

世界经典文学名著原版库

# THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

《麦克佩斯》

北京师联教育科学研究所 编



学苑音像出版社

图书在版编目( CIP )数据

世界经典文学名著原版库/北京师联教育科学研究所编. —北京 :学苑音像出版社 2005. 3

ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

I. 世... II. 北... III. 世界文学—文学—名著 :英文 IV. I299 - 3

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字( 2005 )第 187966 号

世界经典文学名著原版库  
北京师联教育科学研究所 编

---

出 版 :学苑音像出版社

印 刷 :北京密云红光印刷厂

开 本 850mmx1168mm 1/16

印 张 2800

字 数 43 000 千字

版 次 2005 年 4 月第 1 版

印 数 1 - 5 000

书 号 :ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

定 价 5800.00 元( 全 290 册 )

## THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

by William Shakespeare

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland

MACBETH, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, a general in the King's army

LADY MACBETH, his wife

MACDUFF, Thane of Fife, a nobleman of Scotland

LADY MACDUFF, his wife

MALCOLM, elder son of Duncan

DONALBAIN, younger son of Duncan

BANQUO, Thane of Lochaber, a general in the King's army

FLEANCE, his son

LENNOX, nobleman of Scotland

ROSS, nobleman of Scotland

MENTEITH nobleman of Scotland

ANGUS, nobleman of Scotland

CAITHNESS, nobleman of Scotland

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces

YOUNG SIWARD, his son

SEYTON, attendant to Macbeth

HECATE, Queen of the Witches

The Three Witches

Boy, Son of Macduff

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

An English Doctor

A Scottish Doctor

A Sergeant

A Porter

An Old Man

The Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murtherers, Attendants,

and Messengers

SCENE: Scotland and 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.

ALL. Paddock calls. Anon!

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 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 smoked with bloody execution,  
Like Valor'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 valor 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,  
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 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 honor 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 Norweyan 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. 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 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 penthouse 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-toss'd.

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 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?

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, that 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 favors 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 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  
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. You shall be King.

MACBETH. And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO. To the 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

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' the selfsame day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afeard 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 defense,

And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS. We are sent

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

ROSS. And for an earnest of a greater honor,

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 borrow'd robes?

ANGUS. Who was the Thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgement 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 labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH. [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus] 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  
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO. [Aside to Macbeth.] 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.

MACBETH. [Aside.] Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme-I thank you, gentlemen.  
[Aside.] 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.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. [Aside.] If chance will have me King, why, chance may  
crown me  
Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH. [Aside.] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH. Give me your favor; 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 chanced, and at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come, friends. Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Lennox, and Attendants.

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

MALCOLM. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH. The service and the loyalty lowe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties, and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing everything  
Safe toward your love and honor.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labor

To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires.  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.                      Exit.

DUNCAN. True, worthy Banquo! He is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.  
It is a peerless kinsman.                      Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

LADY MACBETH. "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending;

He brings great news.

Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, your murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

MACBETH. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. And when goes hence?

MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH. We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH. Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Before Macbeth's castle. Hautboys and torches.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,

Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air