Original version

Act 1. Scene 3

A heath near Forres. Thunder. Enter 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.

Modern version

Act 1. Scene 3

A heath near Forres. Thunder. Enter three Witches

FIRST WITCH
Where have you been, sister?

SECOND WITCH
Killing pigs.

THIRD WITCH
Sister, where have you been?

FIRST WITCH
A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her lap, And munch’d, and munch’d, and munch’d:— ‘Give me,’ I said: ‘Clear off, witch!’ the fat-bummed creature cries. Her husband’s gone to Aleppo, captain of the Tiger: But in a sieve I’ll sail there, And, like a rat without a tail, I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

SECOND WITCH
I’ll give you wind.

FIRST WITCH
You are kind.

THIRD WITCH
I’ll give you more.

FIRST WITCH
I have everything else I need, I know all the ports they enter, All the places that they know Using a sailor’s compass.
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 sound

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 [to the audience]
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 [to the audience]
Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.
(to Ross and Angus) I thank you, gentlemen.

(to the audience)
This supernatural soliciting

ANGUS
The man who was the thane still lives;
But he has been sentenced to death
And that is what he deserves. Whether
he joined
The Norwegian army, or just helped the rebels
With secret advice and information, or did both
He certainly took a part in his country's destruction;
He has confessed to treason
And that means he will be executed.

MACBETH [to the audience]
Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest prediction is next.

To ROSS and ANGUS
Thanks for your trouble.

To BANQUO
Do you not hope your children will be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO
If all that is true then you
Might yet be thrust towards the crown,
As well the thane of Cawdor. But it is strange:
Often, to trick us into our downfall,
The devil's servants tell us truths,
Win us with honest gifts, only to betray us
With direst consequences.
(to Angus and Ross) Friends, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [to the audience]
Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the exciting prospect
Of becoming king as well.
(to Ross and Angus) I thank you, gentlemen.

(to the audience)
This business of taking advice from witches
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 [to the audience]
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 [to the audience]
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.

Exit
Act 3. Scene 1

Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO

BANQUO
Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most fouly 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.

Sennet sounds. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants

MACBETH
Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH
To-night 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
For ever 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 to-morrow.
Is’t far you ride?

BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
’Twixt 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
We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow’d
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: 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;
Makes me happy to obey you forever.

MACBETH
Are you going out riding this afternoon?

BANQUO
Yes, my good lord.

MACBETH
If you hadn’t been, then I would have asked your advice -
Which has always been very sensible and useful -
About important matters; but it can wait til tomorrow.
Are you riding far?

BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Between now and supper: unless my horse is faster than usual,
I won’t be back until an hour or two after dark.

MACBETH
Make sure you’re back for our feast.

BANQUO
My lord, I will be.

MACBETH
I hear, the old king’s murdering sons have settled
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, but telling ridiculous Lies: but more of that to-morrow,
When defending our country will make it vital for both
Of us to talk about those matters. Hurry to your horse: goodbye,
Till you return tonight. Is Fleance going with you?

BANQUO
Yes, my good lord. We’d better get going.

MACBETH
Have a safe journey.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Act 1 Scene 3</strong> and <strong>Act 3 Scene 1</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Exit BANQUO</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Let every man be master of his time</td>
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<td>Till seven at night: to make society</td>
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<td>The sweeter welcome, we will keep our self</td>
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<td>Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!</td>
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<td><strong>Exit all but MACBETH, and an attendant</strong></td>
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<td>Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men</td>
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<td>Our pleasure?</td>
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<td>They are, my lord, without the palace gate.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MACBETH</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring them before us.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Exit Attendant</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>To be thus is nothing;</td>
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<tr>
<td>But to be safely thus—Our fears in Banquo</td>
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<td>Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature</td>
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<td>Reigns that which would be fear’d: 'tis much he dares;</td>
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<td>And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,</td>
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<tr>
<td>He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour</td>
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<td>To act in safety. There is none but he</td>
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<td>Whose being I do fear: and, under him,</td>
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<td>My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,</td>
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<td>Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters</td>
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<td>When first they put the name of king upon me,</td>
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<td>And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like</td>
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<td>They hail’d him father to a line of kings:</td>
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<td>Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,</td>
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<td>And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,</td>
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<td>Thence to be wrench’d with an unlineal hand,</td>
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<td>No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,</td>
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<td>For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind;</td>
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<td>For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d;</td>
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<td>Put rancours in the vessel of my peace</td>
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<tr>
<td>Else’s son. If that is how it’s going to be,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Then I have tormented myself for the sake of Banquo’s children;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I murdered the noble Duncan for them;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruined my own peace of mind</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list.
And champion me to the utterance! Who’s there!

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Exit Attendant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER
It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH
Well then, now
Have you consider’d of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass’ed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross’d,
the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say ’Thus did Banquo.’

FIRST MURDERER
You made it known to us.

MACBETH
I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell’d
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow’d you to the grave
And beggar’d yours for ever?
FIRST MURDERER
We are men, my liege.

MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER
I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER
And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg’d with fortune,
That I would set my lie on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on’t.

MACBETH
Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS
True, my lord.
MACBETH
So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER
We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER
Though our lives--

MACBETH
Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on' t; for' t must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS
We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH
I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

Exit Murderers
| It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  |
| If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. |

*Exit*