MACBETH 1

# Act I, Scene III

**Macbeth**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**Banquo**

How far is’t call to Forres? *[Enter Witches]* What are these,

So withered 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, that shalt be king hereafter.

MACBETH 2

# Act I, Scene V

**Lady Macbeth**

‘They met me in the day of success, and I

Have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in

Them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire

To question them further, they made themselves air, into

Which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder

Of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me

‘Thane of Cawdor;’ by which title, before, these Weird

Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of

Time with ‘Hail, king that shalt be.’ This have I thought

Good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,

That thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being

Ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to

Thy heart, and farewell.’

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

What thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature.

It is too full o’th milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,

Art not without ambition, but without

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou’dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries’ Thus thou must do’ if thou have it,

And that which rather thou dost fear to do

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And chastise, with the valor of my tongue,

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crowned withal.

MACBETH 3

# Act I, Scene VII

**Macbeth**

If it were done when ‘tis done, then ‘twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success, that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here --

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We’d jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here -- that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips. He’s here in double trust --

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murdered shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe

Striding the blast, or heaven’s cherubim horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o’erlaps itself

And falls on the other…

MACBETH 4

# Act II, Scene II

**Lady Macbeth**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark, peace.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern’st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

**Macbeth**

*[Within]* Who’s there? What, ho.

**Lady Macbeth**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And ‘tis not done. The attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. Hark. I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss ‘em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done’t.

*[Enter Macbeth]*

My husband.

**Macbeth**

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

**Lady Macbeth**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

# Source

Paradigm Education, LLC. (n.d.). My Macbeth. https://myshakespeare.com/macbeth/