

Shakespeare | Macbeth

Reclam XL Englisch | Text und Kontext

William Shakespeare

Macbeth

Herausgegeben von Lutz Walther

Reclam

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MALCOLM } *His Sons.*

MACBETH }
BANQUO } *Generals of the King's Army.* 5

MACDUFF }
LENOX }
ROSSE } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH } 10
ANGUS }
CATHNESS }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the*
English Forces. 15

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

BOY, *Son to Macduff.*

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

A SCOTTISH DOCTOR. 20

A SOLDIER.

A PORTER.

AN OLD MAN.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF. 25

GENTLEWOMAN *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

1 **Dramatis Personæ**: list of characters. | 10 **nobleman**: aristocrat. |

14 **earl**: *Graf*. | 17 **to attend on s.o.**: to serve s.o. | 22 **porter**: doorman. |

26 **gentlewoman**: woman who serves a lady of higher rank.

[HECATE.]

THREE WITCHES.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.*

5 *The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.*

*Scene: In the end of the Fourth Act, in England; through the
rest of the play, in Scotland.*

1 **Hecate** ['hekæt]: Greek goddess of witchcraft who is able to communicate with the dead. | 4 **attendant**: servant. | 5 **apparition**: image of a dead person, ghost.

Act I

Scene 1

An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

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.

5

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH. Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH. Anon!

10

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt.

3 **hurlyburly**: tumult, chaos. | 5 **ere** (arch.): before. | 6 **heath**: *Heide*. |

8 **Graymalkin**: grey cat. | 9 **paddock**: *Kröte*. | 10 **anon**: now, immediately. |

12 **to hover**: to move slowly through the air. | **filthy**: here: foggy. |

[Regie] **exeunt** (Lat.): they leave (the stage).

Scene 2

A camp.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, 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
'Gainst my captivity. – Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

5

CAPTAIN. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

10

[Regie] **alarum** (arch.): alarm. | 2 **plight**: condition, situation. | 3 **sergeant** [ˈsɑːˈdʒənt]: a member of the middle ranks in the army (*Feldweibel*). | 4 **hardy**: not afraid. | 5 '**gainst**: against. | **captivity**: being in prison. | **hail**: hello, welcome. | 6 **broil**: battle. | 8 **spent**: here: tired. | 9 **to choke s.o.'s art**: to frustrate s.o., here: to discontinue swimming by choking each other. | 12 **to swarm upon s.o.**: to come to s.o. (many at the same time). | **western isles**: the Hebrides, which used to belong to Norway. | 13 **Kern**: lightly-armed Irish foot-soldier. | **Gallowglass**: Irish horse-soldier armed with an axe. | **to be supplied**: here: to get help from other soldiers. | 14 **Fortune**: *Fortuna* (the Roman goddess of good luck).

Show'd like a rebel's **whore**: but all's too weak; 15
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining Fortune, with his **brandish'd steel**,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like **Valour's minion**, carv'd out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the **slave**; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he **unseam'd** him from the **nave** to th'**chops**,
 And fix'd his head upon our **battlements**.

DUNCAN. O **valiant** cousin! worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN. As whence the sun 'gins his **reflection**, 25
Shipwrecking storms and **direful** thunders break,
 So from that spring, whence **comfort** seem'd to come,
 Discomfort **swells**. **Mark**, King of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these **skipping** Kernes to **trust** their **heels**,
 But the **Norwegian** Lord, **surveying** **vantage**, 31
 With **furbish'd** arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh **assault**.

15 **to show**: to appear. | **whore**: prostitute. | 17 **to disdain s.o.**: to have no respect for s.o. | **brandish'd steel**: *geschwungener Stahl* (i.e. a sword). | 19 **Valour** ['vælə']: personification of courage. | **minion**: darling. | **to carve s.th. out**: *etwas formen, gestalten*. | 20 **slave**: i.e. Macdonwald. | 22 **to unseam s.th.**: to cut s.th. open (*eine Naht auftrennen*). | **nave** (arch.): navel: *Nabel*. | **chops** (pl.): here: beard on the cheeks. | 23 **battlements** (pl.): top of a castle wall. | 24 **valiant**: brave. | 25 **'gins**: begins. | **reflection**: here: spring equinox, when day and night are of equal length. | 26 **to shipwreck**: to shipwreck: to destroy a ship at sea. | **direful**: awful. | 27 **comfort**: here: comfortableness. | 28 **to swell**: to grow. | **to mark**: here: to pay attention. | 30 **to compel s.o.**: to force s.o. | **skipping**: here: light-footed (to skip = to jump). | **to trust one's heels**: to take to one's heels (i.e. to run away). | 31 **Norwegian** (arch.): Norwegian. | **to survey s.th.**: here: to see s.th. | **vantage** (arch.): advantage. | 32 **to furbish s.th.**: to polish s.th. | 33 **assault**: attack.

