

# MACBETH

By

William Shakespeare

Act 4, Scene 1



SCENE. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

(Thunder. Enter the three Witches)

First Witch

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch

Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

(Enter HECATE to the other three Witches)

HECATE

O well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains;  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Live elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.  
Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' & c

(HECATE retires)

Second Witch  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

(Enter 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:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
To what I ask you.

First Witch  
Speak.

Second Witch  
Demand.

Third Witch  
We'll answer.

First Witch  
Say, if thou'dst 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 murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

ALL  
Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!  
Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

MACBETH  
Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch  
He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

(Descends)

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one  
word more,—

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.

(Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child)

Second Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

(Descends)

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

(Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand)

What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

ALL  
Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition  
Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

(Descends)

MACBETH  
That will never be  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL  
Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

(Hautboys)

First Witch

Show!

Second Witch

Show!

Third Witch

Show!

ALL

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!  
A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF  
BANQUO following

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.

(Apparitions vanish)

What, is this so?

First Witch

Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

(Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE)

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

(Enter LENNOX)

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

(Macduff is fled to England.)

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are.

(Exeunt)