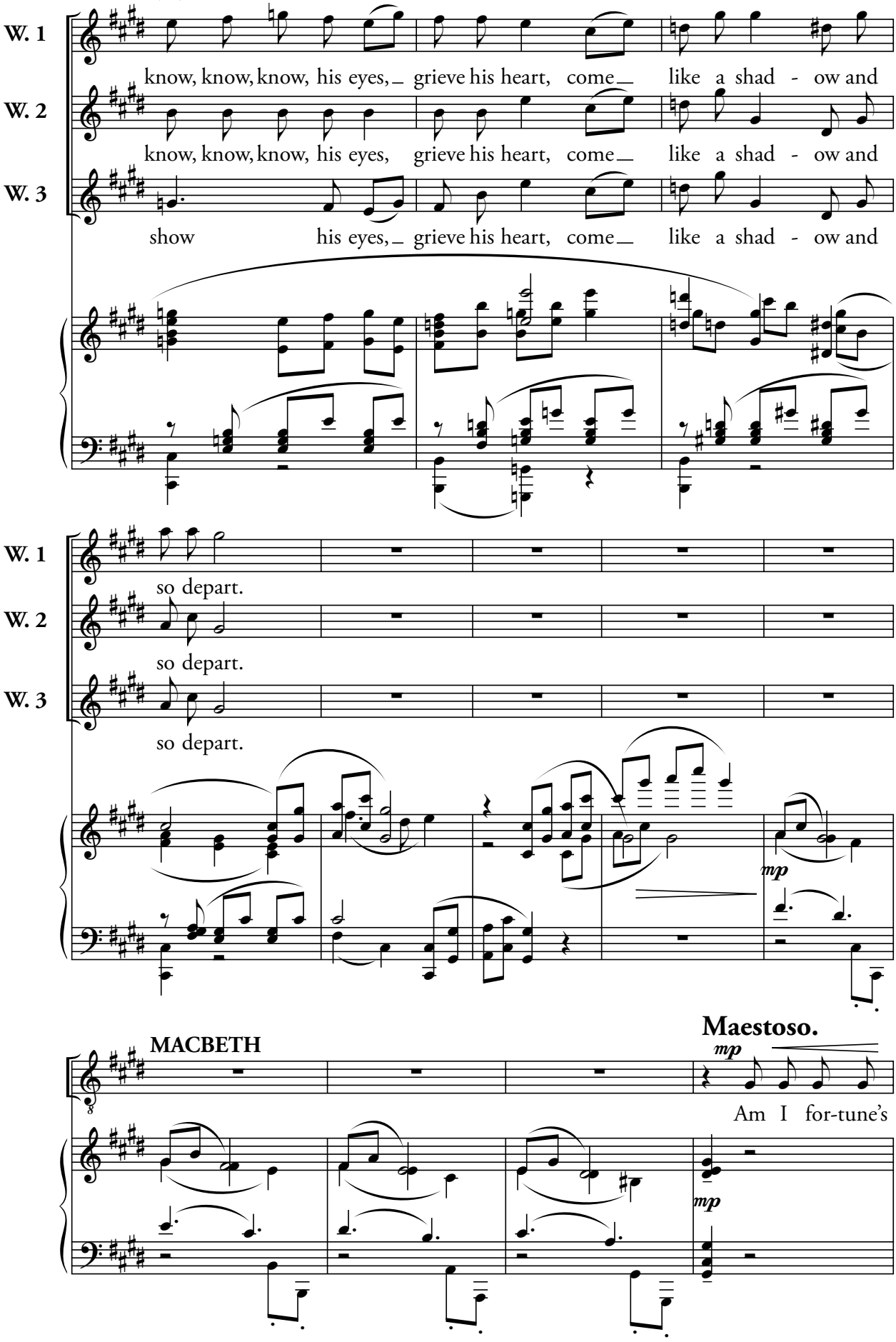


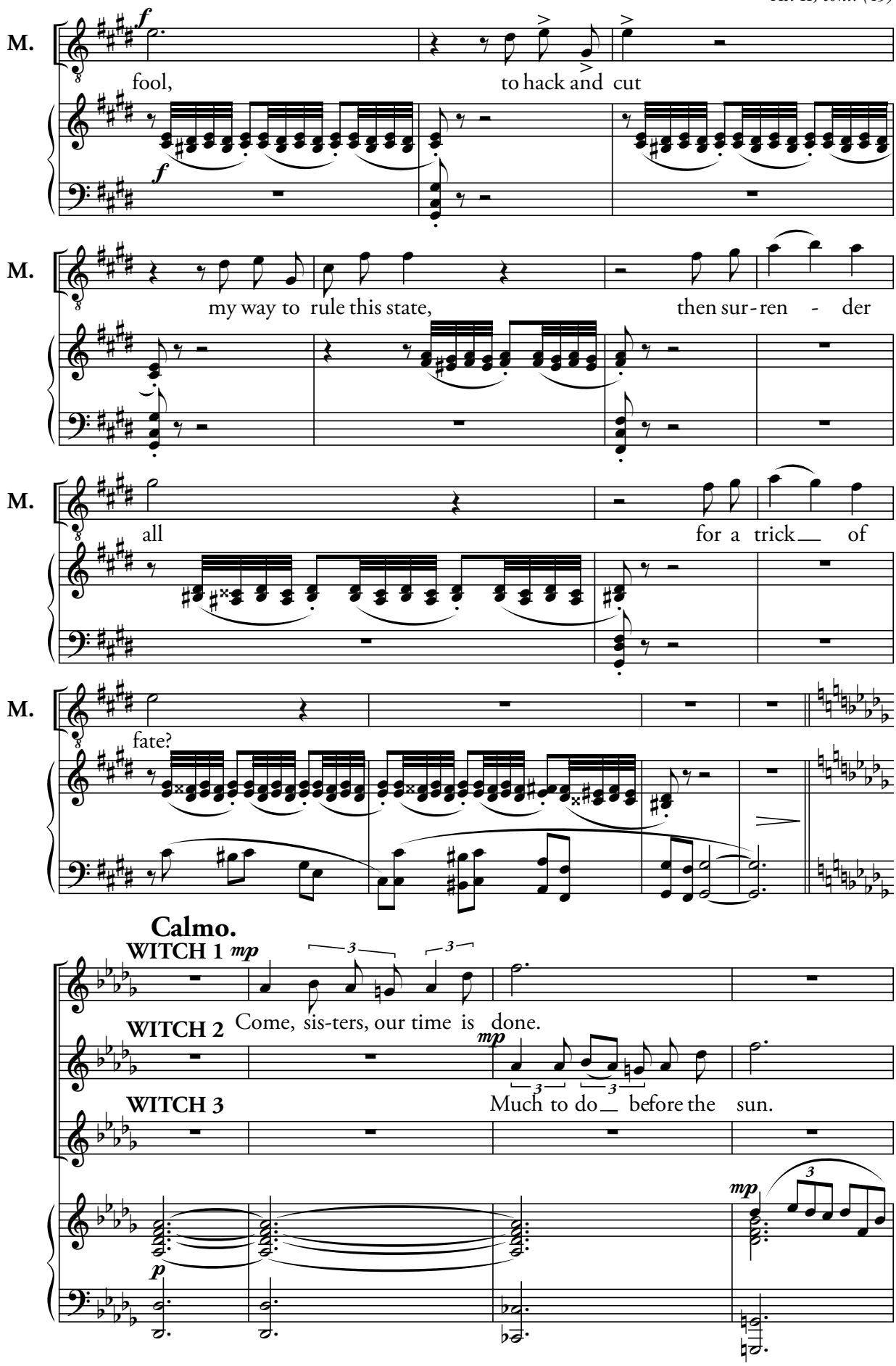

mf
mp
dim. poco a poco

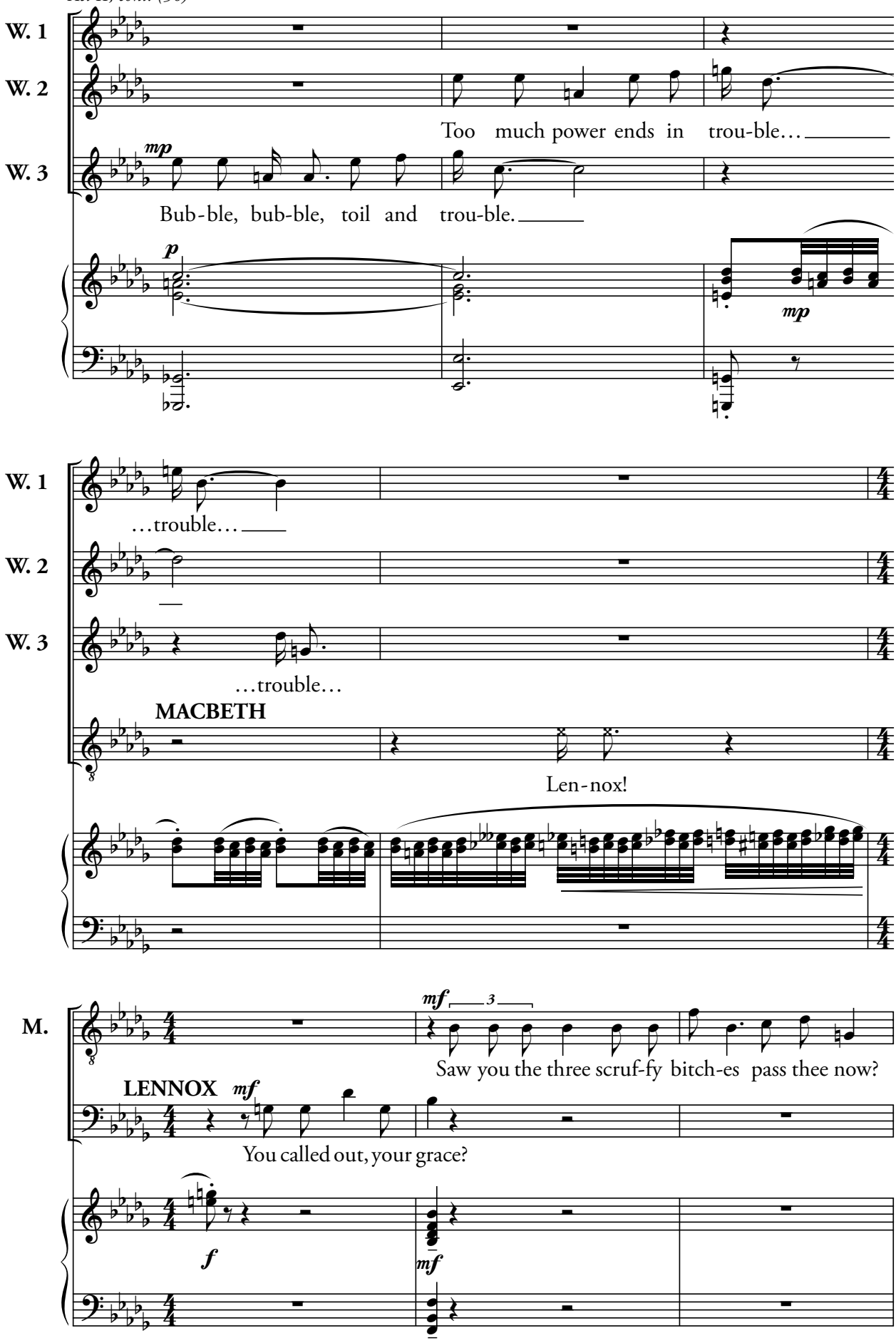

mf
mf
f
f

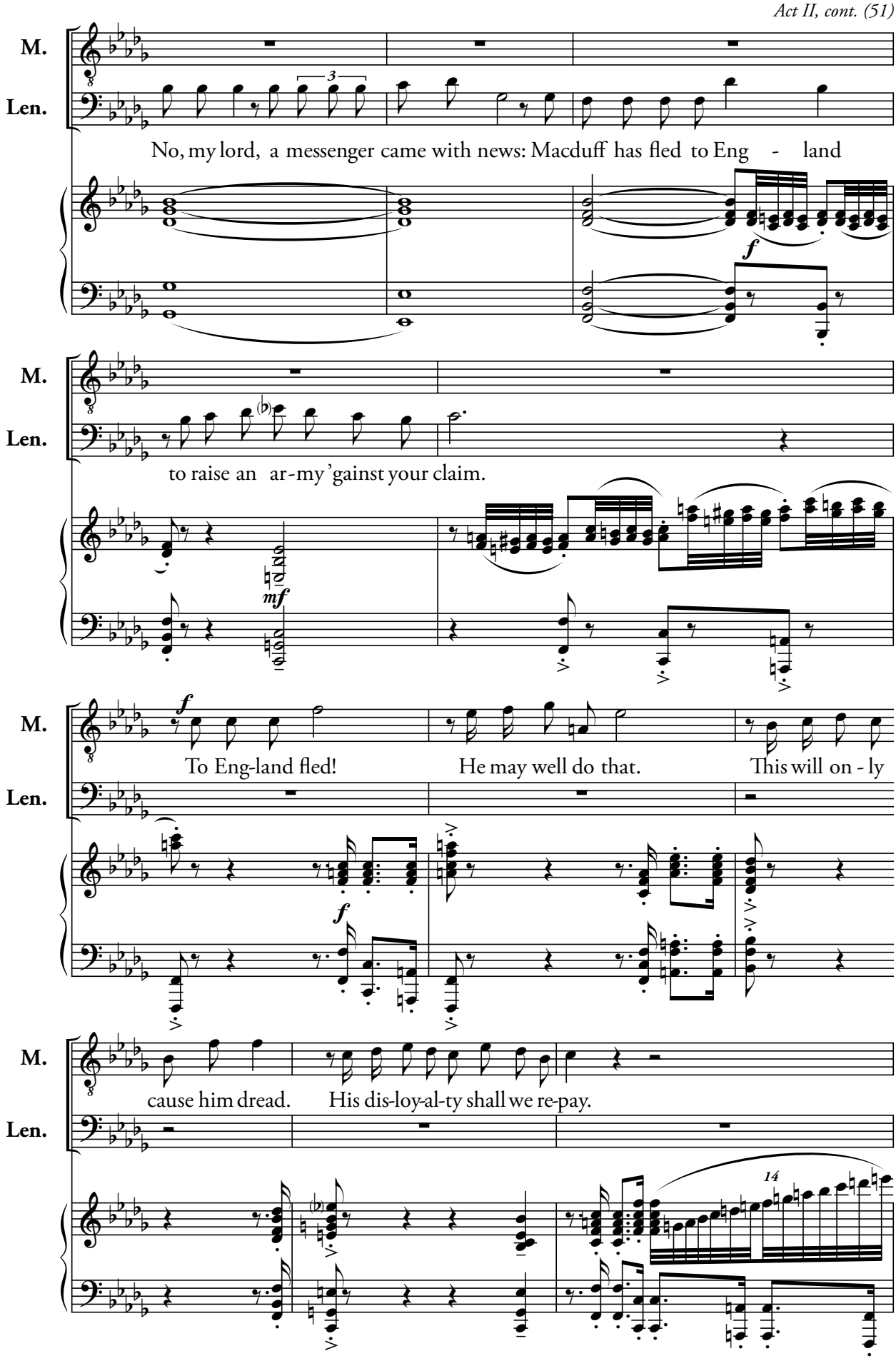

13
WITCH 1
MACBETH
As I am your king, I demand thee say: Shall Banquo's issue rule one day?
W. 1
Seek no more! No more!
M.
I will not be de - nied, you cooks from

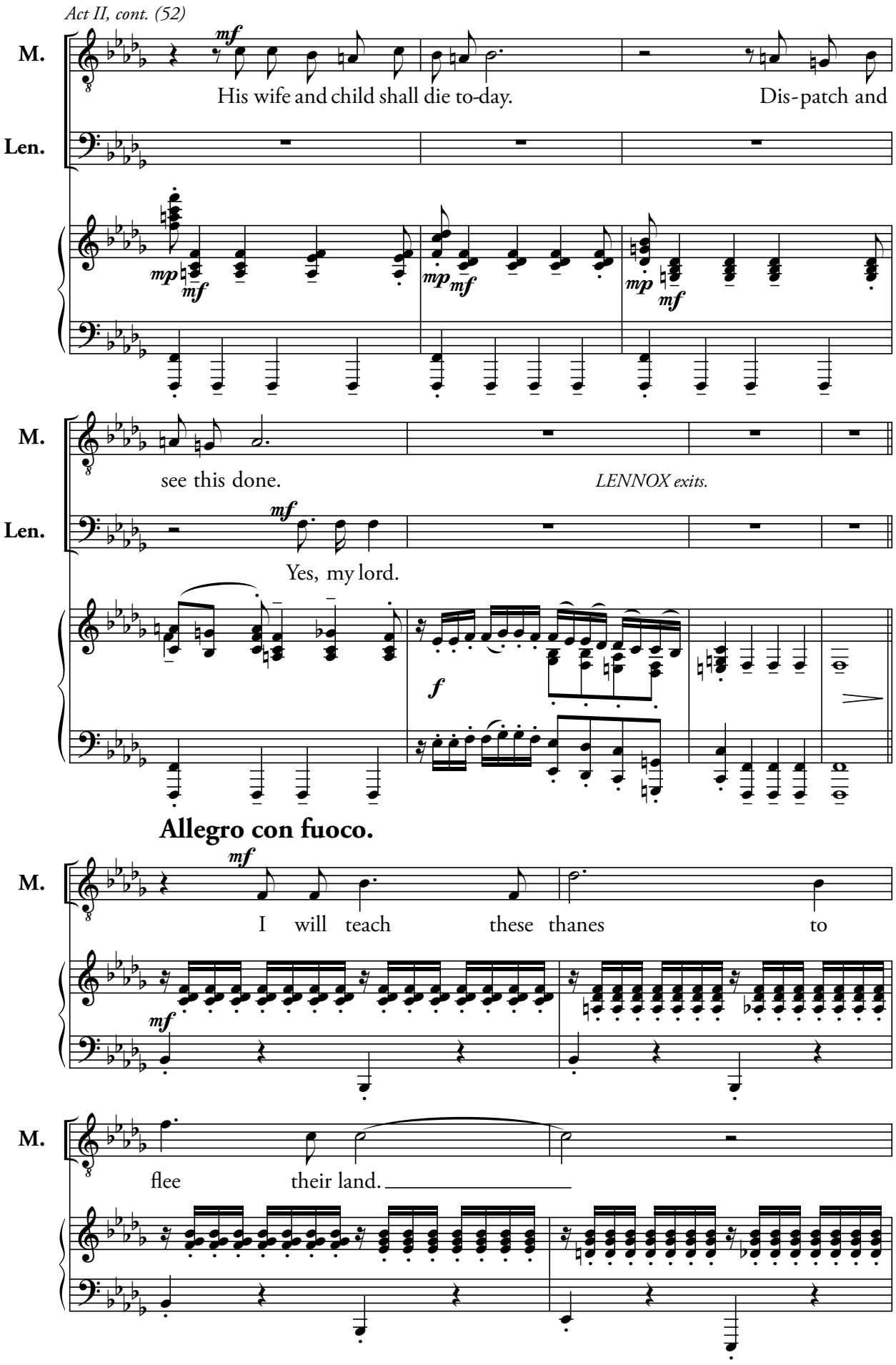

M.
hell!
Au - ger my for-tunes, you filth-y hounds,
M.
that I may act and block the way of those who would
WITCH 1
He wants to know, know,
WITCH 2
WITCH 3
He wants to
Then show, show, show, show, show, show,
M.
steal my crown a - way.

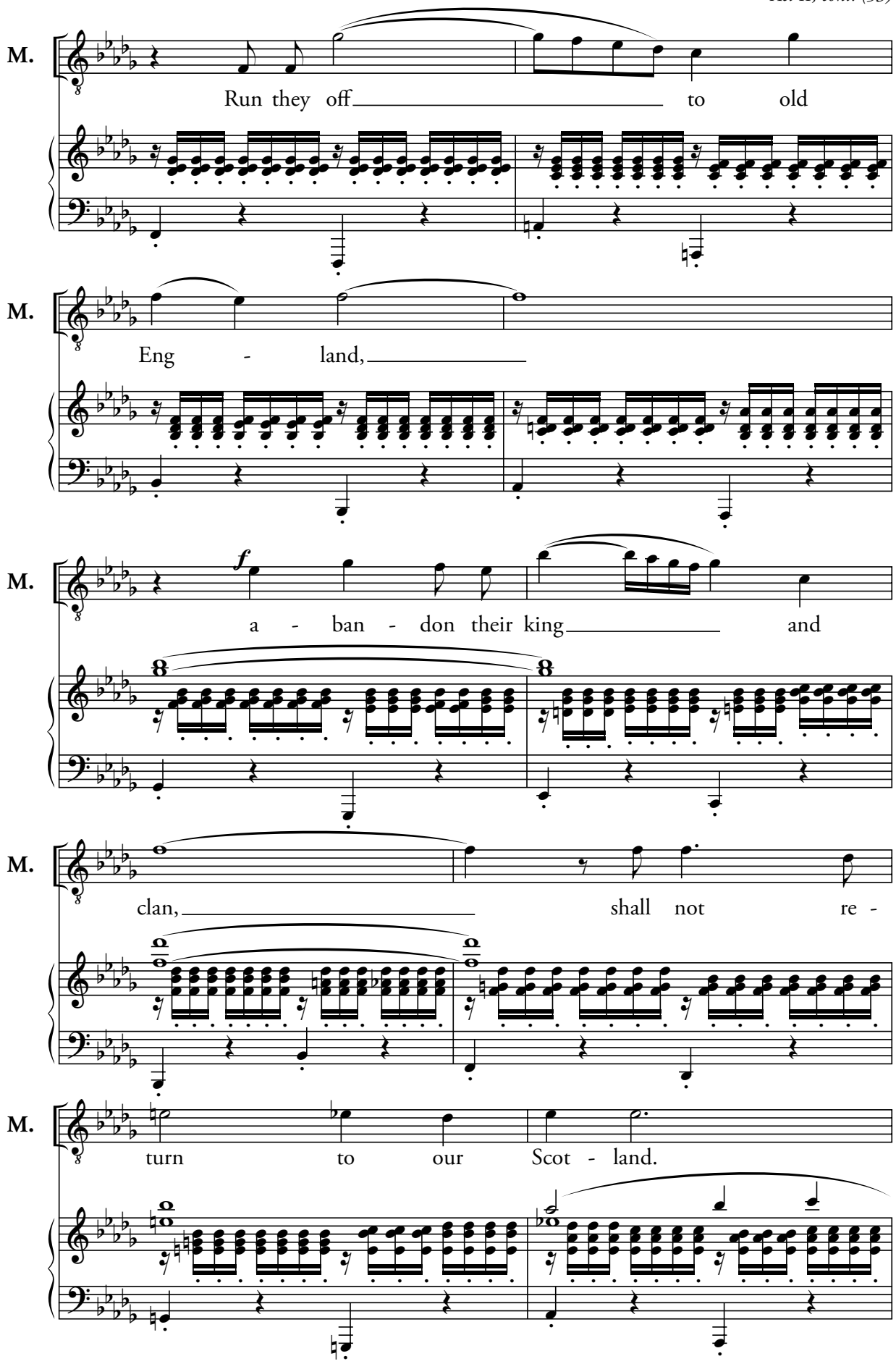

W. 1
know, know, know, his eyes, grieve his heart, come like a shad - ow and
W. 2
know, know, know, his eyes, grieve his heart, come like a shad - ow and
W. 3
show his eyes, grieve his heart, come like a shad - ow and
W. 1
so depart.
W. 2
so depart.
W. 3
so depart.
mp
MACBETH
Maestoso.
mp
Am I for-tune's
mp

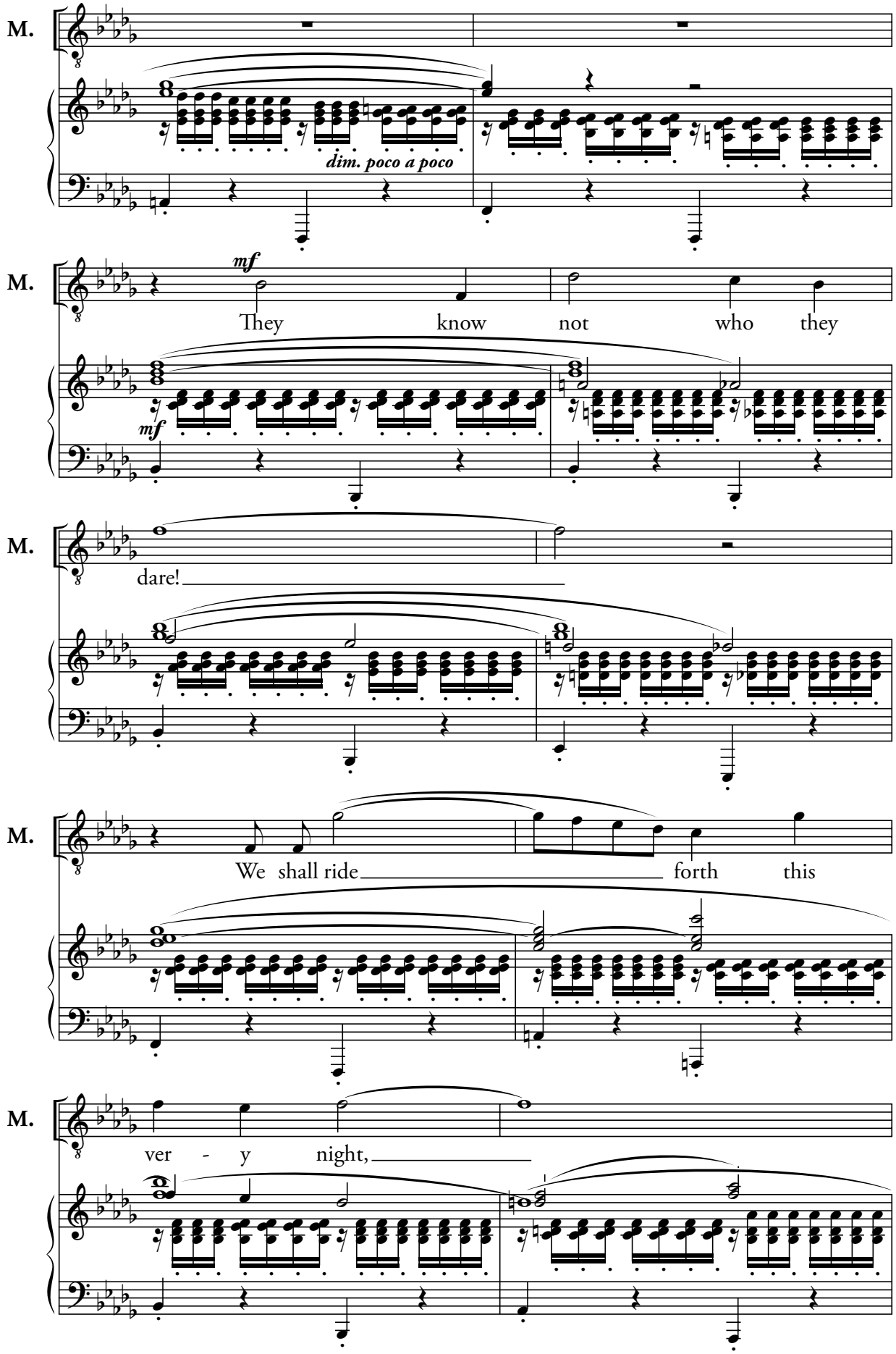

M.
fool,
to hack and cut
M.
my way to rule this state,
then sur - ren - der
M.
all
for a trick of
M.
fate?
Calmo.
WITCH 1
Come, sis-ters, our time is done.
WITCH 2
WITCH 3
Much to do before the sun.

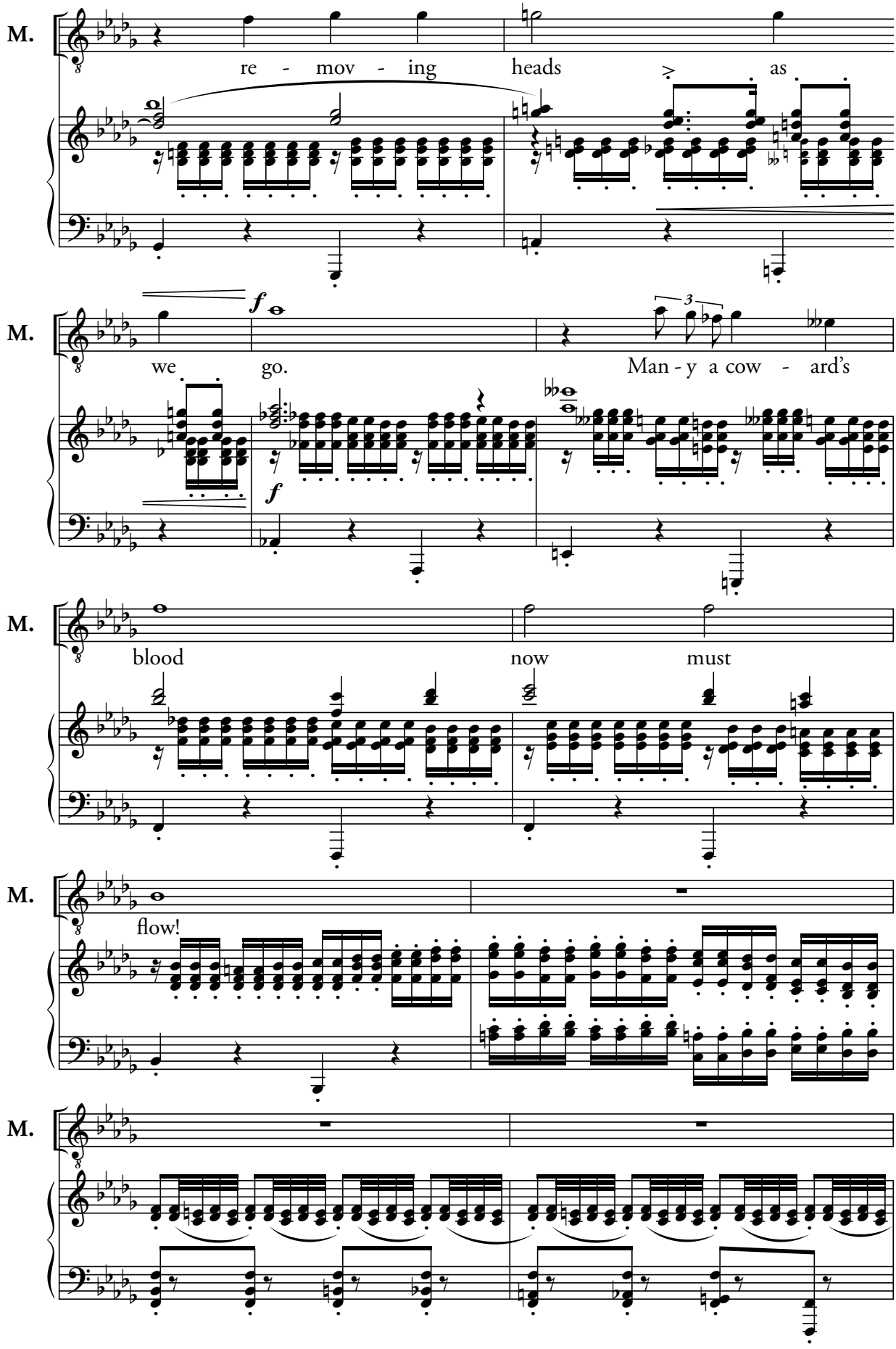

W. 1
W. 2
W. 3
Too much power ends in trou-ble…
mp
Bub-ble, bub-ble, toil and trou-ble.
p
mp
W. 1
…trouble…
W. 2
W. 3
…trouble…
MACBETH
Len-nox!
M.
mf
3
Saw you the three scruf-fy bitch-es pass thee now?
LENNOX
mf
You called out, your grace?
f
mf

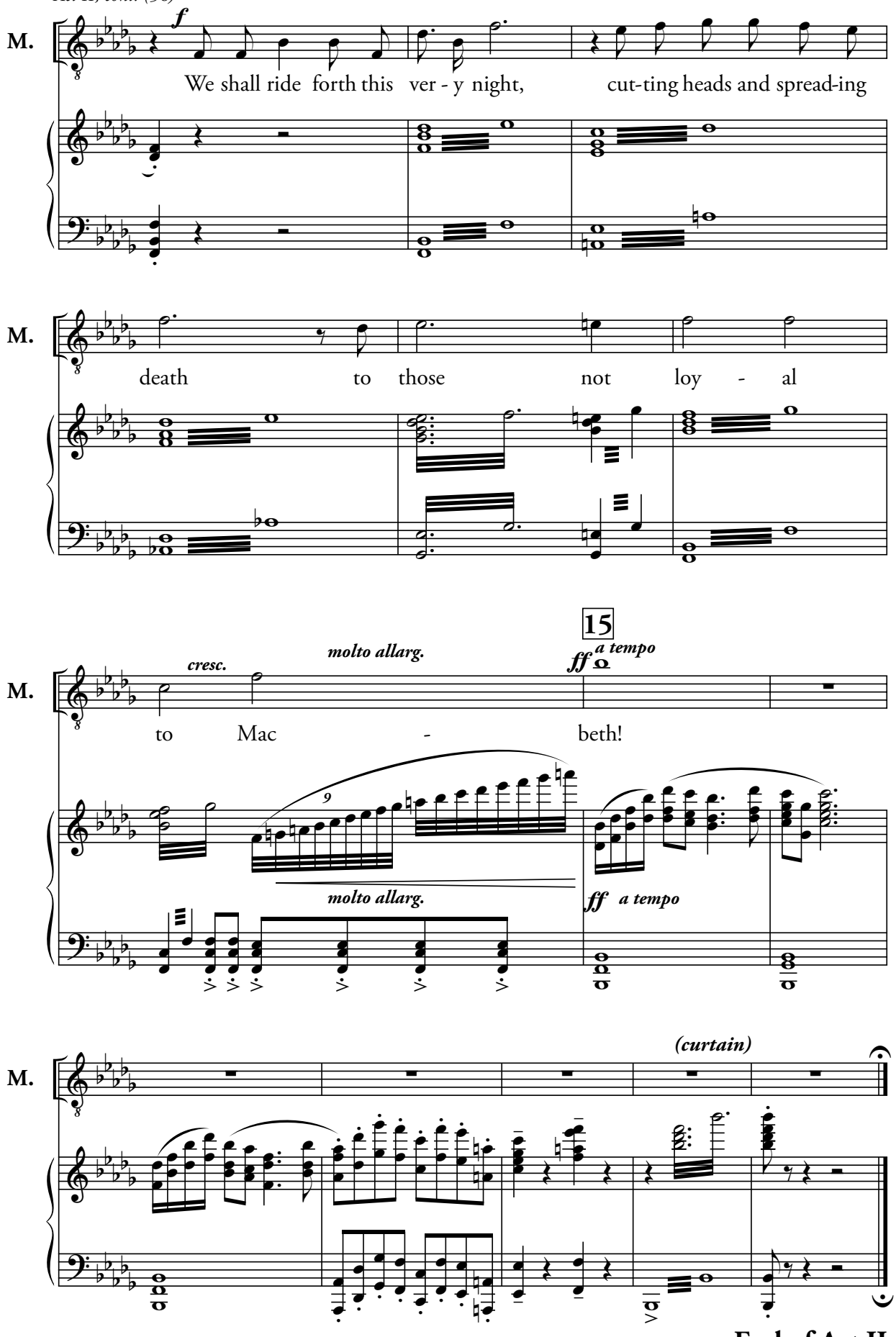

M.
Len.
No, my lord, a messenger came with news: Macduff has fled to Eng - land
f
M.
Len.
to raise an ar-my 'gainst your claim.
mf
M.
Len.
f
To Eng-land fled!
He may well do that.
This will on - ly
f
M.
Len.
cause him dread.
His dis-loy-al-ty shall we re-pay.
14


M.
His wife and child shall die to-day.
Dis-patch and
Len.
M.
see this done.
LENNOX exits.
Len.
Yes, my lord.
Allegro con fuoco.
M.
I will teach these thanes to
M.
flee their land.


M.
Run they off to old
M.
Eng - land,
M.
f
a - ban - don their king and
M.
clan, shall not re -
M.
turn to our Scot - land.


