

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

William Shakeſpeare

Latter Months of 1623

Dramatif Perfonae

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 flood,
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 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 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 vnfeam'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 seem'd to come,
Discomfort fwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No fooner 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 assault.

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

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, 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 froakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My gathes 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 faue 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 himfelfe, 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 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,Sifter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter,where thou?

1. 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 fayle,
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 af Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid: