

Act 1 scenes 1 and 2

No Fear Shakespeare – Macbeth (by SparkNotes)

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Original Text

Modern Text

Act 1, Scene 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

5 That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH

10 Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH

Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

Thunder and lightning. Three WITCHES enter

FIRST WITCH

When should the three of us meet again? Will it
be in thunder, lightning, or rain?

SECOND WITCH

We'll meet when the noise of the battle is over,
when one side has won and the other side has
lost.

THIRD WITCH

That will happen before sunset.

FIRST WITCH

Where should we meet?

SECOND WITCH

Let's do it in the open field.

THIRD WITCH

We'll meet Macbeth there.

*The WITCHES hear the calls of their spirit friends
or "familiars," which look like animals—one is a
cat and one is a toad.*

FIRST WITCH

(calling to her cat) I'm coming, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH

My toad, Paddock, calls me.

THIRD WITCH

(to her spirit) I'll be right here!

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Let's fly away through
the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Act 1, Scene 2

Alarum within. Enter KING

DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with
attendants, meeting a bleeding **CAPTAIN**

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
5 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

CAPTAIN

Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together

*Sounds of a trumpet and soldiers fighting
offstage. KING DUNCAN enters with his
sons MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, LENNOX,
and a number of attendants. They meet a
wounded and bloody CAPTAIN.*

DUNCAN

Who is this bloody man? Judging from his
appearance, I bet he can tell us the latest news
about the revolt.

MALCOLM

This is the brave sergeant who fought to keep me
from being captured. Hail, brave friend! Tell the
king what was happening in the battle when you
left it.

CAPTAIN

For a while you couldn't tell who would win. The
armies were like two exhausted swimmers

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Original Text

- And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
15 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
20 Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

Modern Text

clinging to each other and struggling in the water, unable to move. The villainous rebel Macdonwald was supported by foot soldiers and horsemen from Ireland and the Hebrides, and Lady Luck was with him, smiling cruelly at his enemies as if she were his whore. But Luck and Macdonwald together weren't strong enough. Brave Macbeth, laughing at Luck, chopped his way through to Macdonwald, who didn't even have time to say good-bye or shake hands before Macbeth split him open from his navel to his jawbone and stuck his head on our castle walls.

DUNCAN

My brave relative! What a worthy man!

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

CAPTAIN

- 25 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
30 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN

- 35 Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
40 Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

Exit CAPTAIN with attendants

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

- 45 Who comes here?

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX

CAPTAIN

But in the same way that violent storms always come just as spring appears, our success against Macdonwald created new problems for us. Listen to this, King: as soon as we sent those Irish soldiers running for cover, the Norwegian king saw his chance to attack us with fresh troops and shiny weapons.

DUNCAN

Didn't this frighten our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN

The new challenge scared them about as much as sparrows frighten eagles, or rabbits frighten a lion. To tell you the truth, they fought the new enemy with twice as much force as before; they were like cannons loaded with double ammunition. Maybe they wanted to take a bath in their enemies' blood, or make that battlefield as infamous as Golgotha, where Christ was crucified, I don't know. But I feel weak. My wounds must be tended to.

DUNCAN

Your words, like your wounds, bring you honor.
Take him to the surgeons.

The CAPTAIN exits, helped by attendants.

ROSS and ANGUS enter.

Who is this?

MALCOLM

The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX

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Original Text

What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Modern Text

His eyes seem frantic! He looks like someone with a strange tale to tell.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

ROSS

God save the king.

DUNCAN

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
50 And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
55 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition.
60 Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
65 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Where have you come from, worthy thane?

ROSS

Great king, I've come from Fife, where the Norwegian flag flies, mocking our country and frightening our people. Leading an enormous army and assisted by that disloyal traitor, the thane of Cawdor, the king of Norway began a bloody battle. But outfitted in his battle-weathered armor, Macbeth met the Norwegian attacks shot for shot, as if he were the goddess of war's husband. Finally he broke the enemy's spirit, and we were victorious.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

So now Sweno, the Norwegian king, wants a treaty. We told him we wouldn't even let him bury his men until he retreated to Saint Colme's Inch and paid us ten thousand dollars.

DUNCAN

The thane of Cawdor will never again betray me. Go announce that he will be executed, and tell Macbeth that Cawdor's titles will be given to him.

ROSS

I'll get it done right away.

DUNCAN

The thane of Cawdor has lost what the noble Macbeth has won.

Exeunt

They all exit.

Act 1, Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the 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,

Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.

FIRST WITCH

Where have you been, sister?

SECOND WITCH

Killing pigs.

THIRD WITCH

And you, sister?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and

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Original Text

5 And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me,"

quothe I.

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronnion cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

10 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,

15 And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' th' shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

20 Hang upon his penthouse lid.

He shall live a man forbid.

Weary sev'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

Modern Text

munched away at them. "Give me one," I said.

"Get away from me, witch!" the fat woman cried.

Her husband has sailed off to Aleppo as master

of a ship called the *Tiger*. I'll sail there in a kitchen

strainer, turn myself into a tailless rat, and do

things to him—

SECOND WITCH

I'll give you some wind to sail there.

FIRST WITCH

How nice of you!

THIRD WITCH

And I will give you some more.

FIRST WITCH

I already have control of all the other winds, along

with the ports from which they blow and every

direction on the sailor's compass in which they

can go. I'll drain the life out of him. He won't catch

a wink of sleep, either at night or during the day.

He will live as a cursed man. For eighty-one

weeks he will waste away in agony.