M.
dim. poco a poco
M.
mf
mf
They know not who they
M.
dare!
M.
We shall ride forth this
M.
ver - y night,


M.
re - mov - ing heads as
M.
we go. Man - y a cow - ard's
M.
blood now must
M.
flow!
M.

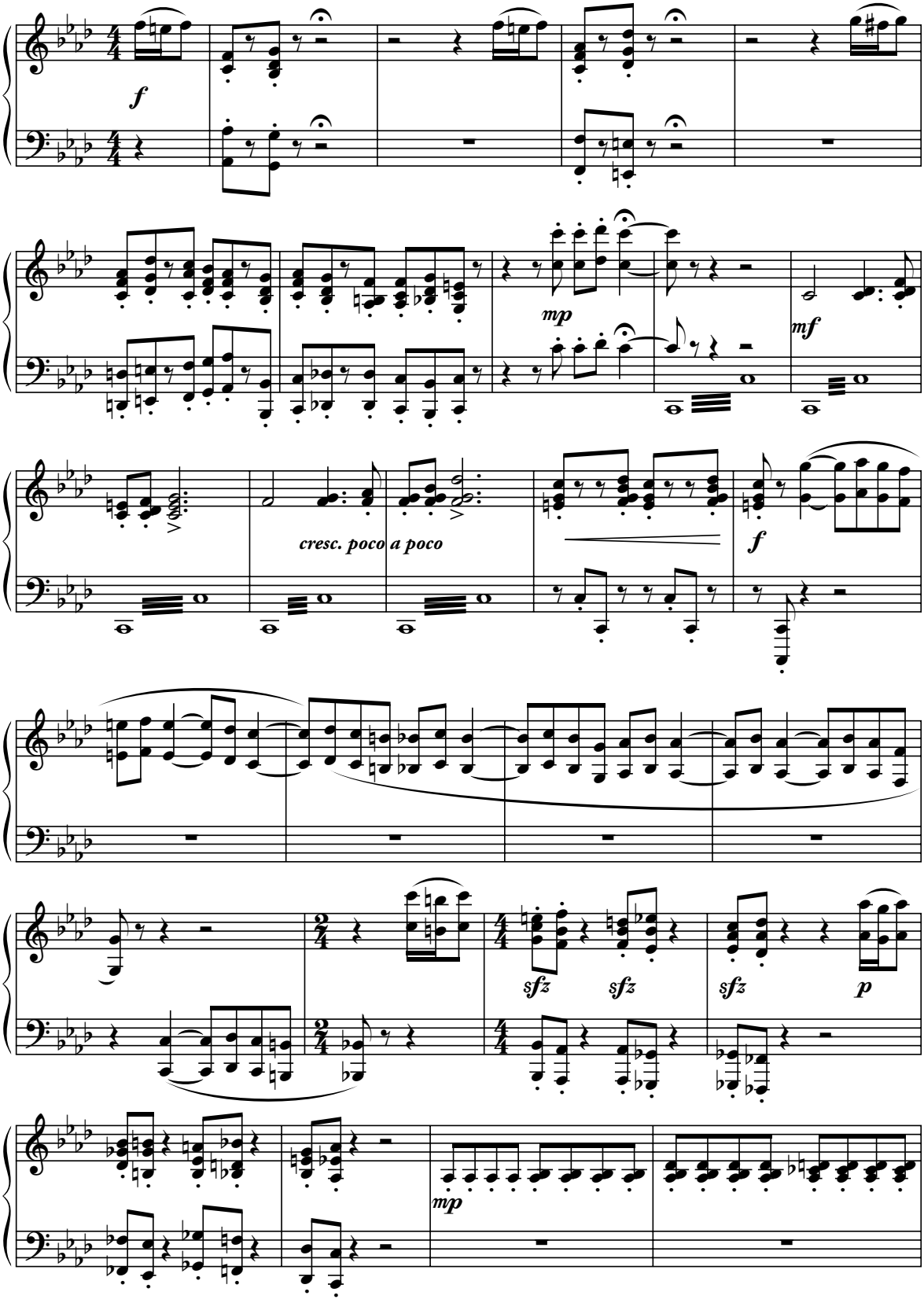

M.
f
We shall ride forth this ver - y night, cut-ting heads and spread-ing
death to those not loy - al
15
cresc.
molto allarg.
ff a tempo
to Mac - beth!
molto allarg.
ff a tempo
(curtain)

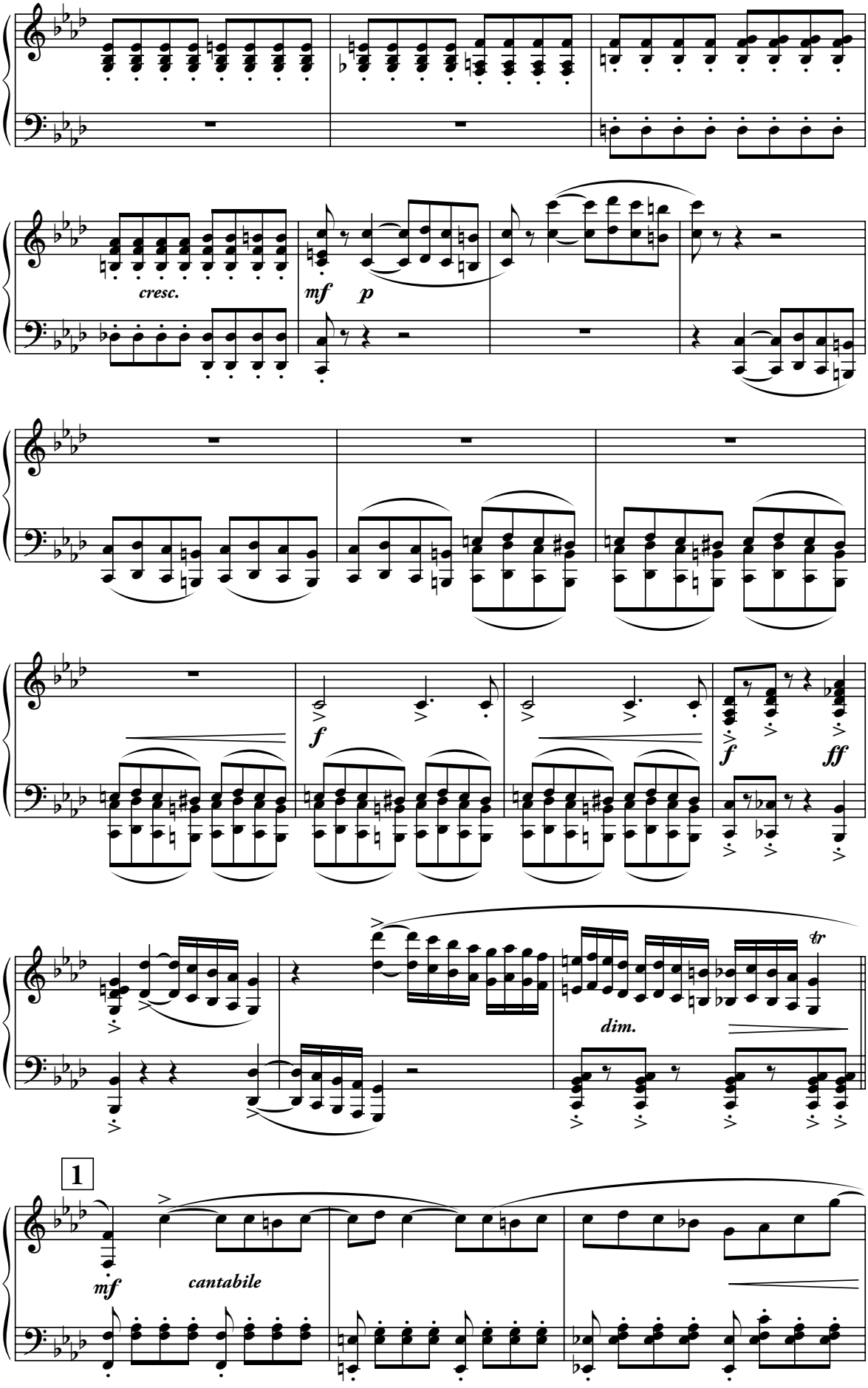
End of Act II

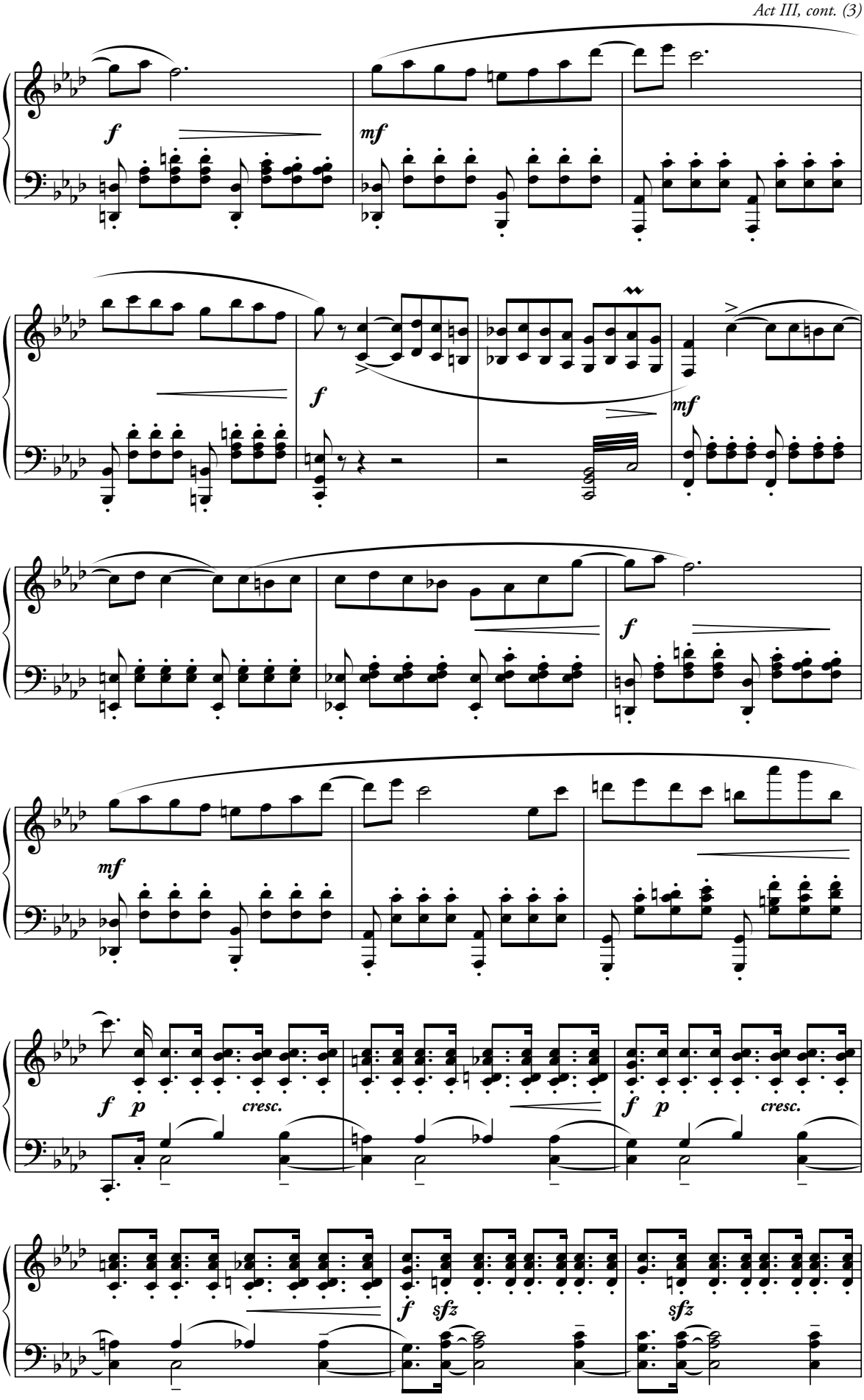
Act Three

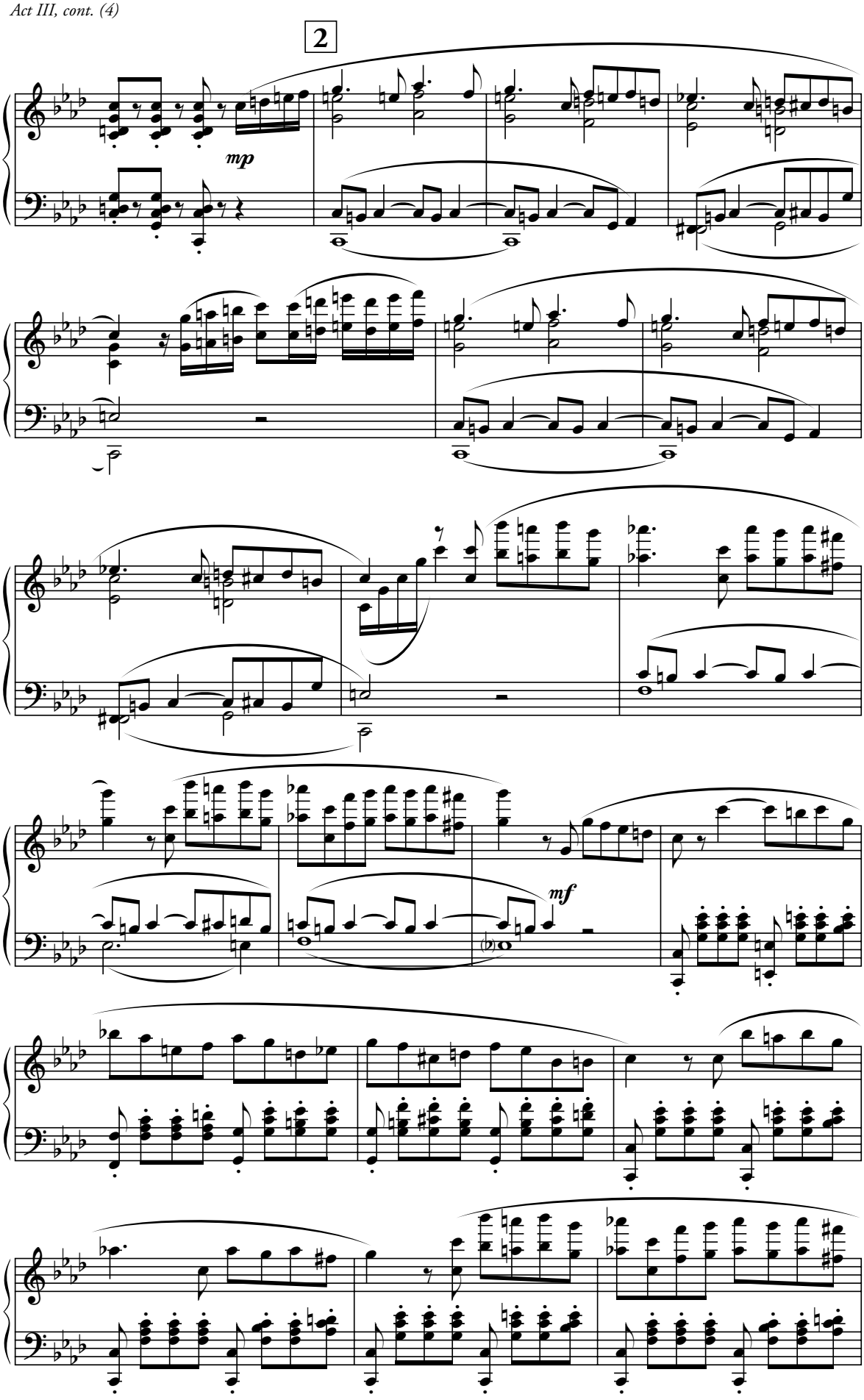
Entr'Acte/Fantasia

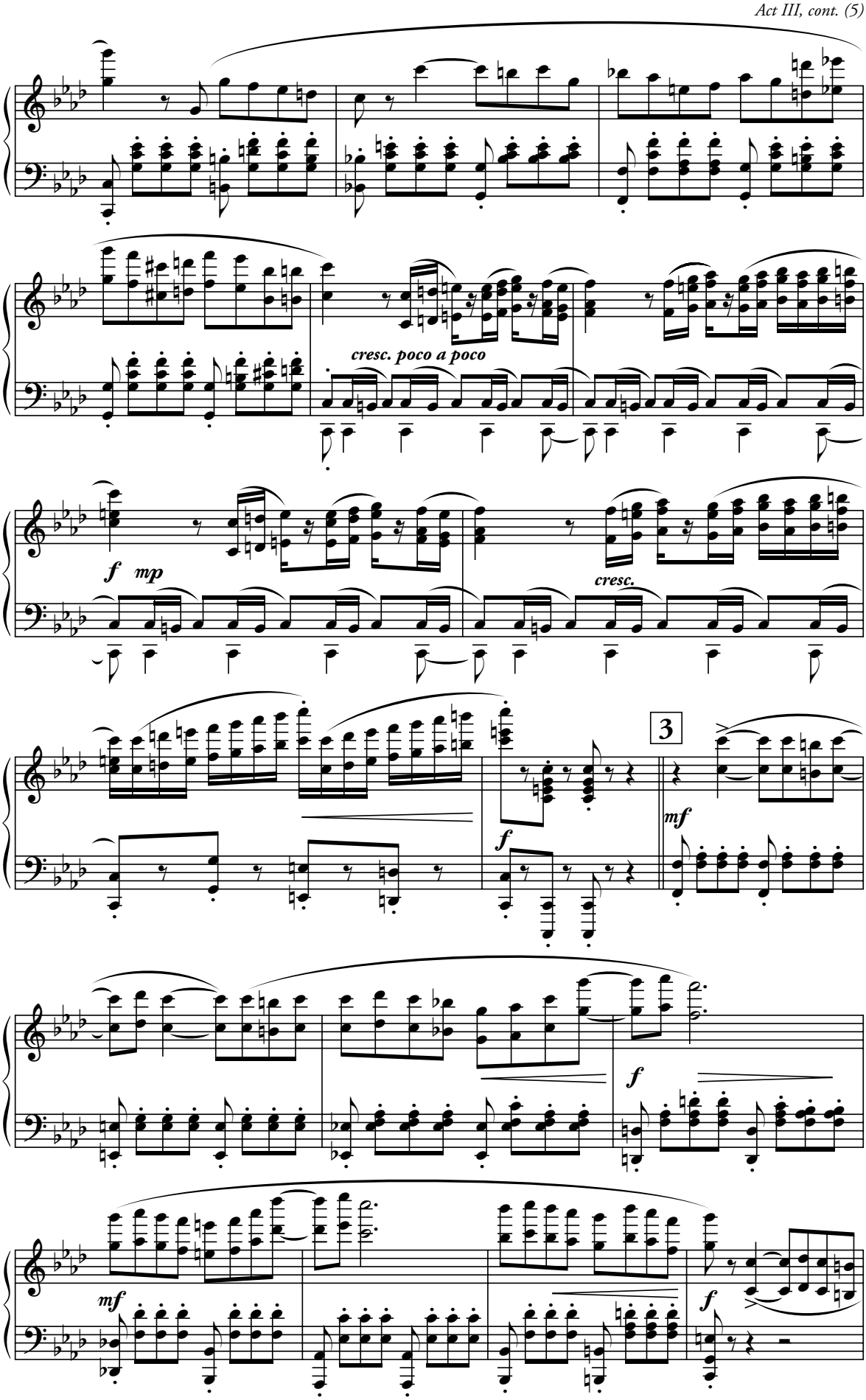
Allegro con fuoco.

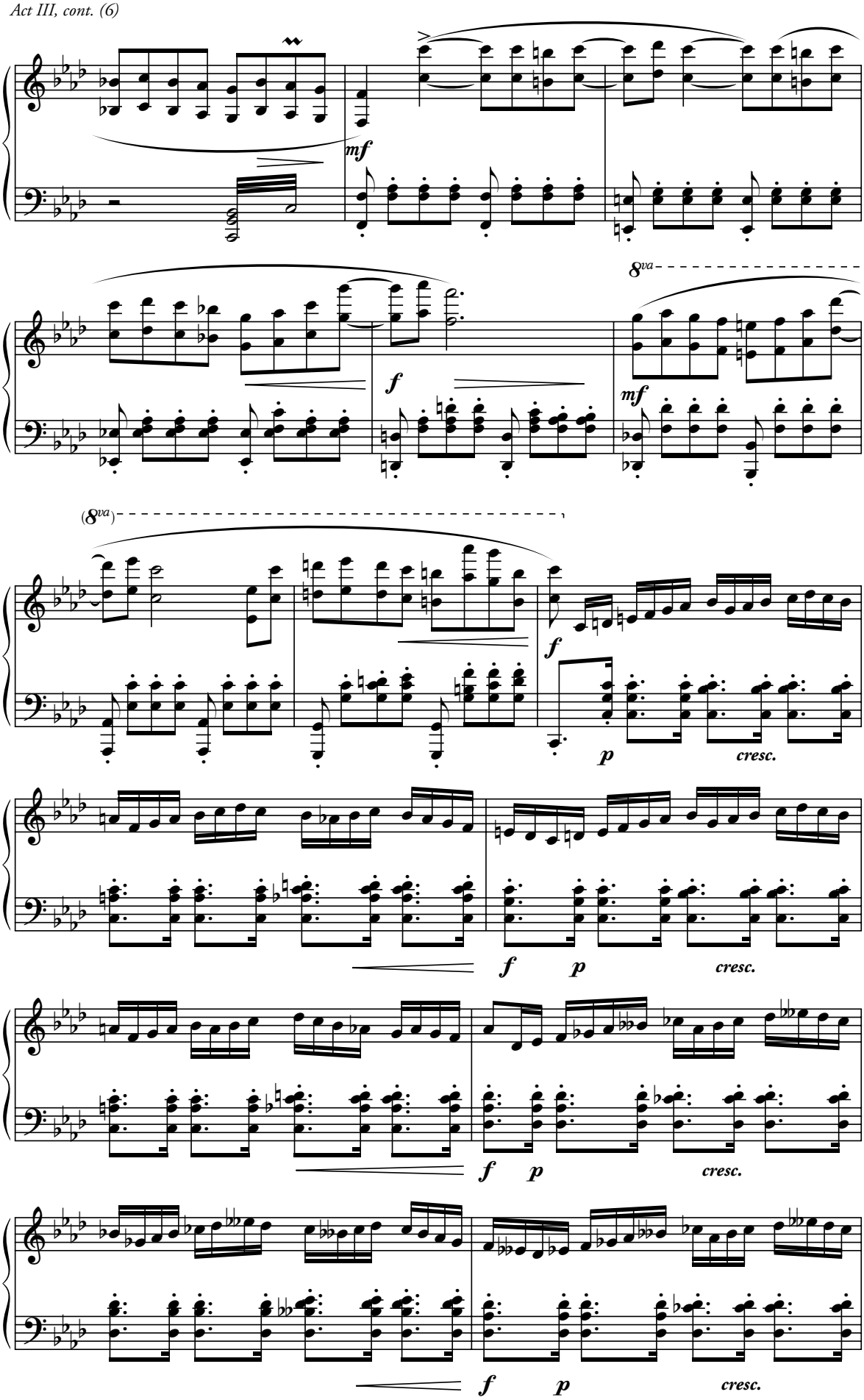


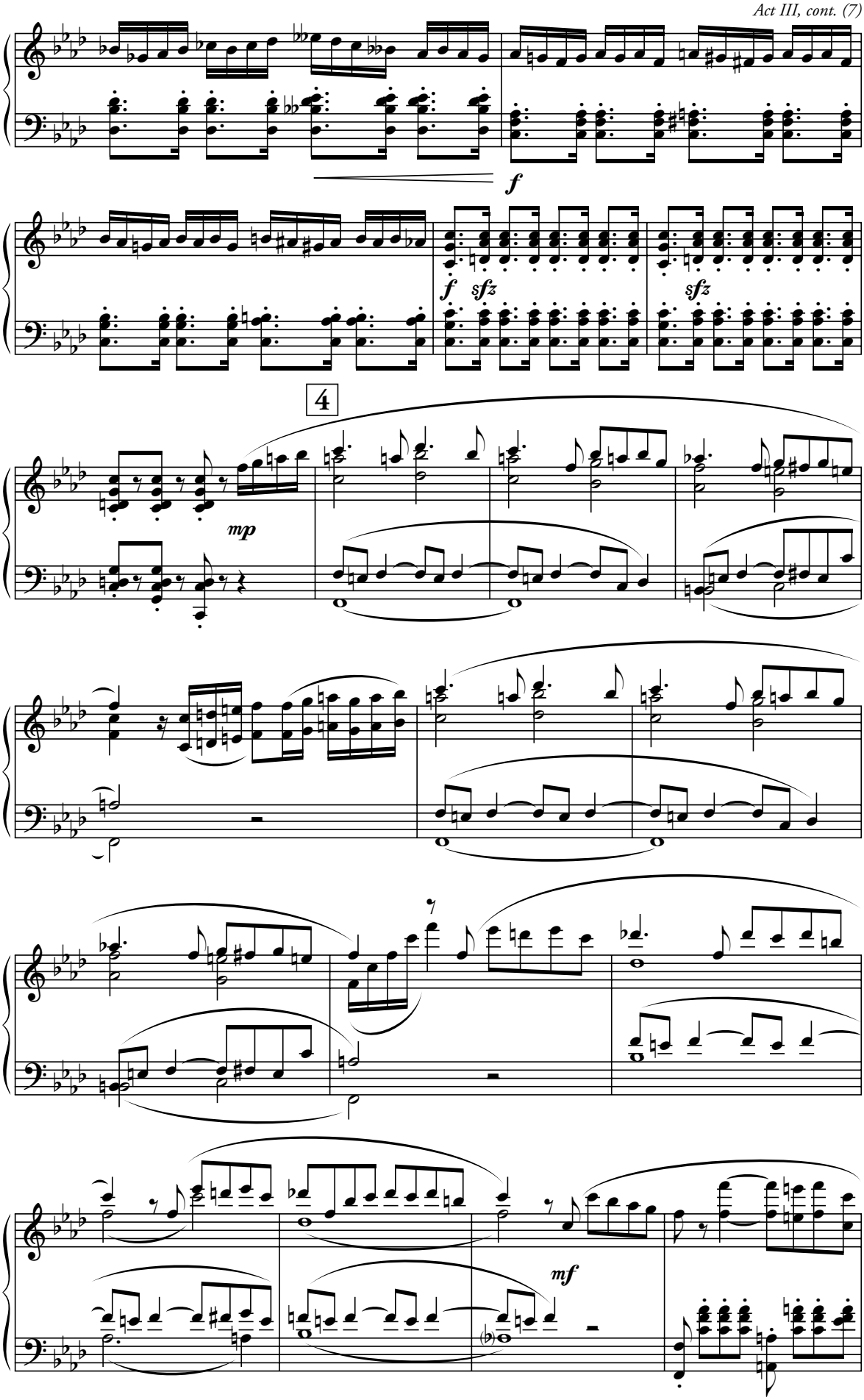

cresc.
mf
p
f
f
ff
dim.
tr
1
mf
cantabile

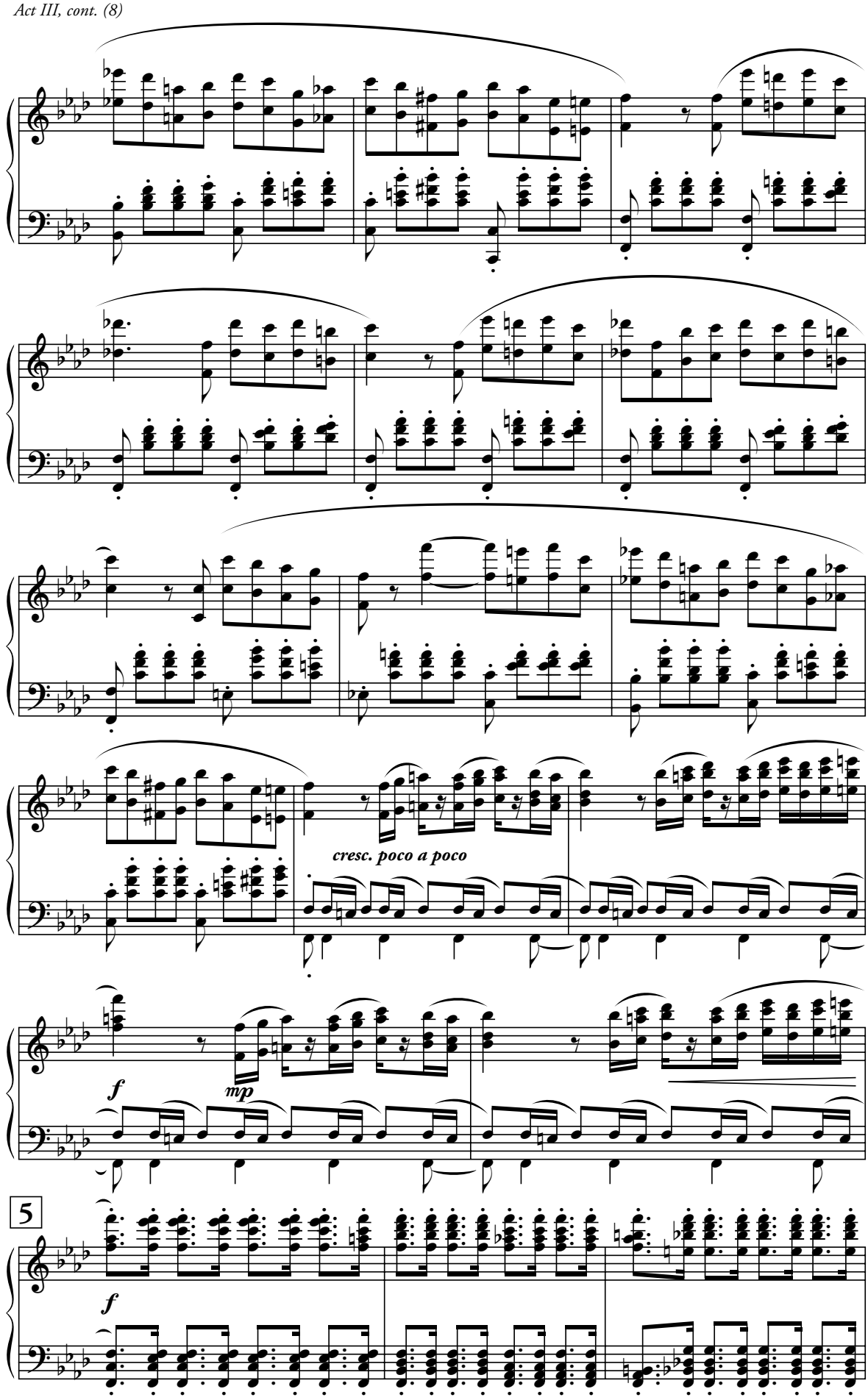

f
mf
f
mf
mf
f
f p cresc.
f p cresc.
f sfz
sfz

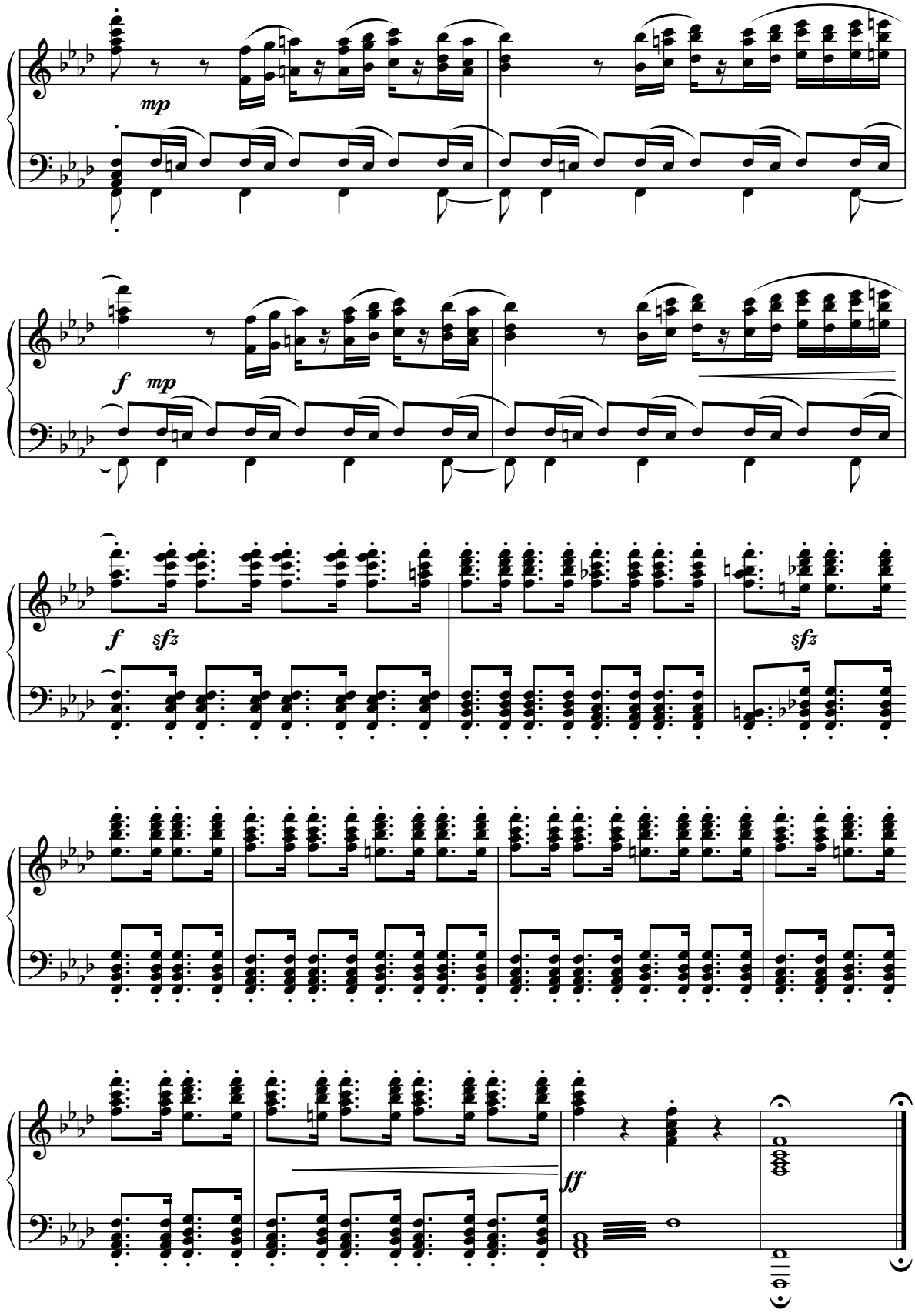

2
mp
mf


cresc. poco a poco
f
mp
cresc.
3
mf
f
f
mf
mf
f


mf
8va
f
mf
(8va)
f
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.

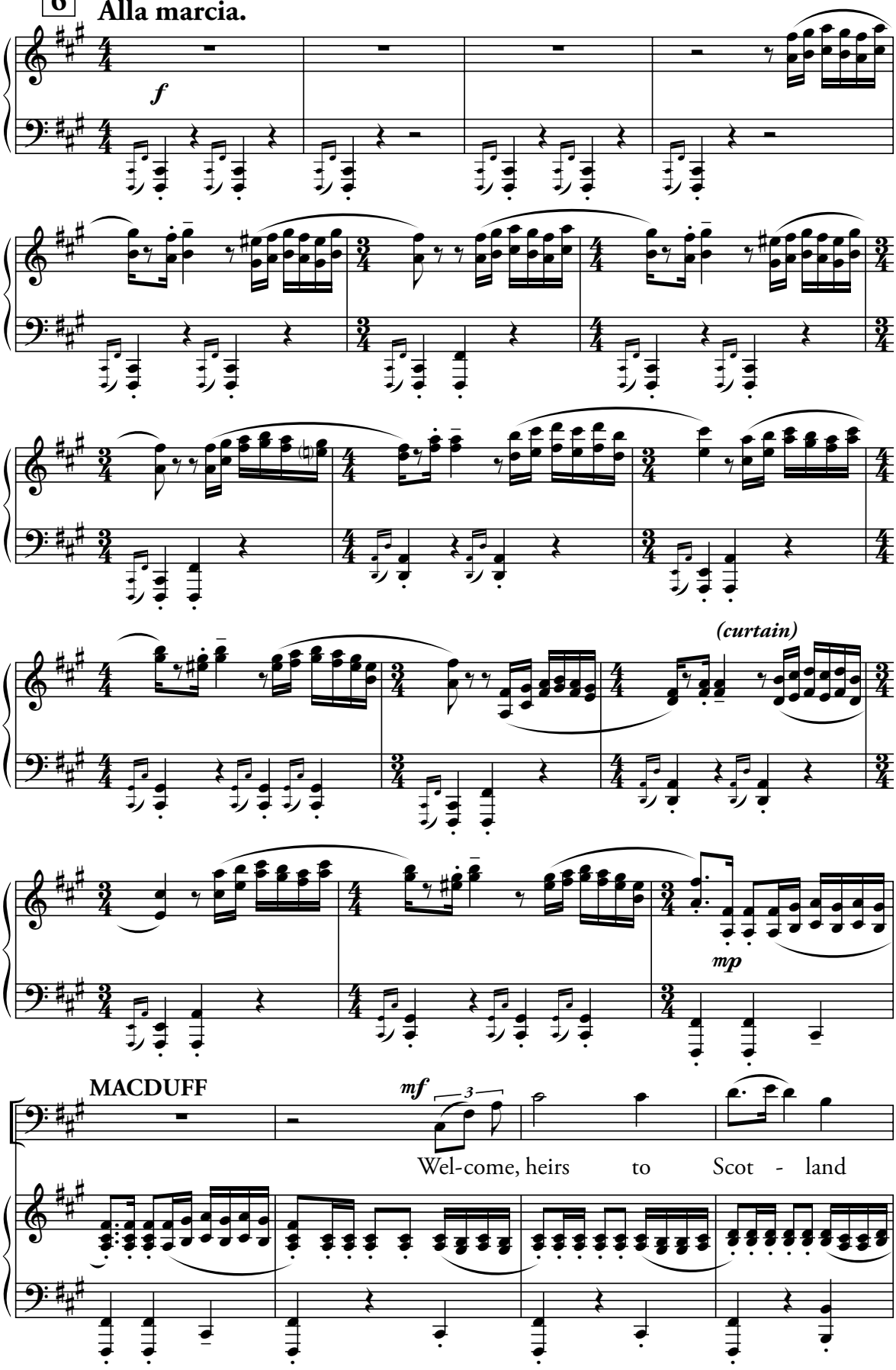

f
f
sfz
sfz
4
mp
mf

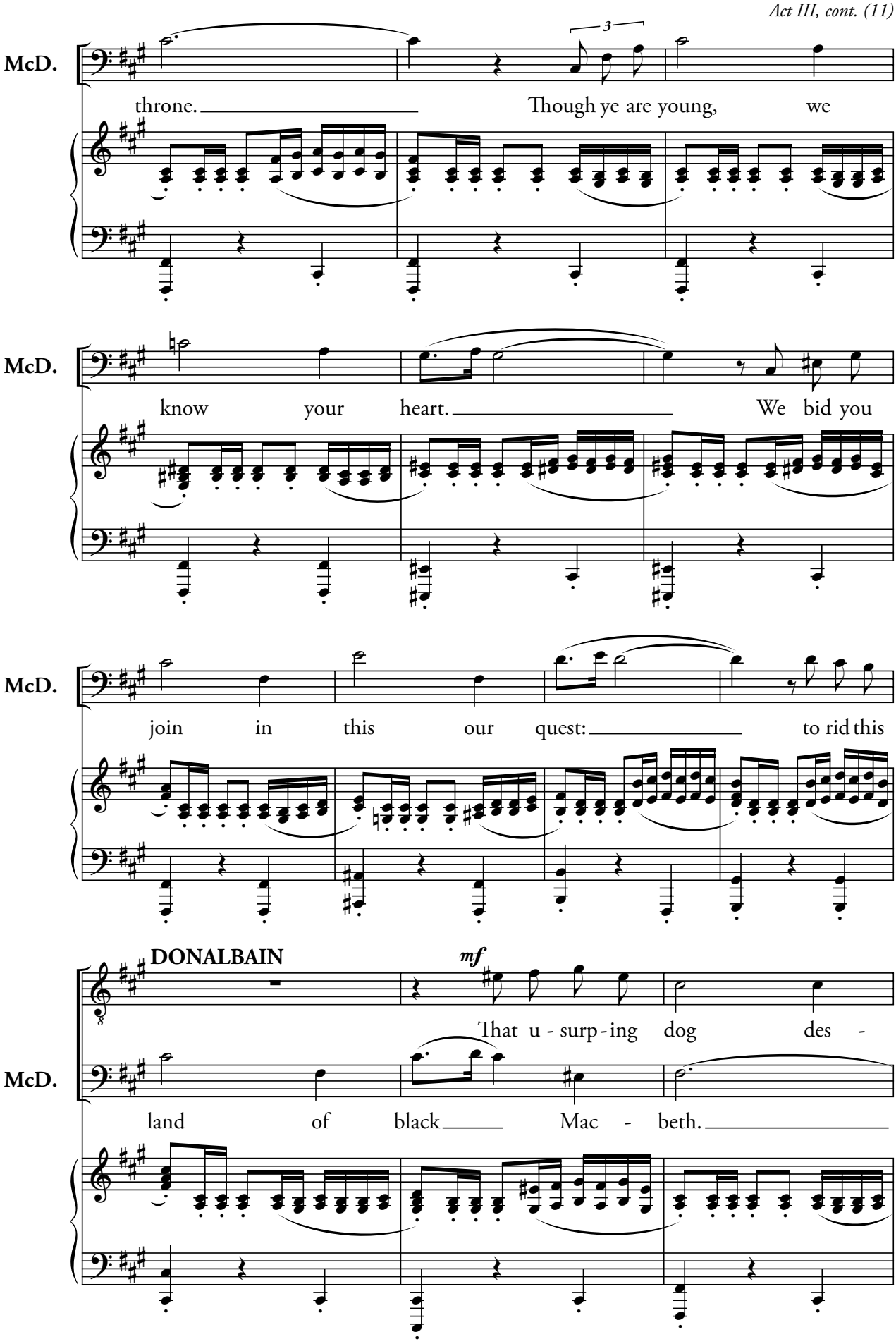

cresc. poco a poco
f
mp
5
f

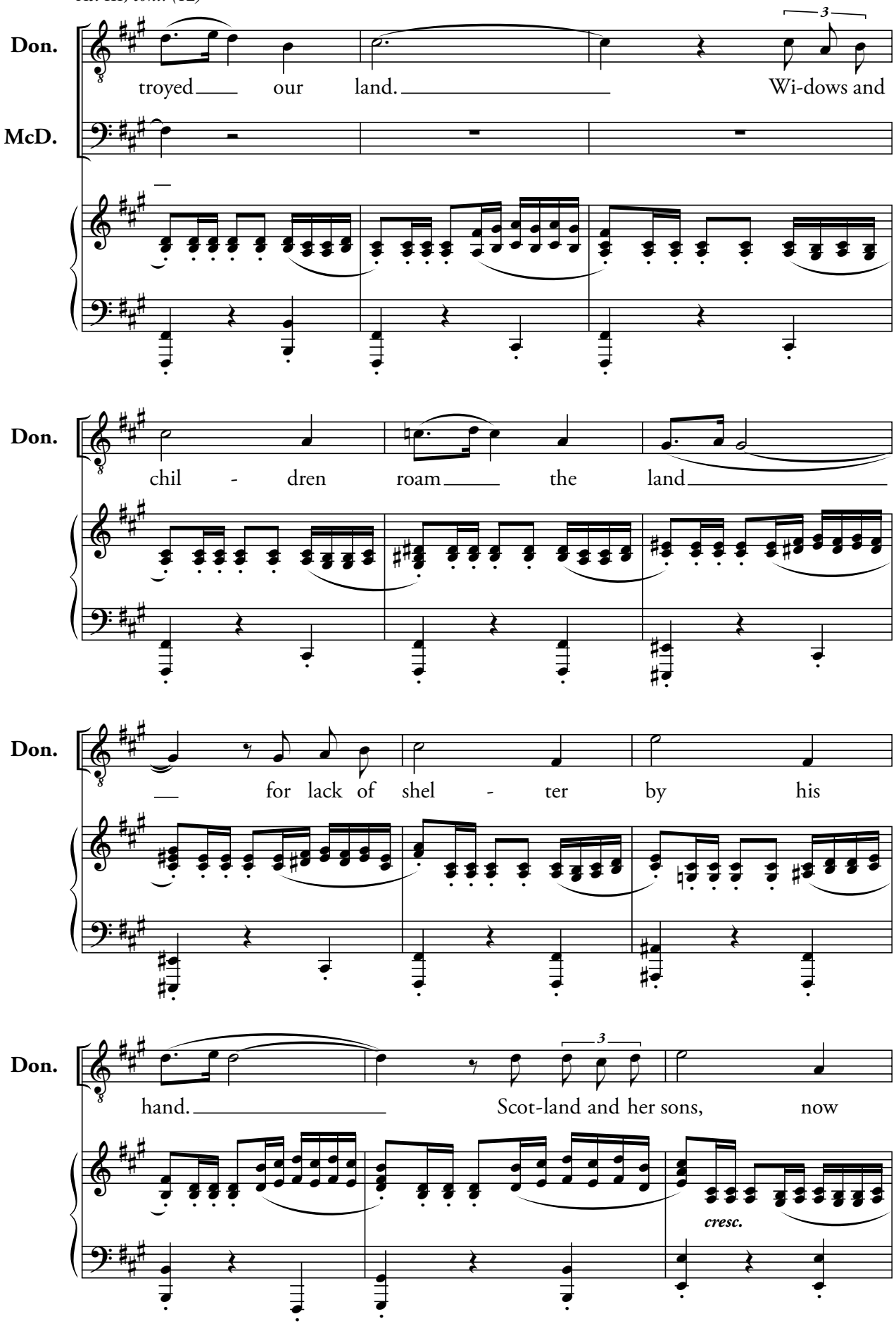

mp
f
mp
f
sfz
sfz
ff

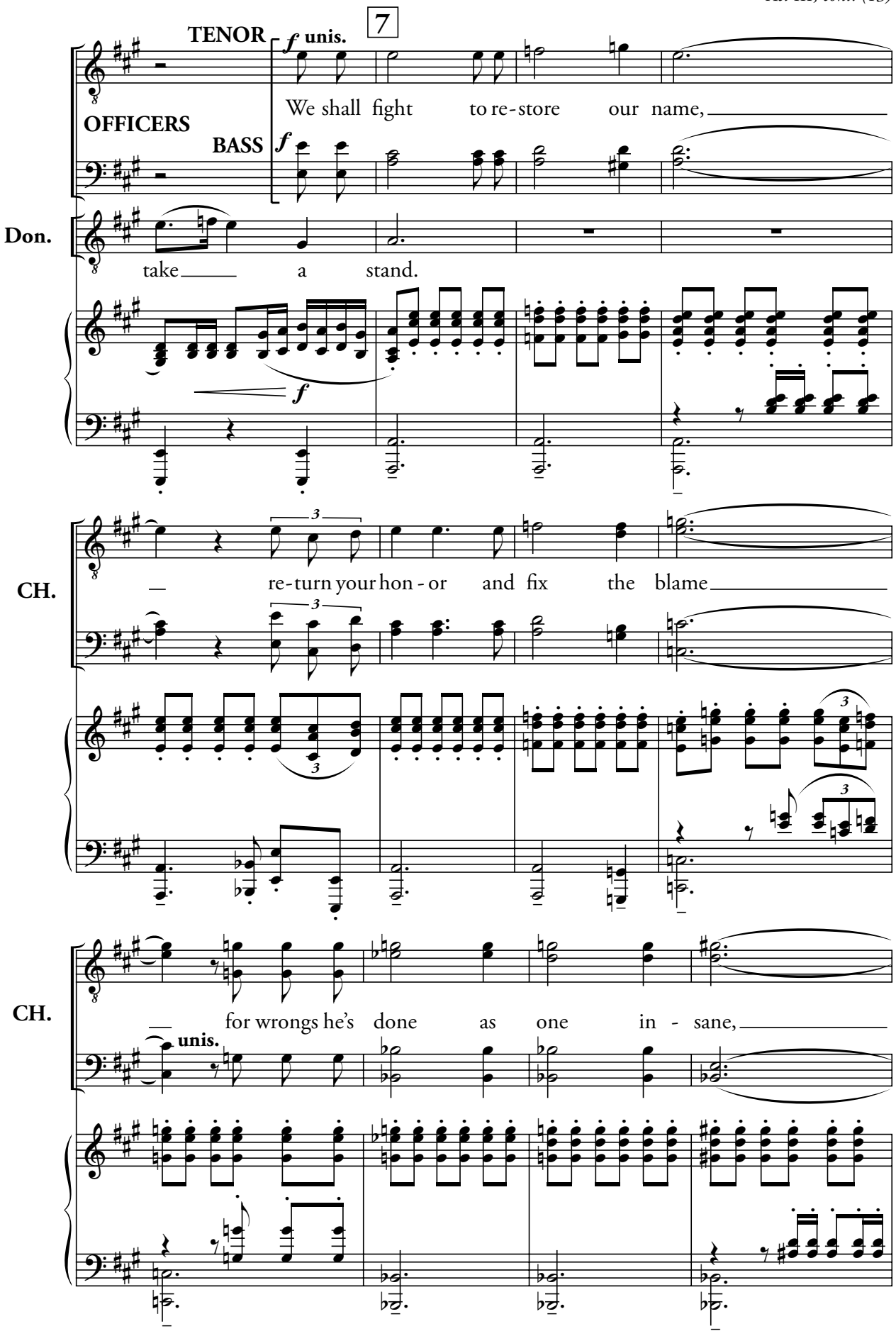
An army encampment, very military. MACDUFF at attention with entourage of OFFICERS.
Enter DONALBAIN and MALCOLM, heirs to the crown of Scotland, with their ENTOURAGE.

