

Macbeth Thurs 7th January

L.O. To be able to draw on a range of reading skills to decode archaic language and understand a piece of older literature.

Read Act 1 Scene 3.

What strategies could we use to decode and understand the text?

phonic strategies

analogies of other words to decode

Words ending in **ed** - stress the last syllable e.g. *Accursed be the tongue that tells me so.*

would be said:

*Accurse-**ed** be the tongue that tells me so.*

This to keep the rhythm of each line as Shakespeare wrote much of his plays in verse.

Whereas:

And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold enough!" cannot be pronounced dam-ned because the rhythm would be lost.

Today, we are going to explore Act 1 Scene 3.

You are going to read Shakespeare's version first, then use the other versions to gain a deeper understanding of the text.

L.O. Use a range of reading skills to decode archaic language and understand a piece of older literature.

Read Act 1 Scene 3.

1.3 *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,

And munched and munched and munched. 'Give me,'
quothe I.
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the *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. 10

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

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me!

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

THIRD WITCH

A drum! a drum!

Have-a-go at reading Shakespeare's Macbeth Act 1 Scene 3 (available as a photo of text on today's RL page)

It is very tricky to read and might be best read with a partner.

Don't worry if you don't understand it all at first, as we are going to look at a section in detail for your task.

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

How far is't called to Forres? What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
40 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught
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;
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!

BANQUO

50 Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? – I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction
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,
Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

60

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 Sinell'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

70

L.O. Use a range of reading skills to decode archaic language and understand a piece of older literature.

Paired Task

Read Act 1 Scene 3 again (pages 10&11) and use strategies to decode and understand the text.

Look at each line of speech and use the Commentary notes to find the meaning.

Record and make notes on the text about what is happening.

If possible, please read through Act 1 Scene 3 with a partner (your parent, an older sibling).

Discuss what you think is happening and being said for each section of speech, and write it in your own words as your commentary.

My Commentary

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,
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

How far is't called to Forres? What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,

40

That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me

Please watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video first, and use the graphic novel version on the next pages to help you. You will also need a copy of the commentary from Shakespeare's Macbeth (available as a photo of text on today's RL page)

Act One
Scene Three

A Scottish heath...

WHERE
HAST THOU
BEEN,
SISTER?

KILLING
SWINE.

SISTER,
WHERE
THOU?

A
SAILOR'S WIFE HAD
CHESTNUTS IN HER
LAP, AND MOUNCH'D, AND
MOUNCH'D, AND
MOUNCH'D.

'GIVE ME,
QUOTH I: —
'AROUND' THEE, WITCH!
THE RUMP-FED
RONYON CRIES.

HER
HUSBAND'S TO
ALEPPO GONE,
MASTER O' THE TIGER;
BUT IN A SEVE I'LL
TITHER SAIL, AND, LIKE
A RAT WITHOUT A TAIL,
I'LL DO, I'LL DO,
AND I'LL DO.

I'LL GIVE
THEE A
WIND.

THART
KIND.

AND I
ANOTHER.

HAVE ALL THE OTHERS;
AND THE VERY PORTS THEY BLOW;
ALL THE QUARTERS THAT THEY KNOW
O' THE SHIPMAN'S CARD.
I'LL DRAIN HIM DRY AS HAY!
I'LL SHALL NEITHER NIGHT NOR DAY
HANG UPON HIS PENTHOUSE LID;
HE SHALL LIVE A MAN
FORBID.

WEARY
SEV'N-NIGHTS, NINE TIMES NINE,
SHALL HE DWINDLE, PEAK, AND PINE;
THOUGH HIS DARK CANNOT BE LOST,
YET IT SHALL BE
TEMPEST-TOST.

LOOK
WHAT I
HAVE.

SHOW
ME, SHOW
ME.

HERE I HAVE A
PILOT'S THUMB,
WRACK'D, AS
HOMEBARD HE
DID COME.

A
DRUM, A DRUM!
MACBETH DOTH
COME.

THE WERD
SISTERS, HAND IN HAND,
POSTERS OF THE SEA AND LAND,
THIS DO GO ABOUT, ABOUT:
THRICE TO THINE, AND THRICE TO MINE,
AND THRICE AGAIN, TO MAKE
UP NINE.

PEACE! —
THE CHARM'S
WOUND UP.

B-DUM
B-DUM
B-DUM



SO
FOUL AND FAIR
A DAY I HAVE NOT
SEEN.

HOW FAR
IS'T CALLED TO
FORRES?

