

# MACBETH

By

William Shakespeare

Act 1, Scene 3



SCENE. 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 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 defence,  
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 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?

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 judgment 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 labour'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.

[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:  
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]

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 horrors 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 favour: 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)