6 **Alla marcia.**




McD.
throne. Though ye are young, we
McD.
know your heart. We bid you
McD.
join in this our quest: to rid this
DONALBAIN
mf
That u - surp - ing dog des -
McD.
land of black Mac - beth.


Don.
McD.
troyed our land. Wi-dows and
Don.
chil - dren roam the land
Don.
for lack of shel - ter by his
Don.
hand. Scot-land and her sons, now
cresc.


7
TENOR
f unis.
We shall fight to re-store our name,
OFFICERS
BASS
f
Don.
take a stand.
f
CH.
re-turn your hon-or and fix the blame
CH.
for wrongs he's done as one in-sane,
unis.

Quasi recitative.

CH. — for wrongs he's done — as one in - sane.

MALCOLM

mf

News from

Mal. England has reached our ear, of your personal loss of those most dear:

mp

Mal. your fam-ily torn a - sun - der here.

f *mf* *f* *mf* *p*

MACDUFF

rit.

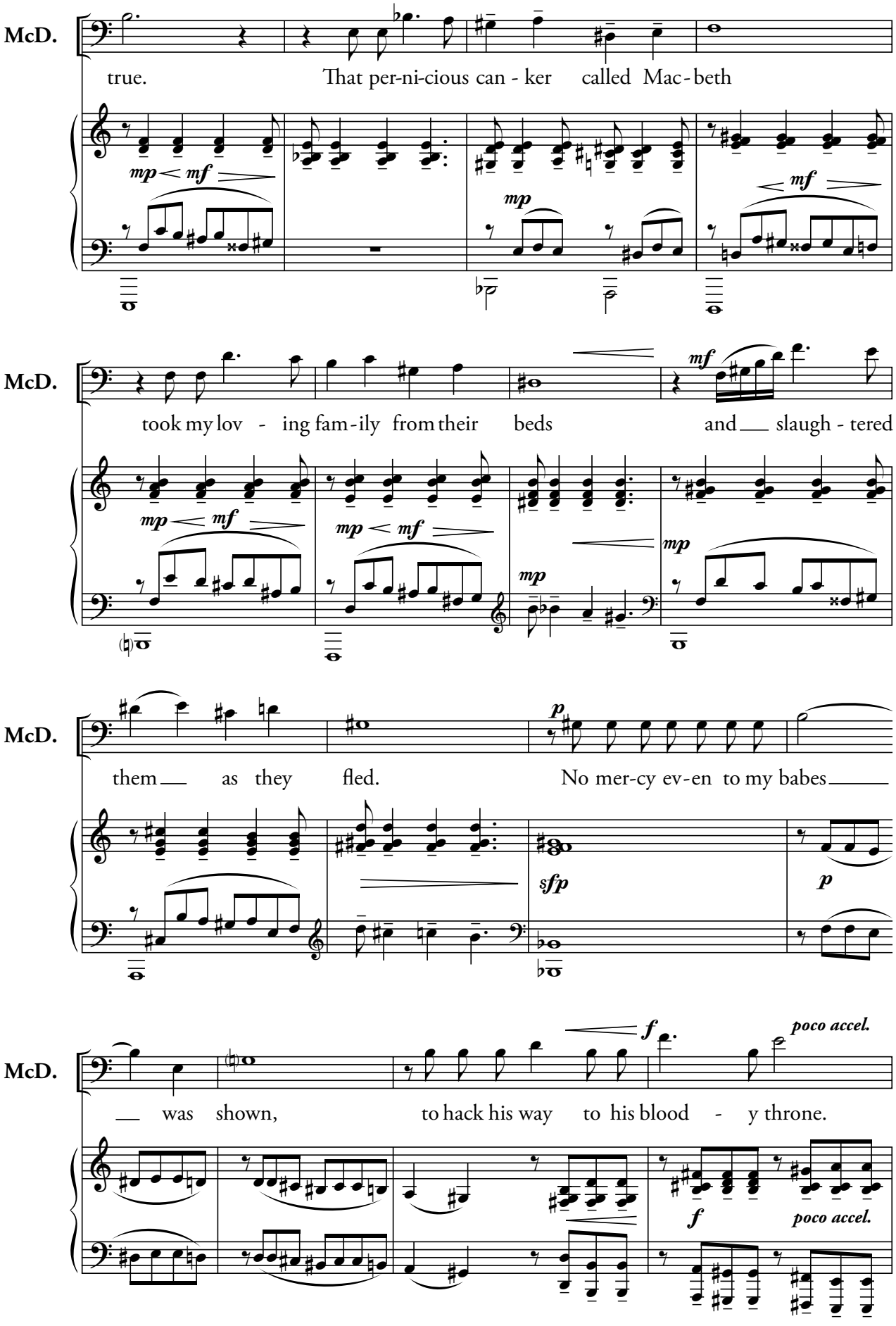
8 **Lento doloroso.**

p

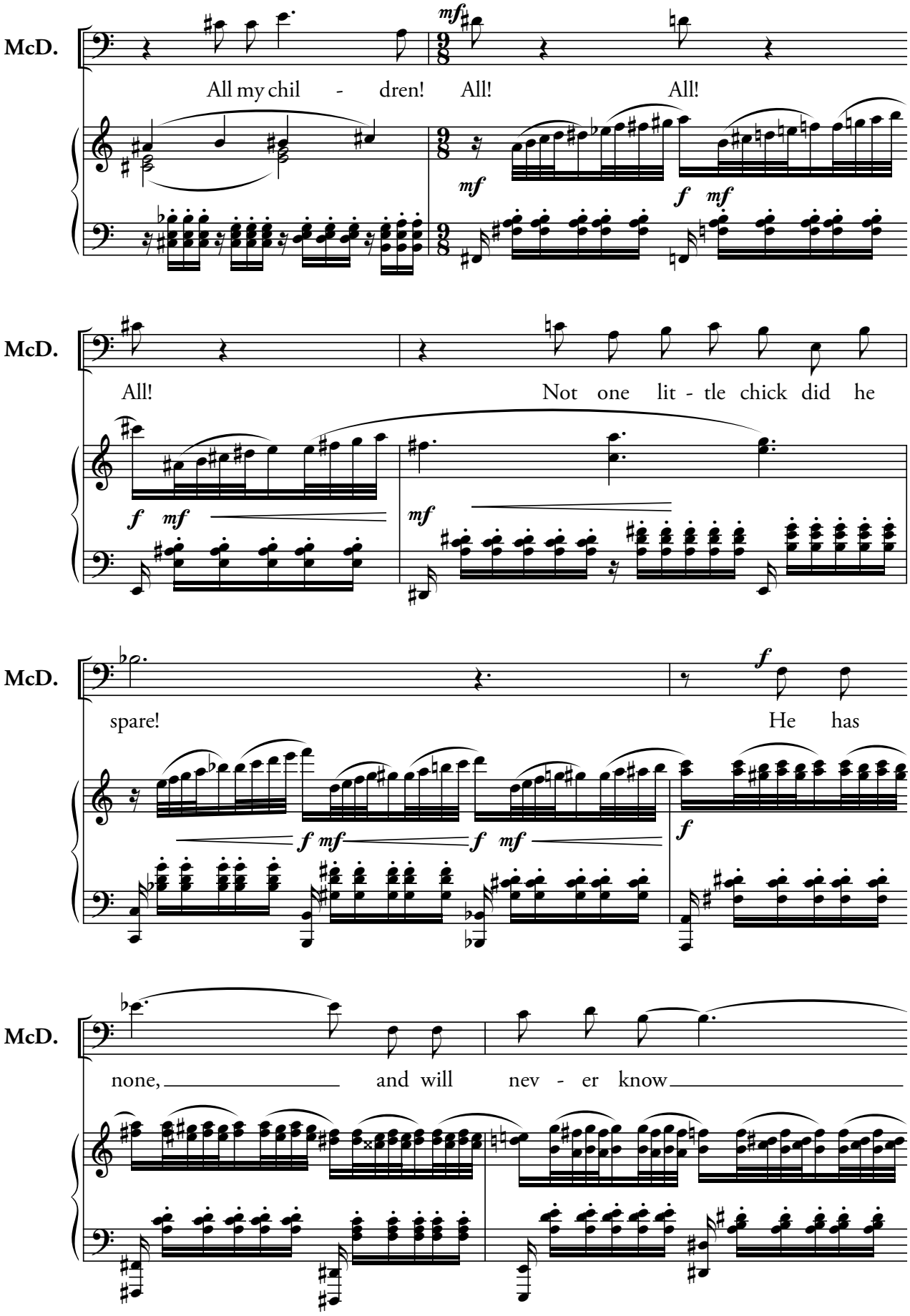
Too true, too true. Too true, too

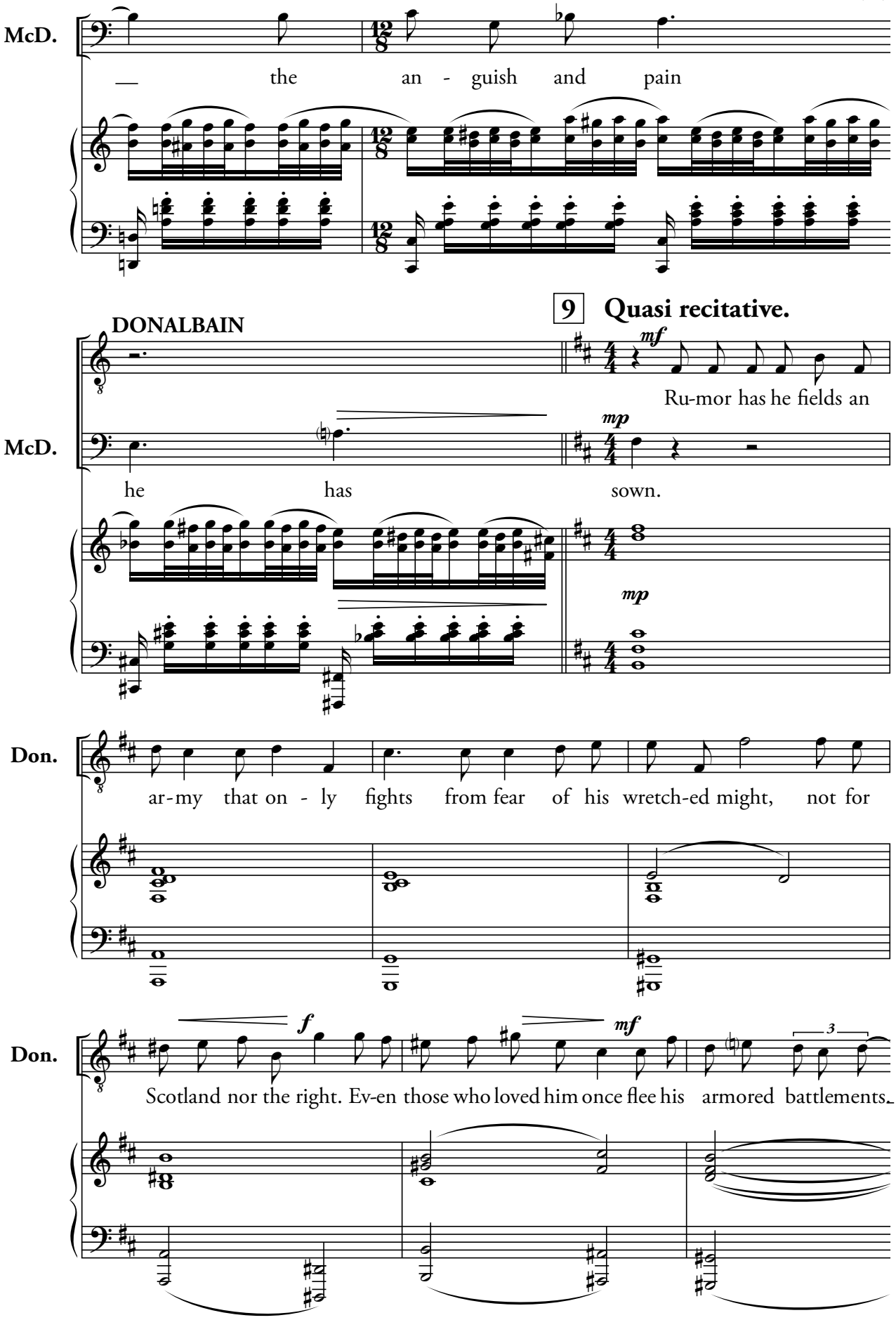
rit.

mp *mf*


McD.
true. That per-ni-cious can - ker called Mac - beth
mp mf
mp
mf
McD.
took my lov - ing fam - ily from their beds and slaugh - tered
mf
mp mf
mp mf
mp
mp
mp
McD.
them as they fled. No mer-cy ev-en to my babes
p
sfp
p
McD.
was shown, to hack his way to his blood - y throne.
f
poco accel.
f
poco accel.

Più mosso.


McD.
All my chil - dren! All! All!
mf
mf
f mf
McD.
All! Not one lit - tle chick did he
f mf
mf
McD.
spare! He has
f
f mf f mf
f
McD.
none, and will nev - er know


McD.
— the an - guish and pain
9 Quasi recitative.
DONALBAIN
mf
Ru-mor has he fields an
McD.
mp
he has sown.
mp
Don.
ar-my that on - ly fights from fear of his wretch-ed might, not for
Don.
f
mf
3
Scotland nor the right. Ev-en those who loved him once flee his armored battlements.

Più mosso.

MACDUFF

mf

Be - fore this bat - tle's lost or won I shall

mf

McD.

stand o'er his head and cut it off be - fore he's

Ancora più mosso.

MALCOLM

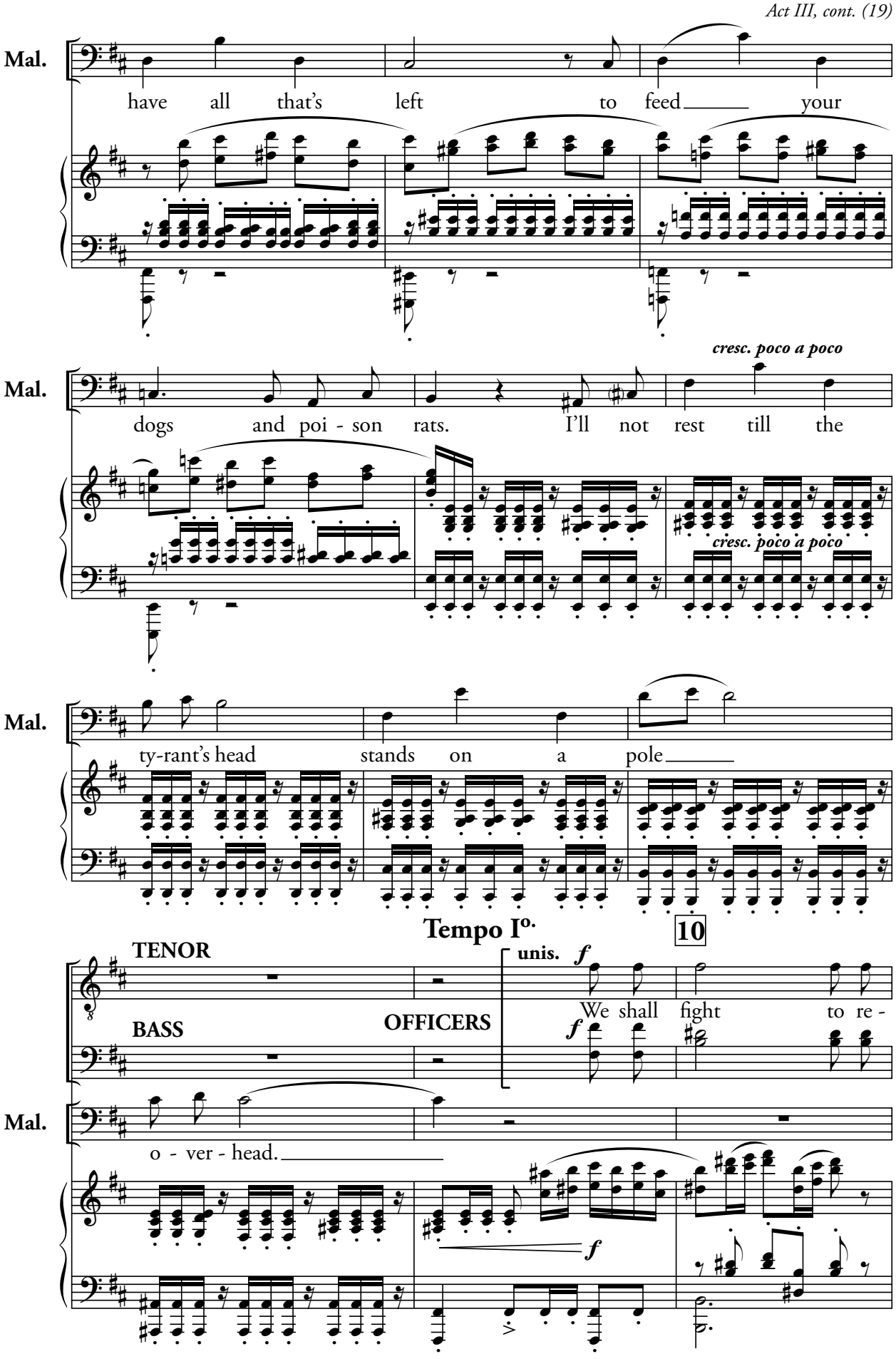
mf

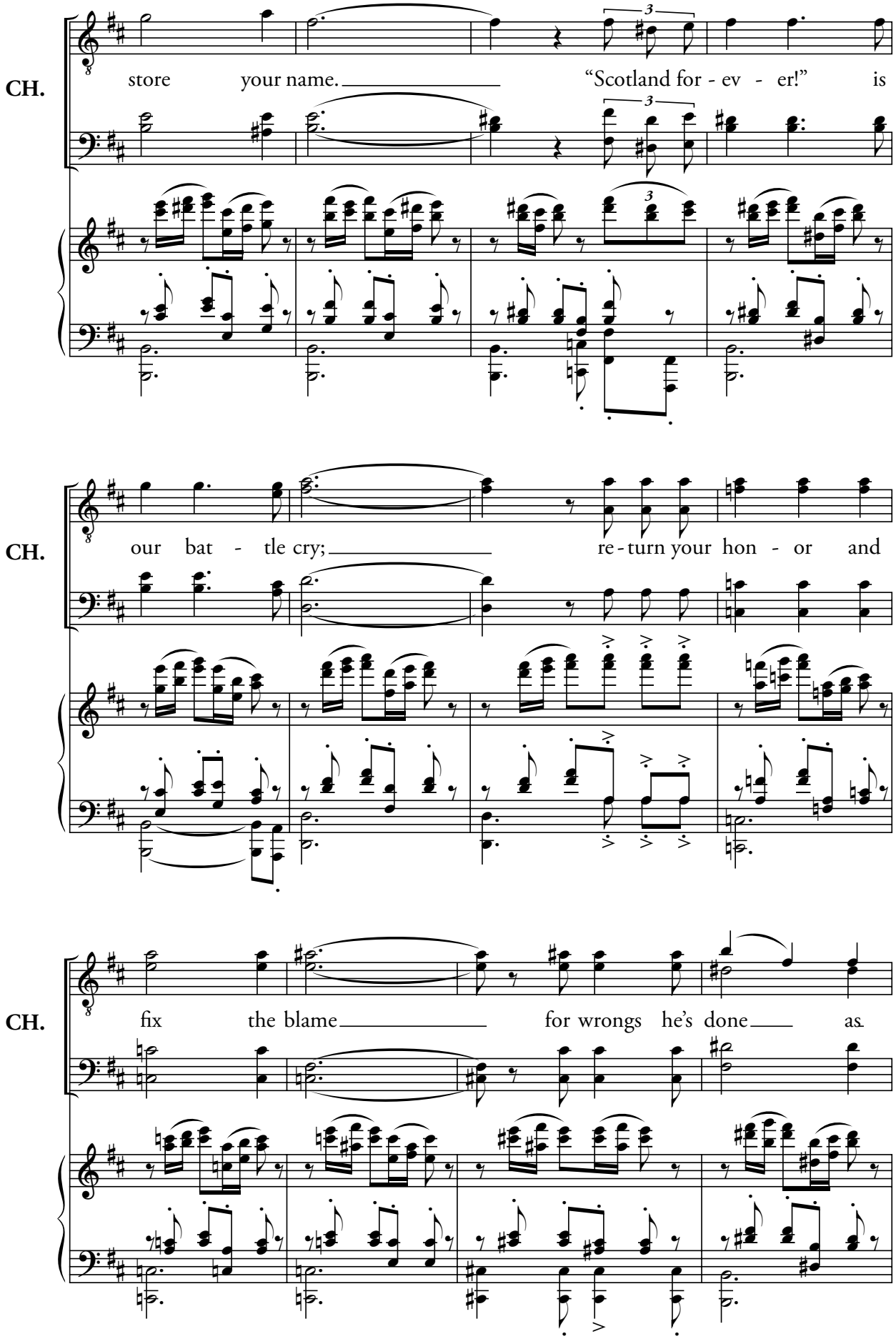
I must this hon-or have, my honored Lord Macduff. You may

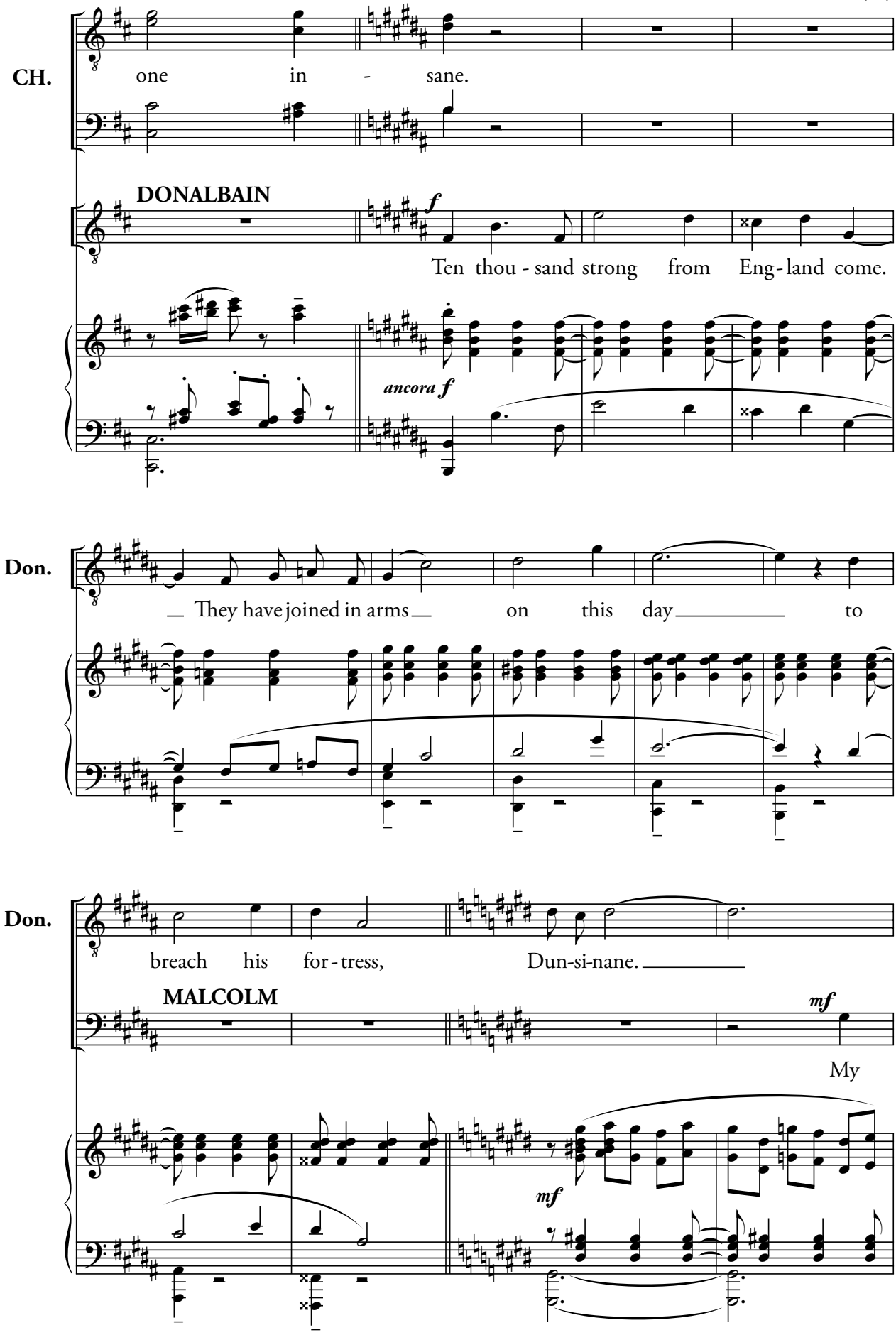
McD.

dead.

f *mp*


Mal.
have all that's left to feed your
cresc. poco a poco
Mal.
dogs and poi - son rats. I'll not rest till the
cresc. poco a poco
Mal.
ty-rant's head stands on a pole
Tempo Iº.
10
TENOR
BASS
OFFICERS
unis.
f
We shall fight to re -
Mal.
o - ver - head.
f


CH.
store your name. "Scotland for - ev - er!" is
CH.
our bat - tle cry; re - turn your hon - or and
CH.
fix the blame for wrongs he's done as


CH.
one in - sane.
DONALBAIN
f
Ten thou - sand strong from Eng - land come.
ancora f
Don.
They have joined in arms on this day to
Don.
breach his for - tress, Dun-si-nane.
MALCOLM
mf
My
mf

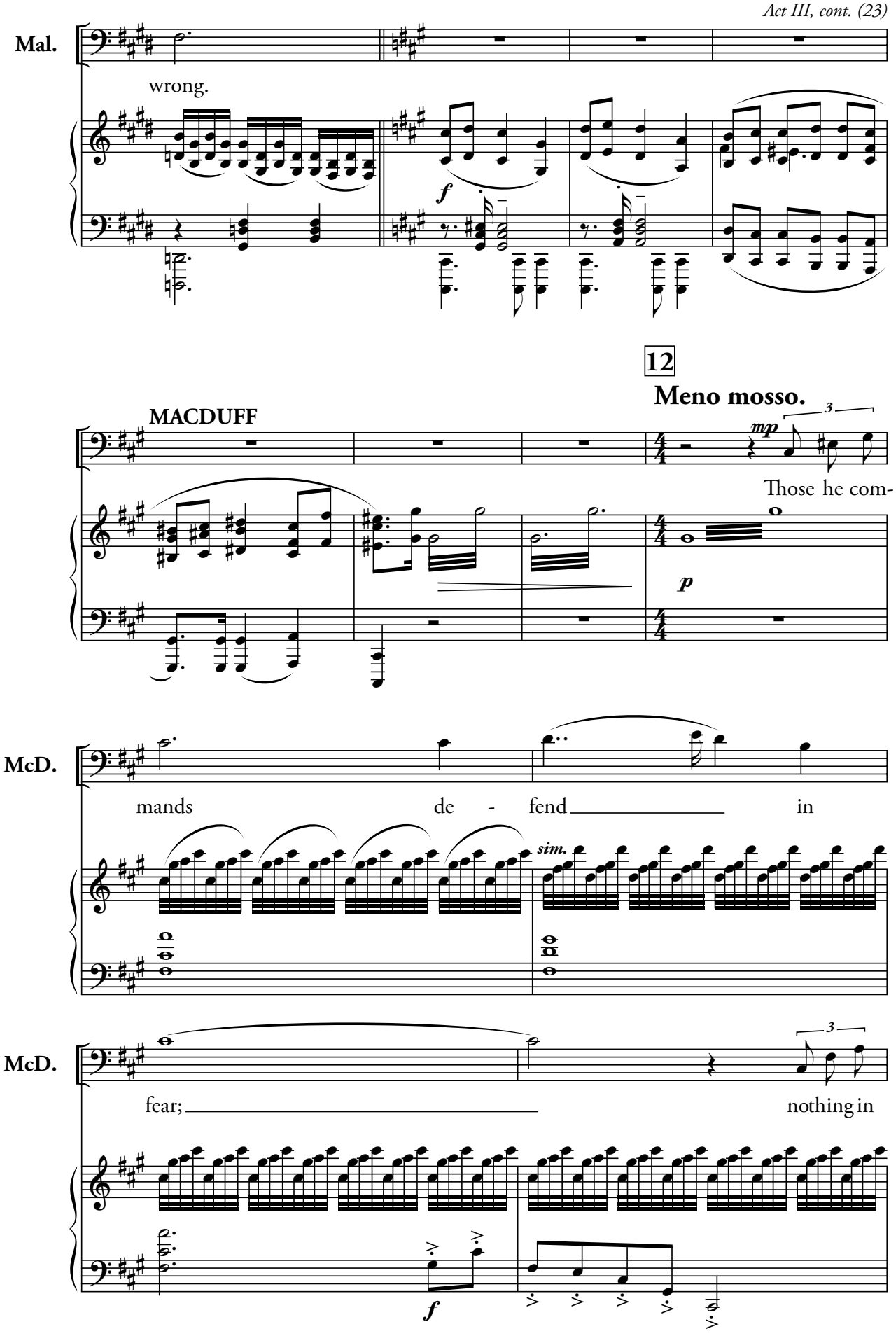
11

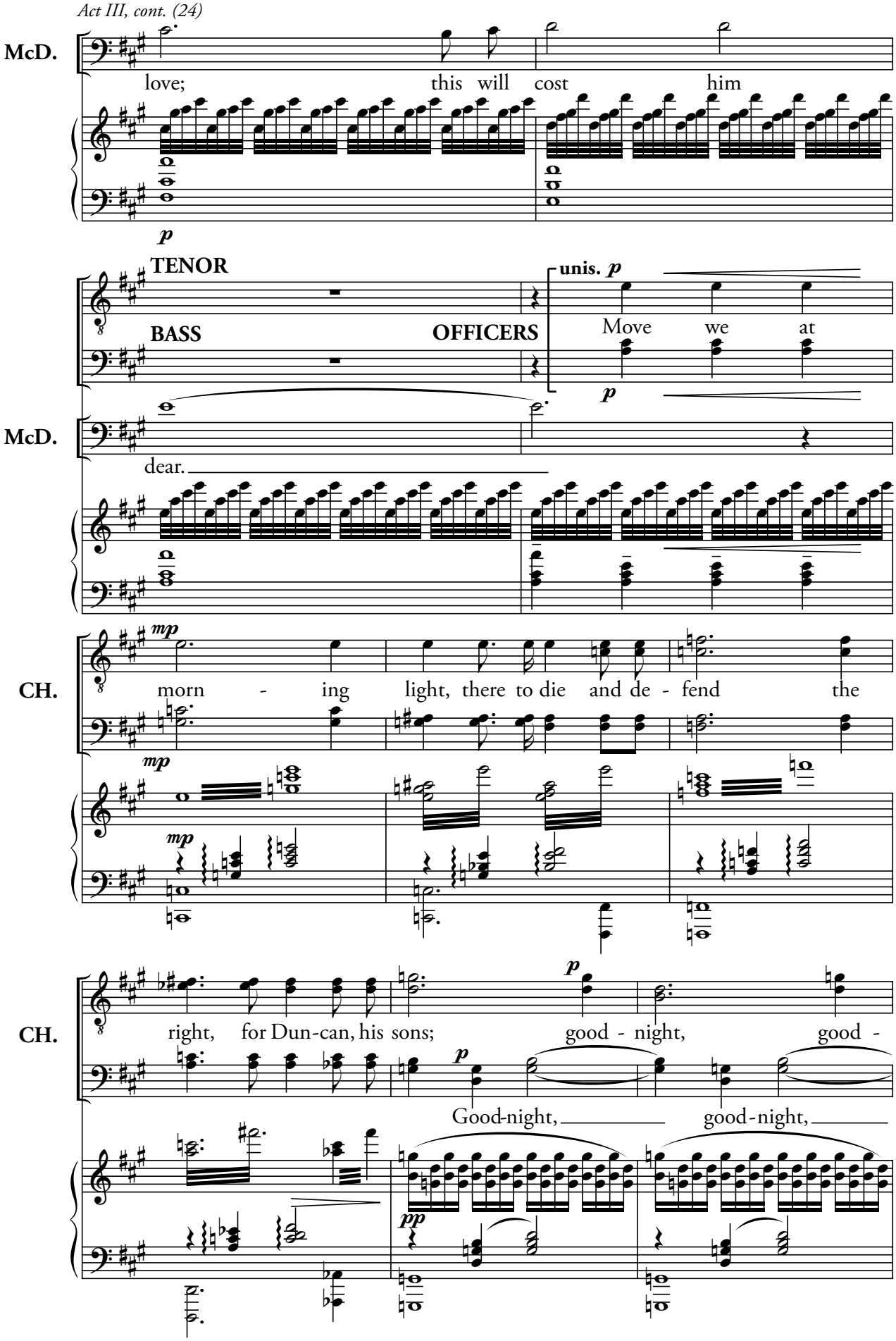
Mal. lords, let us speed our troops to Bir - nam Wood, there to cut

Mal. shrubs and trees, and dress our sol-diers with the leaves, and ap -

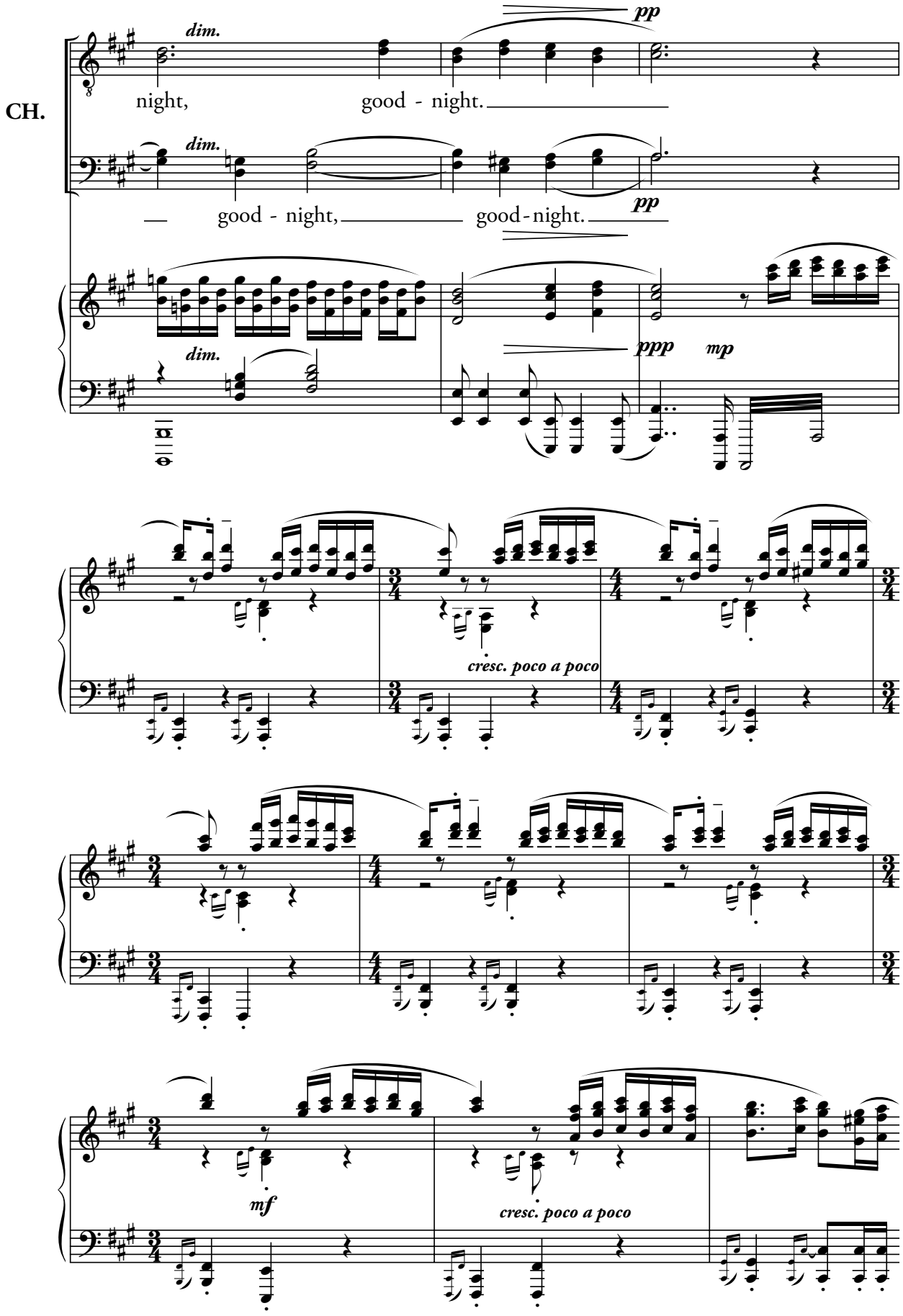
Mal. proach his wall in se - cre - cy; hide from

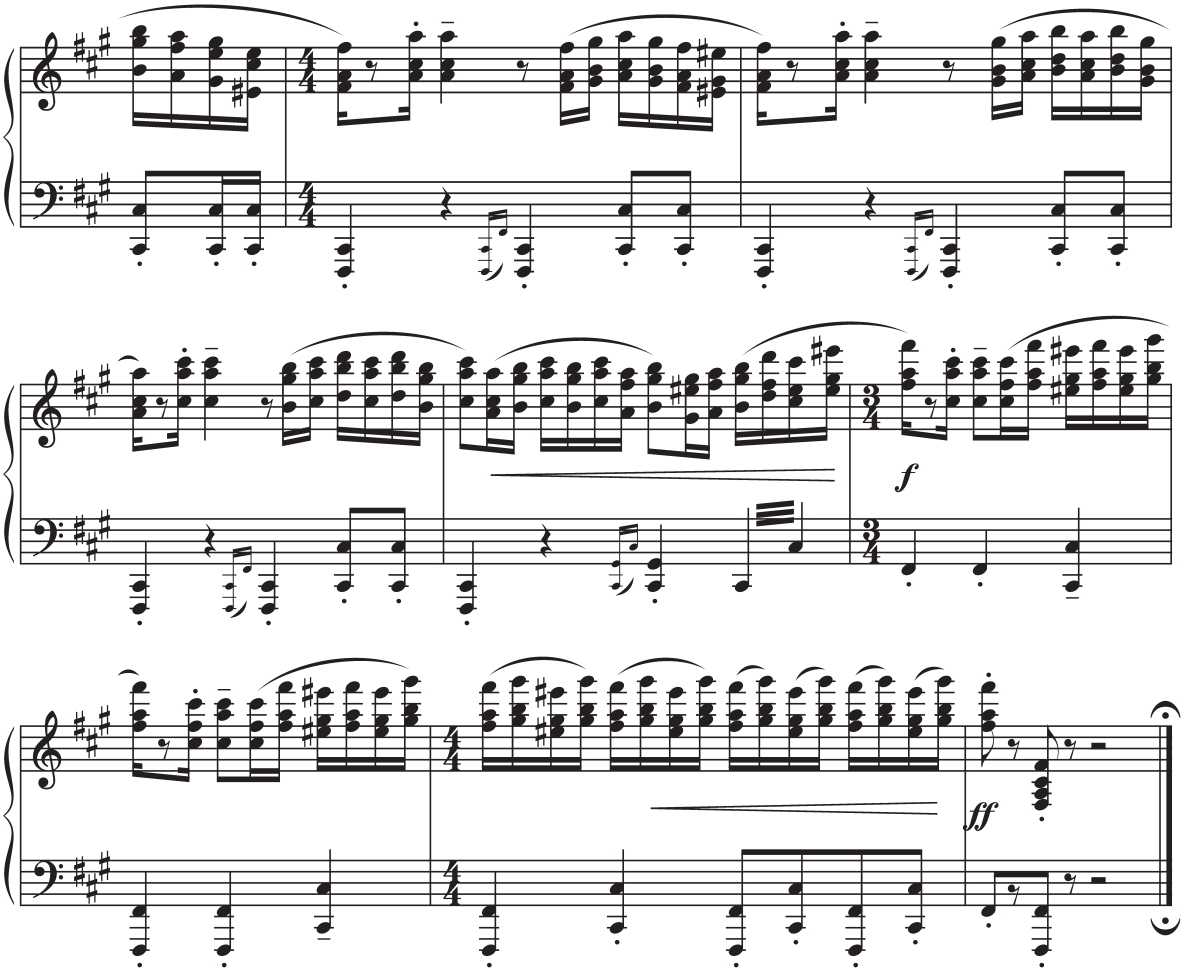
Mal. view our numbers strong, then take his life to right the


Mal.
wrong.
12
Meno mosso.
MACDUFF
Those he com-
McD.
mands de - fend in
sim.
McD.
fear; nothing in


McD.
love; this will cost him
p
TENOR
BASS
OFFICERS
unis. p
Move we at
p
McD.
dear.
mp
CH.
morn - ing light, there to die and de - fend the
mp
mp
p
CH.
right, for Dun-can, his sons; good - night, good -
p
Good-night, good-night,
pp

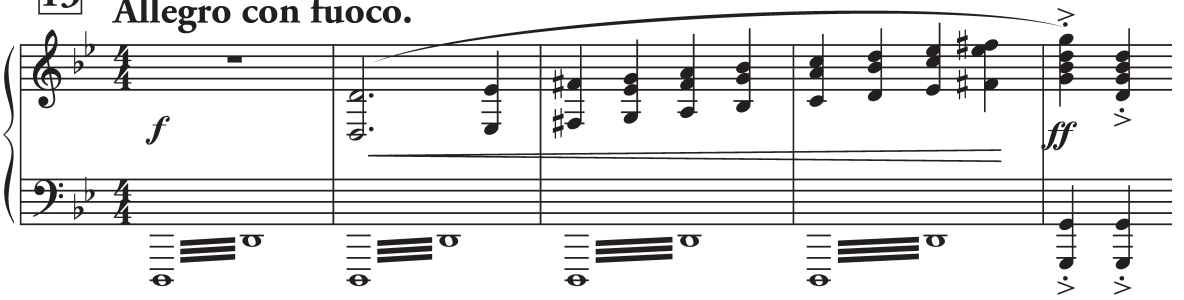
Tempo I^o.


