



William Shakespeare

Macbeth



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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, his Son.

DONALBAIN, his Son.

MACBETH, General in the King's Army.

BANQUO, General in the King's Army.

MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland.

LENNOX, Nobleman of Scotland.

ROSS, Nobleman of Scotland.

MENTEITH, Nobleman of Scotland.

ANGUS, Nobleman of Scotland.

CAITHNESS, Nobleman of Scotland.

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland,
General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

BOY, Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scottish 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, in England;
through the rest of the Play, in Scotland;
and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.*

ACT I

Scene I AN OPEN 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.

[They leave.]

Scene II

A CAMP NEAR FORRES.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, 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.

SOLDIER

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 villainies 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 smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SOLDIER

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking 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 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, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
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 Captain, attended.]

[Enter Ross and Angus.]

Who comes here?

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 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.

[They leave.]

Scene III A HEATH.

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 mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.
"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,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th'art kind.

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