

THREE WITCHES

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly'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.

THREE WITCHES & MACBETH

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

ALL A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak.

SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH

Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths
Or from our masters'.

MACBETH Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH

Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderers' gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL Come high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

BANQUO

BANQUO

Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
 As the Weïrd Women promised, and I fear
 Thou played'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity,
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

MACBETH & BANQUO

MACBETH

Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO Let your Highness
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 Forever knit.

MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice
 (Which still hath been both grave and
 prosperous)
 In this day's council, but we'll take tomorrow.
 Is 't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twi't this and supper. Go not my horse the
 better,
 I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH

Adieu,
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
 And so I do commend you to their backs.
 Farewell.

ROSS & DUNCAN

ROSS

God save the King.

DUNCAN

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king,
 Where the Norway 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, lapped 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 Norway's king, craves composition.
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men
 Till he disbursèd 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.

ROSS & LADY MACDUFF

LADY MACDUFF

What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none.

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS

My dearest coz,

I pray you school yourself. But for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much
further;

But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move—I take my leave of you.
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.

LADY MACDUFF

Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

MALCOLM AND MACDUFF

MALCOLM

Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new
sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

MALCOLM

What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have loved him
well.

He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but
something

You may deserve of him through me, and
wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.

MACDUFF

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon.

That which you are, my thoughts cannot
transpose.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

MACBETH & LADY M

MACBETH

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept
since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was 't,
then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their
fitness

now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as
you
Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail—

LADY MACBETH

We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail.

LADY M & DOCTOR & GENTLEWOMAN

DOCTOR

How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN

Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command.

DOCTOR

You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN

Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR

What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two. Why then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

No

more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR

Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.