CH.
dim.
pp
night, good - night.
dim.
pp
good - night, good-night.
dim.
ppp
mp
cresc. poco a poco
mf
cresc. poco a poco



It is night in the Entrance Hall of Dunsinane Castle.
Enter a LADY IN WAITING and the DOCTOR.

13 **Allegro con fuoco.**

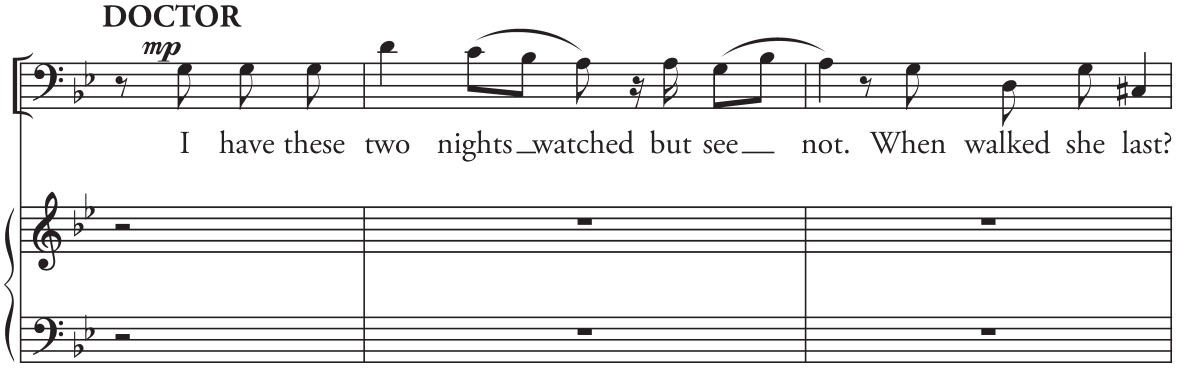


Recitative.

DOCTOR

mp

I have these two nights watched but see not. When walked she last?



MAID (LADY IN WAITING)

mp

Yes-ter-night, while in a most fast sleep. She talked and did that which I not

Maid

speak.

DOCTOR

Lo, here she comes. How came she by that light?

p

Maid

She sleeps with it by her bed. See, her eyes are o-pen, but the sense is

Maid

3

shut. Look a-gain: how she seems to wipe her palms.

f

mp

14

Allegro con fuoco.

accel.

f

LADY MACBETH

mf

Out, out, you

mp

LM.

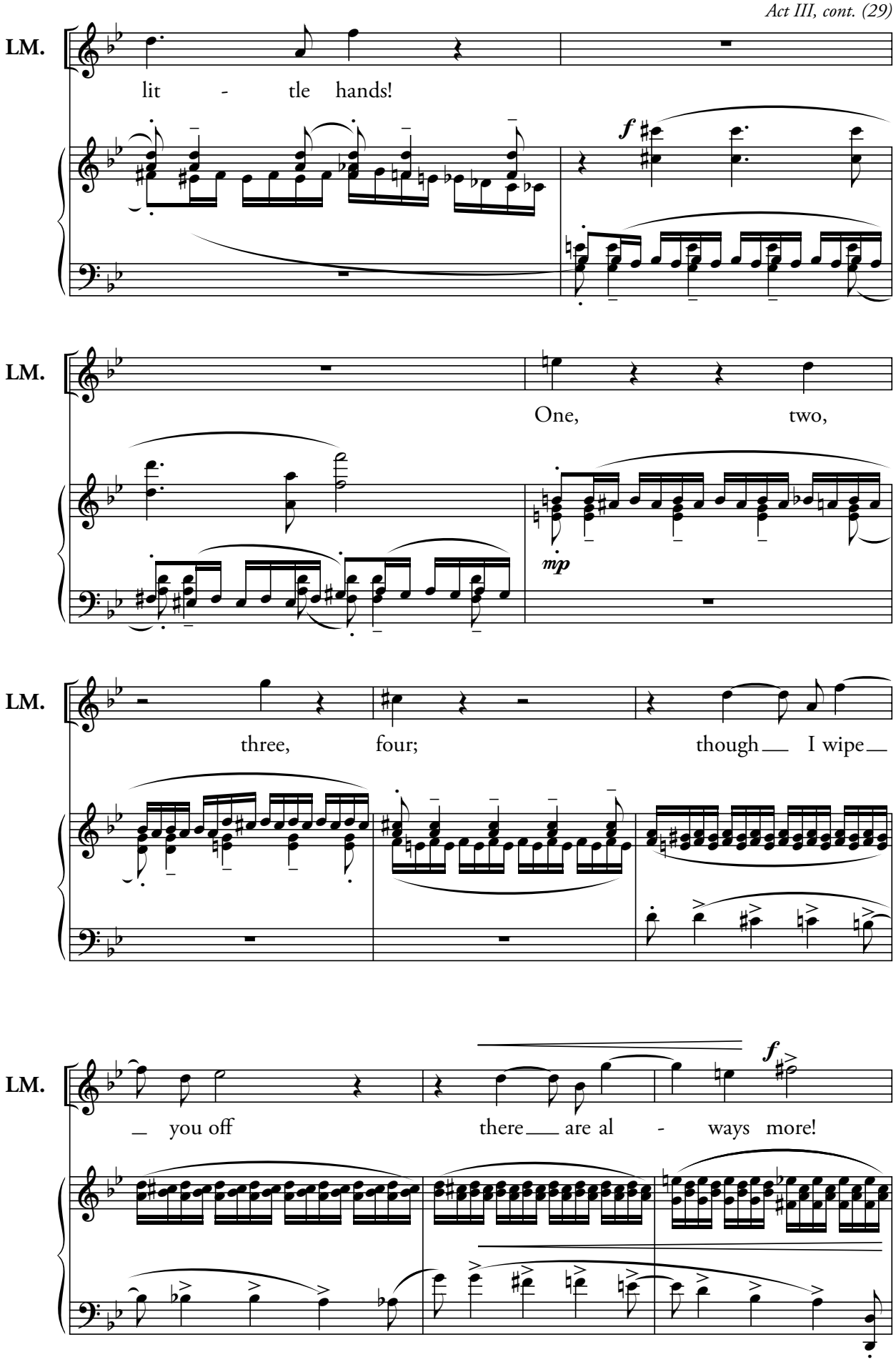
damn - ed spots!

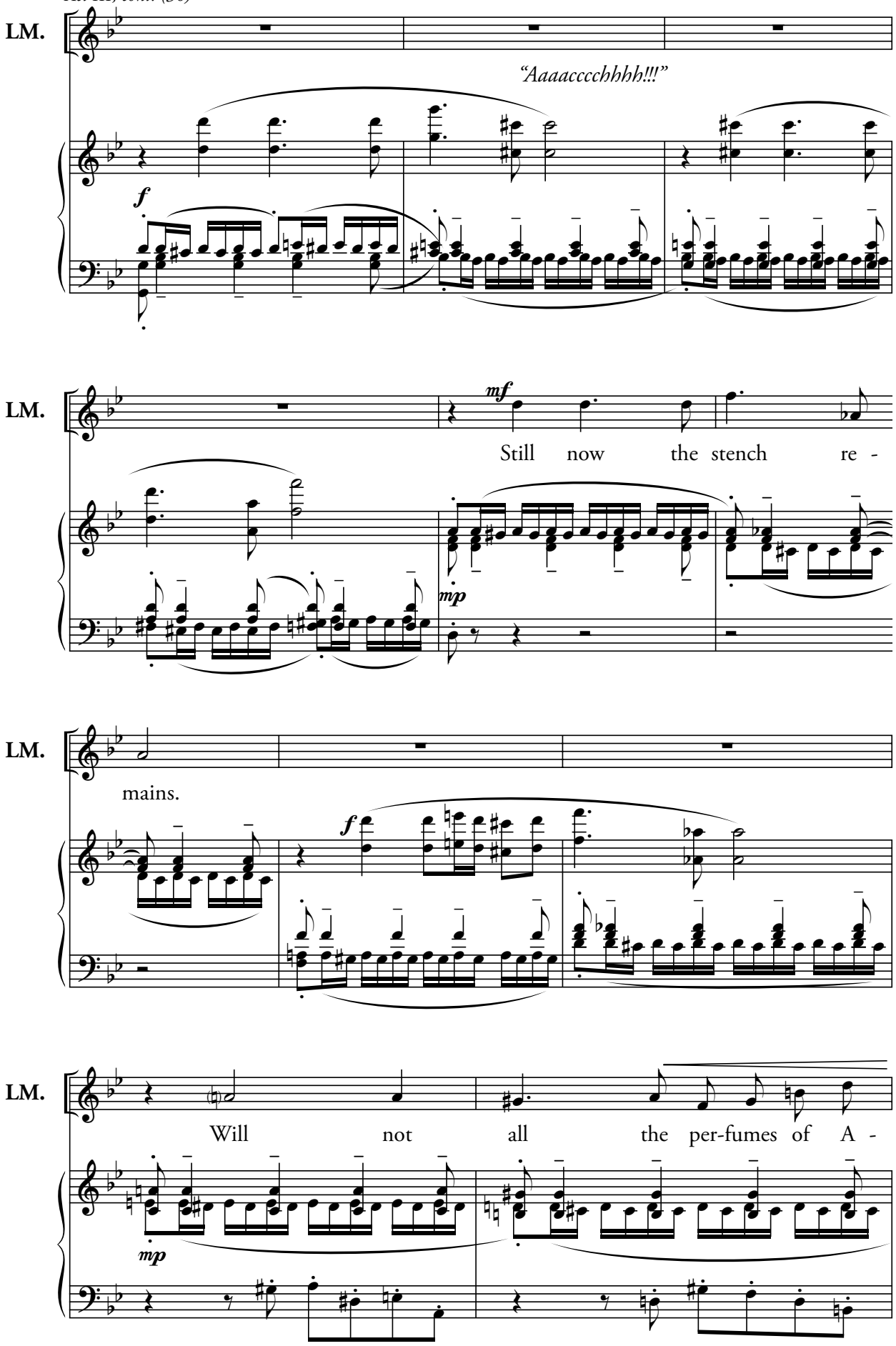
f

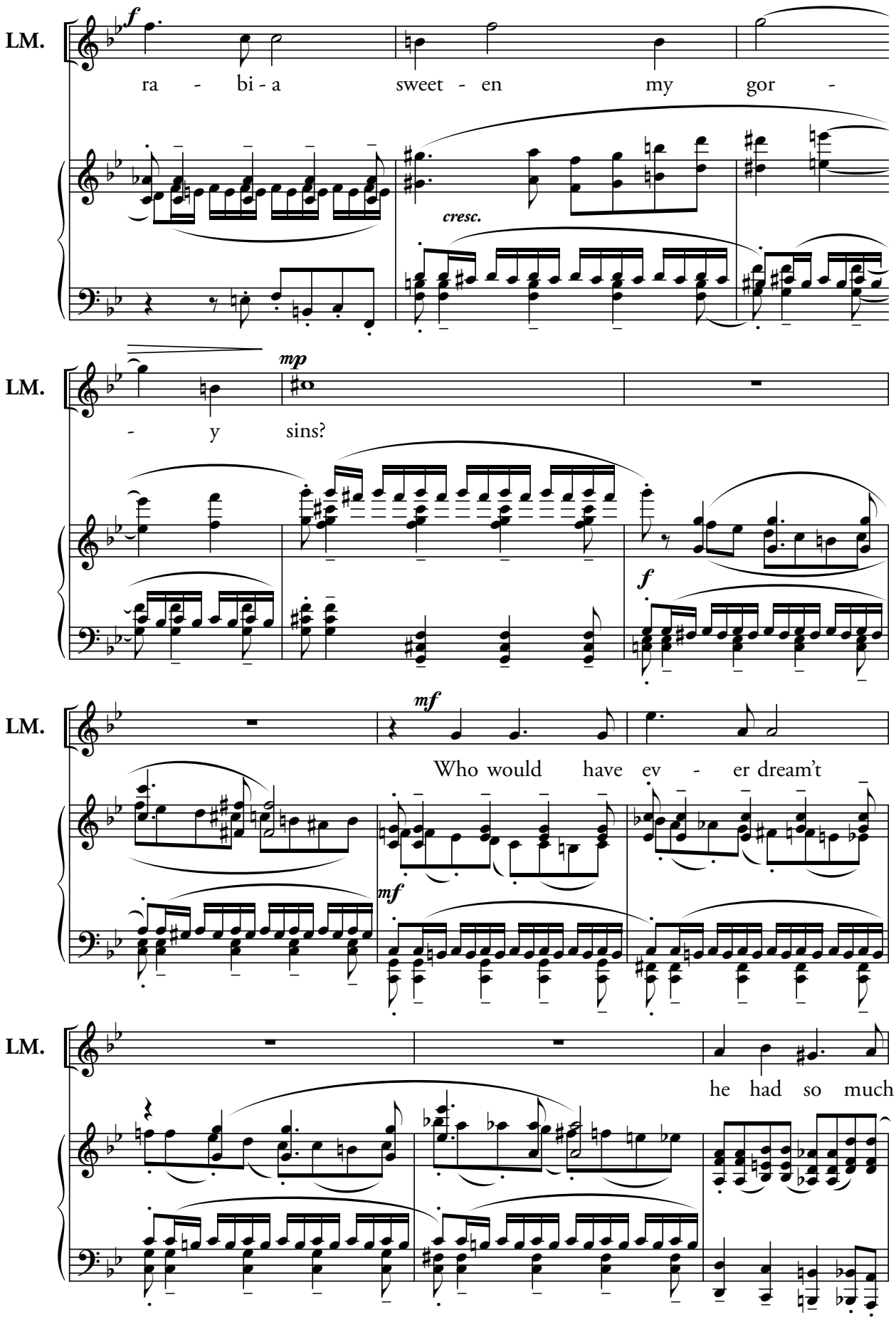
LM.

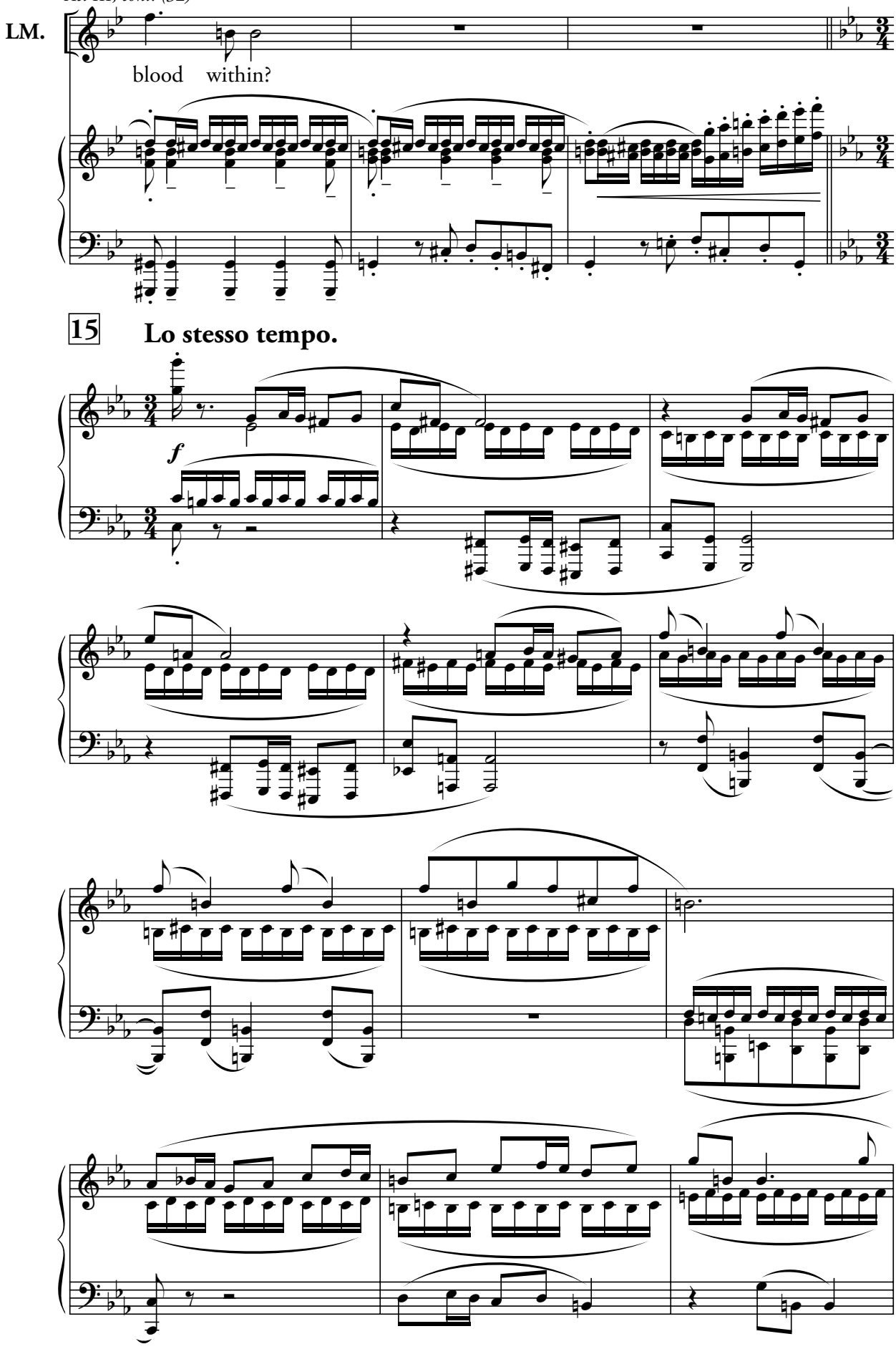
Come clean, you

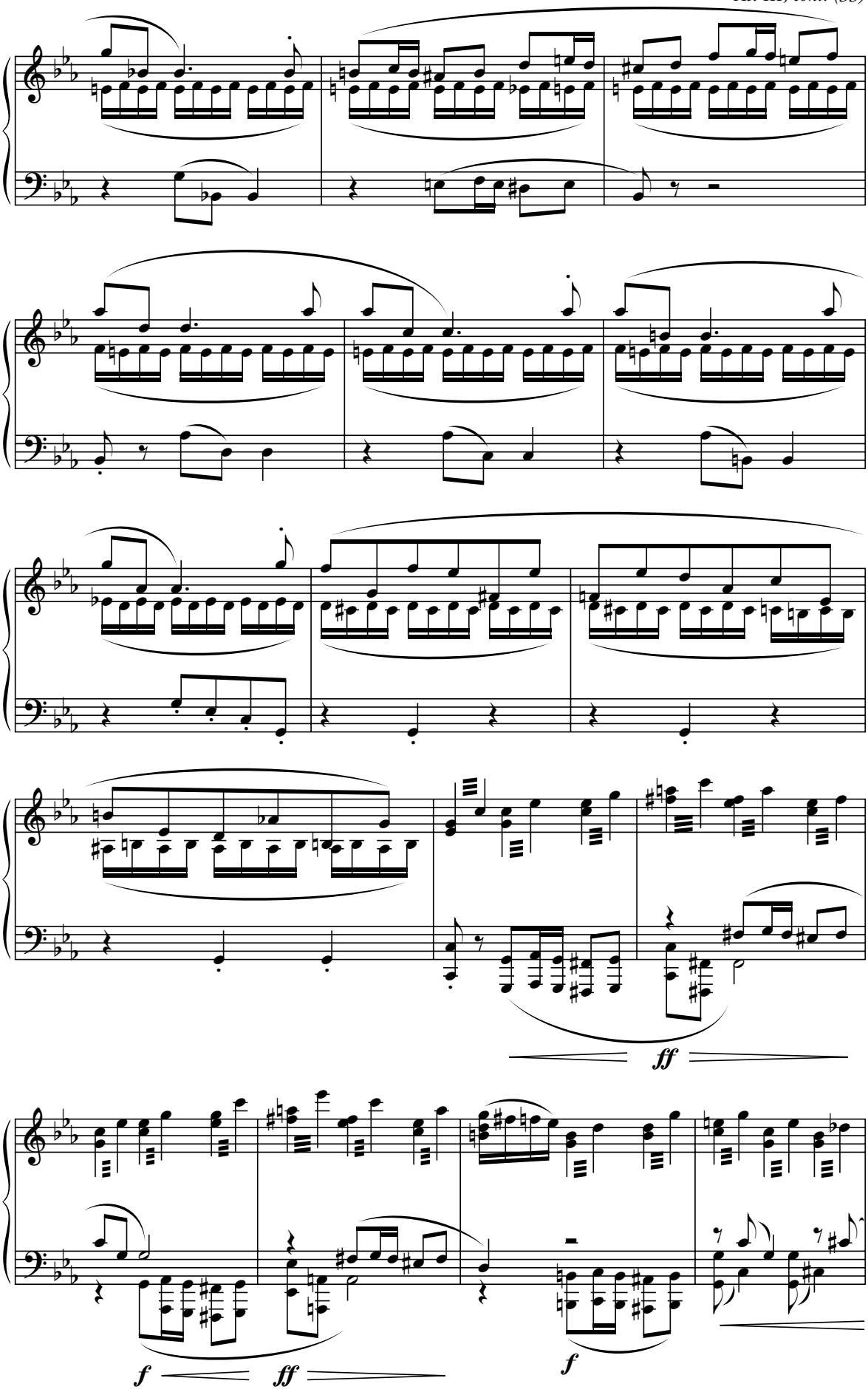
mp

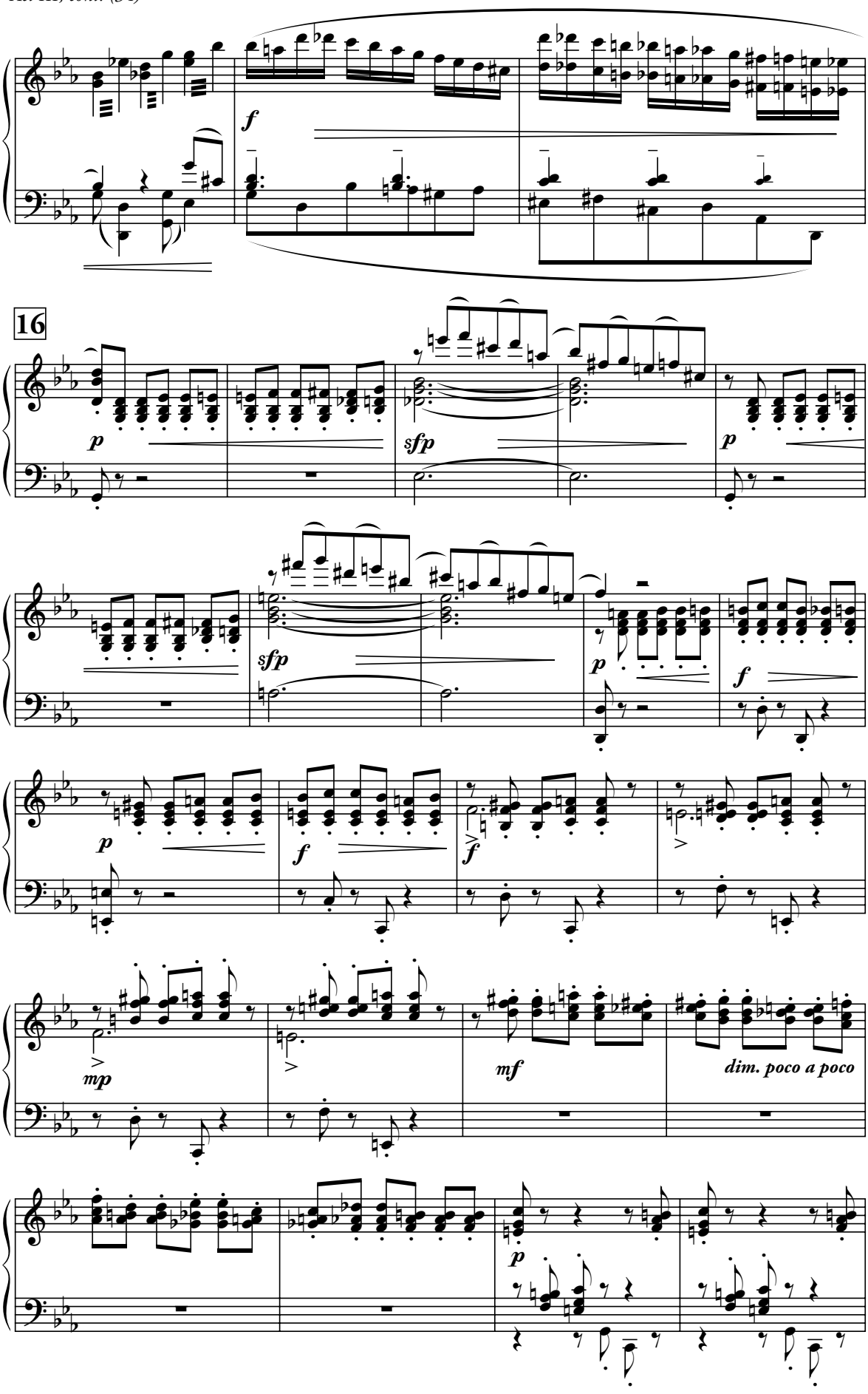

LM.
lit - tle hands!
f
LM.
One, two,
mp
LM.
three, four; though I wipe
LM.
you off there are al - ways more!
f

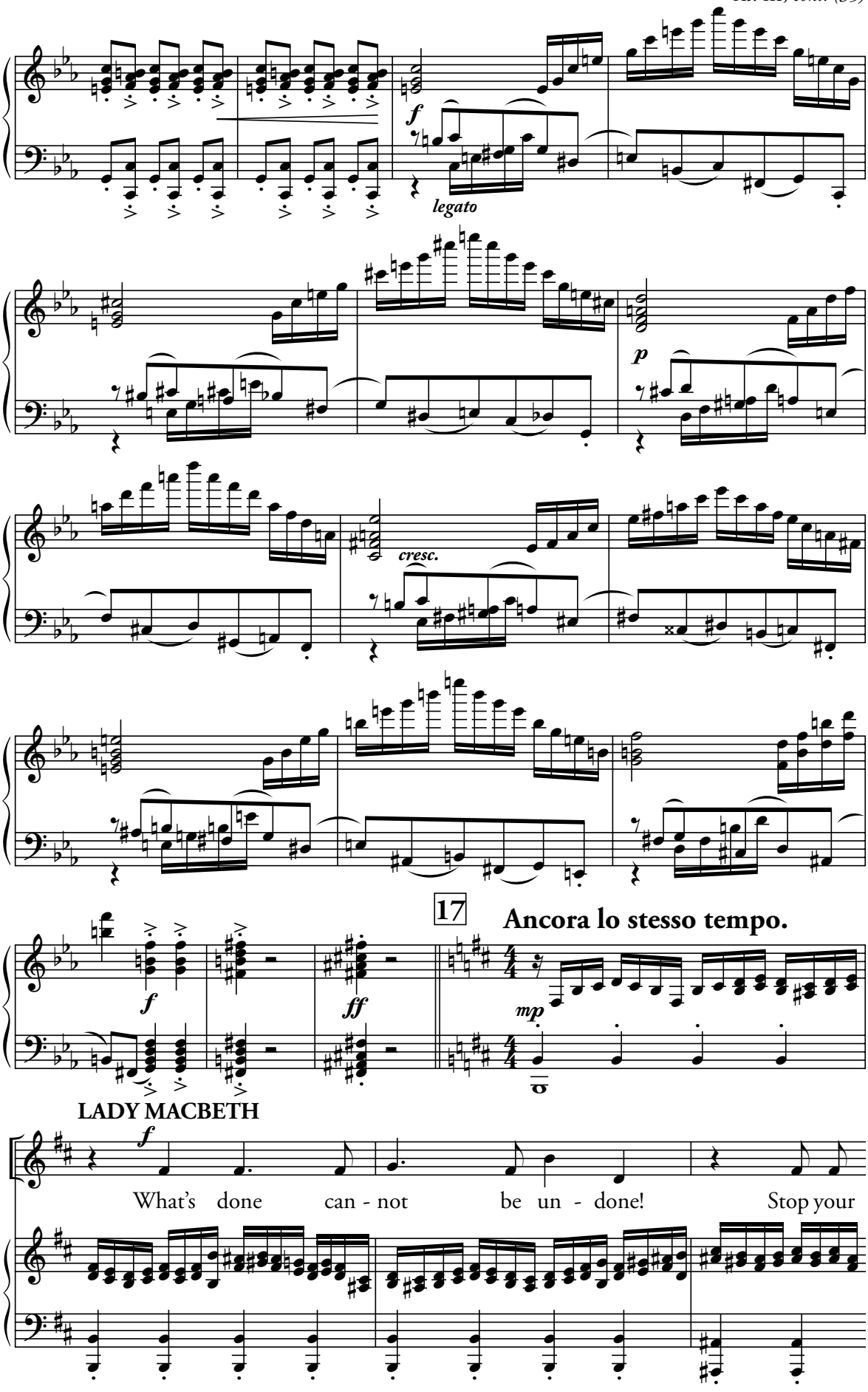

LM.
"Aaaaccchhhh!!!"
f
LM.
mf
Still now the stench re -
mp
LM.
mains.
f
LM.
Will not all the per-fumes of A -
mp

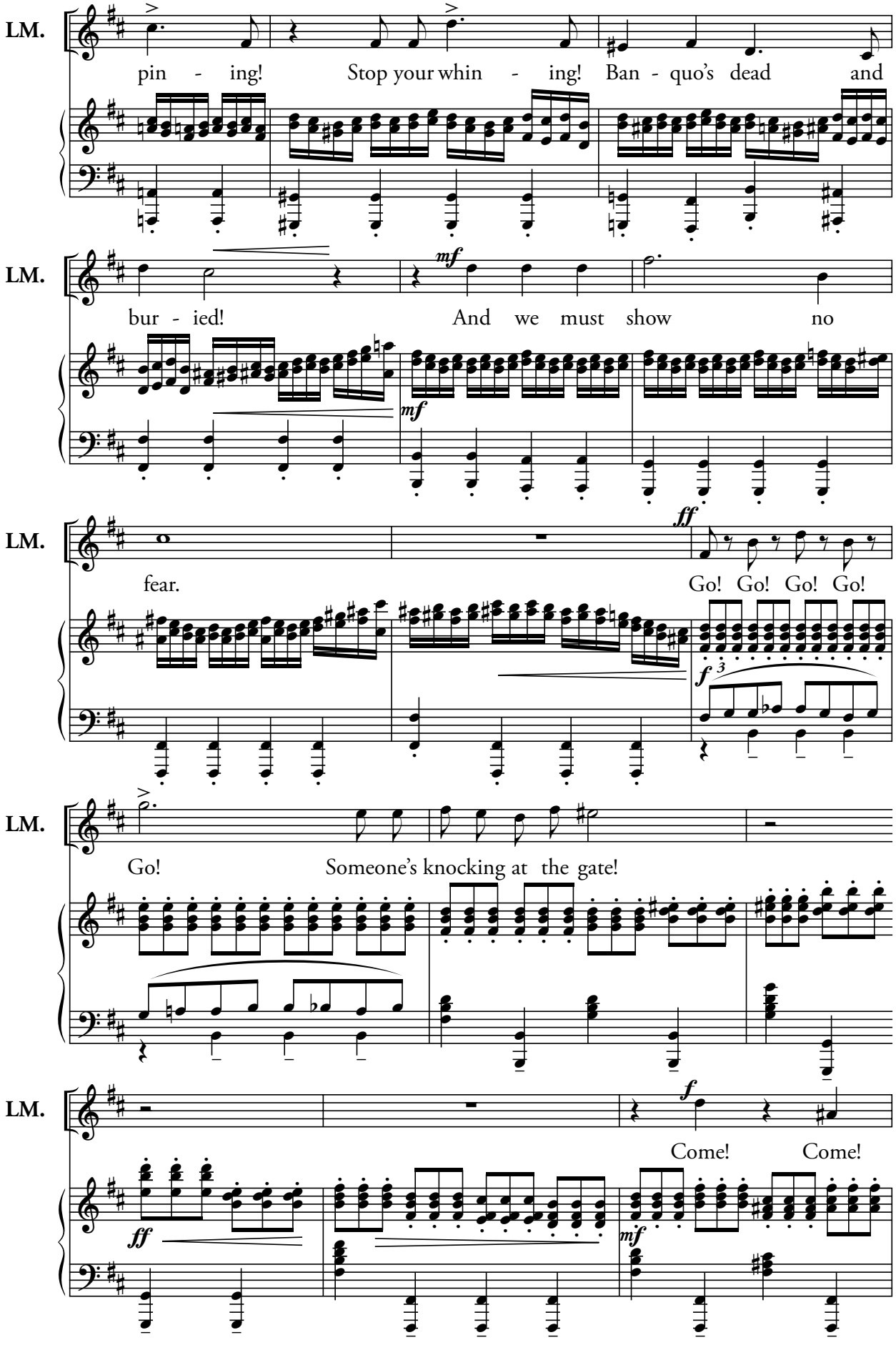

LM.
f
ra - bi - a sweet - en my gor -
cresc.
LM.
mp
- y sins?
f
LM.
mf
Who would have ev - er dream't
mf
LM.
he had so much

