



Manga Classics®

A manga-style illustration featuring Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Macbeth, on the left, is depicted with blonde hair, a beard, and a crown, wearing a dark red robe with a white fur collar. Lady Macbeth, on the right, has long purple hair and is wearing a purple garment. A large, ornate sword with a blue hilt and a silver blade is positioned vertically between them. The background is a mix of red and white, with green thorny vines swirling around the characters. The overall style is dramatic and intense.

MACBETH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FULL ORIGINAL TEXT EDITION





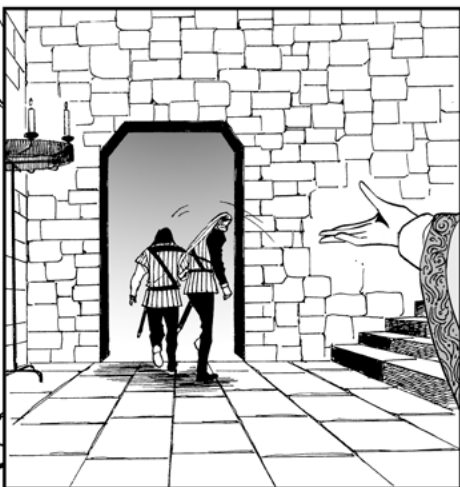
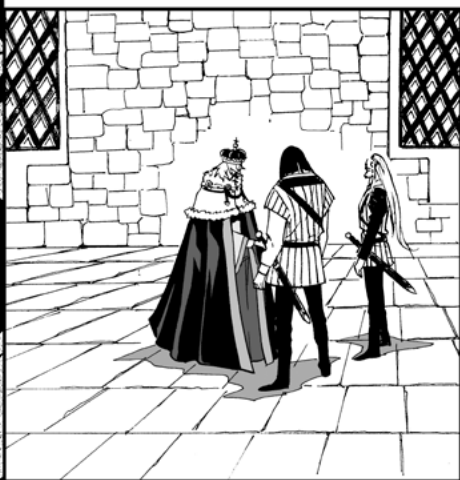
FAIR IS FOUL,
AND FOUL IS FAIR:


HOVER THROUGH
THE FOG AND
FILTHY AIR.

SHOOOOSH









IT IS
CONCLUDED:
BANQUO, THY SOUL'S
FLIGHT, IF IT FIND
HEAVEN, MUST FIND IT
OUT TONIGHT.



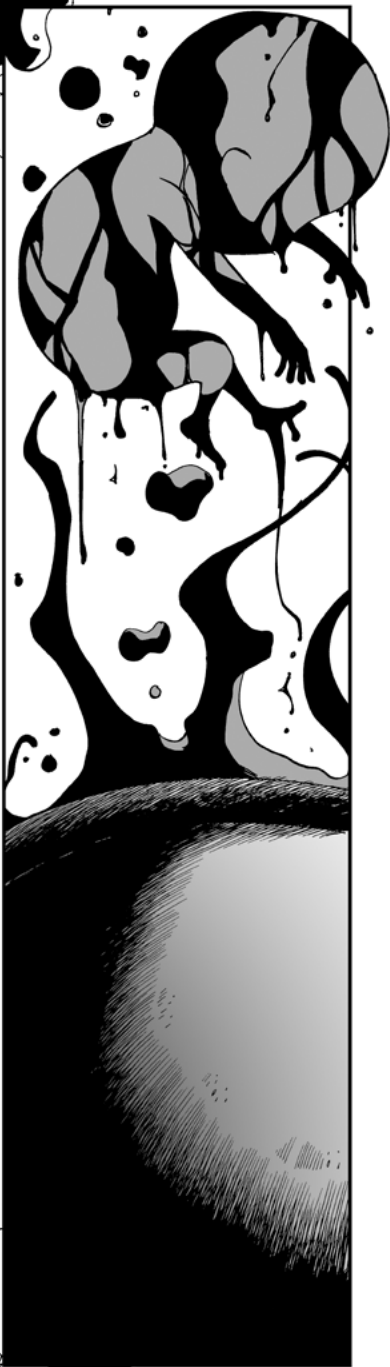
RESOLVE
YOURSELVES
APART; I'LL
COME TO YOU
ANON.