DUNCAN. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

ROSSE. From Fife, great King,

Where the Norweyan 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, lapp'd 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!

ROSSE. That now 60

Sweno, the Norway's King, craves composition;

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 65

Our bosom interest. – Go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

49 **Fife**: country on the east coast of Scotland. | 50 **to flout s.th.**: to disrespect s.th. | 51 **to fan**: to blow (wind, air). | 54 **dismal**: dark, with a bad meaning. | 55 **Bellona**: Roman goddess of war. | **bridegroom**: man who is getting married. | **lapp'd in proof**: *in kampferprobter Rüstung*. | 56 **to confront s.o.**: to face s.o. | **self-comparison**: here: equal strength and ability. | 58 **to curb s.th.**: to limit s.th. | **lavish**: here: wild; wasteful. | 61 **to crave s.th.**: to long for s.th. | **composition**: treaty, agreement. | 62 **to deign s.o. s.th.**: here: to allow s.o. s.th. | 63f. **to disburse s.th. to s.o.**: to pay s.o. with s.th. | 63 **Saint Colme's Inch**: island in the Firth of Forth (today Inchcolm). | 66 **bosom** ['bʊzəm]: here: dearest. | **to pronounce s.th.**: to announce s.th.

ROSSE. I'll see it done.

DUNCAN. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt.

Scene 3

A heath.

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,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

'Give me,' quoth I: –

'Aroynt thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

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

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

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. Th'art kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

4 **chestnut**: *Kastanie*. | **lap**: *Schoß*. | 5 **to mounch** (arch.): to munch (i.e. to eat noisily). | **quoth** (arch.): said. | 6 **aroynt thee** (arch.): piss off, get lost. | **rump-fed**: fat. | **ronyon** (vulg.): *Schlampe*. | 7 **Tiger**: name of a ship. | 8 **sieve**: *Sieb* (witches were believed to sail in bottomless boats). | 9 **rat ... tail**: witches sometimes had bodily defects.

All the quarters that they know
I'th shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

THIRD WITCH. A drum! a drum! 30
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, 35
And thrice again, to make up nine
Peace! – the charm's wound up.
Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

16 **quarter**: here: direction. | 17 **shipman's card**: compass, map. | 18 **to drain s.o.**: to take all the blood from s.o. | **hay**: dried grass. | 20 **penthouse lid** (fig.): eyelid. | 21 **forbid**: damned. | 22 **weary**: tired. | 23 **to dwindle**: to become less and smaller. | **to peak**: to waste away. | **to pine**: to feel sad; to long for s.o./s.th. | 24 **bark**: barque: sailing ship. | 25 **tempest-tost**: thrown up and down by a storm. | 28 **pilot**: guide on a ship (*Lotse*). | 32 **Weird Sisters** ['weɪɹə'd]: Sisters of Fate. | 33 **poster** (arch.): traveller. | 35 **thrice**: three times. | 37 **charm**: magic spell. | **to wind s.th. up** (fig.): to get s.th. ready.

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

BANQUO. How far is't call'd to Forres? – What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you ought
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, 45
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. 50

BANQUO. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? – I'th'name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction 55
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,

39 **Forres**: town in Scotland. | 40 **to wither**: to dry up. | **attire**: clothes. |
42 **ought**: anything. | 44 **choppy**: with cracked skin. | 45 **skinny**: thin. |
46 **beard**: bearded women were said to be witches. | 51 **to start**: to move or
jump suddenly, as if afraid. | 55 **grace**: honour, title. | 57 **rapt**: delighted. |
withal (arch.): with it. | 58 **seed**: *Samen*.

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, 60
Your favours nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 65

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. 70

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 75
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. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, 79
And these are of them. – Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had
stay'd!