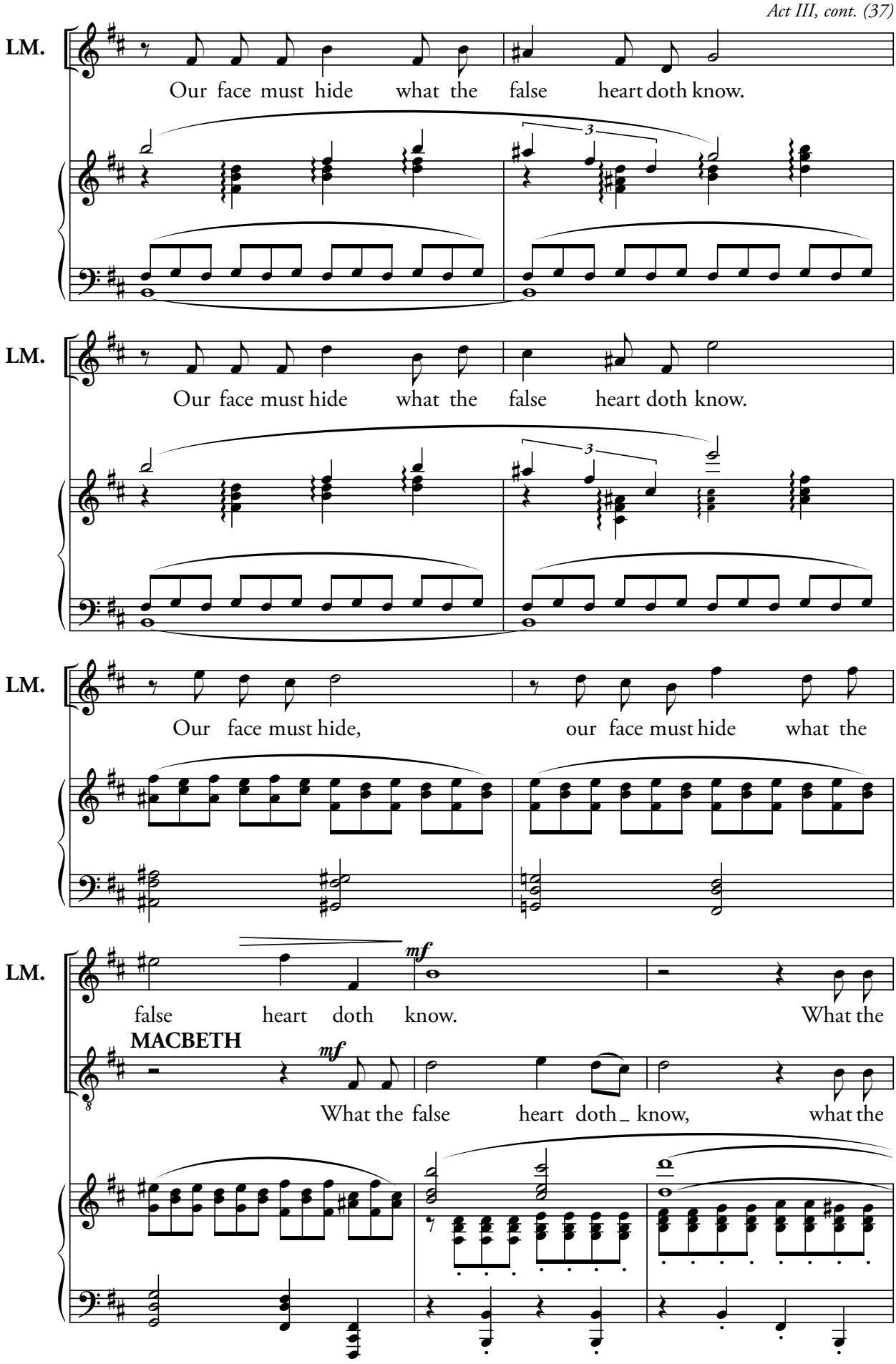

LM.
blood within?
15
Lo stesso tempo.
f

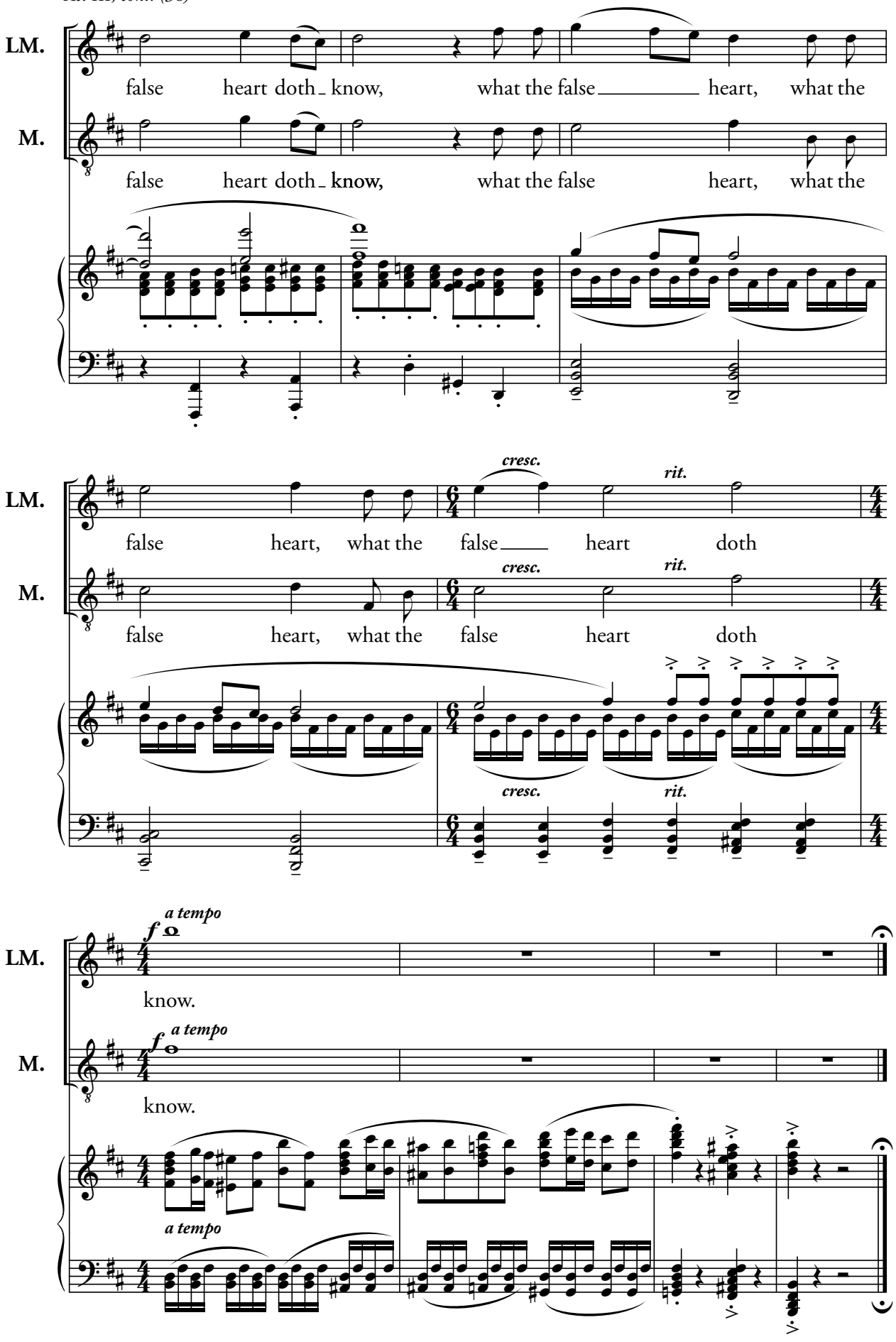

ff
f
ff
f

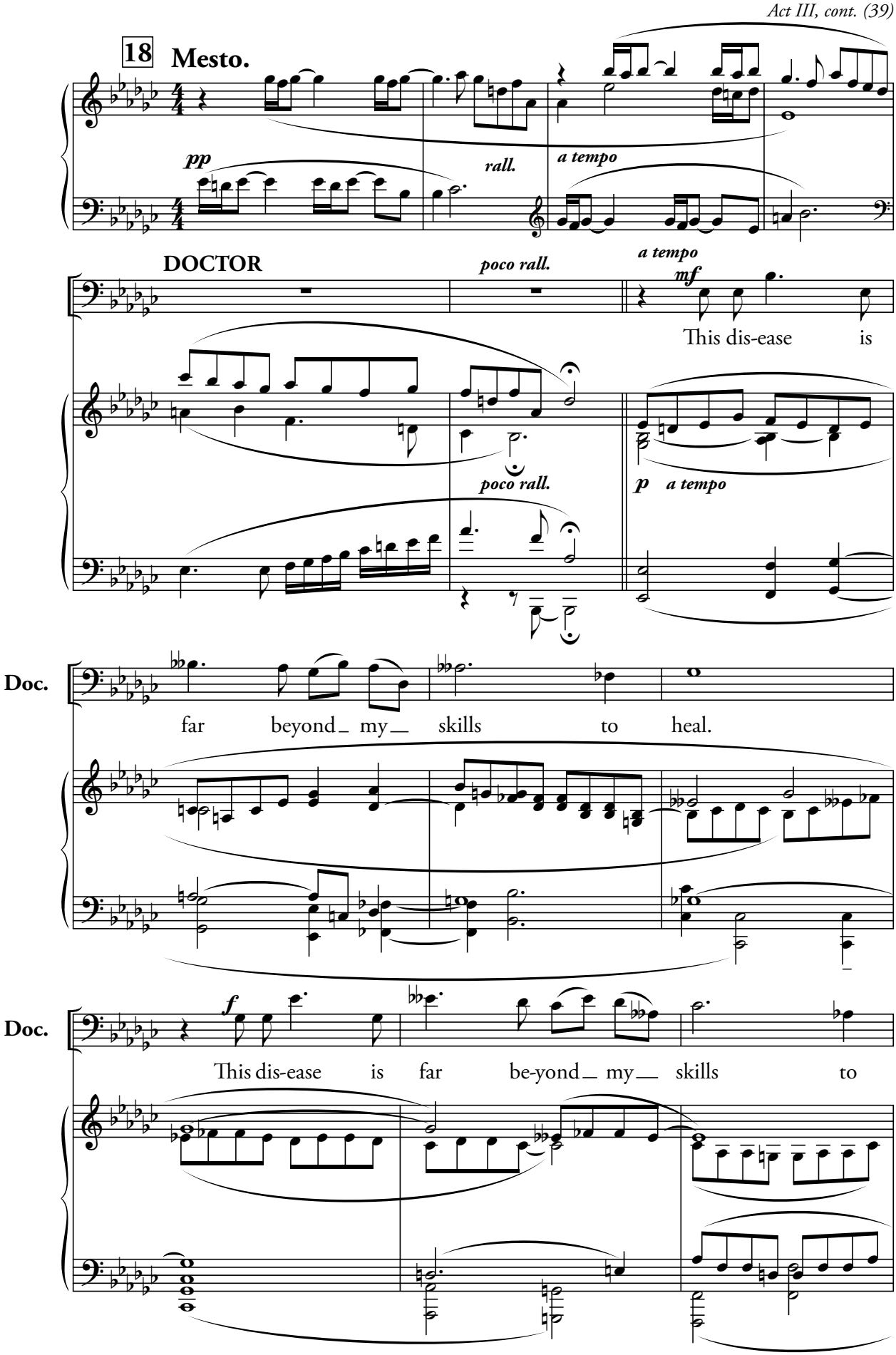

f
16
p
sfp
sfp
p
p
f
p
f
f
mp
mf
dim. poco a poco
p

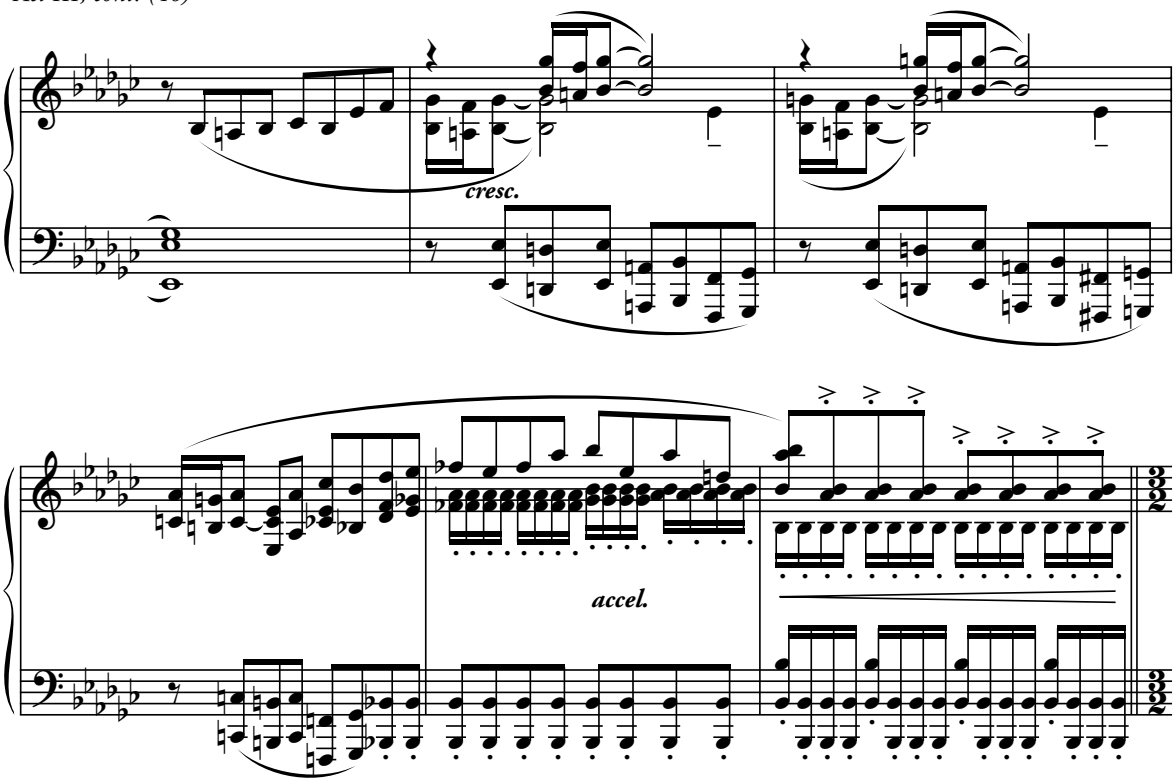

f
legato
p
cresc.
17
Ancora lo stesso tempo.
f
ff
mp
LADY MACBETH
f
What's done can - not be un - done! Stop your


LM.
pin - ing! Stop your whin - ing! Ban - quo's dead and
LM.
bur - ied! And we must show no
mf
mf
LM.
fear.
ff
Go! Go! Go! Go!
f
3
LM.
Go! Someone's knocking at the gate!
LM.
f
Come! Come!
ff
mf


LM.
Our face must hide what the false heart doth know.
LM.
Our face must hide what the false heart doth know.
LM.
Our face must hide, our face must hide what the
LM.
mf
false heart doth know. What the
MACBETH
mf
What the false heart doth know, what the

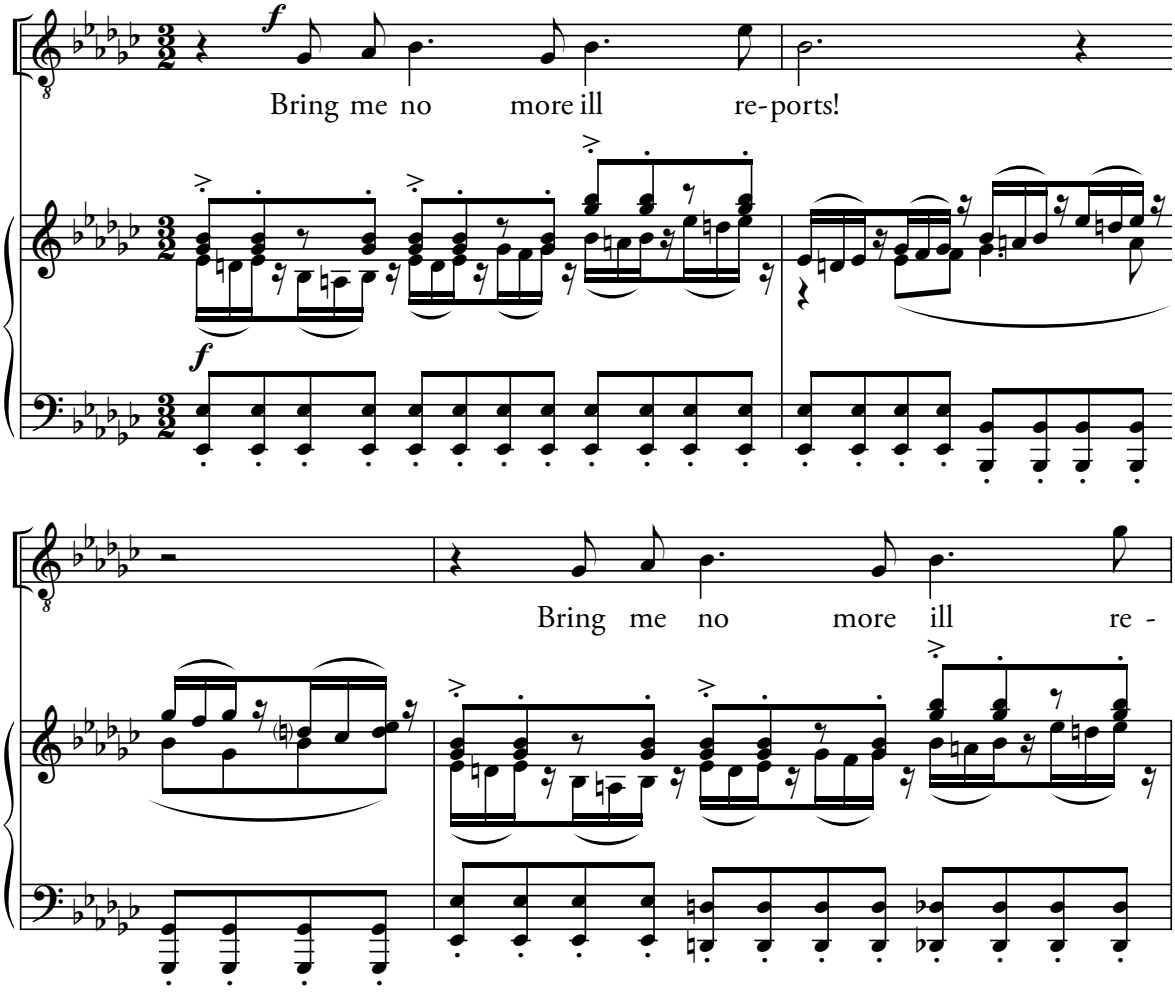

LM.
false heart doth know, what the false heart, what the
M.
false heart doth know, what the false heart, what the
LM.
false heart, what the false heart doth
cresc.
rit.
M.
false heart, what the false heart doth
cresc.
rit.
cresc.
rit.
LM.
a tempo
know.
M.
a tempo
know.
a tempo


18 Mesto.
pp
rall.
a tempo
DOCTOR
poco rall.
a tempo
mf
This dis-ease is
poco rall.
p a tempo
Doc.
far beyond my skills to heal.
Doc.
f
This dis-ease is far be-yond my skills to

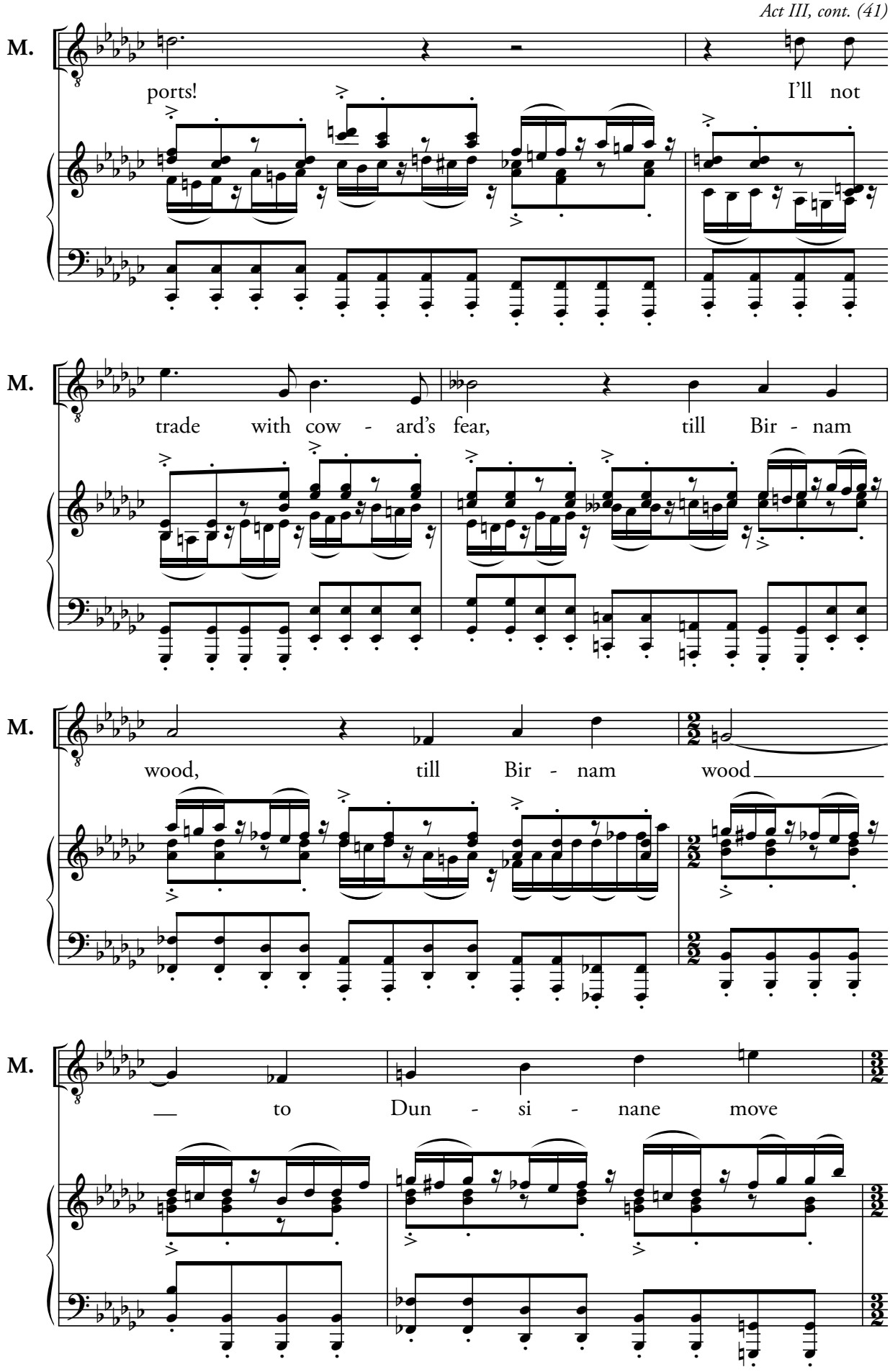


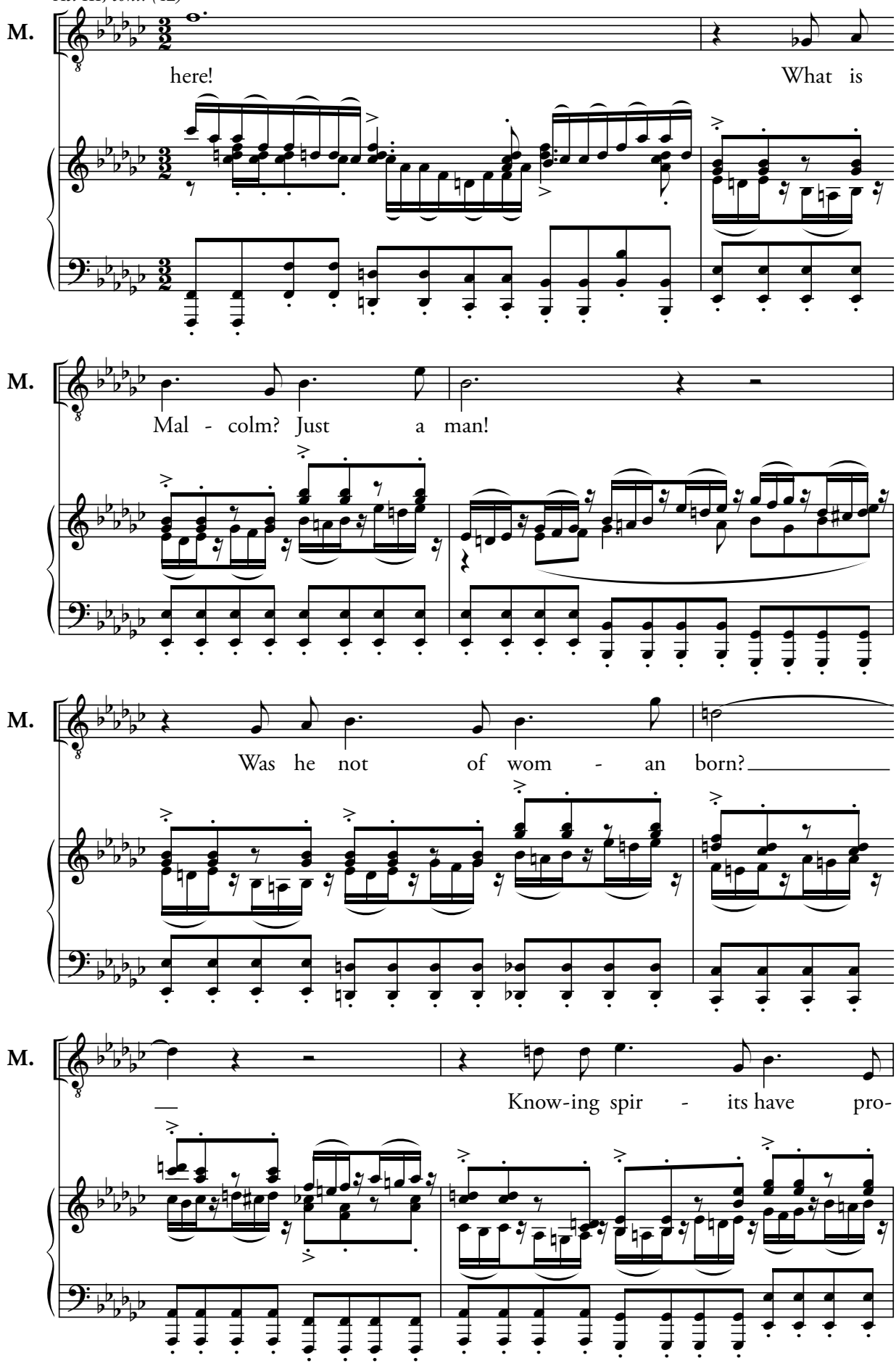
19 **Furioso.**

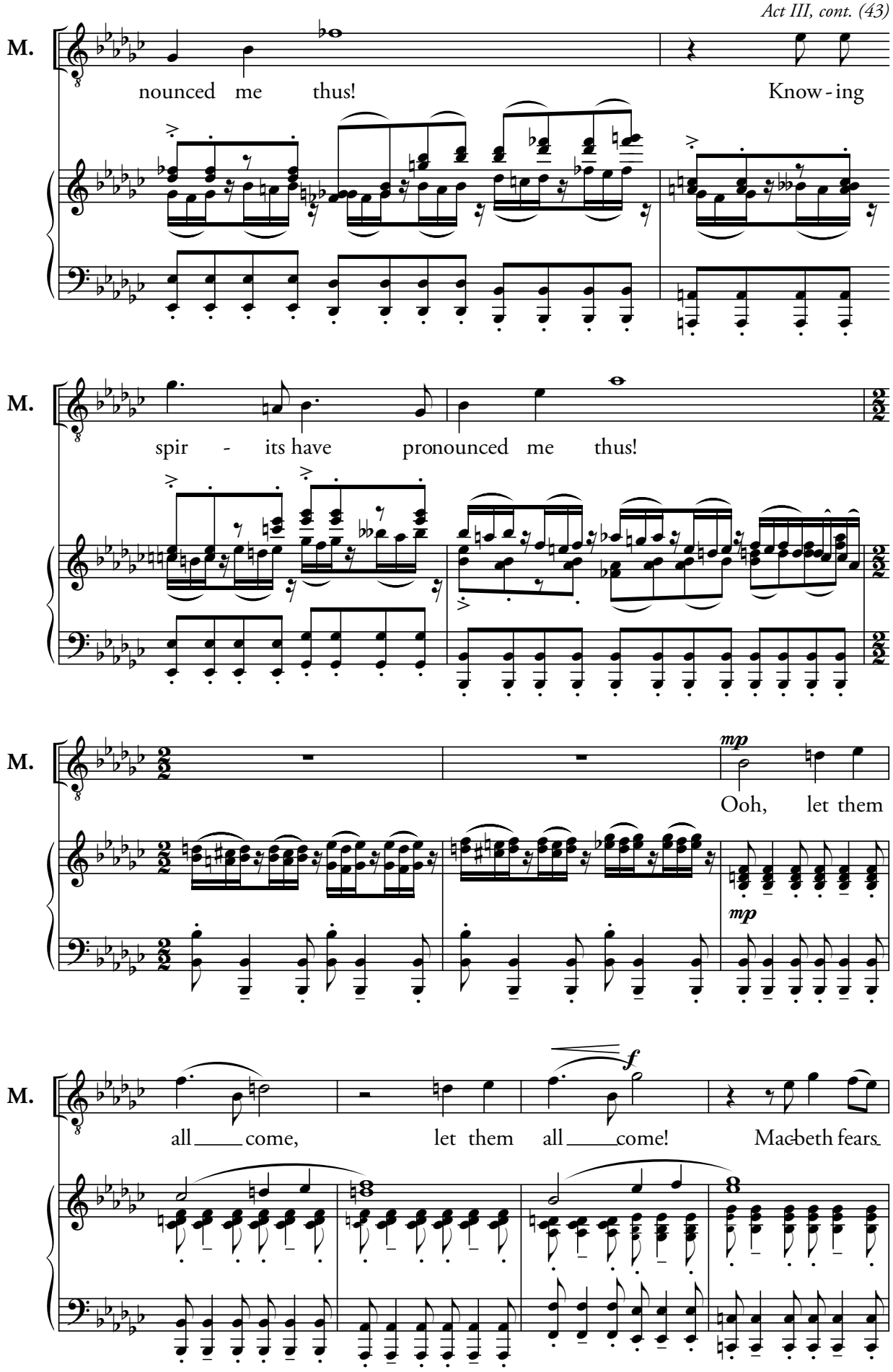
MACBETH

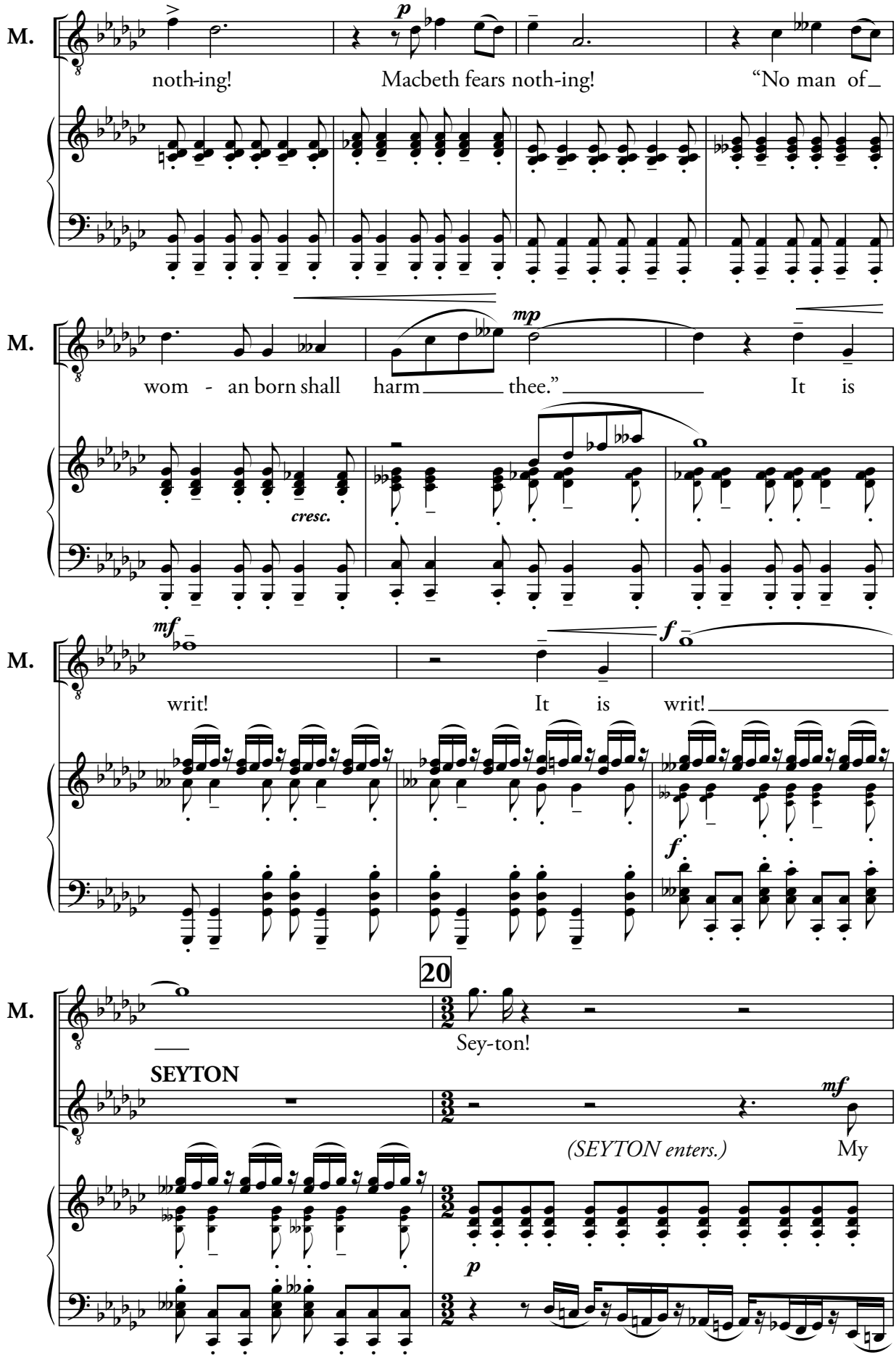


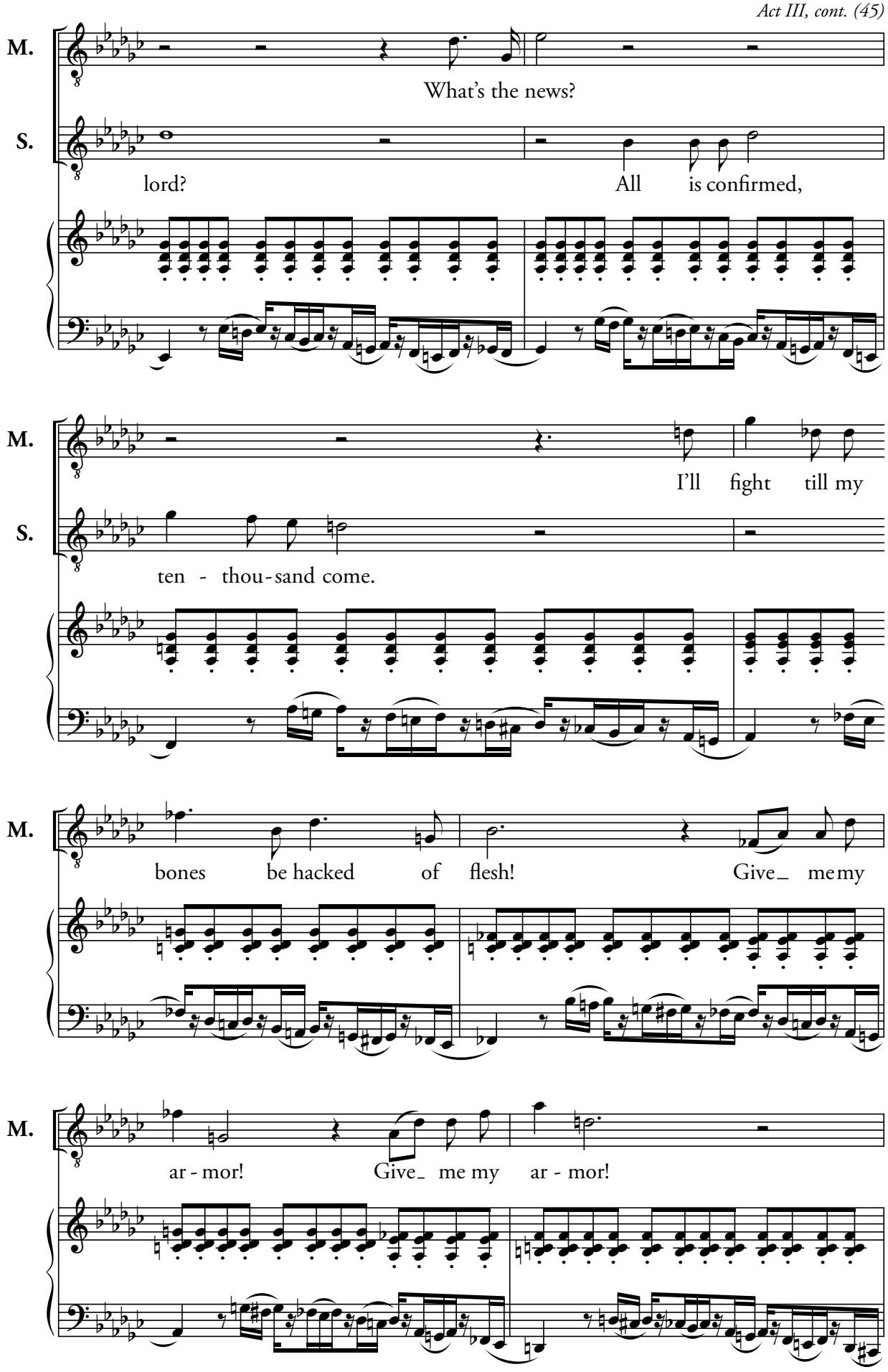
M.

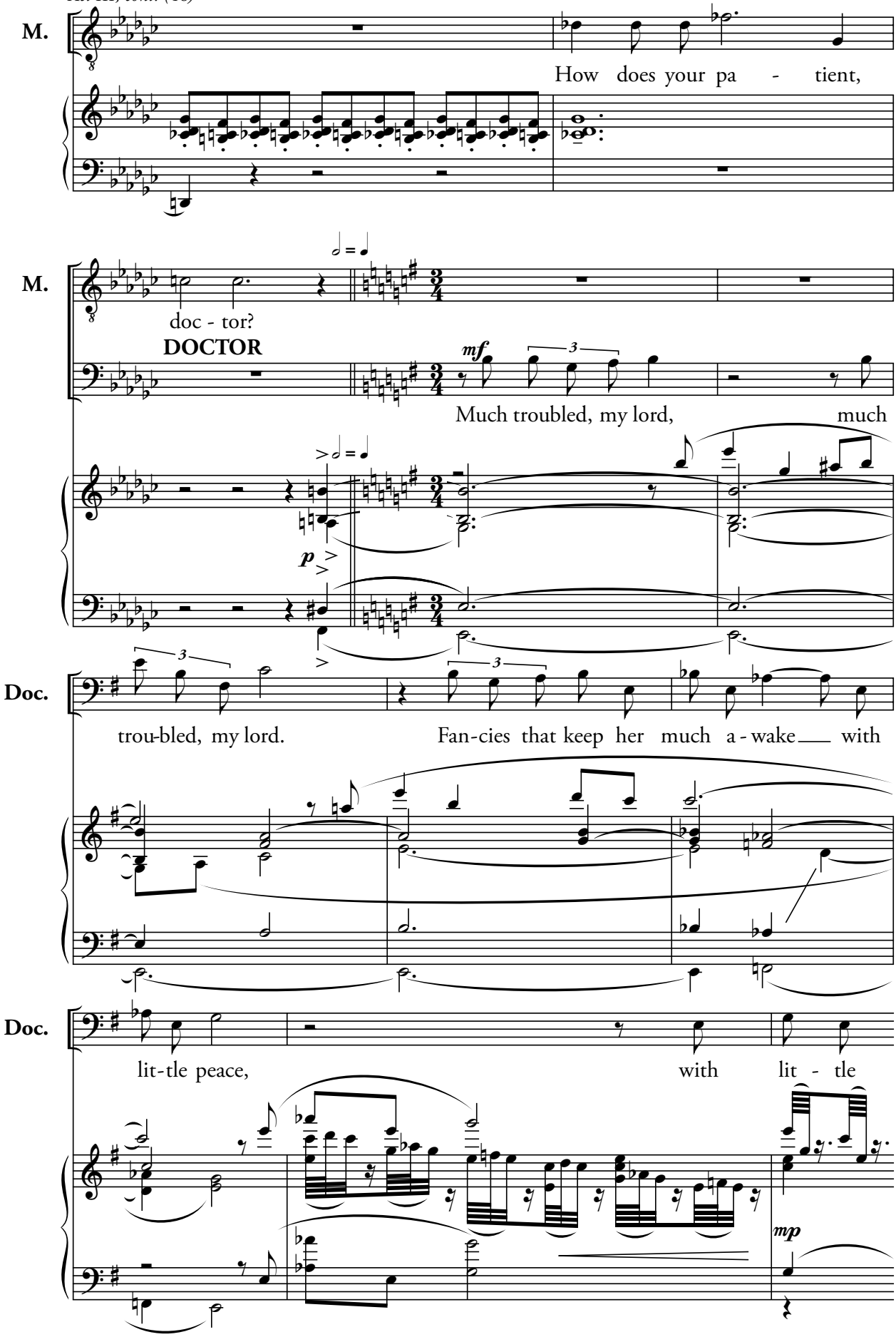

M.
ports!
I'll not
M.
trade with cow - ard's fear, till Bir - nam
M.
wood, till Bir - nam wood
M.
to Dun - si - nane move

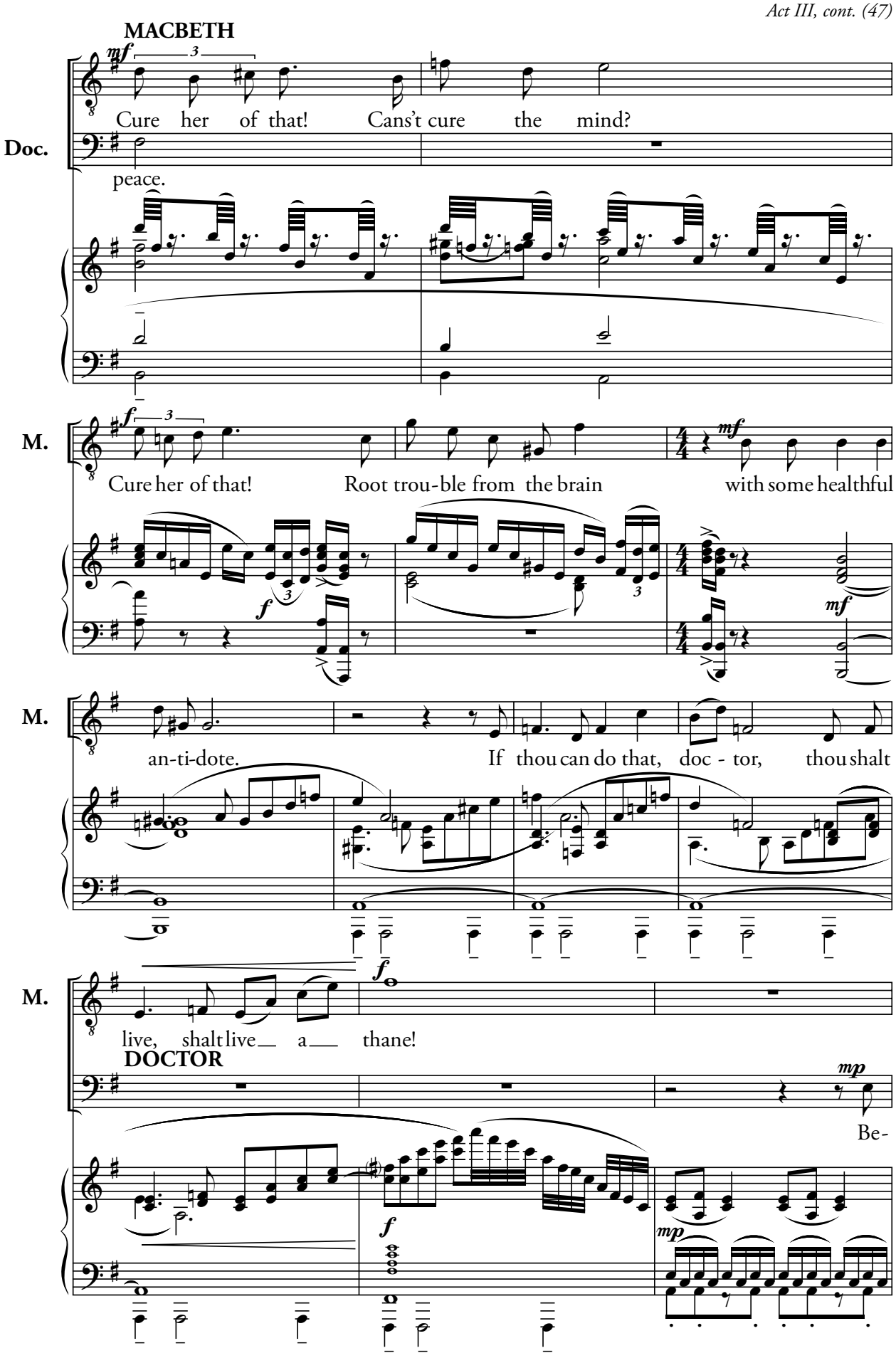

M.
here!
What is
M.
Mal - colm? Just a man!
M.
Was he not of wom - an born?
M.
Know-ing spir - its have pro-

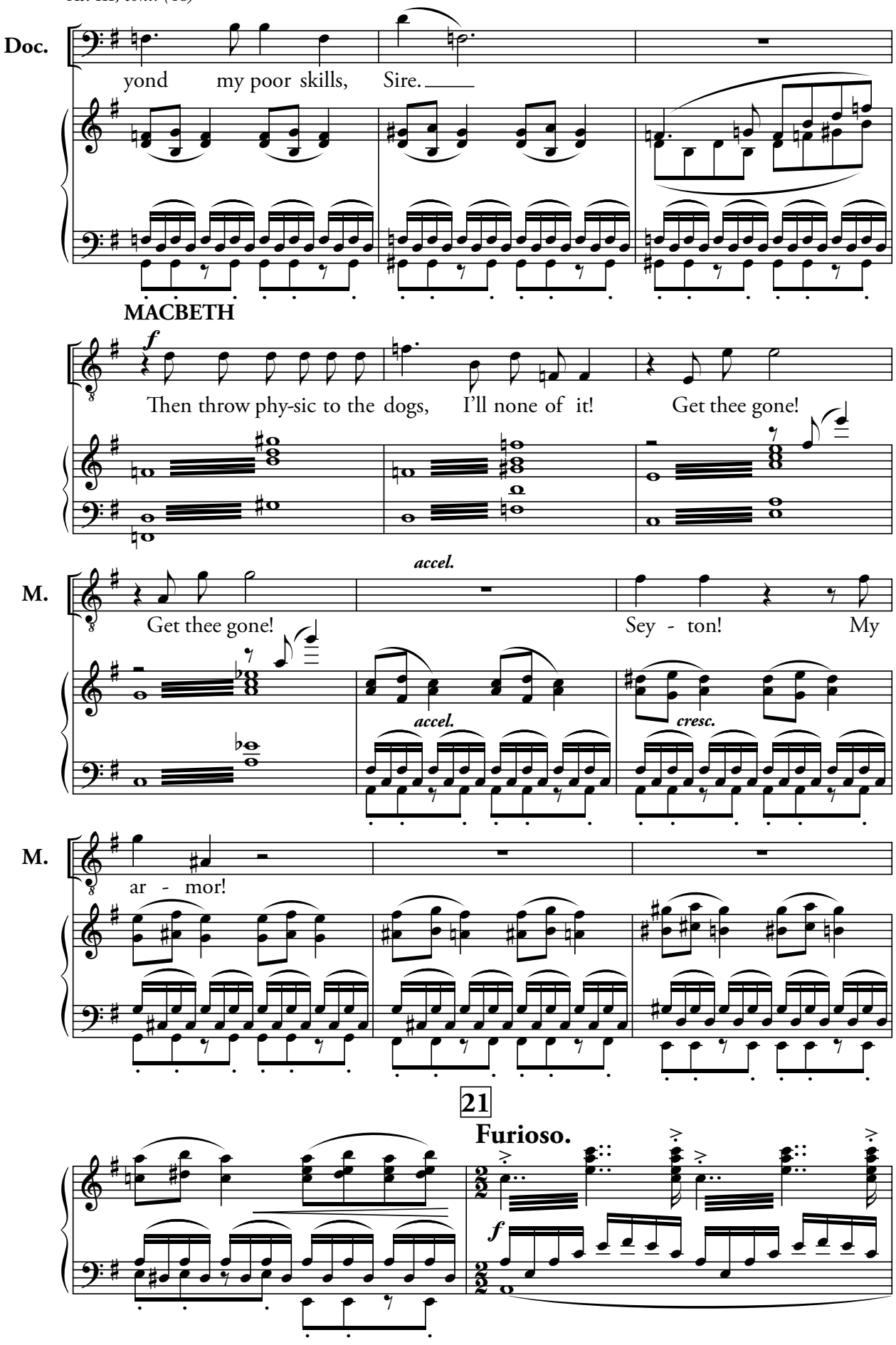

M.
nounced me thus! Know - ing
M.
spir - its have pronounced me thus!
M.
mp
Ooh, let them
mp
M.
f
all come, let them all come! Macbeth fears

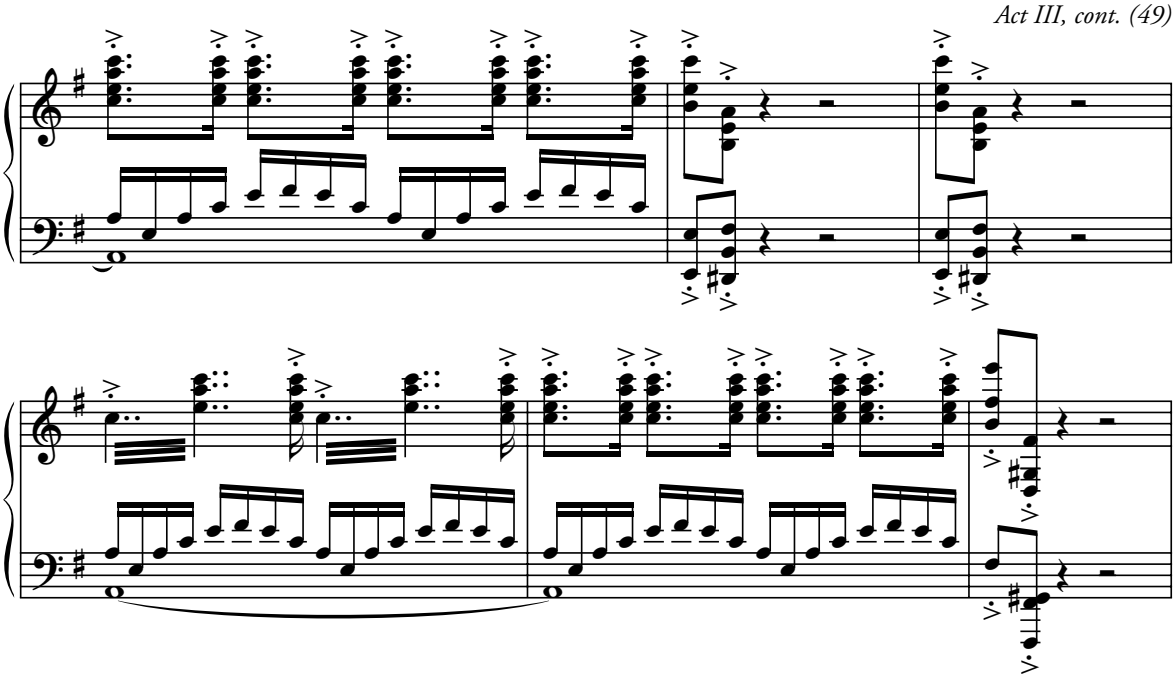

M.
noth-ing!
Macbeth fears noth-ing!
"No man of_
M.
wom - an born shall
harm_____ thee."_____
It is
cresc.
M.
writ!
It is
writ!_____
M.
20
Sey-ton!
SEYTON
(SEYTON enters.)
My


M.
What's the news?
S.
lord?
All is confirmed,
M.
I'll fight till my
S.
ten - thou-sand come.
M.
bones be hacked of flesh!
Give_ me my
M.
ar - mor!
Give_ me my ar - mor!