WHAT
ARE THESE, SO
WITHER'D AND SO WILD IN
THEIR ATTIRE, THAT LOOK NOT
LIKE THINHABITANTS O' THE
EARTH, AND YET ARE
O'NT?



LIVE
YOUR OR ARE YOU
AUGHT THAT MAN MAY
QUESTION? YOU SEEM TO
UNDERSTAND ME, BY BACK AT
ONCE HER CHOPPY FINGER LAYING
UPON HER SHINY LIPS -- YOU
SHOULD BE WOMEN, AND YET
YOUR BEARDS FORBID ME TO
INTERPRET THAT YOU
ARE SO.



SPEAK,
IF YOU CAN: --
WHAT ARE
YOU?

ALL HAIL,
MACBETH! HAIL TO
THEE, THANE OF
GLAMIS!

ALL HAIL,
MACBETH! HAIL TO
THEE, THANE OF
CAWDORE!

ALL
HAIL, MACBETH! THAT
SHALT BE KING
HEREAFTER.



GOOD SIR, WHY
DO YOU START? AND
SEEM TO FEAR THINGS
THAT DO SOUND SO
FAIR?

'T THE
NAME OF TRUTH, ARE YE
FANTASTICAL, OR THAT INDEED
WHICH OUTWARDLY YE SHOW? MY
NOBLE PARTNER YOU GREET WITH
PRESENT GRACE, AND GREAT
PREDICTION OF NOBLE HAVING, AND
OF ROYAL HOPE, THAT HE SEEMS
RAFT WITAL TO ME YOU
SPEAK NOT.

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 SEE, NOR FEAR
YOUR FAVOURS NOR
YOUR HATE.

HAIL!

HAIL!

HAIL!



LESSER THAN
MACBETH, AND
GREATER.

NOT
SO HAPPY,
YET MUCH
HAPPIER.

THOU SHALT
SEE KINGS, THOU
SHOU BE NOW
SO
ALL HAIL
MACBETH!
BANGLO

BANQUO
AND MACBETH,
ALL HAIL!



STAY, YOU
IMPERFECT
SPEAKERS, TELL
ME MORE.

BY
SINCE'S DEATH I
KNOW, I AM THANE OF
GLAMIS; BUT HOW OF
CAWDORE? THE THANE OF
CAWDORE LIVES, A PROSPEROUS
GENTLEMAN; AND TO BE KING
STANDS NOT WITHIN THE
PROSPECT OF BELIEF, NO
MORE THAN TO BE
CAWDORE.

SAY
FROM WHENCE YOU
OWE THIS STRANGE
INTELLIGENCE? OR WHY
UPON THIS BLASTED HEATH
YOU STOP OUR WAY WITH
SUCH PROPHECIC
GREETINGS?

SPEAK
I CHARGE
YOU!



THE
EARTH WITH
BUBBLES, AS THE
WATER HAS, AND
THESE ARE OF THEM.
-- WHITHER ARE
THEY VANISH'D?

INTO THE AIR,
AND WHAT SEEM'D
CORPORAL, MELTED
AS BREATH INTO THE
WIND -- WOULD THEY
HAD STAY'D!



WERE SUCH
THINGS HERE, AS WE DO
SPEAK ABOUT, OR HAVE WE
EATEN ON THE INSANE
MOON, THAT TAKES THE
REASON PRISONER?

YOUR
CHILDREN SHALL
BE KINGS!

YOU
SHALL BE
KING!



AND THANE OF CAWDOOR TOO, WENT IT NOT SO?

TO THE SELFSAME TUNE, AND WORDS.



WHO'S HERE?

THE KING RATH HAPPILY RECEIV'D, HASTEN, THE NEWS OF THY SUCCESS; AND WHEN HE READS THY PERSONAL VENTURE IN THE REBEL'S FIGHT, HIS WONDERS AND HIS PRAISES DO CONTENT WHICH SHOULD BE THINE, OR HIS.



SILENC'D WITH THAT, IN VIEWING O'er THE REST O' THE SELFSAME DAY, HE FINDS THESE IN THE STOUT NORWEGIAN RANKS, NOTHING AFRAID OF WHAT THYSELF DIDST MAKE, STRANGE IMAGES OF DEATH.

AS THICK AS MAIL, CAME POST WITH POST; AND EVERY ONE DID BEAR THY PRAISES IN HIS KINGDOM'S GREAT DEFENCE, AND POUR'D THEM DOWN BEFORE HIM.

