

# THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

## by William Shakespeare

### Dramatis Personae

**Duncan**, King of Scotland.

**Malcolm** & **Donalbain**, his Sons.

**Macbeth** & **Banquo**, Generals of the King's  
Army.

**Macduff**, **Lennox**, **Ross**, **Menteith**, **Angus**, &  
**Caithness** : Noblemen of Scotland.

**Fleance**, Son to Banquo.

**Siward**, Earl of Northumberland, General of the  
English Forces.

**Young siward**, his Son.

**Seyton**, an Officer attending Macbeth.

**Boy**, Son to Macduff.

**An English Doctor** .

**A Scotch Doctor** .

**A Sergeant** .

**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 other Apparitions.

Scene.- Scotland; England.

## **Act I**

### **Scene I**

A desert place.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

#### **First Witch**

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

#### **Second Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

#### **Third Witch**

That will be ere the set of sun.

#### **First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**First Witch**

I come, Graymalkin!

**Second Witch**

Paddock calls.

**Third Witch**

Anon.

**All**

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

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene II**

A camp near Forres.

*Alarum within. Enter Duncan,  
Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with  
Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

### **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.

## **Sergeant**

Doubtful 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 kerns and gallowglasses is  
supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel  
smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's  
too weak:

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves  
that name —

Disdaining fortune, with his  
brandish'd steel,

Which smoked with bloody  
execution,

Like valour's minion carved out his  
passage

Till he faced the slave;  
Which 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!

## **Sergeant**

As whence the sun 'gins his  
reflection  
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 kerns to  
trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian 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?

## **Sergeant**

Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the  
lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they  
were

As cannons overcharged with  
double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the  
foe:

Except they meant to bathe in  
reeking wounds,

Or memorise 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 Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

## **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 camest thou, worthy thane?

## **Ross**

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, began a  
dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,  
lapp'd 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  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves  
composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of  
his men  
Till he disbursed 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.

*Exeunt.*

### **Scene III**

A heath near Forres.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

**First Witch**

Where hast thou been, sister?

**Second Witch**

Killing swine.

**Third Witch**

Sister, where thou?

## **First Witch**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her  
lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and  
munch'd: —

'Give me,' quoth I:

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

## **Second Witch**

I'll give thee a wind.

## **First Witch**

Thou'rt kind.

## **Third Witch**

And I another.

## **First Witch**

I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.  
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:  
Weary se'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.

## **Second Witch**

Show me, show me.

## **First Witch**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

*Drum within.*

## **Third Witch**

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

## **All**

The weird 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.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

## **Macbeth**

So foul and fair a day I have not  
seen.

## **Banquo**

How far is't call'd to Forres? 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 chappy 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?

## **First Witch**

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

## **Second Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

## **Third Witch**