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Introduction

In the year 1040, Macbeth and Banquo, two victorious generals, meet three mysterious witches on a heath in Scotland. The witches predict that Macbeth will one day be King of Scotland. They tell Banquo that his sons will also sit on the throne.

Urged on by his wife, Macbeth kills King Duncan and is declared king. Fearing the second part of the witches' prophecy, Macbeth has Banquo killed. When Duncan's son Malcolm raises an army to oppose Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, tormented by guilt, commits suicide. Macbeth is then killed by Macduff, and Malcolm is crowned king.





— Cast of Characters ② —

DUNCAN King of Scotland

MALCOLM and **DONALBAIN** His sons

MACBETH General in the king's army

BANQUO General in the king's army

LENOX, ROSS, MACDUFF, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH

Noblemen of Scotland

FLEANCE Son of Banquo

SIWARD: Earl of Northumberland, General of the

English Forces

YOUNG SIWARD His son

SEYTON An officer attending on Macbeth

BOY Son to Macduff

An **ENGLISH DOCTOR**, a **SCOTTISH DOCTOR**, a **SOLDIER**,

a **PORTER**, an **OLD MAN**

LADY MACBETH

LADY MACDUFF Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

THREE WITCHES

LORDS, GENTLEMEN, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MURDERERS,

ATTENDANTS, and MESSENGERS

The **GHOST OF BANQUO** and **SEVERAL OTHER APPARITIONS**



ACT 1

Summary

Scotland is at war. Near a battlefield, three witches meet during a storm. They plan to greet Macbeth, one of the Scottish generals, before the setting of the sun. Meanwhile, a soldier comes to King Duncan with a report about the battle. He speaks of Macbeth's great bravery on the field. To reward Macbeth for this, Duncan gives him the title Thane of Cawdor.

That evening, the three witches use this title when they greet Macbeth. They surprise him by predicting that he will soon be king. They also tell Banquo, another general, that he will be the father of many kings. Later, King Duncan, his sons Malcolm and Donalbain, along with Banquo and other lords, go to Inverness, Macbeth's castle, for a visit. In her wish to be queen, Lady Macbeth encourages her husband to kill Duncan.





Scene 1

(An open place. Thunder and lightning. **Three witches** enter.)

WITCH 1: When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, in lightning, or in rain?

WITCH 2: When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

WITCH 3: Before the setting of the sun.

WITCH 1: Where shall we meet?

WITCH 2: On the heath.

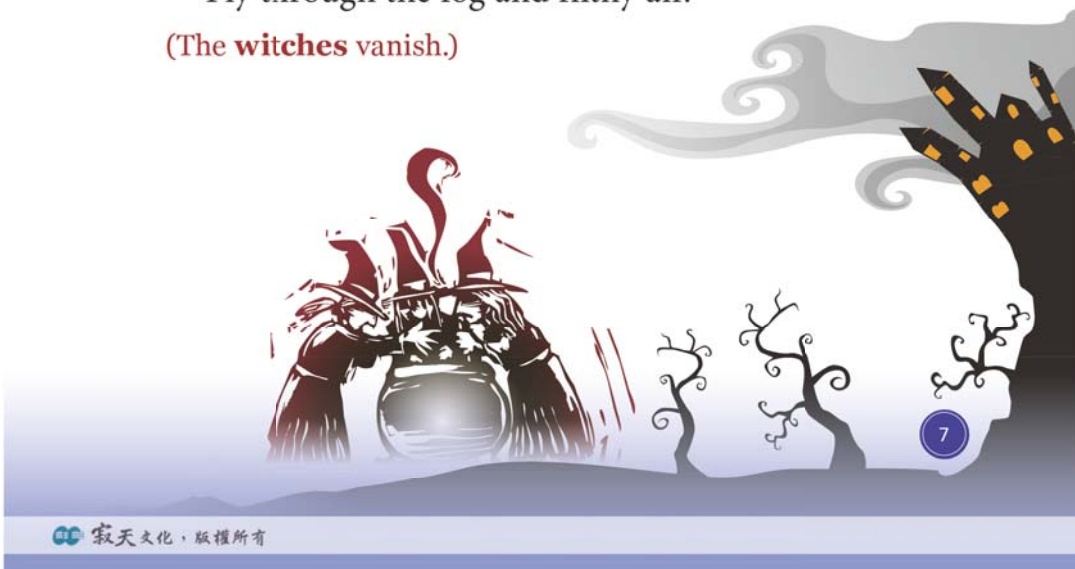
WITCH 3: There we will meet with Macbeth.

