THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

Bitesize Theatre Co., 8 Green Meadows, New Broughton, Wrexham, LL11 6SG
MACBETH


ACT 1 SCENE 1

Q2  Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches (1, 2 & 3)

1 When shall we three meet againe?
   In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

Q3 2 When the Hurley-burley’s done,
   When the Battaile’s lost, and wonne.

3 That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1 Where the place?

2 Upon the Heath.

3 There to meet with Macbeth.

All Faire is foule, and foule is faire,
   Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Exeunt

SCENE 2

Q4  Alarum within. Enter King Duncan & Malcolm. Enter Lenox with a bleeding Captain.

King  What bloody man is that?

Malcolm  This is the Serjeant,
   Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
   'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend;
   Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
   As thou didst leave it.

Captain  Doubtfull it stood,
   As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
   And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald

Q5  From the Westerne Isles
   With Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
   Shew’d like a Rebells Whore: but all’s too weake:
   For brave Macbeth ( well hee deserves that Name )
   Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
   Which smoak’d with bloody execution
   Carv’d out his passage, till hee fac’d the Slave:
   Which nev’r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
   Till he unseam’d him from the Nave to th’ Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Captain Marke King of Scotland, marke,  
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

King Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquoh ?

Captain They but doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe:  
But I am faint, My Gashes cry for helpe.

King So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,  
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.  
Who comes here ?

Malcolm The worthy Thane of Rosse.  
What a haste lookes through his eyes ?

Ross God save the King.

King Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane ?

Ross From Fiffe, great King,  
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,  
And fanne our people cold.  
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,  
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,  
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,  
The Victorie fell on us.

King No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,  
And with his former Title greet Macbeth.

Ross Ile see it done.

King What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

Exeunt

SCENE 3
Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macbeth So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

Banquo What are these, So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre, That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th'Earth, And yet are on't ? Live you, or are you aught That man may question ? you seeme to understand me, By each at once her choppie finger laying
Upon her skinnie Lips.

**Macbeth**

Speake if you can: what are you ?

1. All hale **Macbeth**, haile to thee **Thane** of Glamis.

2. All hale **Macbeth**, haile to thee **Thane** of Cawdor.

4. All hale **Macbeth**, that shalt be King hereafter.

**Banquo**

Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare Things that doe sound so faire ? 'ith' name of truth Are ye fantastical ? My Noble Partner You greet with present Grace, and great prediction That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not. If you can looke into the Seedes of Time, Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

4. Hayle.

1. Lesser then **Macbeth**, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happyer.

4. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none: So all hale **Macbeth**, and **Banquo**.

1. **Banquo**, and **Macbeth**, all haile.

**Macbeth**

Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more: By **Sinellis** 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 beleefe. Say from whence you owe this strange Intellegence. Speake, I charge you.  

**Witches vanish**

**Banquo**

Whither are they vanish'd ?

**Macbeth**

Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall, Melted, as breath into the Winde. Would they had stay'd.

**Banquo**

Were such things here, as we doe speake about ?