WE ARE
RESOLVED,
MY LORD.




I'LL
CALL UPON
YOU STRAIGHT:
ABIDE WITHIN.







HAD I THREE
EARS, I'D
HEAR THEE.




BE
BLOODY, BOLD;
AND RESOLUTE;
LAUGH TO SCORN THE
POWER OF MAN, FOR
NONE OF WOMAN
BORN SHALL HARM
MACBETH.



THEN LIVE,
MACDUFF:
WHAT NEED I
FEAR OF
THEE?



BUT
YET I'LL MAKE
ASSURANCE DOUBLE
SURE, AND TAKE A
BOND OF FATE:



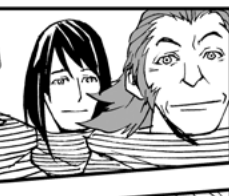
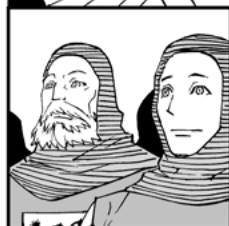
THOU SHALT NOT
LIVE; THAT I MAY TELL
PALE-HEARTED FEAR IT
LIES, AND SLEEP IN
SPITE OF THUNDER.




MACBETH!



MACBETH!





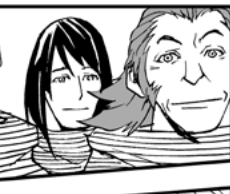
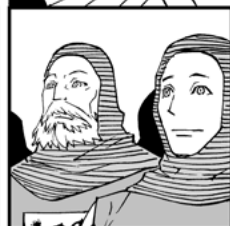
PRODUCING
FORTH THE CRUEL
MINISTERS OF THIS
DEAD BUTCHER AND HIS
FIEND-LIKE QUEEN, WHO,
AS 'TIS THOUGHT, BY
SELF AND VIOLENT
HANDS TOOK OFF
HER LIFE;

WHAT'S MORE
TO DO, WHICH
WOULD BE PLANTED
NEWLY WITH THE TIME,
AS CALLING HOME OUR
EXILED FRIENDS ABROAD
THAT FLED THE SNARES
OF WATCHFUL
TYRANNY;

THIS, AND
WHAT NEEDFUL
ELSE THAT CALLS
UPON US, BY THE
GRACE OF GRACE,
WE WILL PERFORM
IN MEASURE, TIME
AND PLACE.