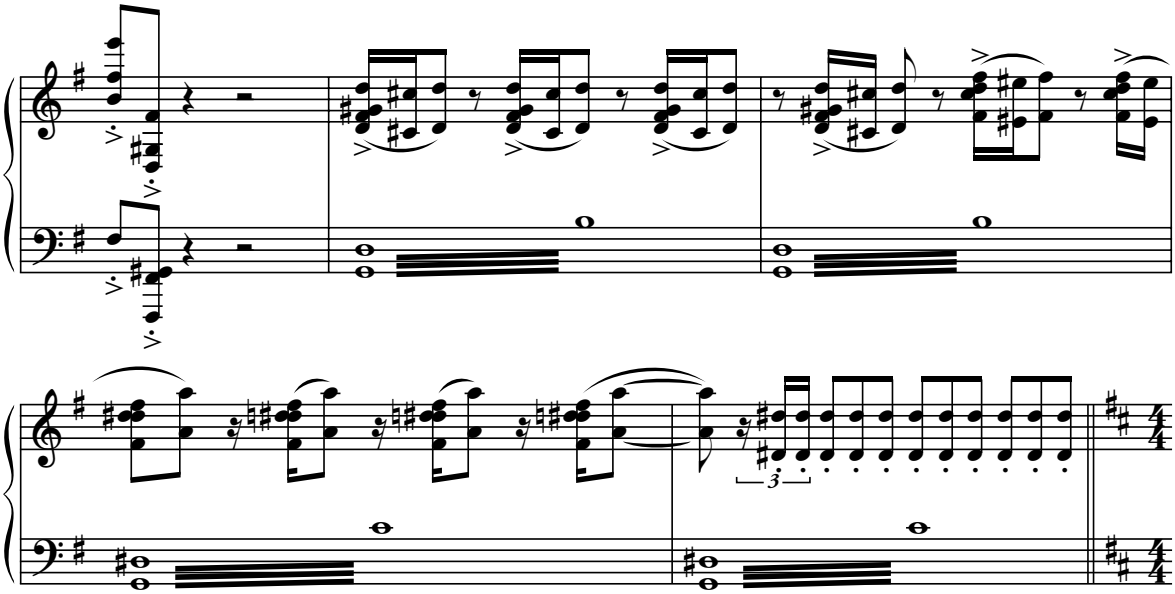

M.
How does your pa - tient,
M.
doc - tor?
DOCTOR
mf
Much troubled, my lord, much
p
Doc.
trou-bled, my lord.
Fan-cies that keep her much a - wake with
Doc.
lit-tle peace,
with lit - tle
mp


MACBETH
Cure her of that! Cans't cure the mind?
Doc.
peace.
M.
Cure her of that! Root trou-ble from the brain with some healthful
M.
an-ti-dote. If thou can do that, doc - tor, thou shalt
M.
live, shalt live a thane!
DOCTOR
Be-

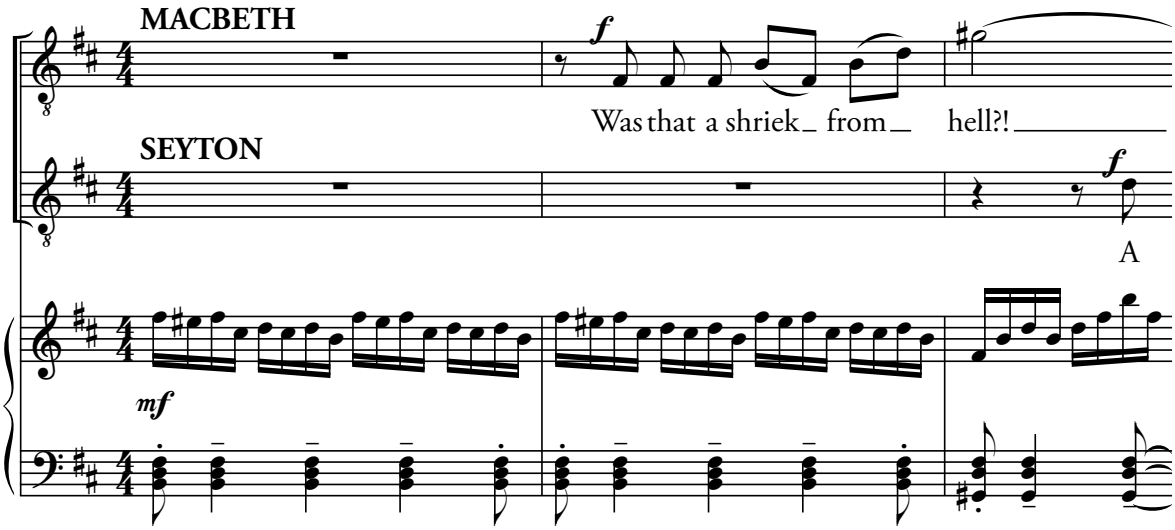

Doc.
yond my poor skills, Sire.
MACBETH
f
Then throw phy-sic to the dogs, I'll none of it! Get thee gone!
M.
accel.
Get thee gone! Sey - ton! My
accel.
cresc.
M.
ar - mor!
21
Furioso.
f

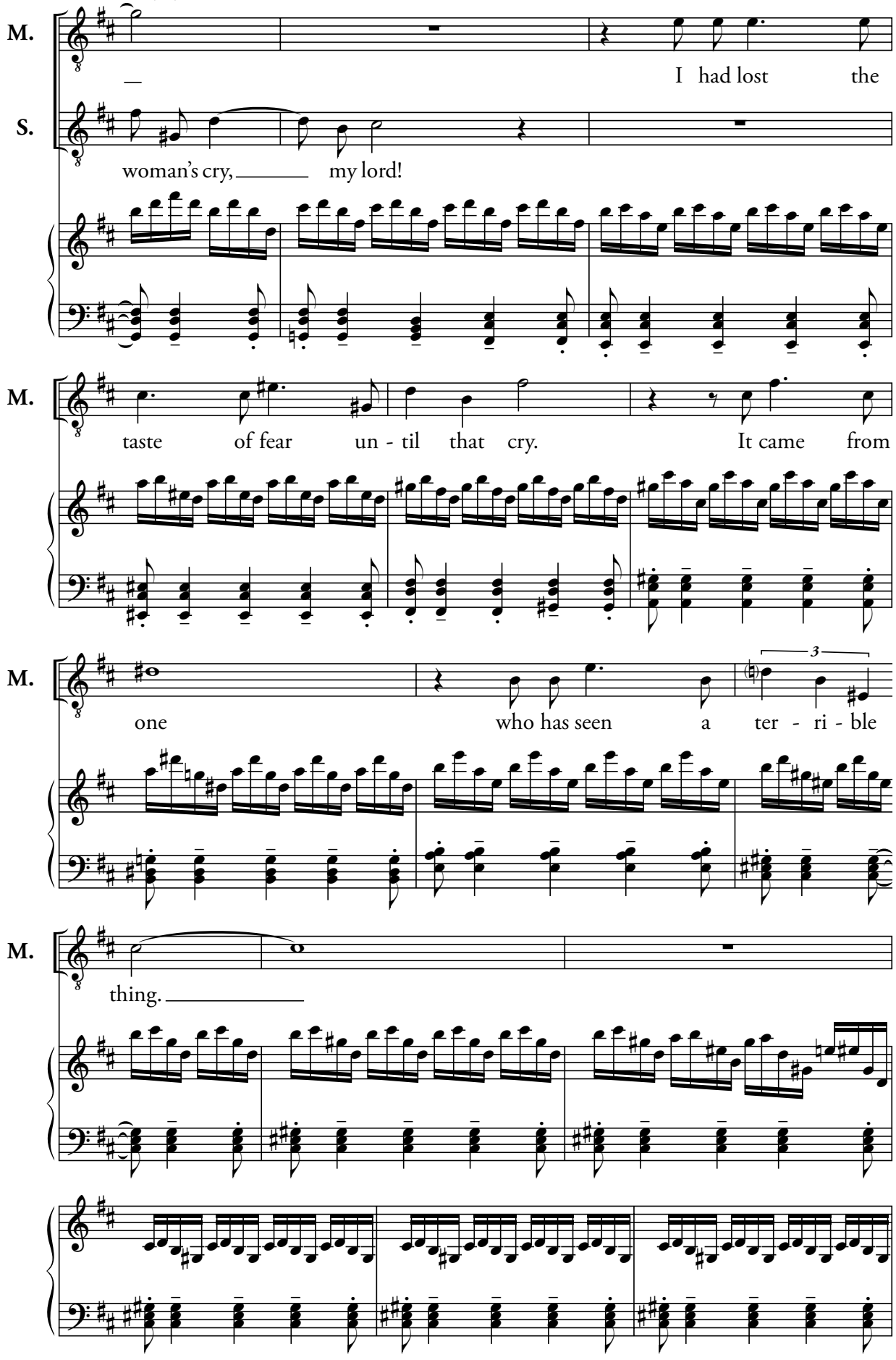


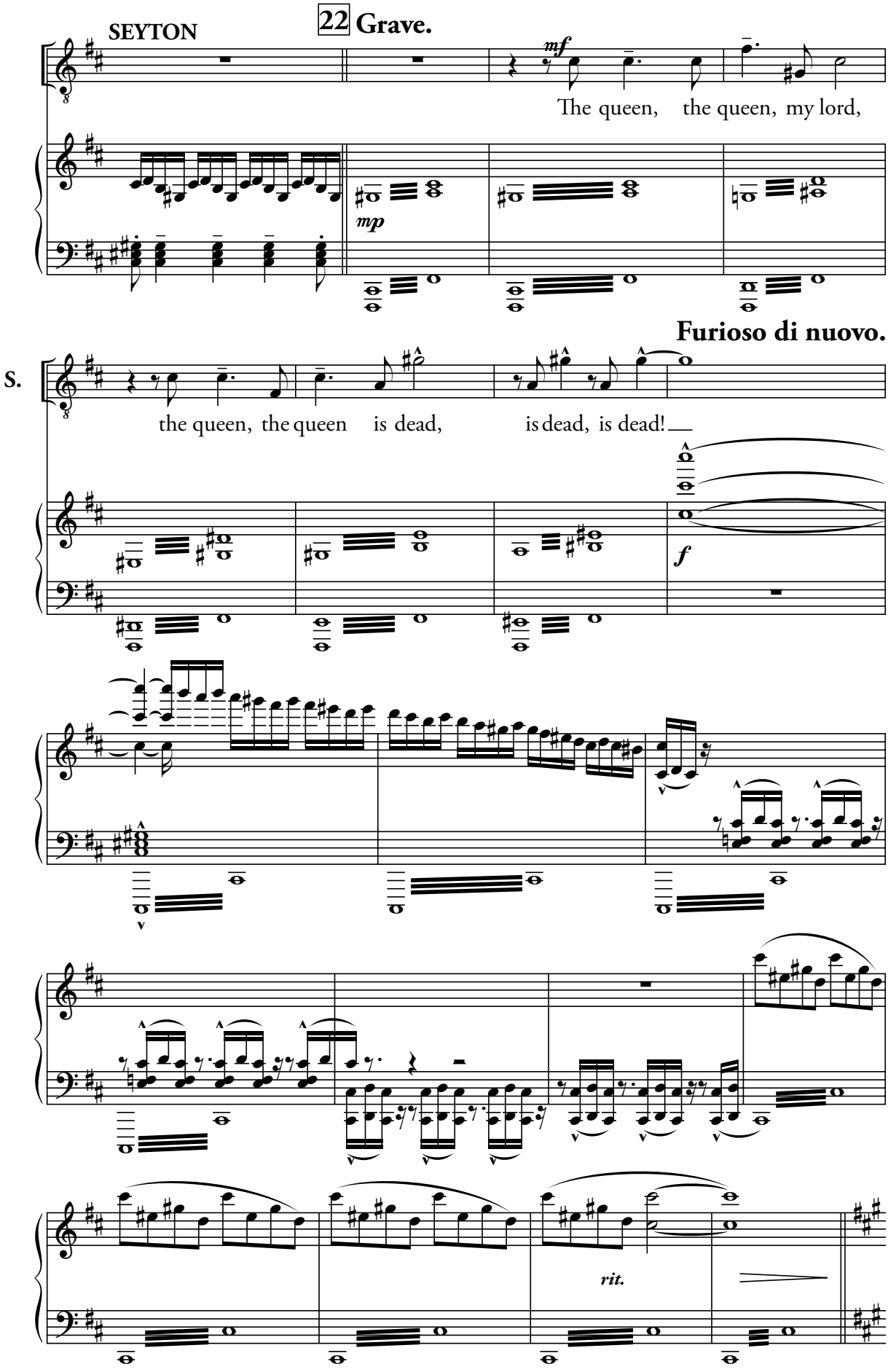
(LADY MACBETH'S scream is heard from offstage.)



Ancora lo stesso tempo.




M.
I had lost the
S.
woman's cry, my lord!
M.
taste of fear un - til that cry. It came from
M.
3
one who has seen a ter - ri - ble
M.
thing.


SEYTON
22 Grave.
mf
The queen, the queen, my lord,
mp
Furioso di nuovo.
S.
the queen, the queen is dead, is dead, is dead!
f
rit.

23 Largo.

MACBETH

mf

She should have died here -

p

M.

af - ter, when there was

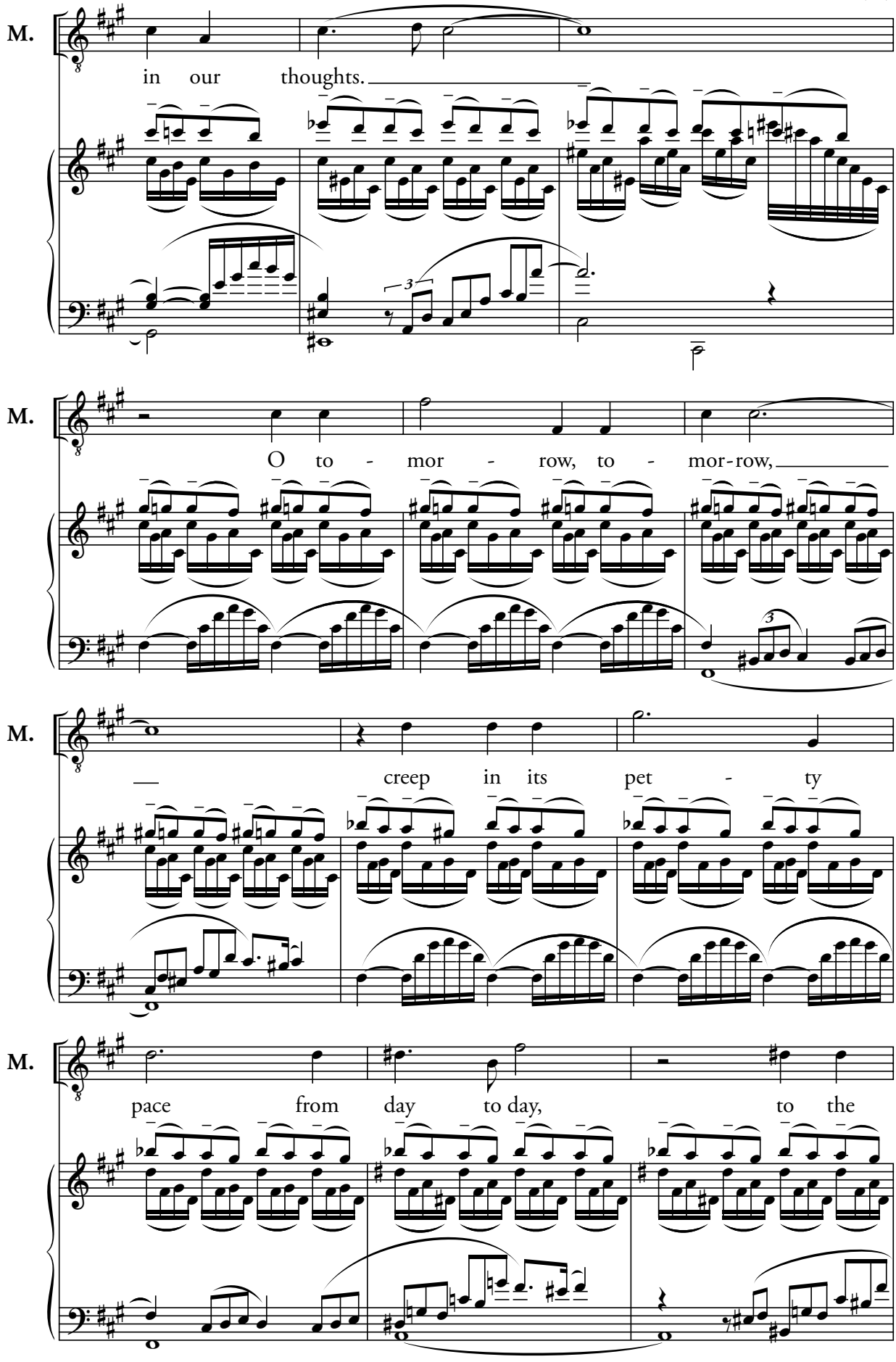
f

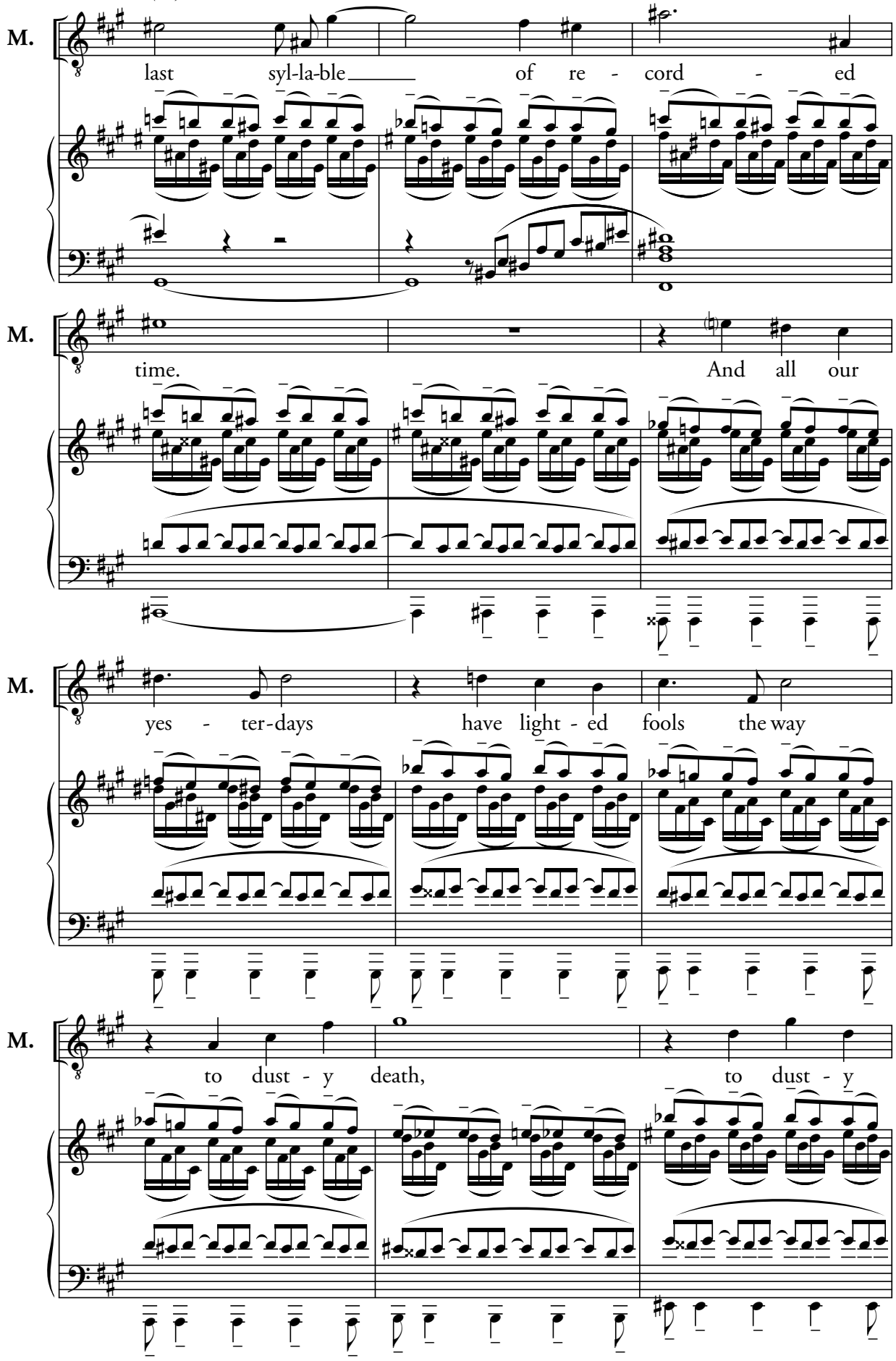
M.

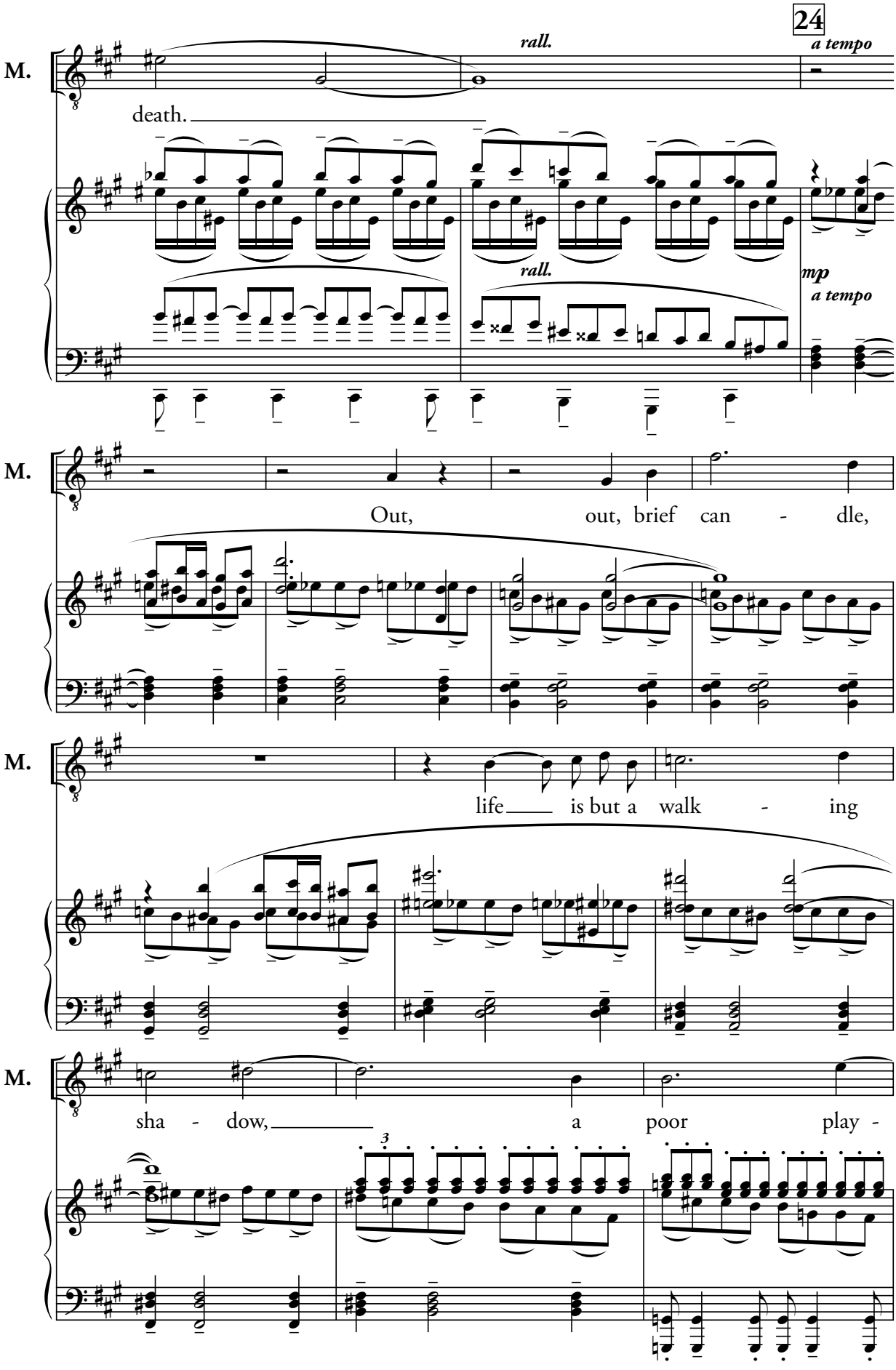
time to do her jus - tice

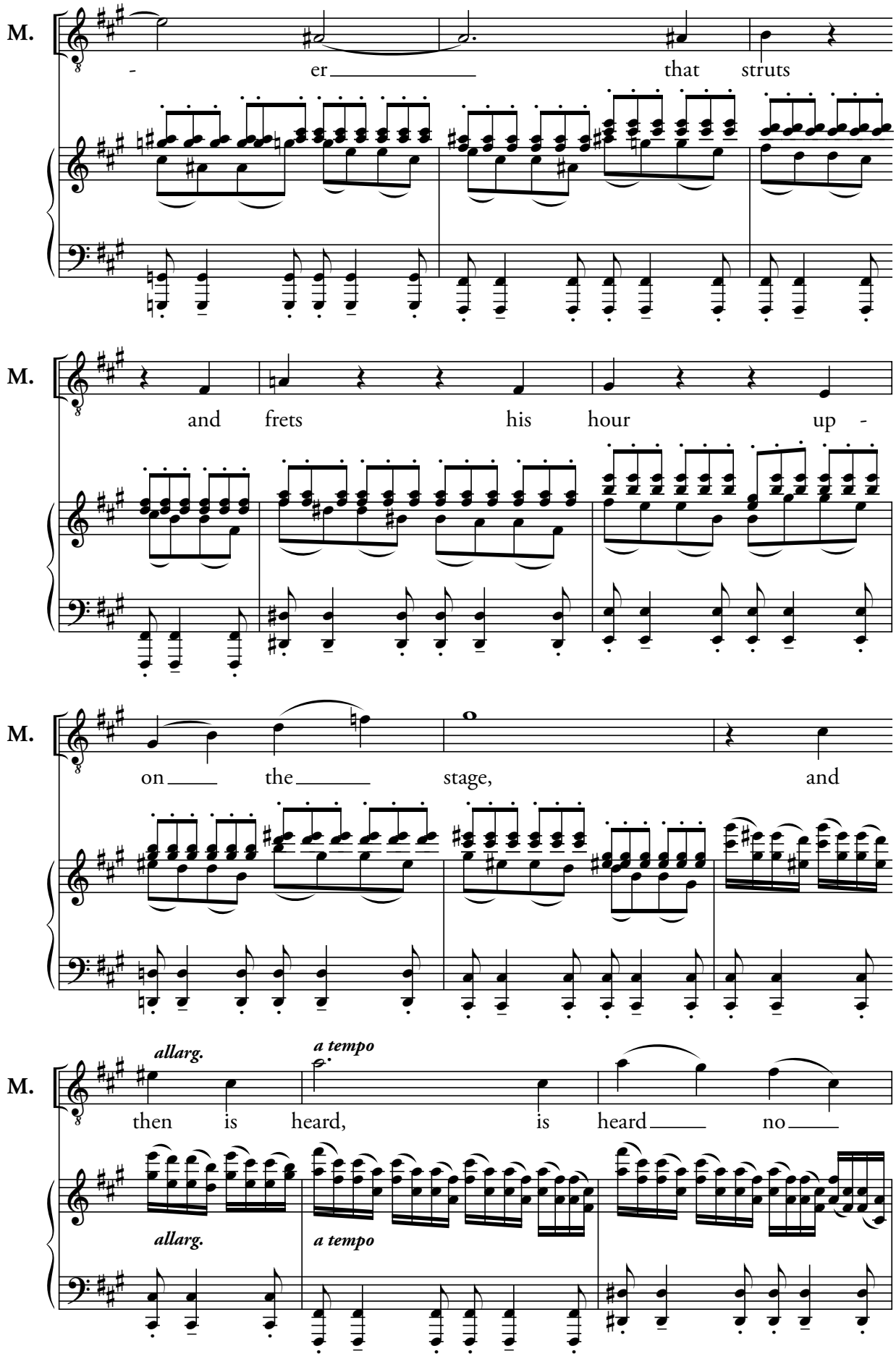
M.

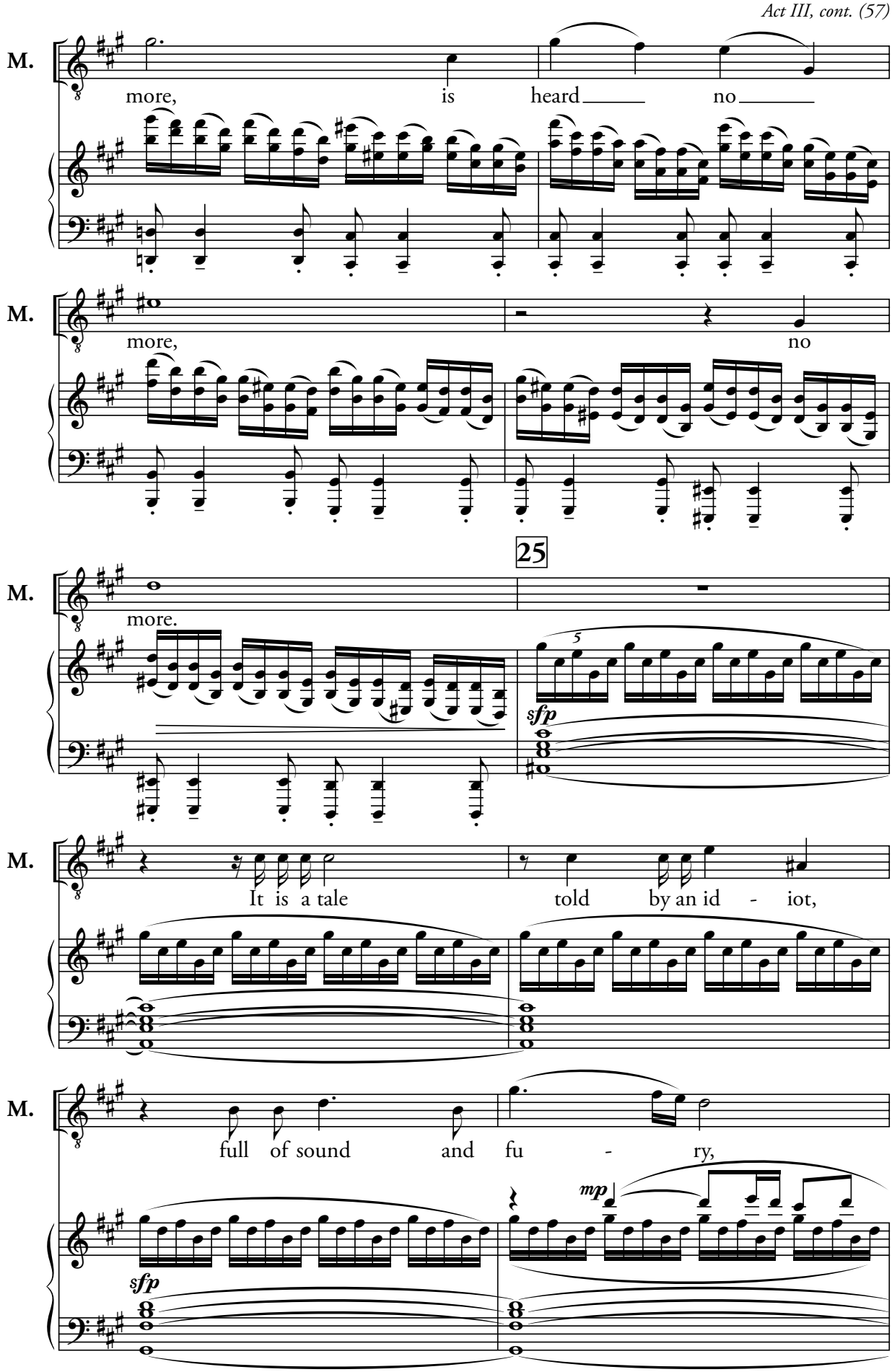
in our thoughts,

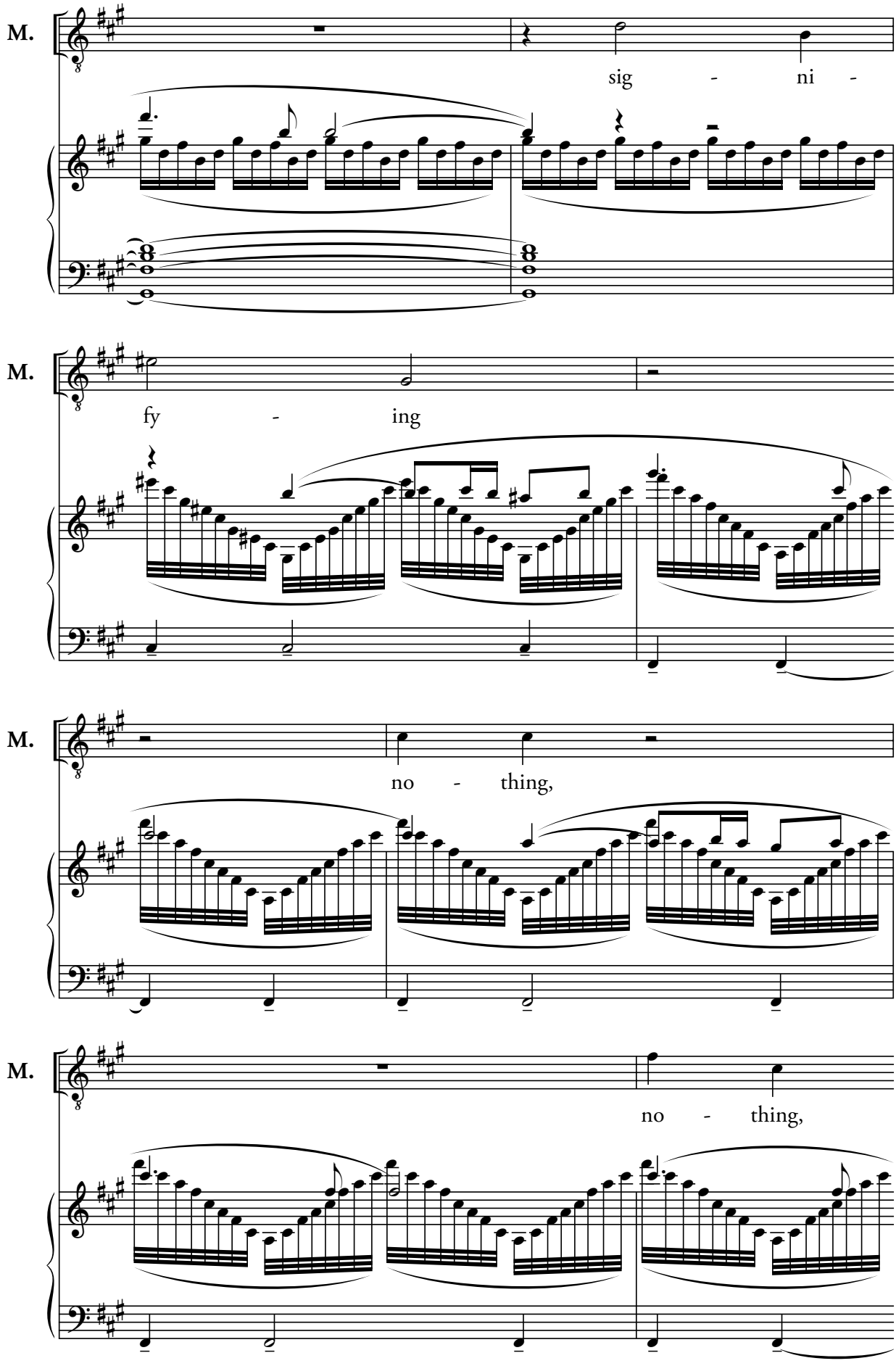

M.
in our thoughts.
M.
O to - mor - row, to - mor-row,
M.
creep in its pet - ty
M.
pace from day to day, to the

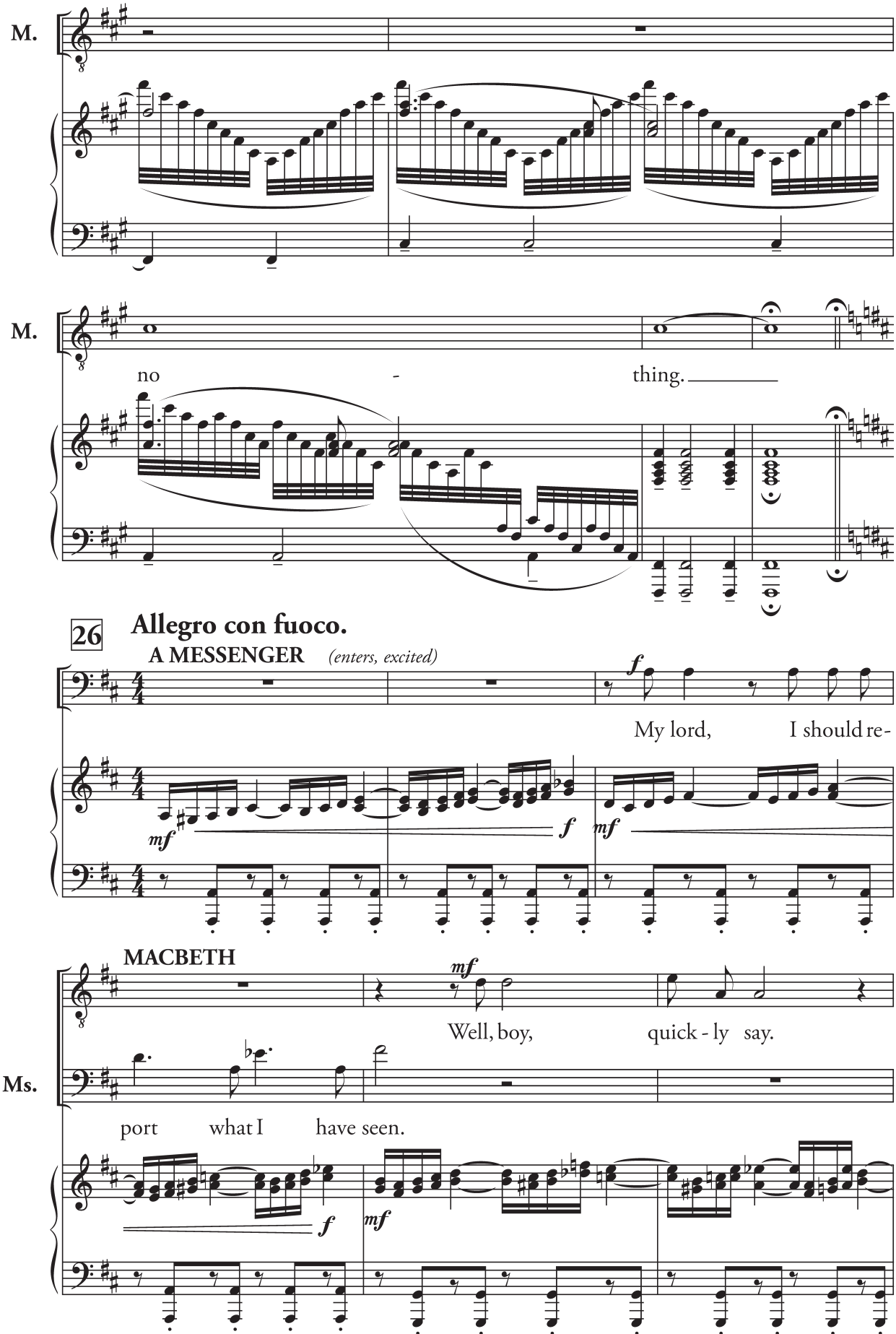

M.
last syl-la-ble of re - cord - ed
M.
time. And all our
M.
yes - ter-days have light - ed fools the way
M.
to dust - y death, to dust - y

