

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

William Shakespeare

Latter Months of 1623

Dramatis Personae

MACBETH
LADY MACBETH
BANQUOH
FLEANCE
KING MALCOLME
DONALBAIN
MACDUFF
LADY MACDUFF
MACDUFF'S SON
LENOX
ROSS
MENTEITH
ANGUS
CAITHNESS
SIWARD
YOUNG SIWARD
THREE WITCHES

Actus Primus.

Scoena Prima

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.

WHEN shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-Burley's done,
When the Battaile's loft, and wonne.

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath,

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

All. *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest fteate.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
as two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercileffe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroffes is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deferues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,

Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
but the Norweyan Lord, furueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Difmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say footh, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roffe.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Roffe. God saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Roffe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lawfull spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great hapineffe.

Roffe. That now, *Sveno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburfed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall decieue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,

And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Roffe. Ile fee it done.

King. What he hath loft, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beene, Sifter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my felfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loft,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre if't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are fo.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' felfe-fame tune and words: who's here?

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Roffe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' felfe-fame day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy felfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poft with poft, and euery one did beare
Thy prayfes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Roffe. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deferues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall folliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastically,
Shakes fo my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in fume,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your leysure

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:

Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Truft.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthyest Coufin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deferu'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing faye toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no lesse deferu'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deferuers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,

Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of succeffe: and I haue learn'd
by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then mortall
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they
made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from the King, who all-
hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward
Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time,
with haile King that shalt be. This haue I thought good to deli-
uer thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not
loose the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is
promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neereft way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Then would make vp his Meſſage.

Lady. Giue him tending,

He brings great newes.

Exit Meſſenger.

The Rauē himſelfe is hoarſe,

That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncan

Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full

Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,

Stop vp th' acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,

That no compunctious viſitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene

Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,

And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,

Where-euer, in your fightleſſe ſubſtances,

You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,

And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,

That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,

Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,

To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,

Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,

Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond

This ignorant preſent, and I feele now

The future in the inſtant.

Mach. My deareſt Loue,

Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Mach. To morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men

May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.

Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,

But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's coming,

Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put

This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,

Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,

Giue ſolely ſoueraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.

Mach. We will ſpeake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the reſt to me.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,

Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,

Roffe, Angus, and Attendants.