

# Macbeth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

# Macbeth

by William Shakespeare

Macbeth  
Shakespeare, William, 1564–1616

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# Macbeth

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## Dramatis Personæ

DUNCAN — King of Scotland

MALCOLM & DONALBAIN — Sons of Duncan

MACBETH & BANQUO — Generals of the King's Army

MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, &

CAITHNESS — Noblemen of Scotland

FLEANCE — Son of Banquo

SIWARD — Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces

YOUNG SIWARD — Son of Siward

SEYTON — an Officer attending Macbeth

Boy — Son of 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

# Macbeth

## ACT I

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## Act I. Scene I.

*A desert Heath.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

<i>Witch 1.</i>	When shall we three meet again In thunder, lightning, or in rain?	4
<i>Witch 2.</i>	When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.	
<i>Witch 3.</i>	That will be ere the set of sun.	
<i>Witch 1.</i>	Where the place?	8
<i>Witch 2.</i>	Upon the heath.	
<i>Witch 3.</i>	There to meet with Macbeth.	
<i>Witch 1.</i>	I come, Graymalkin!	
<i>Witch 2.</i>	Paddock calls.	12
<i>Witch 3.</i>	Anon.	
<i>All.</i>	Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. [ <i>Exeunt.</i>	

## Act I. Scene II.

A Camp near Forres.

*Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

<i>Dun.</i>	What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.	4
<i>Mal.</i>	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.	8
<i>Serg.</i>	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 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 chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.	12 16 20 24
<i>Dun.</i>	O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!	28
<i>Serg.</i>	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 Norway lord surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men	32 36



	Began a fresh assault.	
Dun.	Dismay'd not this	
	Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?	
Serg.	Yes;	40
	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	44
	Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:	
	Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,	
	Or memorize another Golgotha,	
	I cannot tell —	48
	But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.	
Dun.	So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;	
	They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.	
	[Exit. Sergeant, attended.	
	Enter ROSS.	52
	Who comes here?	
Mal.	The worthy Thane of Ross.	
Len.	What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look	
	That seems to speak things strange.	56
Ross.	God save the king!	
Dun.	Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?	
Ross.	From Fife, great king;	
	Where the Norway banners flout the sky	60
	And fan our people cold. Norway himself,	
	With terrible numbers,	
	Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,	
	The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;	64
	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,	68
	The victory fell on us. —	
Dun.	Great happiness!	
Ross.	That now	
	Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;	72
	Nor would we deign him burial of his men	
	Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,	

*Macbeth*

	Ten thousand dollars to our general use.	
<i>Dun.</i>	No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.	76
<i>Ross.</i>	I'll see it done.	
<i>Dun.</i>	What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [ <i>Exeunt.</i>	80

## Act I. Scene III.

A Heath.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

Witch 1.	Where hast thou been, sister?	
Witch 2.	Killing swine.	4
Witch 3.	Sister, where thou?	
Witch 1.	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.	8
	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.	12
Witch 2.	I'll give thee a wind.	
Witch 1.	Thou'rt kind.	
Witch 3.	And I another.	
Witch 1.	I myself have all the other; And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. I'll drain him dry as hay:	16
	Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his pent-house lid; He shall live a man forbid.	20
	Weary se'nnights nine times nine Shall he dwindle, peak and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tost.	24
	Look what I have.	28
Witch 2.	Show me, show me.	
Witch 1.	Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [ <i>Drum within.</i>	
Witch 3.	A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come.	32
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,	36

And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

40

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these,  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth, 44  
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, 48  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*Witch 1.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis! 52

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

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

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth, 56  
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, 60  
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,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 64  
Your favours nor your hate.

*Witch 1.* Hail!

*Witch 2.* Hail!

*Witch 3.* Hail! 68

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

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

*Witch 3.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! 72

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

*Macb.* 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, 76

	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 <i>vanish</i> .]	80
Ban.	The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?	84
Macb.	Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!	
Ban.	Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?	88
Macb.	Your children shall be kings.	
Ban.	You shall be king.	
Macb.	And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?	92
Ban.	To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?	
<i>Enter ROSS and ANGUS.</i>		
Ross.	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, He finds thee in the stout Norwegian 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 pour'd them down before him.	96 100
Ang.	We are sent To give thee from our royal master thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.	104 108
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.	112

<i>Ban.</i>	What! can the devil speak true?	
<i>Macb.</i>	The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me In borrow'd robes?	116
<i>Ang.</i>	Who was the thane lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help or vantage, or that with both He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, Have overthrown him.	120 124
<i>Macb.</i>	[ <i>Aside.</i> ] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind. [ <i>To ROSS and ANGUS.</i> ] Thanks for your pains. [ <i>To BANQUO.</i> ] 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?	128
<i>Ban.</i>	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.	132 136
<i>Macb.</i>	[ <i>Aside.</i> ] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen. [ <i>Aside.</i> ] This supernatural soliciting 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.	140 144 148 152

<i>Ban.</i>	Look, how our partner's rapt.	
<i>Macb.</i>	[ <i>Aside.</i> ] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, Without my stir.	156
<i>Ban.</i>	New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use.	160
<i>Macb.</i>	[ <i>Aside.</i> ] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	
<i>Ban.</i>	Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.	
<i>Macb.</i>	Give me your favour: 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.	164 168
<i>Ban.</i>	Very gladly.	
<i>Macb.</i>	Till then, enough. Come, friends. [ <i>Exeunt.</i>	172