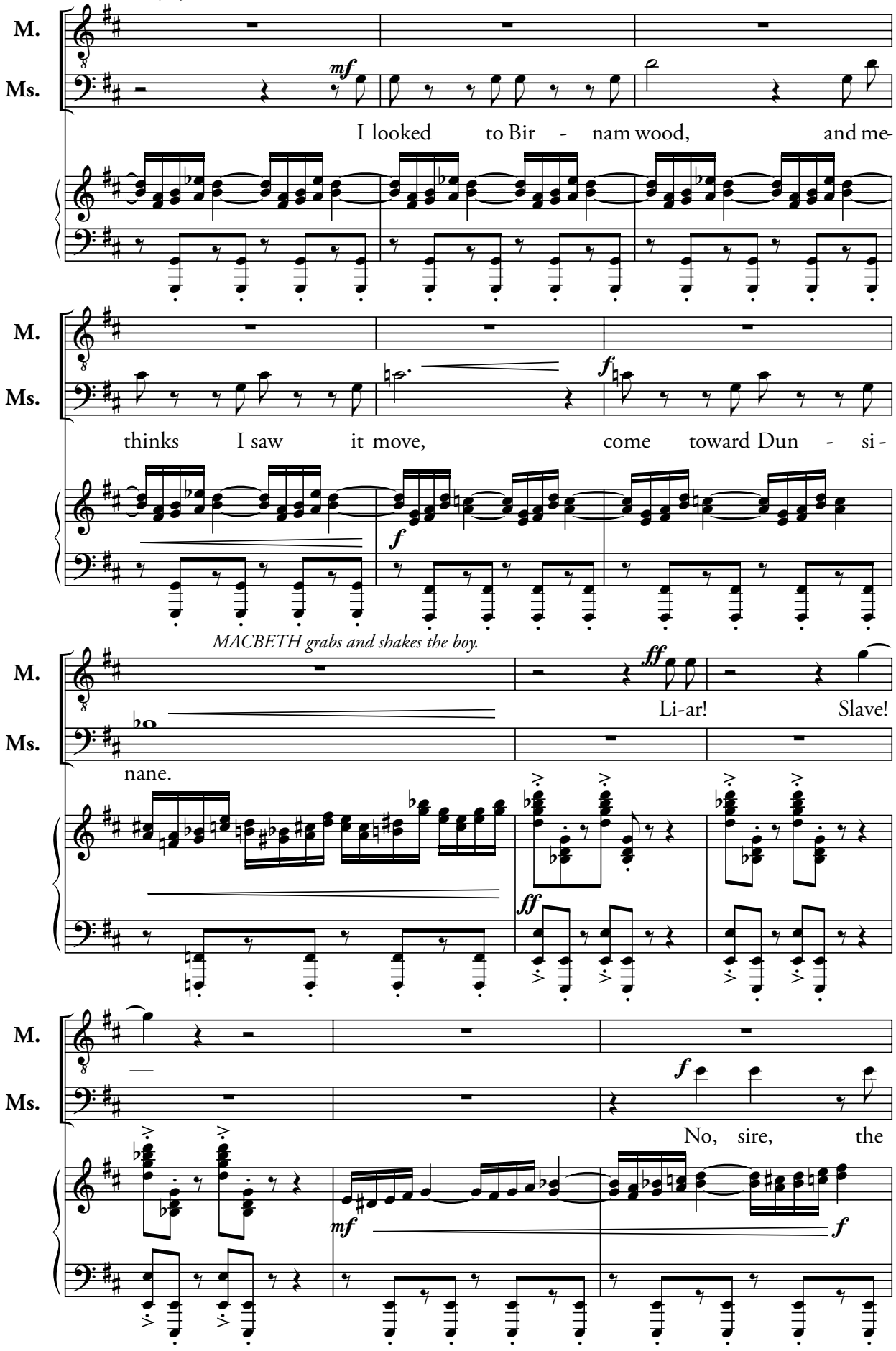

24
rall.
a tempo
M.
death.
rall.
mp
a tempo
M.
Out, out, brief can - dle,
M.
life is but a walk - ing
M.
sha - dow, a poor play -
3

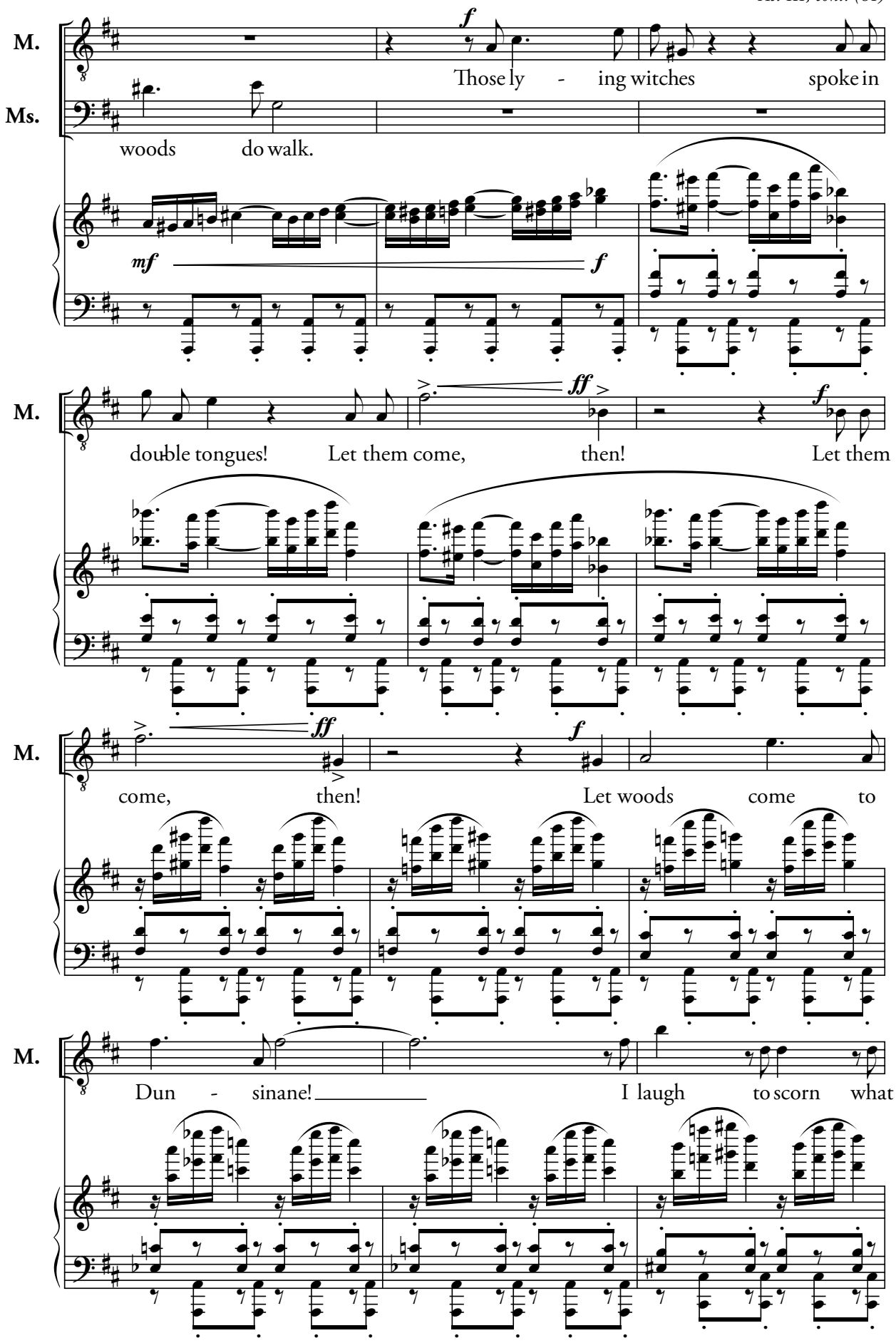

M.
- er that struts
M.
and frets his hour up -
M.
on the stage, and
M.
allarg.
a tempo
then is heard, is heard no
allarg.
a tempo

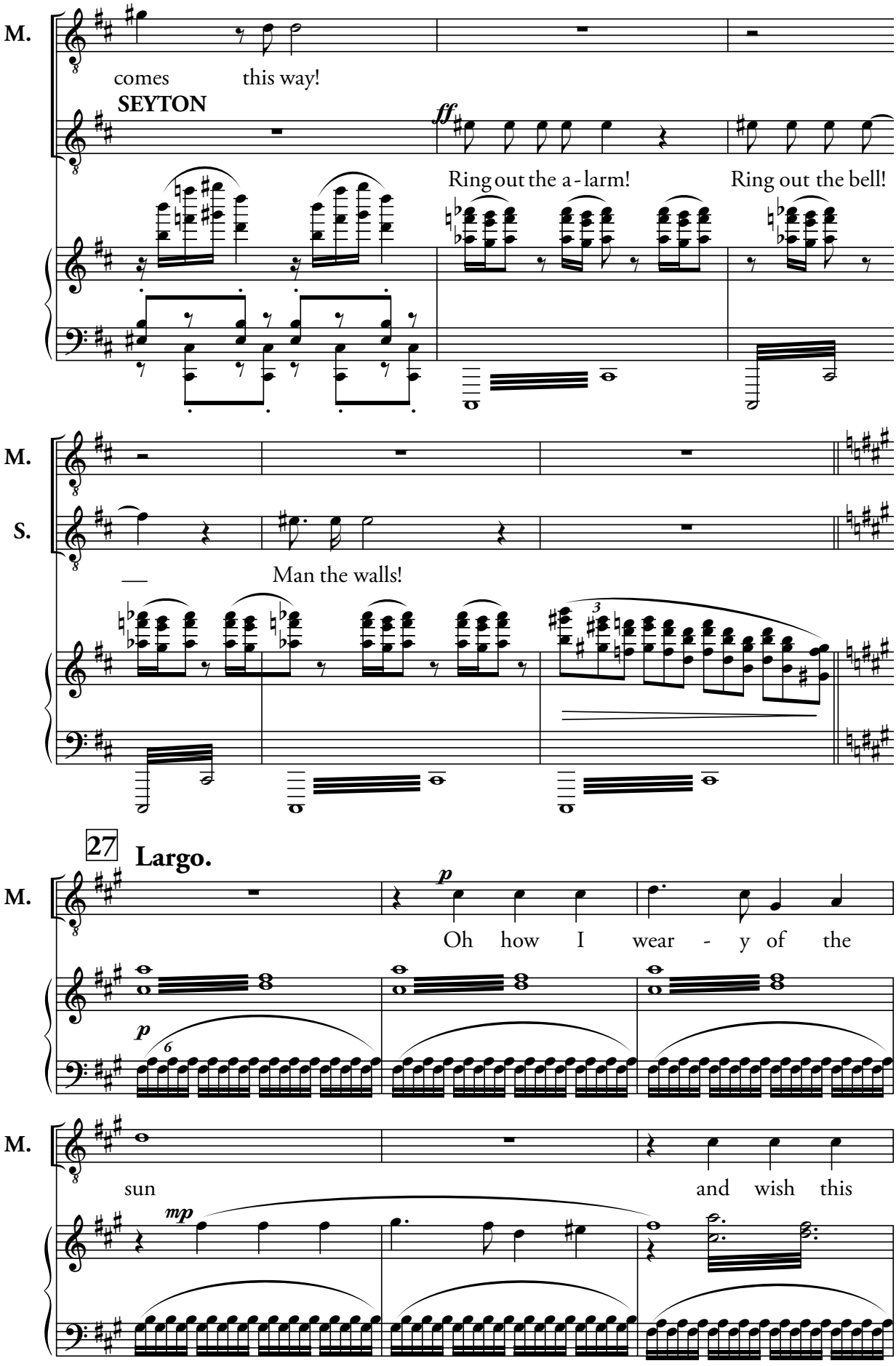

M.
more, is heard no
M.
more, no
25
M.
more.
sfp
M.
It is a tale told by an id - iot,
M.
full of sound and fu - ry,
sfp
mp

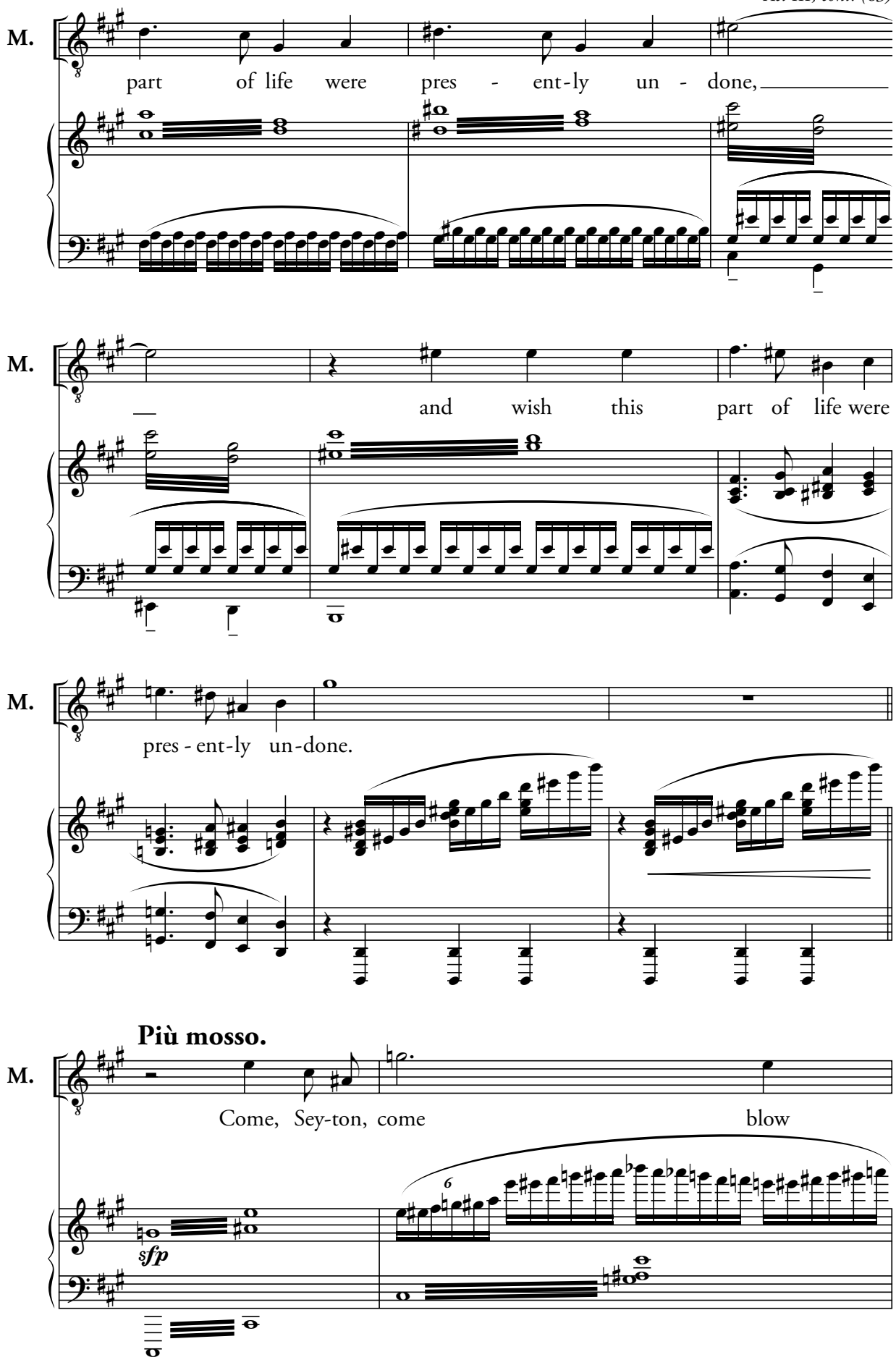

M.
sig - ni -
M.
fy - ing
M.
no - thing,
M.
no - thing,

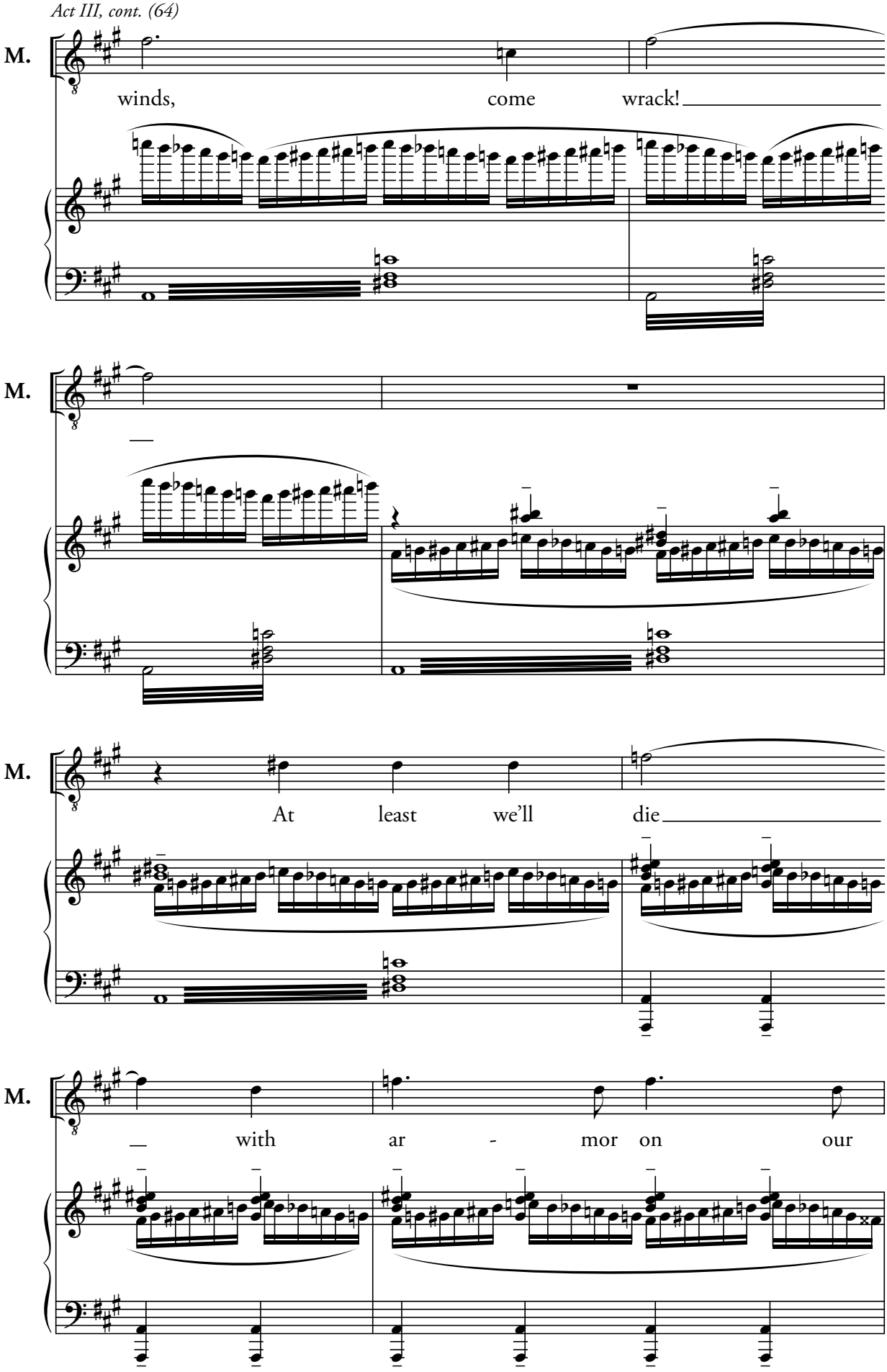

M.
M.
no - thing.
26
Allegro con fuoco.
A MESSENGER (enters, excited)
My lord, I should re-
MACBETH
Well, boy, quick - ly say.
Ms.
port what I have seen.

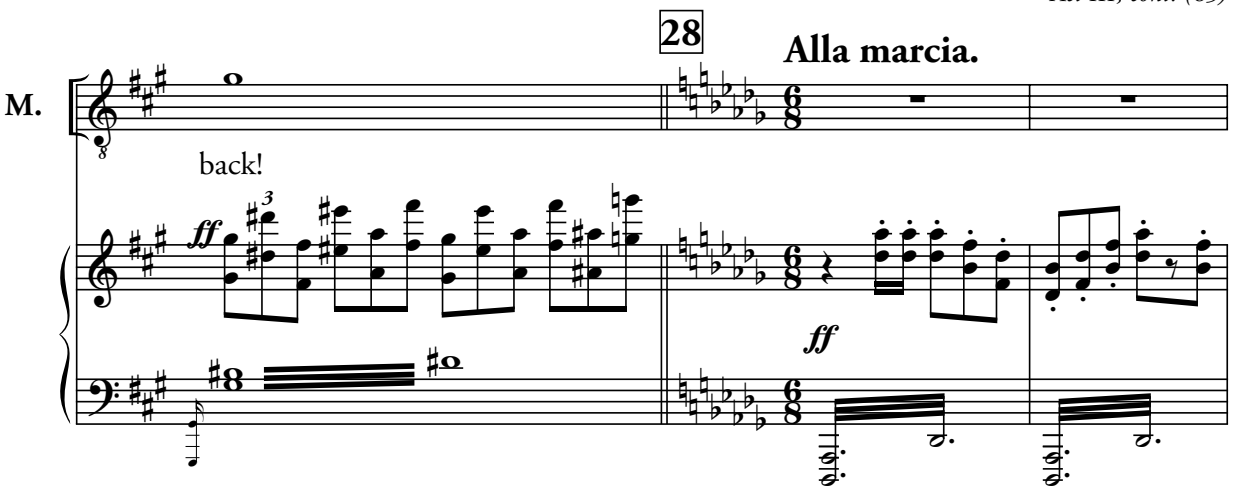

M.
Ms.
mf
I looked to Bir - nam wood, and me-
thinks I saw it move, come toward Dun - si -
f
MACBETH grabs and shakes the boy.
ff
Li-ar! Slave!
nane.
No, sire, the


M.
Those ly - ing witches spoke in
Ms.
woods do walk.
mf
f
M.
double tongues! Let them come, then! Let them
ff
f
M.
come, then! Let woods come to
ff
f
M.
Dun - sinane! I laugh to scorn what

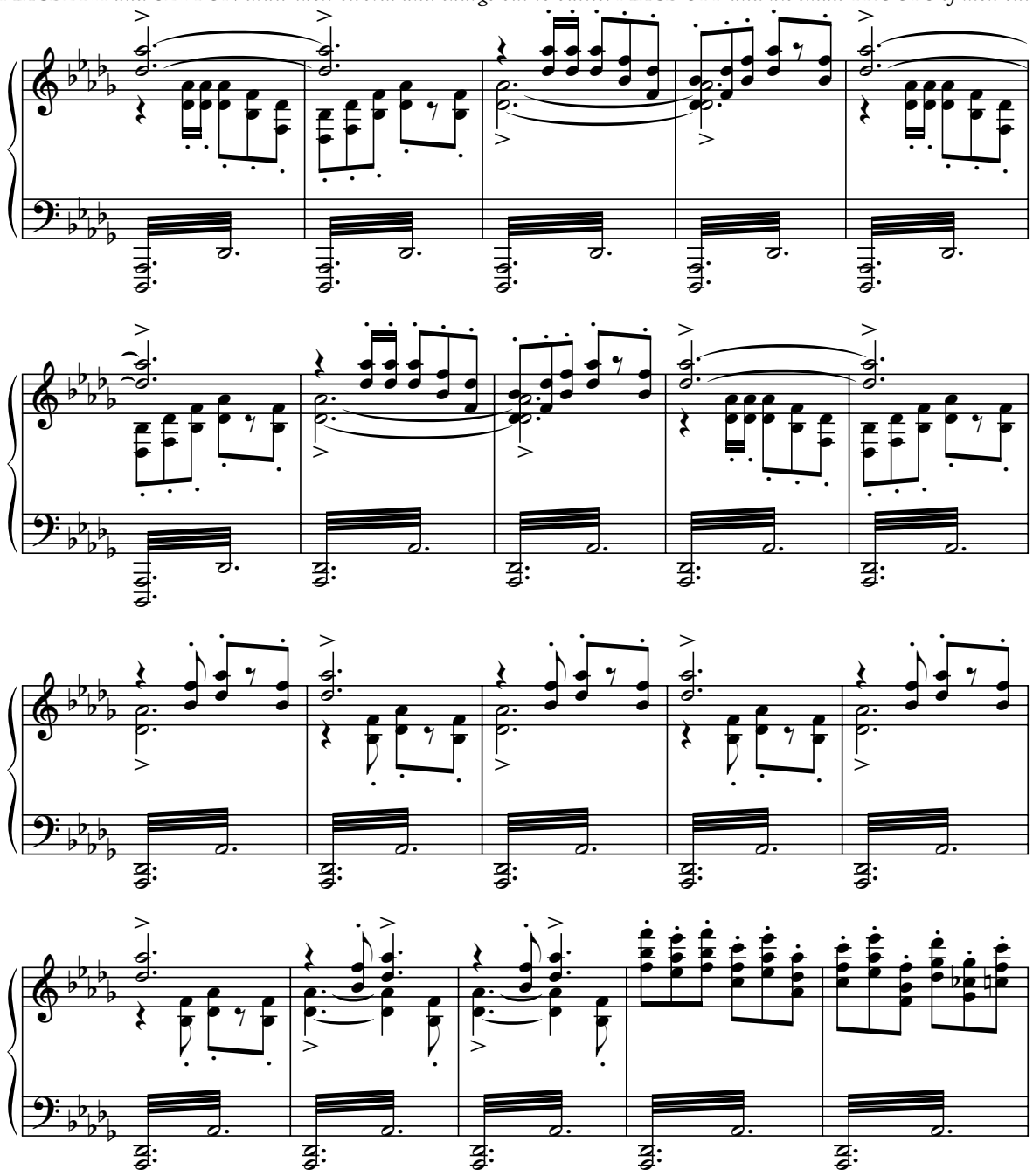

M.
comes this way!
SEYTON
ff
Ring out the a - larm!
Ring out the bell!
M.
S.
Man the walls!
3
27
Largo.
M.
p
Oh how I wear - y of the
p
6
M.
sun
and wish this
mp

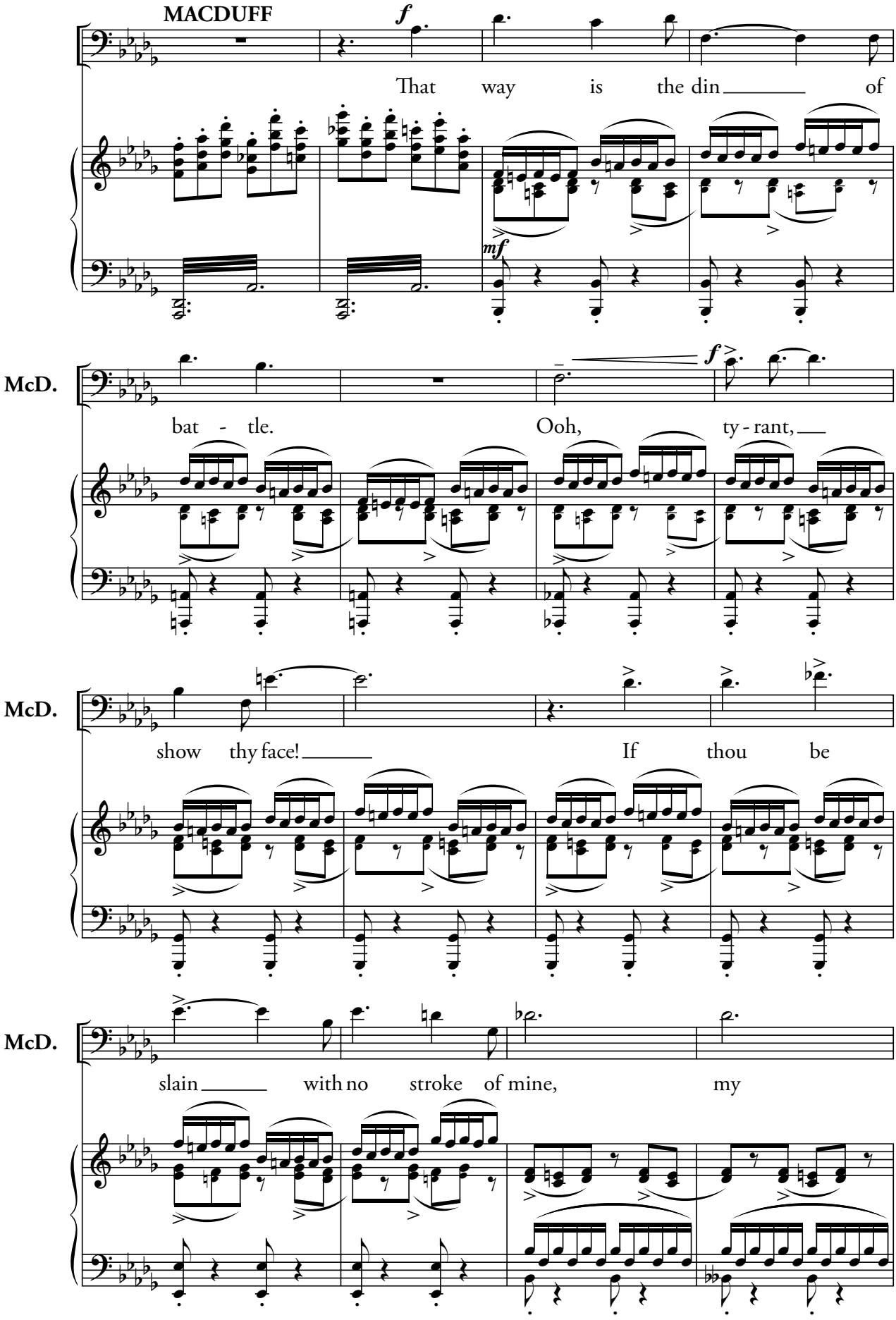

M.
part of life were pres - ent-ly un - done,
M.
and wish this part of life were
M.
pres - ent-ly un-done.
Più mosso.
M.
Come, Sey-ton, come blow
sfp

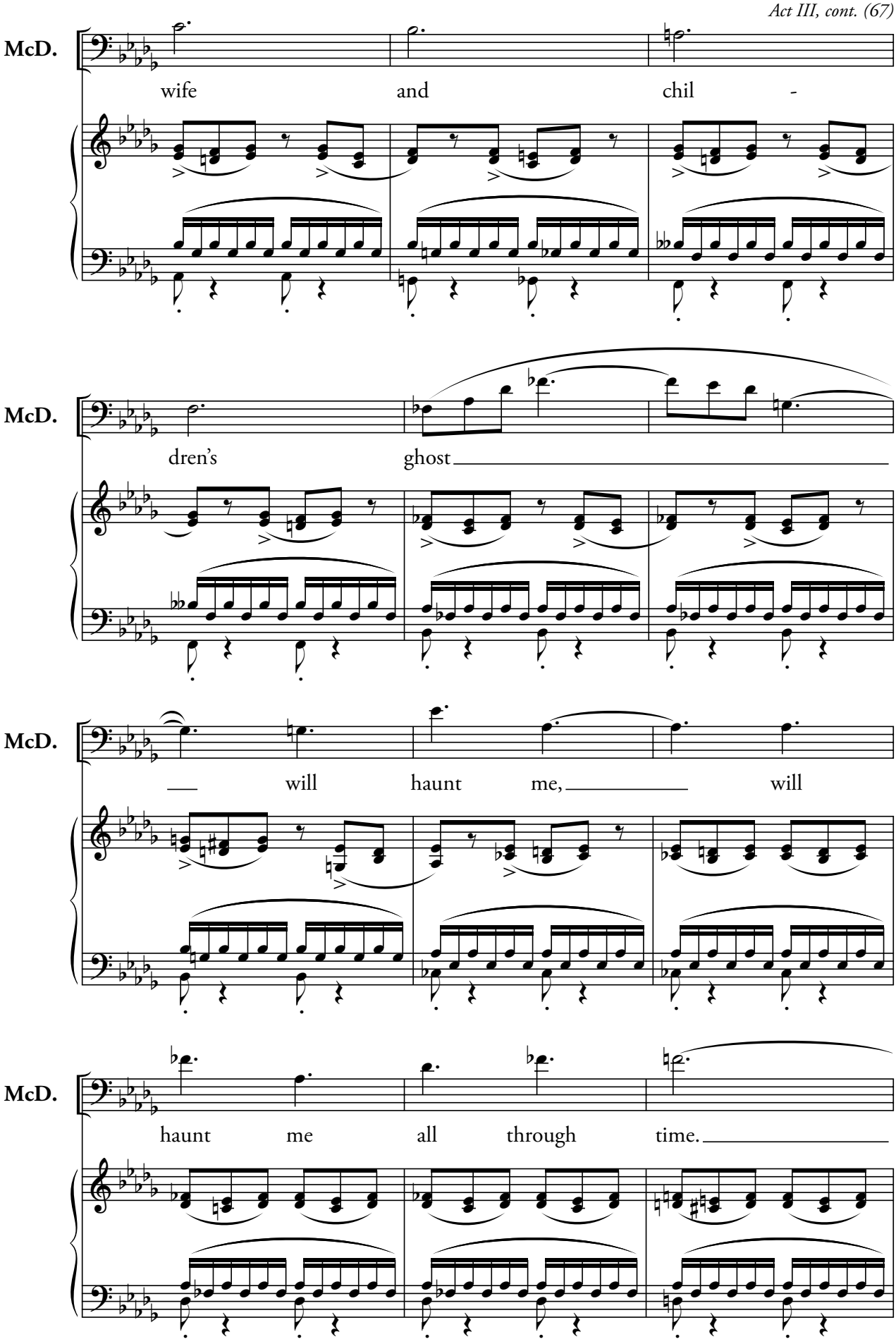

M.
winds, come wrack!
M.
M.
At least we'll die
M.
with ar - mor on our



MACBETH and SEYTON draw their swords and charge out to battle. MACDUFF and his small TROOPS of men enter.




MACDUFF
That way is the din of
bat - tle. Ooh, ty - rant,
McD.
show thy face! If thou be
McD.
slain with no stroke of mine, my
McD.


McD.
wife and chil -
McD.
dren's ghost
McD.
will haunt me, will
McD.
haunt me all through time.

MACBETH enters, supporting a wounded SEYTON.

McD.

McD.

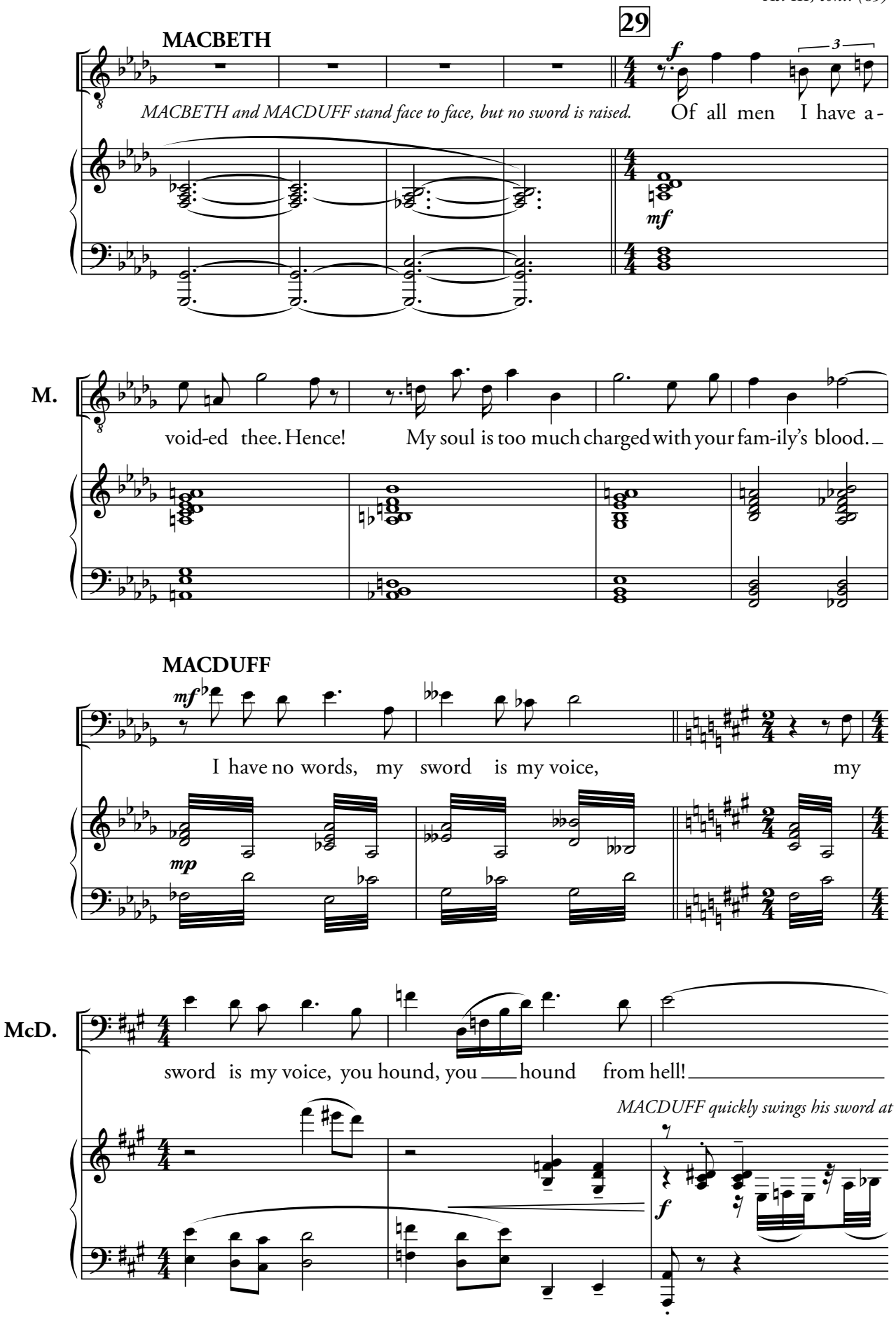
Turn,

McD.