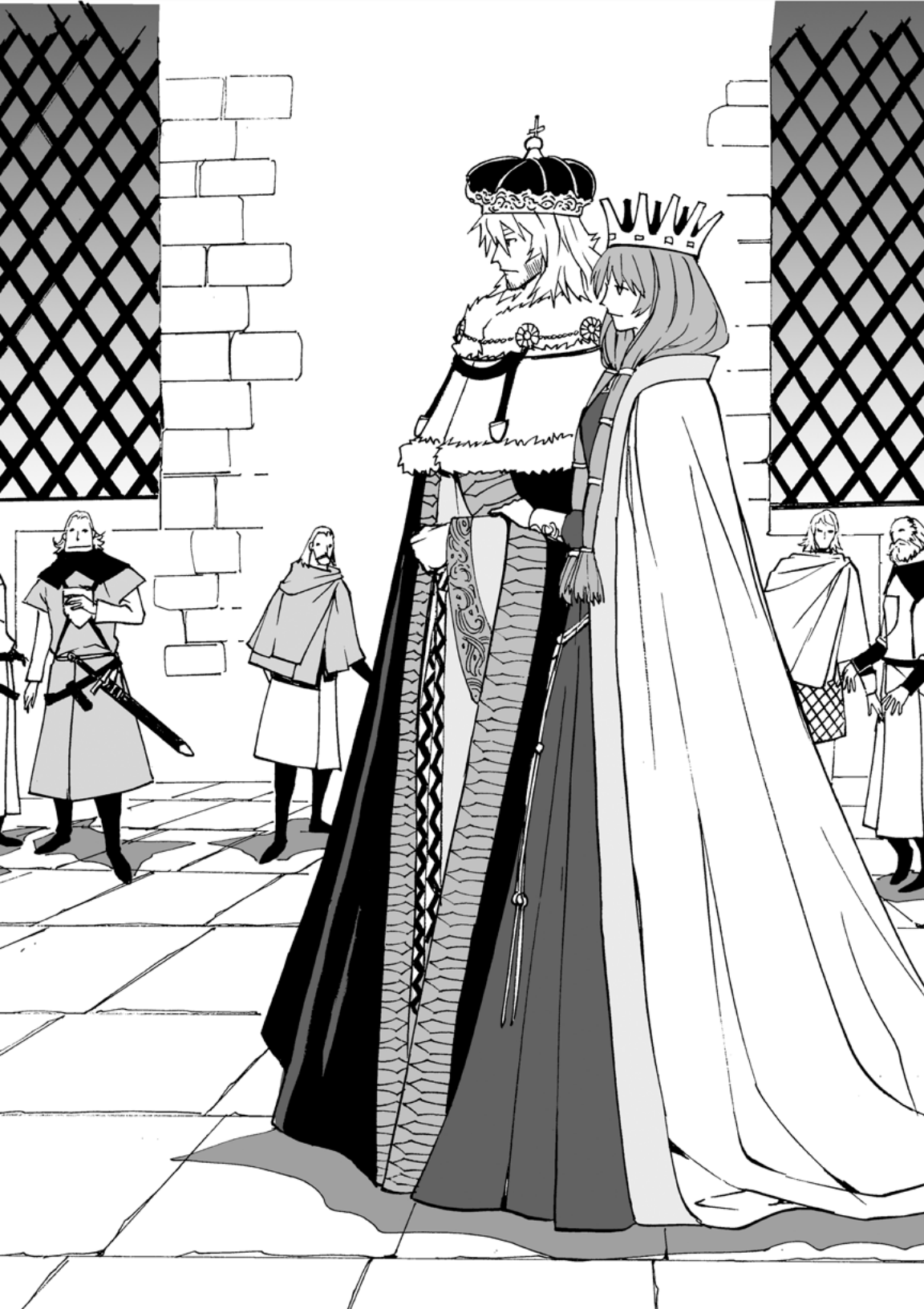


SO,
THANKS TO
ALL AT ONCE
AND TO EACH
ONE, WHOM WE
INVITE TO SEE US
CROWN'D AT
SCONE.