WITCH 1: Let's go home for now.

ALL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair—

Fly through the fog and filthy air.

(The **witches** vanish.)





Scene 2

(A camp near Forres. Alarms are heard offstage. **King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Lennox** enter, with **attendants**. They meet a bleeding **soldier**.)

DUNCAN: What bloody man is that?

From the way he looks, he can tell us
How the battle is going.

MALCOLM: This is the man

Who fought against my capture.
(*to the soldier*): Hail, brave friend!
How is the battle going?

SOLDIER: Macbeth's sword smoked as he

Carved out his passage through the battle!
Finally he faced the villain Macdonald.
He didn't shake hands or say farewell.
Instead, he cut him from belly to jaws
And placed his head high on the castle
walls.

DUNCAN: Oh, brave and worthy cousin!

SOLDIER: Then problems came from the east.

Listen, King of Scotland, listen!
When the rebels started to run, the
Norwegian lord saw an advantage.





With fresh arms and new supplies of men,
He launched a new attack.

DUNCAN: Didn't this dismay
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SOLDIER: Yes—like a sparrow dismays an eagle
Or a hare dismays a lion!
They were, my king,
Like cannons with double charges!
For each stroke by the enemy,
They gave back two.
But I am faint. My wounds cry out!

DUNCAN: Your words and your wounds
Both tell of your honor.
(to the attendants): Go, get him doctors.

(The soldier exits, with attendants.)

(to Malcolm): Who comes here?

MALCOLM: The worthy thane of Ross.

(Ross enters.)

ROSS: God save the king!

DUNCAN: Where were you, worthy thane?

ROSS: In Fife, great king,
Where Norwegian flags fill the sky
And chill our people with fear.



The King of Norway himself, leading
many men, began a battle.
He was helped by that most disloyal
traitor, the Thane of Cawdor.
At last, Macbeth, dressed in armor,
Challenged him with greater strength.
Point for point, arm against arm,
Macbeth wore him down. In the end,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN: Great happiness!

ROSS: Now, Sweno, Norway's king,
Wants to surrender.
We forbade him to bury his men
Until he paid us \$10,000.

DUNCAN: Never again shall the
Thane of Cawdor betray us!
Go see to his instant death,
And greet Macbeth with his former title.

ROSS: I'll see it done.

DUNCAN: What he has lost, noble Macbeth has
won.

(All exit.)





Scene 3

(A heath near Forres. Thunder. The **three witches** enter. A drum is heard offstage.)

WITCH 1: A drum, a drum!

Macbeth does come.

ALL: The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Travelers over sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
Three times to yours, three times to mine,
And three times again, to make up nine.
That's it! The charm's wound up.

(**Macbeth** and **Banquo** enter.)

MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not
seen.

BANQUO: How far is it to Forres?
(*He sees the witches.*) What are these
creatures, so withered
And so wild in their clothing?
They do not look like inhabitants
Of the earth, and yet they are on it.

MACBETH: Speak, if you can. What are you?



WITCH 1: Hail, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis!

WITCH 2: Hail, Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor!

WITCH 3: Hail, Macbeth, who shall be king
hereafter!

BANQUO: Why do you draw back, Macbeth?

Why fear what sounds so fair?

(to the witches): In the name of truth,

Are you fantasies, or are you indeed

What you seem to be? You greet

My noble partner with fair predictions

About his future. You say he will have

Noble possessions and royal rank.

Why do you not speak to me?

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 begs nor
fears your favors nor your hate.

WITCH 1: Hail!

WITCH 2: Hail!

WITCH 3: Hail!

WITCH 1: Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