WE ARE SENT, TO GIVE THESE FROM OUR ROYAL MASTER THANES, ONLY TO HERALD THEE INTO HIS SIGHT, NOT PAY THEE.



AND, FOR AN EARNEST OF A GREATER HONOUR, HE BADE ME, FROM HIM, CALL THEE THANE OF CAWDOOR; IN WHICH ADDITION, MAIL, MOST WORTHY THANE, FOR IT IS THINE.

WHAT, CAN THE DEVIL SPEAK TRUE?

THE THANE OF CAWDOOR LIVES; WHY DO YOU DRESS ME IN BORROW'D ROBES?



WHO WRES THE THANE LIVES YET; BUT UNDER HEAVY JUDGMENT BEARS THAT LIFE WHICH HE DESERVES TO LOSE. WHETHER HE WAS COMBIN'D WITH THOSE OF NORWAY, OR DID LIE THE REBEL WITH AIDEN HELP AND VANTAGE, OR THAT WITH BOTH HE LABOUR'D IN HIS COUNTRY'S WRACK, I KNOW NOT.

BUT TREASONS CAPITAL, CONFESS'D AND PROV'D, HAVE OVERTHROWN HIM.

BLAME, AND THANE OF CAWDOOR: THE GREATEST IS BEHIND.

THANKS FOR YOUR PAINS.



Do you not hear your soldiers shall be slain, when those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me proved no less to these?



That trusted horse, might yet enkindle you into the crown, besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange! And oftentimes, to win us to our Aims, the instruments of darkness tell us truths; win us with honest trifles, to betray 'em in deepest consequence.



COUSINS, A WORD, I PRAY YOU.

TWO TRUTHS ARE TOLD, AS HAPPY PROLOGUES TO THE SWELLING ACT OF THE IMPERIAL TRUCE.

I THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN.



THIS SUPERNATURAL SOLICITING CANNOT BE ALL; CANNOT BE GOOD; — IF ALL, WHY RATH IT GIVEN ME EARNEST OF SUCCESS, COMMENCING IN A TRUTH? I AM THANE OF CAWDOOR.

IF GOOD, WHY DO I YIELD TO THAT SUGGESTION WHOSE HORRID IMAGE DOTTH UNFIX MY HAIR, AND MAKE MY SEATED HEART KNOCK AT MY REINS, AGAINST THE USE OF NATURE? PRESENT FEARS ARE LESS THAN HORRIBLE IMAGININGS.



MY THOUGHT, WHOSE MURDER YET IS BUT FANTASTICAL, SHAKES SO MY SINGLE STATE OF MAN, THAT FUNCTION IS SMOTHER'D IN SURMISE, AND NOTHING IS, BUT WHAT IS NOT.



L.O. Use a range of reading skills to decode archaic language and understand a piece of older literature.

When you have finished your commentary, please watch Miss Terrell's second video where we will go through it together.

LEON GARFIELD
**SHAKESPEARE
STORIES**

Illustrated by Michael Foreman



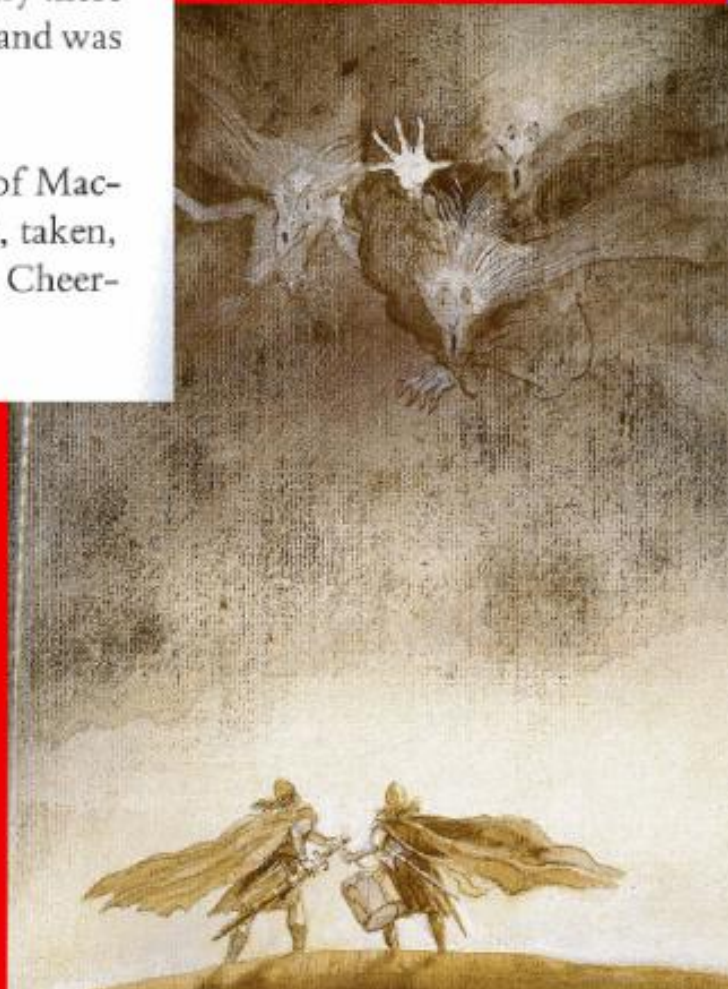
Watch Miss Terrell's video where she reads the text to you, then read the text yourself on the next few pages.

