

# MACBETH

William Shakespeare



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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#### ABOUT SHAKESPEARE:

William Shakespeare (baptised 26 April 1564 – died 23 April 1616) was an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon" (or simply "The Bard"). His surviving works consist of 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and several other poems. His plays have been translated into every major living language, and are performed more often than those of any other playwright. Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18 he married Anne Hathaway, who bore him three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592 he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part owner of the playing company the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others. Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1590 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories, genres he raised to the peak of sophistication and artistry by the end of the sixteenth century. Next he wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, considered some of the finest examples in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights. Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime, and in 1623 two of his former theatrical colleagues published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognised as Shakespeare's. Shakespeare was a respected poet and playwright in his own day, but his reputation did not rise to its present heights until the nineteenth century. The Romantics, in particular, acclaimed Shakespeare's genius, and the Victorians hero-worshipped Shakespeare with a reverence that George Bernard Shaw called "bardolatry". In the twentieth century, his work was repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are consistently performed and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world. Source: Wikipedia

ALSO AVAILABLE ON FEEDBOOKS SHAKESPEARE:

- [\*Romeo and Juliet\*](#) (1597)
- [\*Hamlet\*](#) (1599)
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- [\*Othello\*](#) (1603)
- [\*The Merchant of Venice\*](#) (1598)
- [\*Much Ado About Nothing\*](#) (1600)
- [\*King Lear\*](#) (1606)
- [\*The Taming of the Shrew\*](#) (1594)
- [\*The Comedy of Errors\*](#) (1594)

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## 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 worthythane 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, worthythane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
With terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
Thethane 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'nnights 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

All hail, Macbeth, thou 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, 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,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

## FIRST WITCH

Hail!

## SECOND WITCH

Hail!

## THIRD WITCH

Hail!

## FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

## SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

## THIRD WITCH

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

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:  
By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? thethane 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 hath 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 stay'd!

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