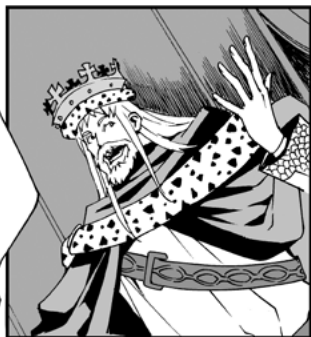
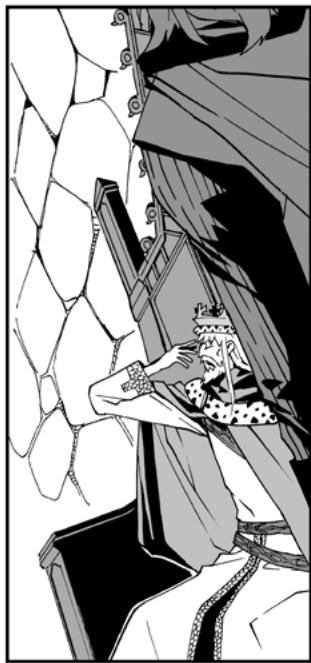
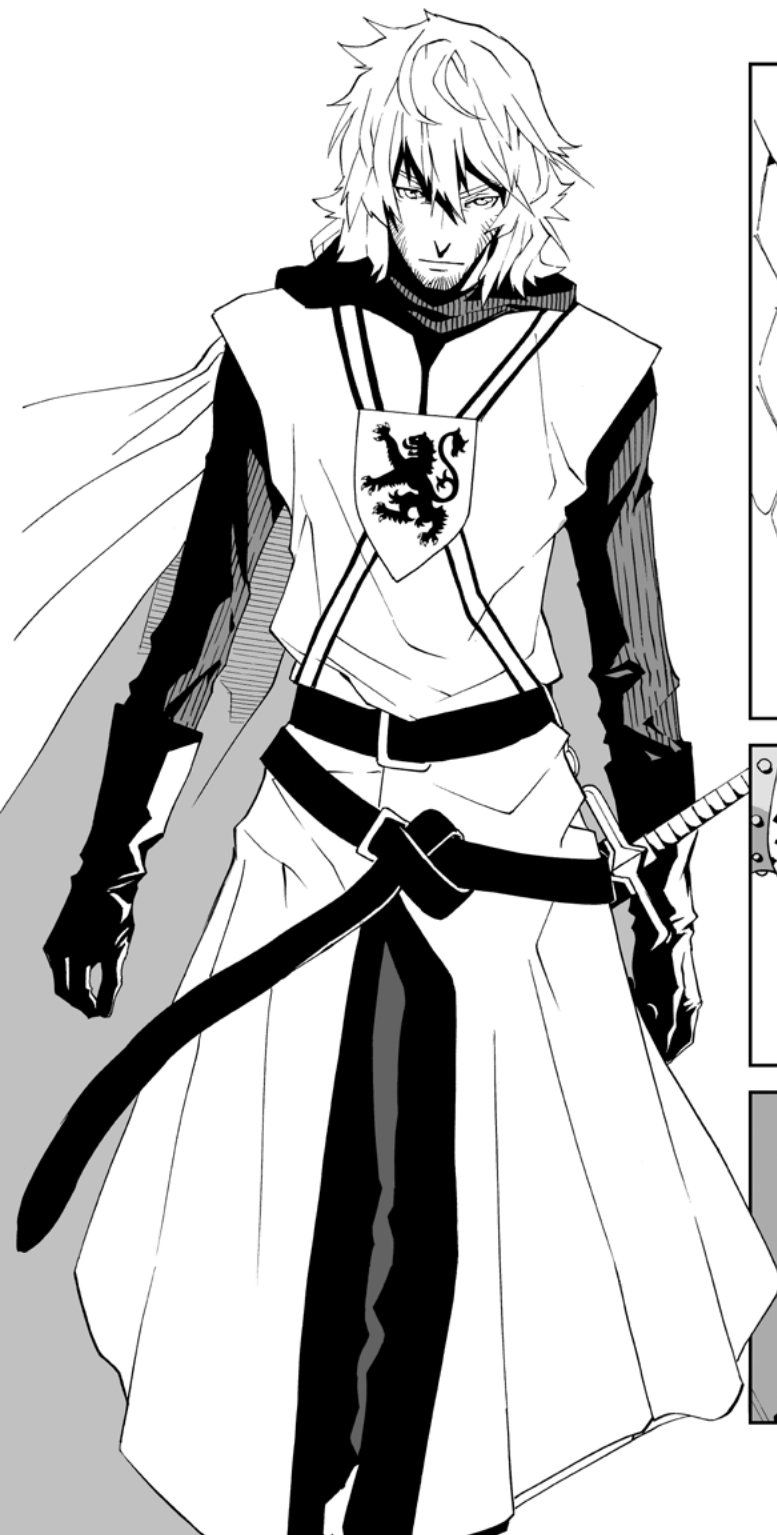














They met me in the day of success, and I have
learned by the perfectest report they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in
desire to question them further, they made themselves
air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred
me to the coming on of time with 'Hail,
King that shalt be!' This have I
thought good to deliver thee, my
dearest partner of greatness, that
thou mightst not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee.

Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.

Macbeth

