

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Macbeth*

ACT 1.1, 1.3

*Three Witches, Macbeth, Banquo*

### **First Witch**

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

### **Second Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

### **Third Witch**

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**

Where hast thou been, sister?

**Second Witch**

Killing swine.

**Third Witch**

Sister, where thou?

**First 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**

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?

**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**

My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction  
to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
Speak then to me.

**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**

Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

Into the air; Would they had stay'd!  
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. That trusted home might  
yet inkindle 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.

## **MACBETH**

Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.