BANQUO. Were such things here, as we do speak about,

70 **imperfect**: unfinished. | 71 **Sinel**: Macbeth's father. | 73 **prosperous**: successful. | 74 **prospect**: possibility. | 76 **to owe s.o. s.th.**: *jdm. etwas verdanken*. | **intelligence**: news. | 77 **blasted**: wasted, dry. | 78 **to charge s.o.**: here: to order s.o. | [Regie] **to vanish**: to disappear. | 81 **corporal**: corporeal: bodily.

Or have we eaten on the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner? 85

MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO. You shall be King.

MACBETH. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO. To th'selfsame tune, and words. Who's here?
Enter Rosse and Angus.

ROSSE. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success; and when he reads 90
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o'th'selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 95
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS. We are sent, 100
 To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

ROSSE. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: 105
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane,
 For it is thine.

84 **on:** of. | **insane root:** plant causing madness. | 90 **to read:** here: to consider. | 92 **to contend:** to compete. | 95 **stout:** here: strong. | 96 **afeard** (arch.): afraid. | 97 **hail:** *Hagel*. | 102 **to herald s.o.:** to accompany s.o. | 104 **earnest:** taste of what is to come. | 106 **addition:** here: title.

In deepest consequence. –
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [*aside*]. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen. –
[*Aside*.] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: –
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, 135
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, 140
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH [*aside*]. If Chance will have me King, why,
Chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honours come upon him, 145
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

128 **swelling act**: developing drama. | 129 **imperial**: royal. | 130 **soliciting**: urging. | 131 **ill**: bad. | 134 **to yield**: to give in, to accept s.th. | 135 **horrid**: horrible. | 136 **seated**: sitting firmly. | 139 **whose**: in which. | **murther** (arch.): murder. | 140 **state of man**: human condition. | 141 **to smother s.th.**: *etwas ersticken*. | **surmise**: speculation. | 144 **Chance**: fate. | 145 **stir**: acting. | 146 **to cleave to s.th.**: to stick to s.th. | **mould**: form.

MACBETH [*aside*]. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH.

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought 150

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. – Let us toward the King. –

[*To Banquo.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at

more time,

The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speak 155

Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough. – Come, friends.

Exeunt.

Scene 4

Forres. A room in the palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Or not

Those in commission yet return'd?

MALCOLM. My Liege,

They are not yet come back; but I have spoke

149 **to stay upon s.o.'s leisure**: to be at s.o.'s command. | 150 **favour**: goodwill. | **wrought** (arch.): pp. of to work; here: troubled. | 155 **interim**: meantime. | [Regie] **flourish**: trumpet signal. | 2 **to be in commission**: to be ordered to do s.th. | **Liege** [li:dʒ]: lord.

Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. – Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. – Sons, kinsmen, Thanes, 35
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. – From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful 45
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

28 **to plant s.o.:** to feed s.o. | 31 **to infold s.o.:** to give s.o. a hug. | 33 **plenteous:** many. | 34 **wanton:** extravagant. | 35 **kinsman:** relative. | 37 **estate:** i.e. royal position. | 39 **Prince of Cumberland:** title for the next Scottish king. | 42 **Inverness:** town where Macbeth's castle is located. | 45 **harbinger:** *Quartiermeister*.

MACBETH [*aside*].

The Prince of Cumberland! – That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
Exit.

DUNCAN. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed; 55
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene 5

Inverness. A room in Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

LADY MACBETH. 'They met me in the day of success; and I
have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into
which they vanish'd. [5] Whiles I stood rapt in the won-
der of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd

49 **to overleap**: to jump across. | 52 **to wink** (fig.): *blinzeln*; here: to refuse to look at s.th. | 54 **full** (adv.): entirely. | 55 **commendation**: recommendation, praise. | 58 **peerless**: better than all the others. | 3 **mortal**: dead. | 6 **missive** (arch.): messenger.

me, “Thane of Cawdor”; by which title, before, these Weïrd Sisters saluted me, and referr’d me to the coming on of time, with “Hail, King that shalt be!” This have I thought good [10] to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might’st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis’d thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.’

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be 15

What thou art promis’d. – 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, 20

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, 25

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown’d withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings? 30

12f. **dues of rejoicing** (pl.): *Anteil an der Freude*. | 20 **illness**: here: weakness, fault. | 25 **to hie o.s.:** to hurry. | 27 **to chastise s.o.** [ˈtʃæstəɪz]: to punish s.o. | 28 **to impede s.o.:** to stop s.o. | 29 **metaphysical**: supernatural. | 30 **tidings** (pl.): news.