

Resource E: **Ambitions (edited text)**

**CASE 1:**      LADY MACBETH      Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: Hie thee hither,  
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

Character Ambitions: \_\_\_\_\_

Evidence: \_\_\_\_\_

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**CASE 2:**      MACBETH      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;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

Character Ambitions: \_\_\_\_\_

Evidence: \_\_\_\_\_

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**CASE 3:**      BANQUO      yet it was said  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them--  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well

Character Ambitions: \_\_\_\_\_

Evidence: \_\_\_\_\_

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**CASE 4:**      MALCOLM      My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
and what needful else  
We will perform in measure, time and place

Character Ambitions: \_\_\_\_\_

Evidence: \_\_\_\_\_

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Resource E: **The Witches (edited)**

- A
- When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.  
That will be ere the set of sun.  
Where the place? Upon the heath.  
There to meet with Macbeth.  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
- B
- A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.  
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.
- C
- Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
- D
- Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.