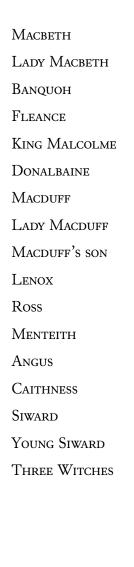
# THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

William Shakespeare

Latter Months of 1623

# Dramatif Personae



## Actus Primus.

#### Scoena Prima

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

- *I.* When shall we three meet againe? 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.
  - *I.* Where the place?
  - 2. Vpon the Heath,
  - 3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.
  - I. 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 feemth by his plight, of the Reuolt The newest state.

Cap. Doubtfull it flood, as two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together, And choake their Art: The mercilesse 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 Gallowgrosses 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 deserues that Name) Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele, Which smoak'd with bloody execution

(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paffage, Till hee fac'd the Slaue: Which neu'r shooke hands,nor bad farwell to him,

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 Coufin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection, Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders: So from that Spring, whence comfort feem'd to come, Difcomfort fwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No fooner Iuftice 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 supplyes of men, Began a fresh assault.

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

Cap. Yes,as Sparrows, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I fay 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 fmack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

*Lenox.* What a hafte lookes through hif eyes? So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God faue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fisse, 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 Conslict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude, The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great Hapinesse.

Rosse. 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*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

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

Exeunt.

### Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- I. Where hast thou beene, Sifter?
- 2. Killing Swine.
- 3. Sifter, where thou?
- I. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mouncht,& mouncht,and mouncht: giue me, quoth I.
  Aroynt thee,Witch,the rumpe-fed Ronyon Cryes. 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.
  - I. Th'art kinde.
  - 3. And I another.
- I. 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 af Hay: Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid: