

# Macbeth

## 1.3

*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 munched, and munched, and munched. `Give  
me,' quoth I.

`Aroint thee, witch,' the rump-fed runnion cries.      5

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.      10

**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      15

I'th' shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid.

He shall live a man forbid.      20

Weary sennights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his barque cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

Look what I have.

**SECOND WITCH**      Show me, show me.      25

**FIRST WITCH**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

*Drum within*

**THIRD WITCH**

A drum, a drum±±  
Macbeth doth come.

**ALL** *(dancing in a ring)*

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.

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*Enter Macbeth and Banquo*

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**BANQUO**

How far is't called to Forres?±±What are these,  
So withered, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th'inhabitants o'th' earth  
And yet are on't?±±Live you, or are you aught 40  
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** *(to the Witches)* Speak, if you can. What are you? 45

**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? *(To the Witches)* I'th'  
name of truth, 50  
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. 55  
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! 60

**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. 65

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, 70

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 75

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 vanished?

**MACBETH**

Into the air, and what seemed corporal

Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed. 80

**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? 85

**BANQUO**

To th' self-same 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' sight  
His wonders and his praises do contend 90  
Which should be thine or his; silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail 95  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And poured them down before him.

**ANGUS** (to Macbeth) We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight, 100  
Not pay thee.

**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.

**BANQUO** What, can the devil speak true? 105

**MACBETH**

The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me  
In borrowed robes?

**ANGUS** Who was the thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined 110  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH** (aside) Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor.

The greatest is behind. (*To Ross and Angus*) Thanks for  
your pains. 115

(*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** That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange, 120  
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.

(*To Ross and Angus*) Cousins, a word, I pray you. 125

**MACBETH** (*aside*) Two truths are told  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. (*To Ross and Angus*) I thank  
you, gentlemen.

(*Aside*) This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill, 130  
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 135  
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 smothered in surmise, and nothing is 140  
But what is not.

**BANQUO** (*to Ross and Angus*) Look how our partner's rapt.

**MACBETH** (*aside*)  
If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown  
me  
Without my stir.

**BANQUO** (*to Ross and Angus*) New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

**MACBETH** (*aside*) Come what come may, 145  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

**BANQUO**

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

**MACBETH**

Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. (*To Ross and Angus*) Kind  
gentlemen, your pains

Are registered where every day I turn 150

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.

(*Aside to Banquo*) Think upon what hath chanced, and  
at more time,

The interim having weighed it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

**BANQUO** Very gladly.

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**MACBETH**

Till then, enough. (*To Ross and Angus*) Come, friends.

*Exeunt*