

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 fet 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 Rebelle, 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 smok'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 vnfeam'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 fwell: 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, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh affault.

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

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 Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

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

Ross. God saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himfelfe, with terrible numbers
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,

The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a difmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with felfe-comparifons,
Point againft Point, rebellious Arme 'gainft Arme,
Curbing his lauiſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great hapineſſe.

Roffe. That now, *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues compoſition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he diſburſed, 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 ſee it done.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, 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 ſelfe 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 loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, ſhew me.

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

Drum within.

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 i'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 ſo.

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 fantaſticall, 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. Leffer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not fo happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou fhalt 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 fuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And thefe 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 fuch things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the infane Root,
That takes the Reafon Prifoner?

Macb. Your Children fhall be Kings.

Banq. You fhall be King.

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

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 fucceffe: and when he reades
Thy perfonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which fhould be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reft o'th' felfe-fame day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afear'd of what thy felfe didft 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 fent,

To giue thee from our Royall Mafter 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 moft 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 loofe.
Whether he was combin'd with thofe 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 Treafons Capitall, confeff'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateft is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children fhall be Kings,
When thofe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promif'd no leffe 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 Darkneffe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeft Trifles, to betray's
In deepeft consequence.

Coufins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the fwelling 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 fucceffe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that fuggeftion,
Whofe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my feated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Prefent Feares
Are leffe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whofe Murther yet is but fantafticall,
Shakes fo my fingle ftate of Man,
That Function is smother'd in furmife,
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 vfe.

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.