

Cambridge University Press  
978-1-108-00591-3 - Macbeth, Volume 19  
William Shakespeare  
Excerpt  
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**THE TRAGEDY OF  
MACBETH**

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## The Scene: Scotland and (in 4.3) England

### CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM }  
 DONALBAIN } *his sons.*

MACBETH, *at first a general, later King of Scotland.*

BANQUO, *a general.*

MACDUFF }  
 LENNOX }  
 ROSS } *noblemen of Scotland.*  
 MENTEITH }  
 ANGUS }  
 CAITHNESS }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SETON, *armour-bearer to Macbeth.*

*A Boy, son to Macduff.*

*A Captain.*

*A Porter.*

*An Old Man.*

*An English Doctor.*

*A Scotch Doctor.*

*Three Murderers.*

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

*A Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.*

*The Weird Sisters.*

HECATE.

*Apparitions.*

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

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## MACBETH

[1. 1.] *'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's done,  
 When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the 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!

2 *Witch.* Paddock calls.

3 *Witch.* Anon!

10

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*[they vanish in mist]*

[1. 2.] *A camp*

*'Alarum.'* *'Enter King' DUNCAN, 'MALCOLM, DONAL-  
 BAIN, LENNOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding  
 Captain'*

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

*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.

4

## MACBETH

1.2.7

*Captain.* Doubtful it stood,  
 As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
 And choke their art. . . The merciless Macdonwald  
 10 (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
 The multiplying villainies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles  
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,  
 And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,  
 Showed like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:  
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
 Which smoked with bloody execution,  
 Like Valour's minion carvéd out his passage,  
 20 Till he faced the slave;  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell  
 to him,  
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,  
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

*Duncan.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Captain.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come  
 Discomfort swells: mark, king of Scotland, mark!  
 No sooner justice had, with valour armed,  
 30 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,  
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men,  
 Began a fresh assault.

*Duncan.* Dismayed not this  
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

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

1. 2. 38

## MACBETH

5

So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, 40  
 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.

[attendants help him thence]

Who comes here?

'Enter Ross and ANGUS'

*Malcolm.* The worthy thane of Ross.

*Lennox.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So  
 should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king!*Duncan.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?*Ross.* From Fife, great king,

Where the Norway banners flout the sky, 50  
 And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,

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!*Ross.* That now 60

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

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[More information](#)

6

## MACBETH

I. 2. 63

Till he disburséd, at Saint 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 present death,  
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Duncan.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.  
[*they go*]

[I. 3.]

*A barren 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 chestnuts in her lap,  
 And munched, and munched, and munched: 'Give  
 me', quoth I.

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'th' Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

10 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

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

1 *Witch.* Th'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'th' shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day

20 Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

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1. 3. 22

## MACBETH

7

Weary sev'nights nine times nine  
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*'drum within'*

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum! 30  
 Macbeth doth come.

*They dance in a ring, whirling faster and faster*

*All*. The Weïrd Sisters, 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.

*[they stop suddenly, and a mist hides them*

*'Enter MACBETH and BANQUO'*

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

*Banquo*. How far is't called to Forres? [*the mist  
 thins*] What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire, 40  
 That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'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?

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8

## MACBETH

I. 3. 48

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

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

50 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'th' name of truth,  
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
 You greet with present grace and great prediction  
 Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt 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,

60 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
 Your favours nor your hate.

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!

[*the mist thickens*]

70 *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



1.3.76

## MACBETH

9

You owe this strange intelligence, or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
 With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

*[they disappear]*

*Banquo.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them: whither are they vanished? 80

*Macbeth.* Into the air; and what seemed corporal,  
 melted,

As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

*Banquo.* Were such things here as we do speak about?  
 Or have we eaten on 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 th' selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

*'Enter ROSS and ANGUS'*

*Ross.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
 The news of thy success: and when he reads 90

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make

Strange images of death. As thick as hail

Came post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And poured them down before him.

*Angus.* We are sent 100

To give thee from our royal master thanks,

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

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10

## MACBETH

I. 3. 104

*Ross.* 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 borrowed robes?

*Angus.* Who was the thane lives yet,

110 But under heavy judgment bears that life  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
 He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not;  
 But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,  
 Have overthrown him.

*(Macbeth.)* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:  
 The greatest is behind.—[*aloud*] Thanks for your  
 pains—

[*aside to Banquo*] Do you not hope your children shall  
 be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
 120 Promised 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's  
 In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

[*to Ross and Angus, who move towards him*  
*(Macbeth.)* Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act