

## McHam extracts

### Three Witches

1<sup>st</sup> Witch     When shall we three meet again?  
                  In thunder, lightning or in rain?  
2<sup>nd</sup> Witch     When the hurley-burly's done.  
                  When the battle's lost and won.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Witch     That will be ere the set of sun.  
1<sup>st</sup> Witch     Where the place?  
2<sup>nd</sup> Witch     Upon the heath.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Witch     There to meet with Macbeth.  
All             Fair is foul and foul is fair.  
                  Hover through the fog and filthy air.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Witch     A drum, a drum,  
                  Macbeth doth come. *(They exit)*

*(Enter Bernardo and Horatio)*

Bernardo     Who's there?  
Horatio      Nay, answer me.  
Bernardo     Long live the king. Get thee to bed.  
Horatio      For this relief, much thanks.  
Bernardo     What, has the thing appeared again tonight?  
Horatio      Peace, break thee off - look where it comes again.  
Bernardo     Looks it not like the king?  
Horatio      By heaven I charge thee, speak!  
Bernardo     'Tis here.  
Horatio      'Tis there.  
Bernardo     'Tis gone. Let us impart what we have seen tonight  
                  Unto young Hamlet. *(They exit)*

*(Enter Macbeth and Banquo and the witches)*

Macbeth     So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
Banquo      What are these so withered and so wild in their attire  
                  That look not like the inhabitants of the earth And yet are on  
                  it?  
Macbeth     Speak, if you can. What are you?  
1<sup>st</sup> Witch     All hail, Macbeth. Hail to thee, Thane of Glam is.  
2<sup>nd</sup> Witch     All hail, Macbeth. Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Witch     All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter.  
Banquo      Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear your favours, nor your hate.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Witch     Thou shalt get kings though thou be none.  
                  So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.  
2<sup>nd</sup> Witch     Banquo and Macbeth, all hail. *(The witches vanish)*  
Macbeth     Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
Banquo      Whither are they vanished?  
Macbeth     Into the air. Let not light see my black and deep desires.

*(Exit Macbeth and Banquo. Enter Claudius, Gertrude and Hamlet)*

Claudius    Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
                  The memory be green, our sometime sister, now our Queen

Have we taken to wife (*he takes Gertrude's hand*)  
 But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son...  
 Hamlet A little more than kin, and less than kind. (*Claudius and Gertrude exit*)  
 Hamlet O that this too too solid flesh would melt!  
 That it should come to his – but two months dead!  
 So loving to my mother: Frailty, thy name is woman!  
 Married with mine uncle, my father's brother.  
 The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth.  
 The marriage tables. (*Enter Horatio*)  
 Hamlet Tis very strange.  
 Horatio Armed, my lord –  
 A countenance more in sorrow than in anger  
 Hamlet My father's spirit in arms? All is not well.  
 Would the night were come.

*Enter Lady Macbeth and Macbeth*

Lady Macbeth (*reading a letter*) This have I thought good to deliver thee,  
 My dearest partner of greatness.  
 Glamis though art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature:  
 It is too full of the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the hearest way. Hie thee hither...  
 Come you spirits  
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here  
 And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
 Of direst cruelty (*Enter Macbeth*)  
 Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter (*they embrace*)  
 Macbeth Duncan comes here tonight.  
 Lady M And when goes hence?  
 Macbeth Tomorrow, as he prupses.  
 Lady M O never  
 Shall sun that morrow see.  
 Mabeth We will speak further.

*(Exit Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Hamlet and Horatio enter)*

Horatio Look, my lord, it comes. (*The ghost enters*)  
 Hamlet Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark  
 Alas, poor ghost.  
 Ghost I am thy father's spirit,  
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.  
 Hamlet Murder?  
 Ghost The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
 Now wears his crown.  
 Hamlet O my prophetic soul! Mine uncle? (*Ghost exits*)  
 There are more things in heaven and earth  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
 Hereafter I shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on.  
The time is out of joint. O cursed spite  
That ever I was born to set it right (*he exits*)

*(Enter Macbeth and Lady Macbeth)*

Macbeth      If it were done when t'is done, t'were well it were done quickly.  
We will proceed no further with this business.

Lady M        And live a coward in thine own esteem  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would',  
Like the poor cat i'the adage?  
But screw your courage to that sticking place  
And we'll not fail.

Macbeth      Is this a dagger which I see before me  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not and yet I see thee still. (*A bell sounds*)  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. (*Macbeth exits*)

*(Enter Polonius and Ophelia enter)*

Polonius      How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophelia        My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber, Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced,  
no hat upon his head, pale as his short, his knees knocking each other, and with a look so piteous, he  
comes before me.

Polonius      Mad for thy love?  
I have found the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy (*enter Hamlet*)  
Look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.  
What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet        Words, words, words.

Polonius      Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.

Hamlet        I am mad north northwest: when the wind is southerly  
I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Polonius      The actors are come hither, my lord (*he exits*)

Hamlet        We'll hear a play tomorrow  
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions.  
The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.  
(Pause)  
To be or not to be (*Ophelia enters*)  
That is the question –

Ophelia      My lord...

Hamlet        Get thee to a nunnery!