

THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH

By *William Shakespeare*

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

MACBETH

Q1 *Preshow. House lights on. When Audience seated. House lights off. Fade sound.*

ACT 1 SCENE 1

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

1 WHen shall we three meet again?
 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 mercillesse **Macdonwald**
Q5 From the Westerne Isles
 With Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebels 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 Norway 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 ?

Exit Lenox & Captain.

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

Enter Ross. Exit

Malcolm

Ross God save the King.

King Whence cam'st thou, worthy **Thane** ?

Ross From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norway 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

Q6 *Thunder. Enter the three Witches (1,2 & 4)*

Q7 1 Where hast thou beene, Sister ?

2 Killing Swine.

4 Sister, where thou?

1 A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th'**Tiger**:
But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2 Ile give thee a Winde.

4 And I another.

Q8 1 I my selfe have all the other,
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall live a man forbid:
Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Drum within.

4 A Drumme, a Drumme :
Macbeth doth come.

All The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

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 haile **Macbeth**, haile to thee **Thane** of Glamis.

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

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

Banquo Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire ? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall ? 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 haile **Macbeth**, and **Banquo**.

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

Macbeth Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By **Sinells** 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 ?