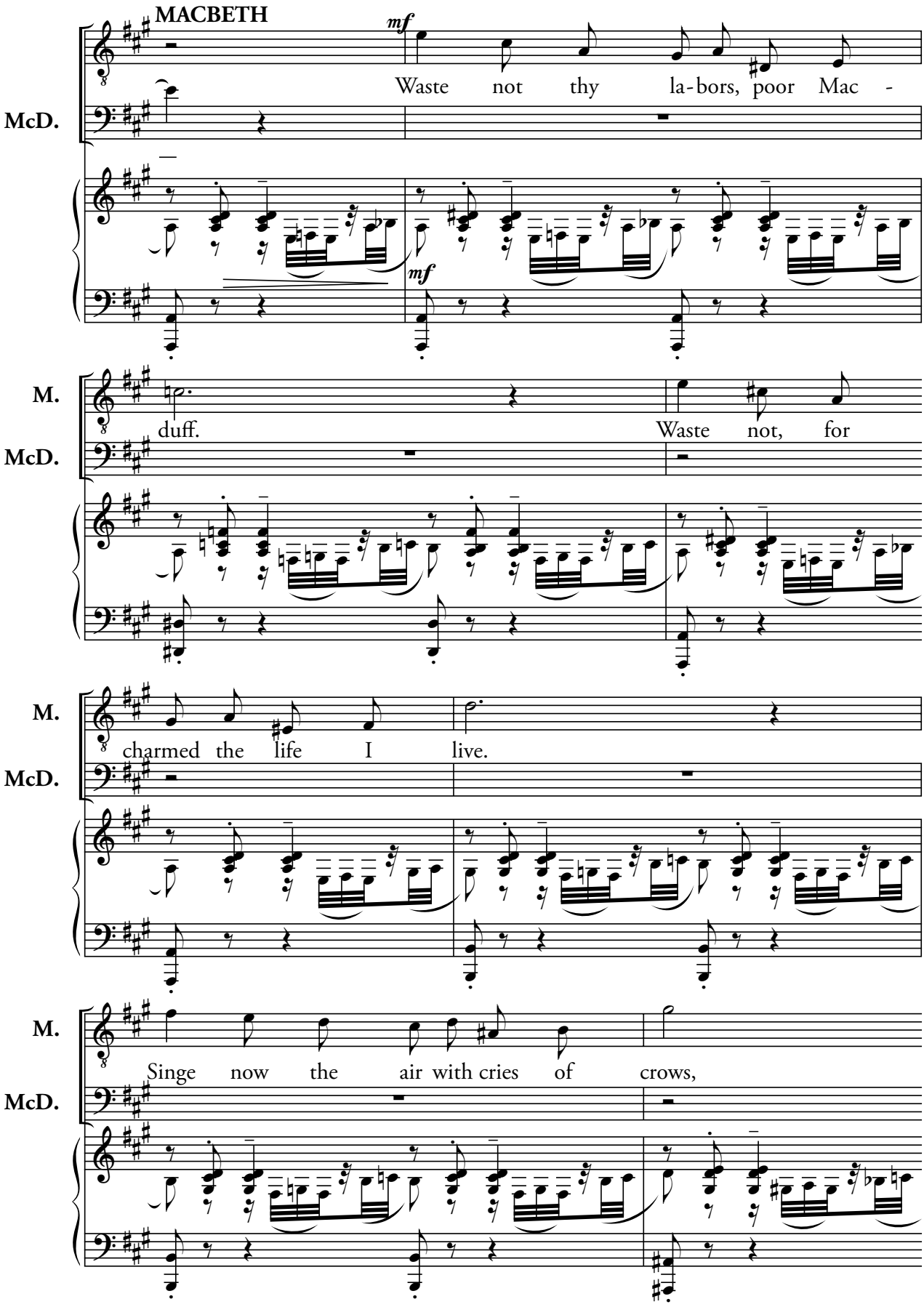
hell-hound, turn!

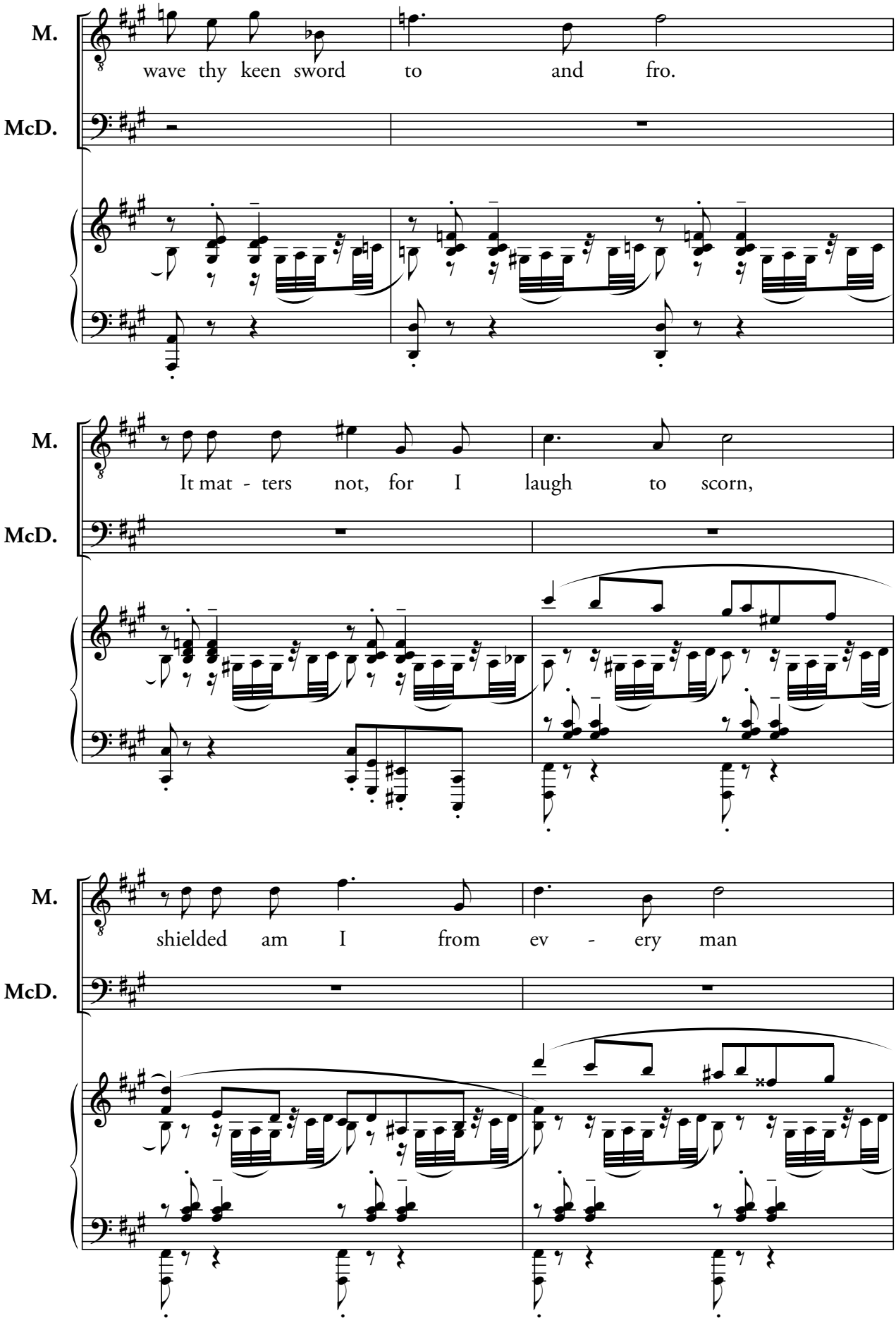
MACBETH sees MACDUFF and drops SEYTON to the ground.

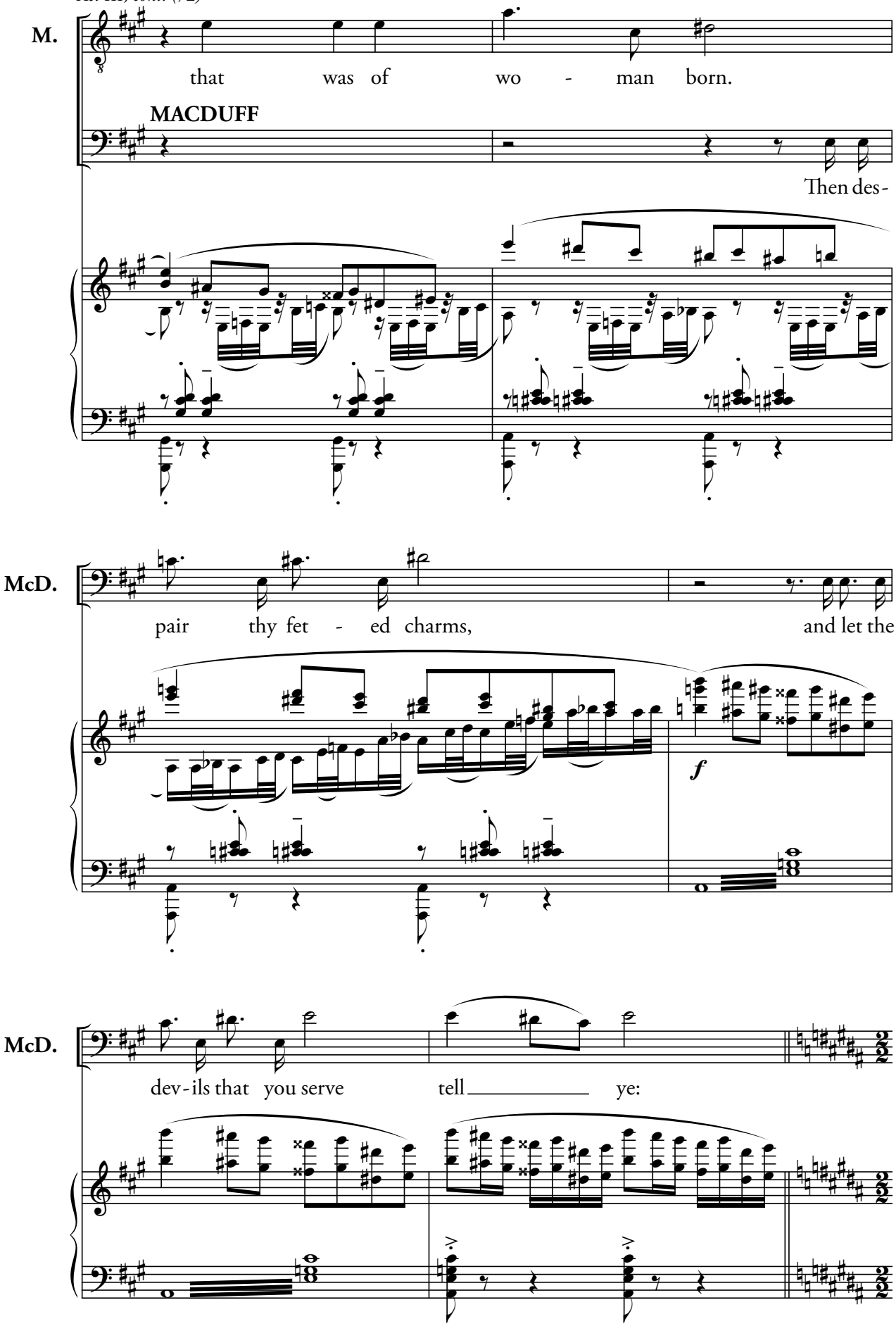
McD.

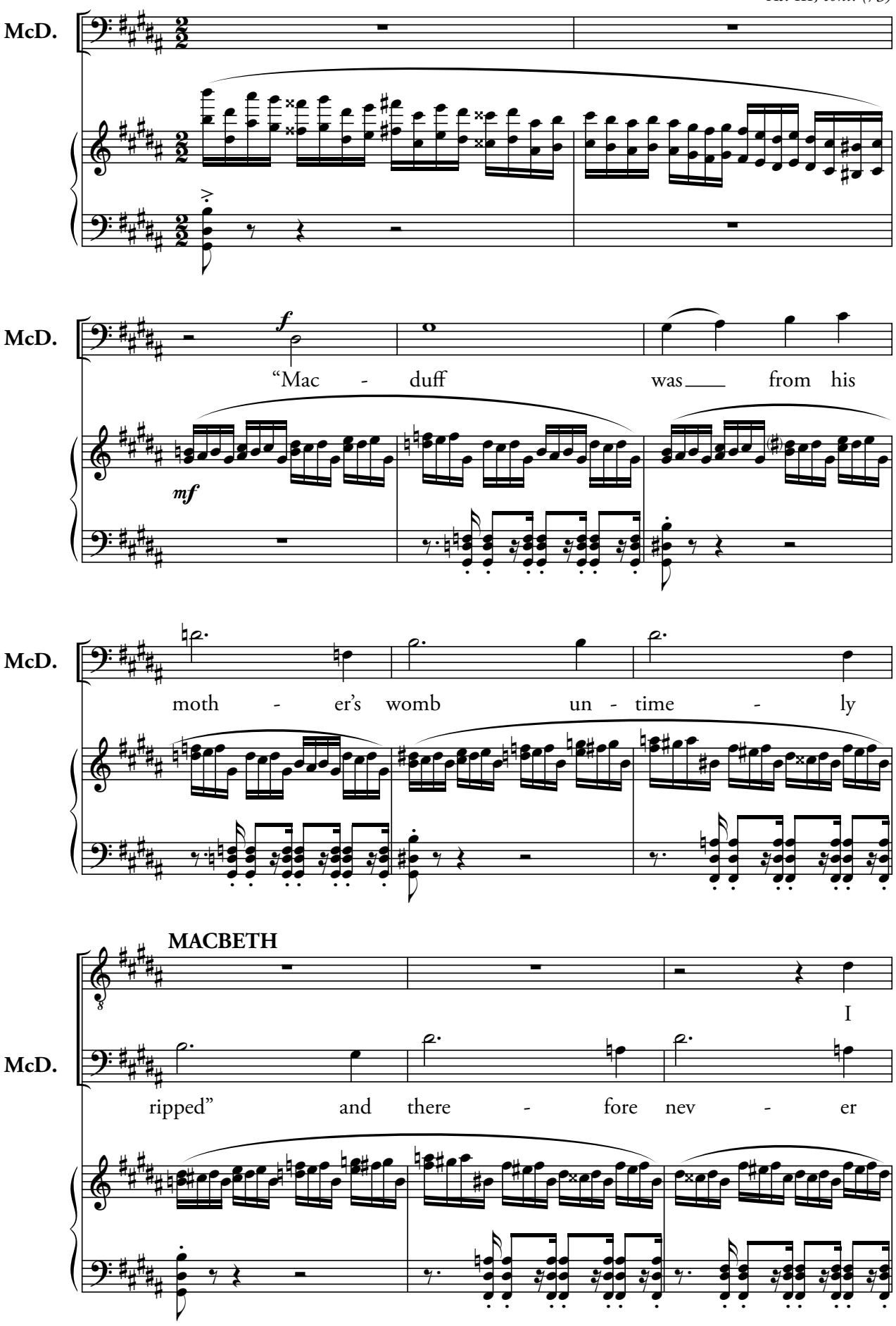

29
MACBETH
f
3
MACBETH and MACDUFF stand face to face, but no sword is raised.
Of all men I have a-
mf
M.
void-ed thee. Hence!
My soul is too much charged with your fam-ily's blood.
MACDUFF
mf
I have no words, my sword is my voice, my
mp
McD.
sword is my voice, you hound, you hound from hell!
MACDUFF quickly swings his sword at
f

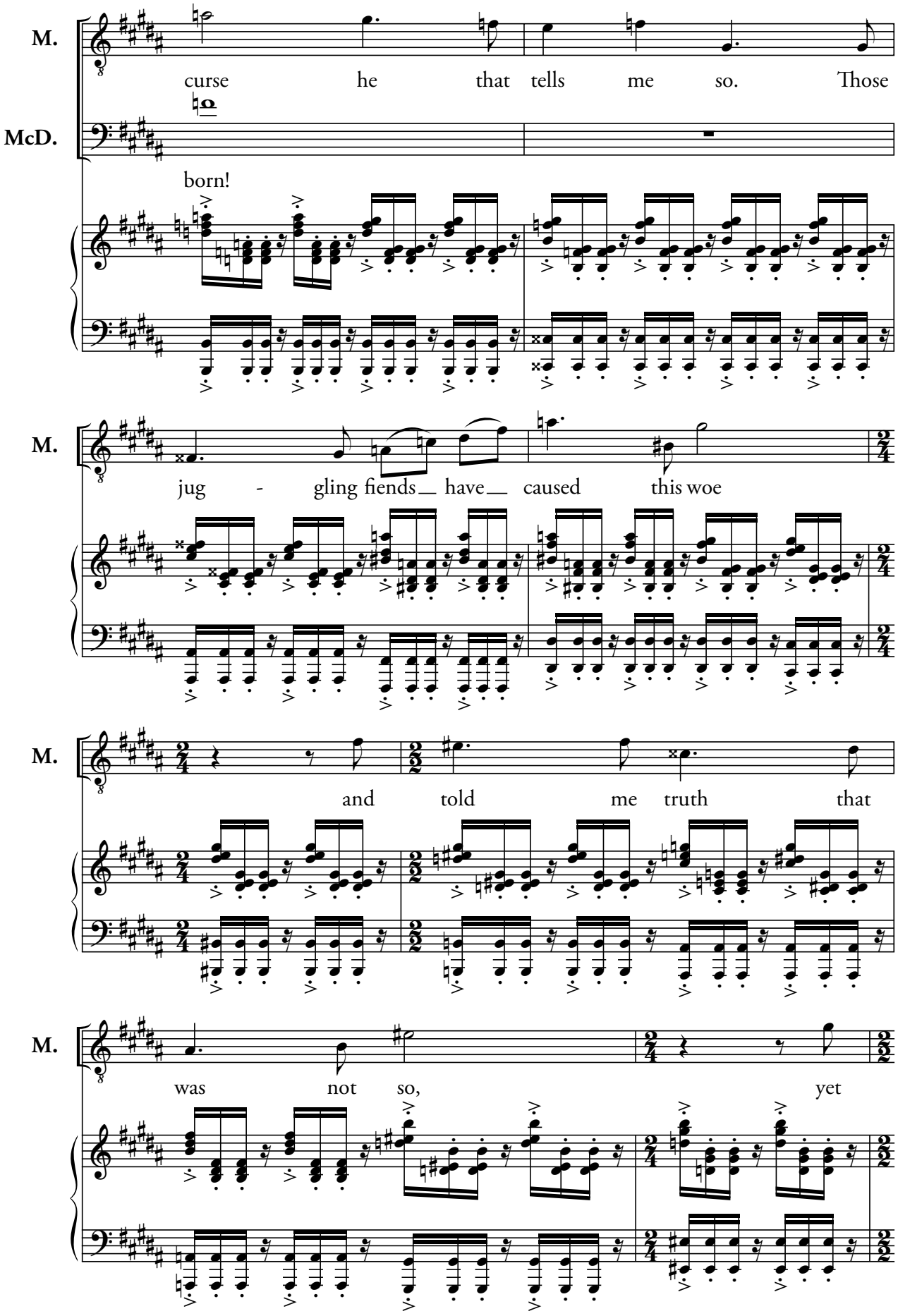
MACBETH, who stops it easily with his own sword. Just one clink, no more. MACBETH puts back his own sword at his side, smiles and turns his back on MACDUFF, walking downstage with calm impunity.

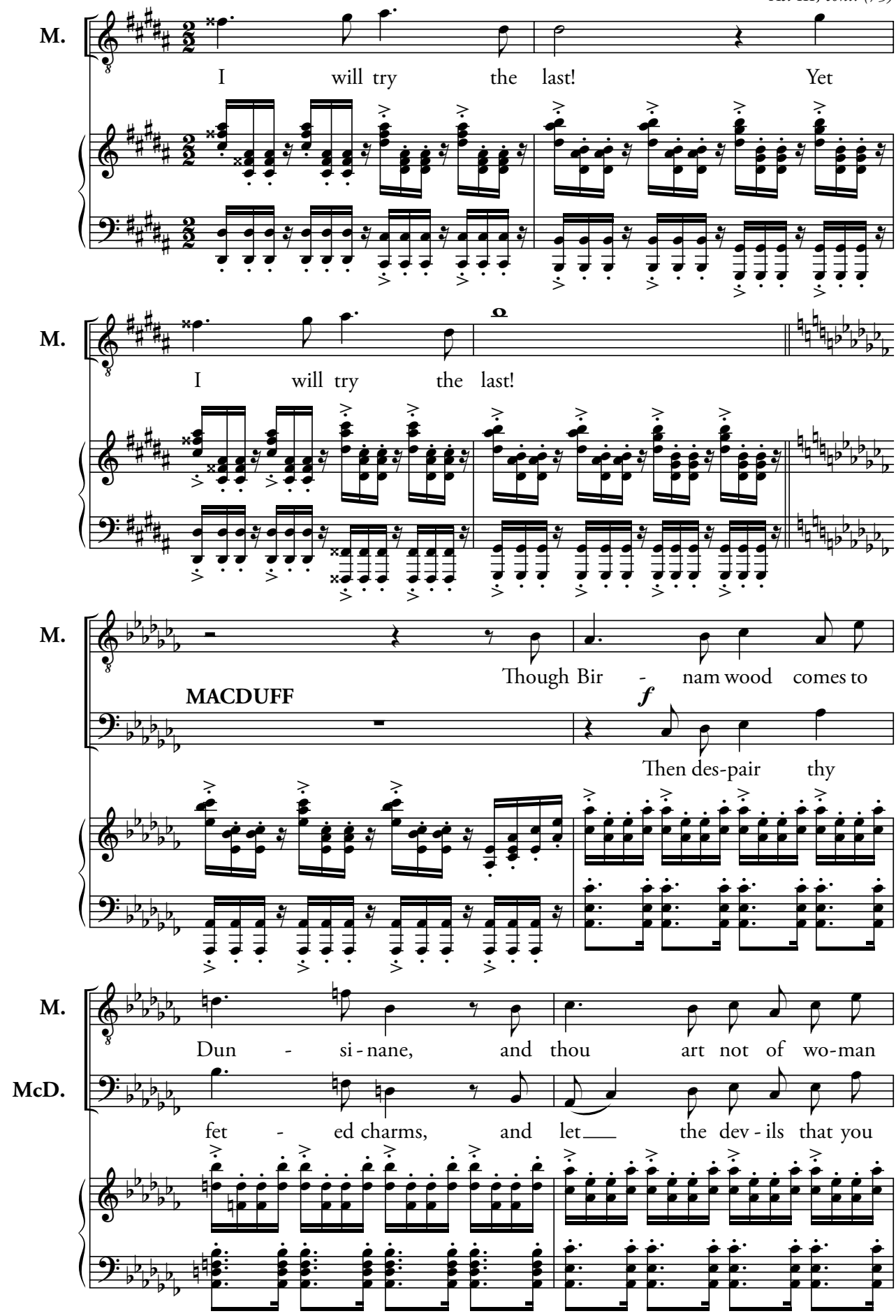


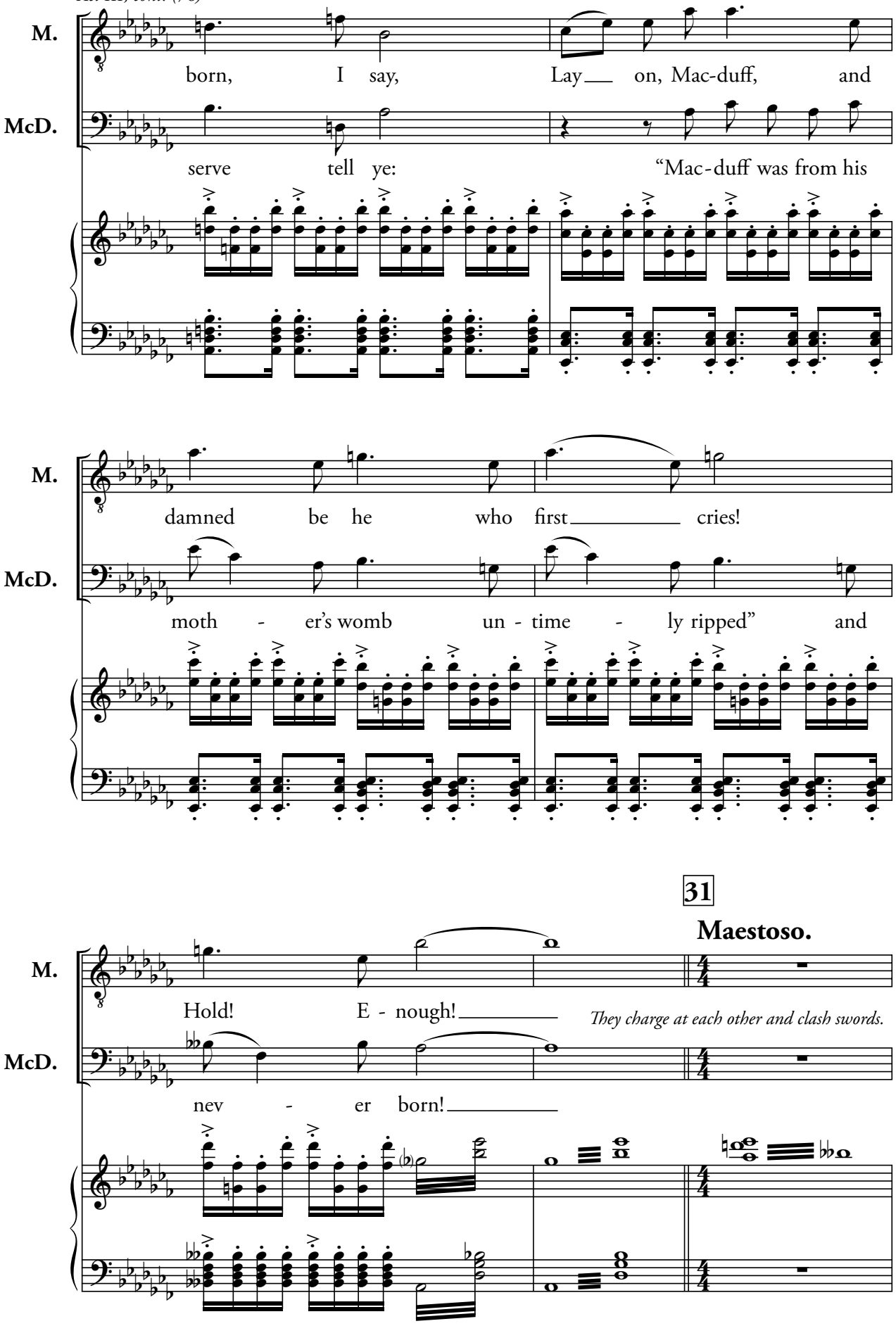

M.
wave thy keen sword to and fro.
McD.
M.
It mat - ters not, for I laugh to scorn,
McD.
M.
shielded am I from ev - ery man
McD.


M.
that was of wo - man born.
MACDUFF
Then des-
McD.
pair thy fet - ed charms, and let the
f
McD.
dev-ils that you serve tell ye:

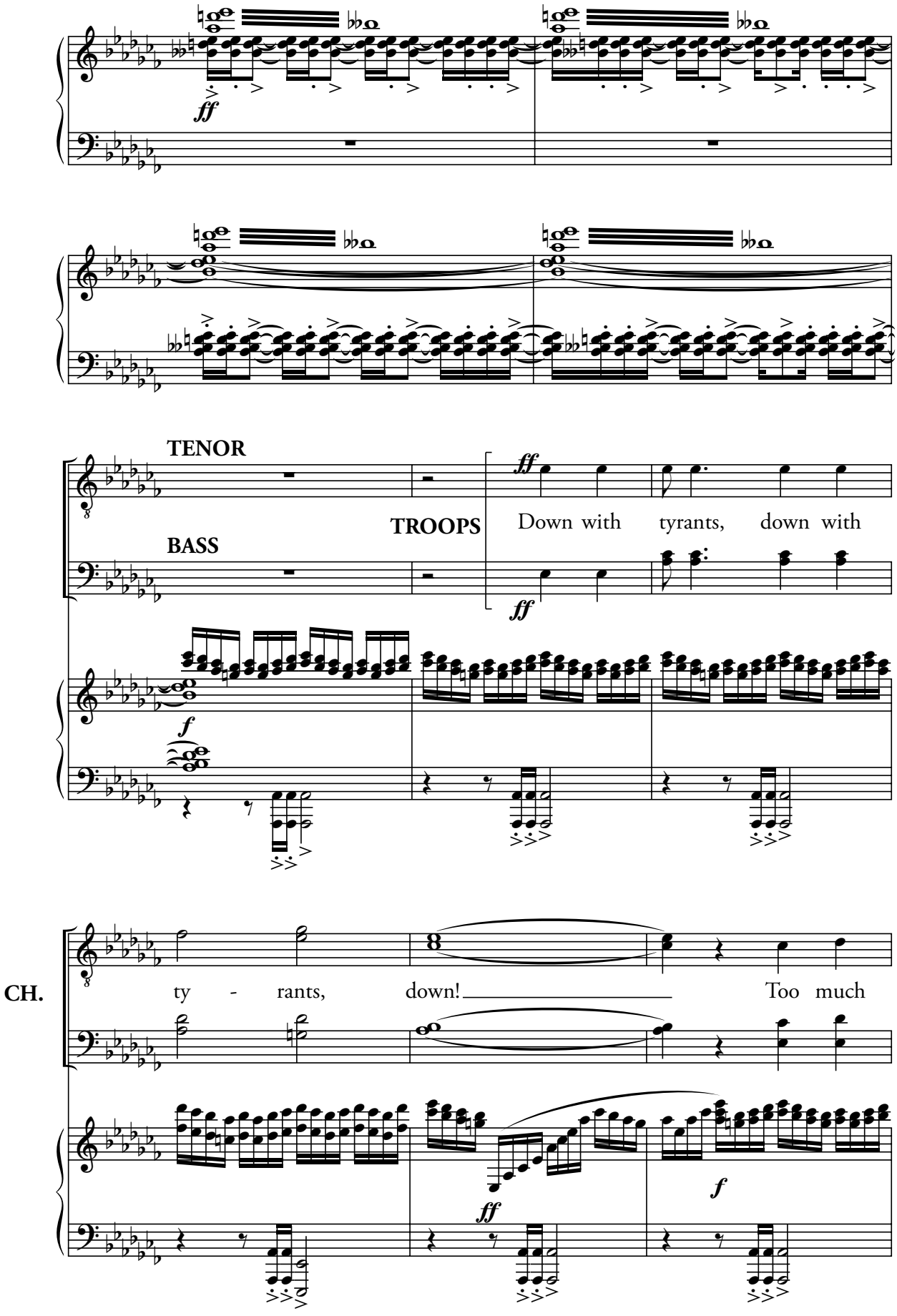

McD.
f
"Mac - duff was ___ from his
mf
McD.
moth - er's womb un - time - ly
MACBETH
I
McD.
ripped" and there - fore nev - er

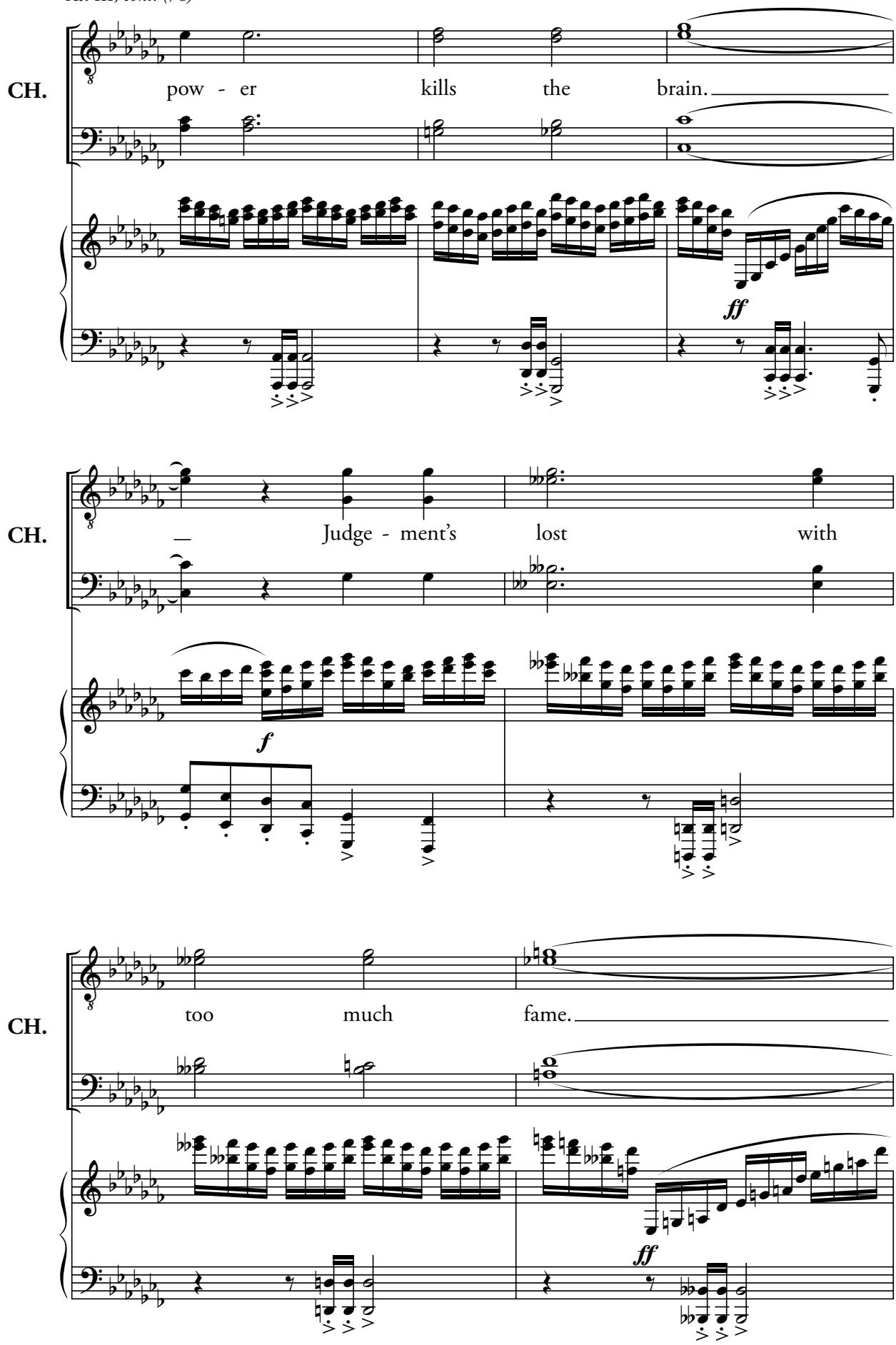

M.
curse he that tells me so. Those
McD.
born!
M.
jug - gling fiends have caused this woe
M.
and told me truth that
M.
was not so, yet

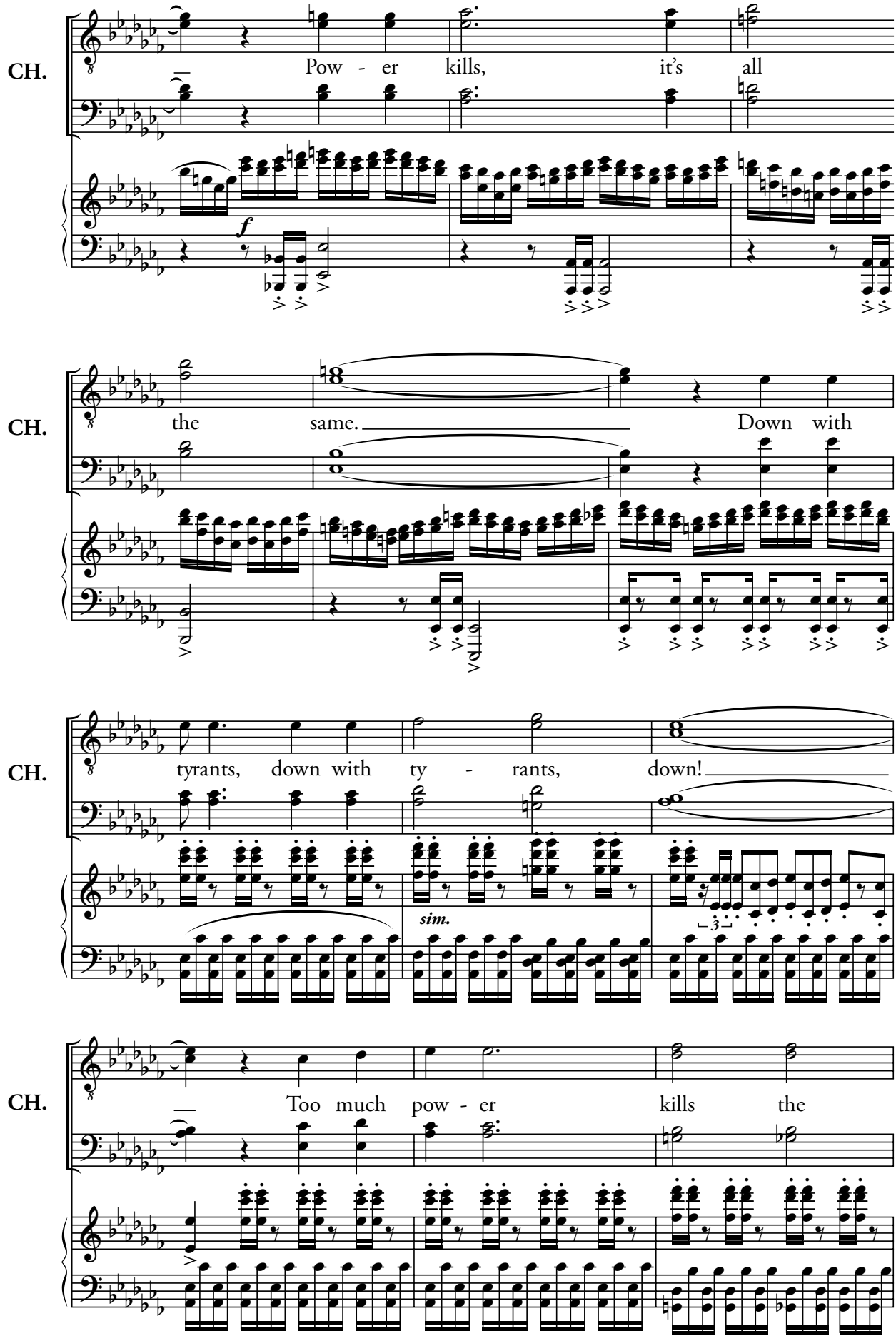

M.
I will try the last! Yet
M.
I will try the last!
M.
Though Bir - nam wood comes to
MACDUFF
f
Then des-pair thy
M.
Dun - si-nane, and thou art not of wo-man
McD.
fet - ed charms, and let the dev-ils that you

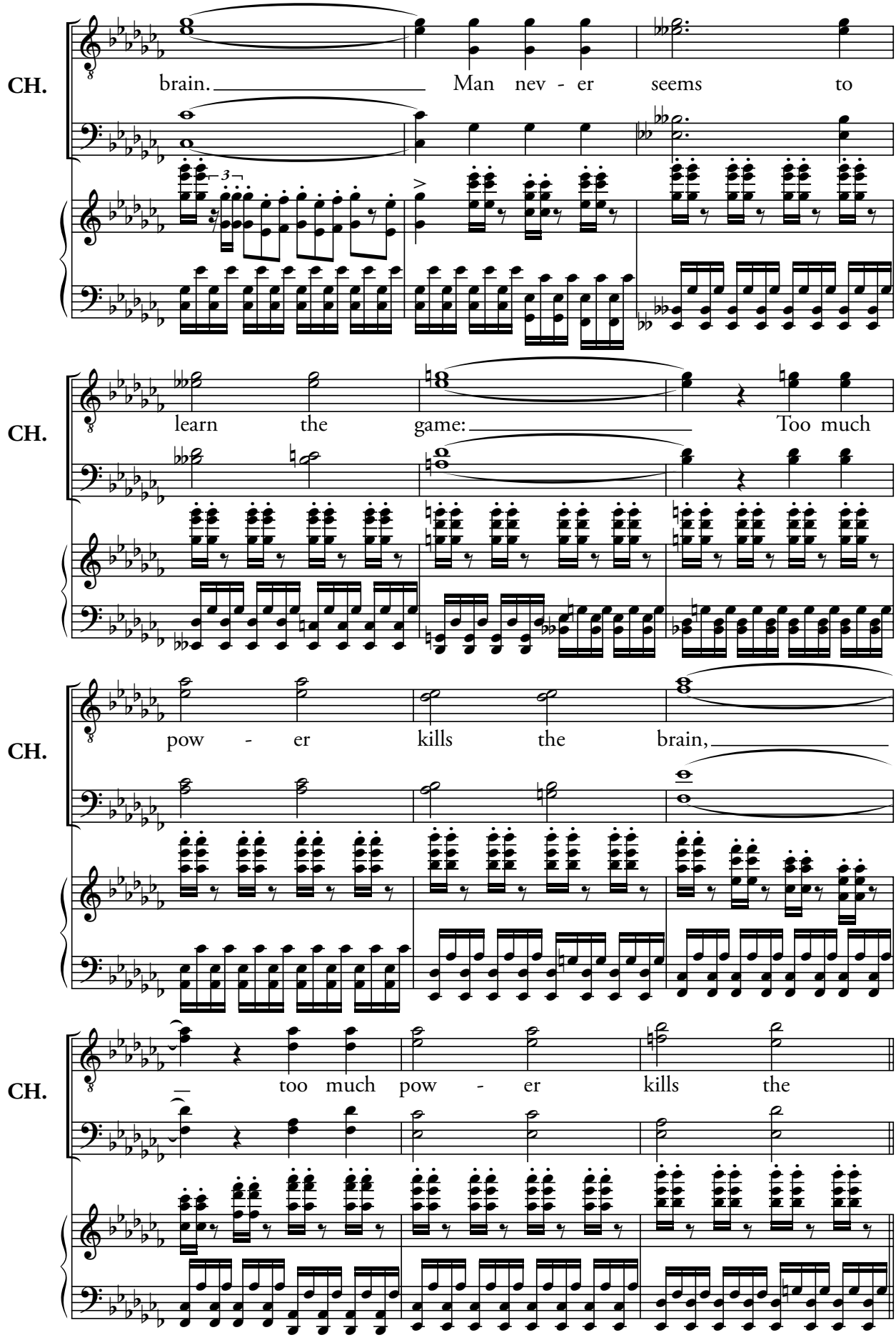

M.
born, I say, Lay on, Mac-duff, and
McD.
serve tell ye: "Mac-duff was from his
M.
damned be he who first cries!
McD.
moth - er's womb un - time - ly ripped" and
31
Maestoso.
M.
Hold! E - nough!
They charge at each other and clash swords.
McD.
nev - er born!

Immediately they are surrounded by MACDUFF'S TROOPS, who cry out:




CH.
pow - er kills the brain.
ff
CH.
Judge - ment's lost with
f
CH.
too much fame.
ff


CH.
Pow - er kills, it's all
f
CH.
the same. Down with
CH.
tyrants, down with ty - rants, down!
sim.
CH.
Too much pow - er kills the


CH.
brain. Man nev - er seems to
CH.
learn the game: Too much
CH.
pow - er kills the brain,
CH.
too much pow - er kills the

32

Out of the crowd of soldiers a tyrant's head is raised up on a pole. It is the head of MACBETH.

CH. brain!

(curtain)

End of Opera

D.G. 12/21/08