

Macbeth Friday 8th January

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
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!

70

Witches vanish

Re-read Act 1
Scene 3 in
preparation
for today's
task.

L.O. Use the Arts to demonstrate your understanding of older literature.

Your task is to get creative to demonstrate your understanding of Act 1 Scene 3 The Witches, through the Arts.

You could show your understanding of the scene by:

Writing, performing and illustrating a poem/rap/song;

Creating a painting or drawing, using different media or a graphics App on your device (make sure this is detailed and add a written description explaining what the scene is about);

Creating a storyboard and filming a short animation (see the next pages) for example using the Puppet Pals App, or creating your own puppets and filming scenes.


The choice is yours - these are just suggestions!

My film storyboard/comic strip



- Draw the action in the top boxes.
- Explain the action underneath.

You could divide your page into 8 sections. Draw each section carefully (no stick men) and add speech and thought bubbles - try using the speech from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Underneath (in the box) write a sentence or two to narrate what is happening or to set the scene.

Film-making

Create an animation using Puppet Pals. 

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u0d4cdHGwCE&safe=true>

Watch the Puppet Pals Tutorial here:  & 

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wPYbgquL6wk&safe=true>



Use the speech from Act 1 Scene 3 for your characters.



A combination of images and lines from the play.

Act One
Scene Three

A Scottish heath...

WHERE HAST THOU BEEN, SISTER?

KILLING SWINE.

SISTER, WHERE THOU'ST?

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

'GIVE ME, CLOTH I: — 'ABOUT' TREE, WITCH! THE RIMP-FED RONYON CRIES.

HER HUSBAND'S TO ALEPPO GONE, MASTER O' THE TIGER; BUT IN A SEVE I'LL FETHER 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 KINE!

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 DRINK 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 HONKBARD 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
OVERT?



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 SKINNY LIPS: -- YOU
SHOULD BE WOMEN, AND YET
YOUR BEARDS FORBID ME TO
INTERPET 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
CAWDOOR!

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 MORE, THAT HE SEEMS
RAFF WITIAL 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 THEM TO ME, WHO
NEITHER BEG, NOR FEAR,
YOUR FAVOURS NOR
YOUR HATS.

HAIL!

HAIL!

HAIL!



LESSER THAN
MACBETH, AND
GREATER.

NOT
SO HAPPY,
YET MUCH
HAPPIER.

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

BANQUO
AND MACBETH,
ALL HAIL!



STAY, YOU
IMPERFECT
SPEAKERS, TELL
ME MORE.

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

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

SPEAK,
I CHARGE
YOU!



THE
EARTH WITH
RUBBLES, AS THE
WATER WIND, AND
THESE ARE OF THEM.
-- WHITHER ARE
THEY WASH'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 WISANE
MOON, THAT TAKES THE
REASON PRISONER?

YOUR
CHILDREN SHALL
BE KINGS!

YOU
SHALL BE
KING!

Don't forget to upload your project to
See-Saw.