



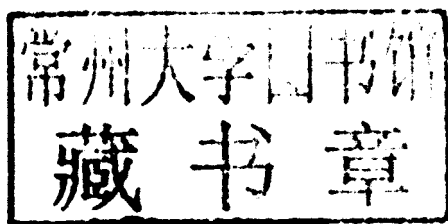
MACBETH

There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face.

William Shakespeare

MACBETH

William Shakespeare



William Shakespeare (1564—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." His extant works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Macbeth is Shakespeare's shortest tragedy, and is considered one of his darkest and most powerful tragedies. It tells the story of a brave Scottish general named Macbeth who receives a prophecy from a trio of witches that one day he will become King of Scotland. Consumed by ambition and spurred to action by his wife, Macbeth murders King Duncan and takes the throne for himself. He is then wracked with guilt and paranoia, and he soon becomes a tyrannical ruler as he is forced to commit more and more murders to protect himself from enmity and suspicion. The bloodbath and consequent civil war swiftly take Macbeth and Lady Macbeth into the realms of arrogance, madness, and death.

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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, Banquo's son

Lennox, nobleman of Scotland

Ross, nobleman of Scotland

Menteith, nobleman of Scotland

Angus, nobleman of Scotland

Caithness, nobleman of Scotland

Seyward, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces

Young Seyward, 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.

1st witch. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2nd witch. When the hurly-burly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

3rd witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1st witch. Where the place?

2nd witch. Upon the heath.

3rd witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1st witch. I come, Gray-Malkin.

2nd witch. Paddock calls.

3rd 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.

Mal. 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.

Ser. 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!

Ser. 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 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?

Ser. 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 barren heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1st witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd witch. Killing swine.

3rd witch. Sister, where thou?

1st 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.

2nd witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1st witch. Thou'rt kind.

3rd witch. And I another.

1st 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.

2nd witch. Show me, show me.

1st witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3rd witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

They dance in a ring.

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.

They stop.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. 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.

Mac. Speak, if you can. What are you?

1st witch. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2nd witch. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3rd 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.

1st witch. Hail!

2nd witch. Hail!

3rd witch. Hail!

1st witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. 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.

The witches vanish.

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. 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?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Mac. 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 self-same 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?

Mac. 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.

Mac. [*Aside*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. 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