

# THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

William Shakeſpeare

Latter Months of 1623

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## Dramatis Personæ

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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.

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## Scoena Prima

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*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 Battaille'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*

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## Scena Secunda

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*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 neweft 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 Rebels 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 paffage,  
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 swells: 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.* Difmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?

*Cap.* Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles;  
Or the Hare, the Lyon:  
If I fay footh, I muft 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 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* himfelfe, with terrible numbers  
Affifted by that most disloyall Traytor,  
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a difmall Conflict,  
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,  
Confronted him with selfe-comparifons,  
Point againft Point, rebellious Arme 'gainft Arme,  
Curbing his lawles spirit: and to conclude,  
The Victorie fell on vs.

*King.* Great Hapineffe.

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

*King.* No more that *Thane* of Cawdor fhall decieue  
Our bofome intereft: Goe pronounce his prefent death,  
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

*Roffe.* Ile fee it done.

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

*Exeunt.*

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### Scena Tertia.

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*Thunder. Enter the three Witchef.*

1. Where haft thou beene,Sifter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter,where thou?

1. A Saylors Wife had Cheftnuts 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 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 fhall neyther Night nor Day  
Hang vpon hif Pent-houfe Lid: