

MACBETH.

VOL. III.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
 MALCOLM, }
 DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*
 MACBETH, }
 BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
 MACDUFF, }
 LENOX, }
 ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
 MENTETH, }
 ANGUS, }
 CATHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*
 SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English*
Forces.
 YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*
 SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
 SON TO MACDUFF.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier. A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
 LADY MACDUFF.
 GENTLEWOMAN, *attending on Lady Macbeth.*
 HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE—In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England;
 through the rest of the Play, in Scotland;
 and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

- 1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
 2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's¹ done,
When the battle's lost and won.
 3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
 1 *Witch.* Where the place?
 2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
 3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
 1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*WITCHES vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near FORES.*

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with ATTENDANTS, meeting a bleeding SOLDIER.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state.

Tumult.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant,
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Soldier. Doubtfully it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses was supplied;²
 And fortune on him smil'd, but all too weak:
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Soldier. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Soldier. Yes;
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth,³ I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
 So they

² *i. e.* Supplied with light and heavy armed troops. ³ Truth.

MACBETH.

5

Doubly redoubled strokes upon 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 help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee, as thy
 wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
 [*Exit SOLDIER, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
 should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:

Till that Bellona's bridegroom,⁴ lapp'd in proof,⁵

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,

The victory fell on us;—

Duncan. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Duncan. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

⁴ Shakspeare means Mars.

⁵ Defended by armour of proof.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—

Give me, quoth I:

*Aroint thee,*⁶ *witch!* the rump-fed ronyon⁷ cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.⁸
 I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:⁹
 Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

⁶ Avaunt, begone.

⁷ A scurvy woman fed on offals.

⁸ Compass.

⁹ Accursed.

MACBETH.

7

3 *Witch*. A drum, drum ;
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters,¹ hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about ;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine :
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't call'd to Fores—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can ;—What are you?

1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
 Glamis!

2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
 Cawdor!

3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical,² or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having,³ and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt⁴ withal ; to me you speak not :
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear,
 Your favours, nor your hate.

¹ Prophetic sisters.

³ Estate.

² Supernatural, spiritual.

⁴ Abstracted.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis:
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[WITCHES *vanish.*]

Banquo. The earth has bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
 melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Banquo. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Banquo. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,

MACBETH.

9

He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,⁵
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Angus. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
 dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Angus. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Banquo. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

⁵ As fast as they could be counted.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting⁶
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise: and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Banquo. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth. If chance will have me king, why, chance
 may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Banquo. New honours come upon him
 Like our strange garments, cleave⁷ not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. Come what come may;
 Time and the hour⁸ runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour:⁹—my dull brain was
 wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Incitement.

⁸ Time and opportunity.

⁷ *i. e.* Which cleave not.

⁹ Pardon.