Leon Garfield's Version Act 1 Scene 3

It was towards evening. There was thunder in the air and little lightnings, like bright adders, wriggled across the sky. Here and there on the open heath naked trees seemed to hold up their hands in fear and dismay; and the three old women crouched and waited, still as stones. Presently there came a rolling and a rattling, as if a small thunder had lost its way and was wandering in the dark. The three old women nodded.

"A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

The drummer was Banquo, friend and companion-in-arms of Macbeth. The drum he carried had been salvaged from the battlefield, taken, perhaps, out of the cradling arms of some dead drummer-boy. Cheer-



fully he thumped it as he and mighty Macbeth strode on through the gathering night, their kilts swinging and their heads held high.

Suddenly they halted and the drum ceased like a stopped heart. Their way was barred. Three old women had appeared before them, three hideous old women who crouched and stared. For an instant, an uncanny fear seized the two warriors; then Banquo recovered himself. Imperiously he thumped on his drum and demanded:

"What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire?"

Silence. He thumped again.

"Live you?"

Their silence remained unbroken.

"Or are you aught that man may question?"

At this, the old women's eyes glinted, and slowly each raised a finger to her lips. Thus they crouched, like crooked answers awaiting only the right question, and the right questioner. They turned to the great, battle-stained figure of Macbeth. For the smallest moment, he hesitated; then commanded:

then commanded:

"Speak if you can! What are you?"

The right questioner. One by one they rose and greeted him.

"All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!"

His rightful title, and Banquo thumped approval on his drum.

"All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"

The drum faltered . . .

"All hail Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!"

King! The drum stopped. King! It seemed that another drum was beating. Macbeth could hear it, thudding and thundering in his ears. It was his furious heart! He trembled and grew pale, fearing that Banquo would hear the tell-tale sound. But Banquo was no more proof than he against the golden promise in the weird old women's words.

"If you can look into the seeds of time," he begged them eagerly, "and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me . . ."

As before they answered, one by one.

"Lesser than Macbeth and greater," promised the first.

"Not so happy, yet much happier," promised the second.

"Thou shalt get kings though thou be none," promised the third.

"Stay, you imperfect speakers!" shouted Macbeth. "Tell me more!"

But even as he spoke, the weird sisters vanished, as abruptly as if, whispered Banquo, "The earth hath bubbles as the water has, and these are of them . . ."

It was then, as the two men stood, staring at one another and wondering if what they had seen and heard had been real, that the King's two messengers appeared, and the first of the weird sisters' prophecies came true. The King had made him Thane of Cawdor!

"What! Can the Devil speak true?" cried Banquo, involuntarily; and Macbeth's thoughts turned helplessly to the second prophecy: he would be King! If one had come true, why not the other? Dark thoughts filled his head, thoughts of how that prophecy might be made to come true. He tried to put them from him. He shook his head violently. "If Chance will have me King," he reasoned to himself, "why Chance may crown me without my stir."

But Chance proved as wayward as a woman, first offering, now denying. When he returned to the royal camp with the messengers, he heard King Duncan pronounce Malcolm, his son, as heir to the throne of Scotland. Chance had mocked him; all was lost. Then Chance offered again. The kindly King declared that he would travel to Inverness, and stay one night as the guest of his loyal and well-loved subject, Macbeth.

"Stars, hide your fires!" whispered Macbeth, as he set off ahead of the King to warn his wife to prepare for the royal night. "Let not light see my black and deep desires!"

How did you do?

Draw a smiley face to show
how much you understood.