THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

Actus Primus Scoena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

*W*Hen shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battailes lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter [*King Malcome,*] *Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendanys, meeting a bleeding Captaine.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow grosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For brave *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandish't Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slave:
Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth'Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne ‘gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem’d to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm’d,
Compell’d these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage
Wuth furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismay’d not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh?*
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg’d with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I canot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.
Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Rosse. God save the King.
King. Whence cam’st thou, worthy *Thane?*
Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona’s* Briegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme ‘gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us.
King. Great happinesse.
Rosse. That now *Sweno,* the Norwayes King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deign him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.
King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Rosse. Ile see it done.
King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fet Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile give the a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my selfe have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th'Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall live a man forbid:
Wearie Sev' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I have.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not seene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Upon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth,* that shalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to heare
Things that doe sound so faire? I'th'name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope.
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Lesser then *Macbeth,* and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, thought thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo.*
1. *Banquo,* and *Macbeth,* all haile.
Mac. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more.
By *Sinells* 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 beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.
Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or have we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?
Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.
Banq. You shall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Banq. Toth'selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth,*
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are sent,
To give thee from our Royal master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.
Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane,*
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Devill speake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane,* lives yet,
But under heavie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deserves to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thanks for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.
Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the use of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.
Banq. New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth,* we stay upon you leysure.
Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let us toward the King: thinke upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Lige, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothin in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.
O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The service, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
By doing everything safe toward your Love
and Honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo,*
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your owne.
King. My plenteous Joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes,*
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolme,* whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde us further to you.
Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not us'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor.*
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendation, I am fed.
It is a Banquet to me, Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Floourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.
Lady. *They met me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sistrs saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th'Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should amend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thoud'st have, great Glamys, that which eyes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare todoe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
Ans chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that empeides thee from the Golden Round,
Wich Fate and Metaphysicall aide doth seeme
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings?
Mess. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming :
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.
Lady: Give him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direct Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop up th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.
*Macb.*My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O neveer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane,* is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights and Dayes to come,
Give solely foveraigne sway, and Masterdome.
Macb. We will speake further.
Lady. Onely looke up cleare:
To alter favor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.
King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Unto our gentle sences.
Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly heere: no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haut: I have observ'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
Tle Love that followes us, sometime is our trouble
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld for us your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble.
Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.
King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.
La. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon thie Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inventer, This even-handed Justice
Commends th'Ingedience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who shoul against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat I'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitnesse now
Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we should faile?
Lady. We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not sayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe upon
Th'ungrarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy undeated Mettle should compose
Nothing byt Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Upon his Death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the Clock.
Banq. And she goes down at Twelve.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are aflout: take thee that too.

A heavie Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: whose there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse,
And shut up in measurelesse content.
Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'st leysure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you,
Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosom franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.
Macb. Good repose the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
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.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus, to mine Eyes. Now o're the one half World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, towards his designe.
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan,* for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made thẽ drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid thay have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I have done the Deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?
Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. I
Macb. Hearke, who lyes I'th'second Chamber?
Lady. Donalbaine.
Mac. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: but they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God blesse us , and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us.
Lady. Consider it not so deepely.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane,*
You doe unbend your Noble strength to thinke
So braine sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you unattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
I'th'name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have
Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name?
Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Hea-
ven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:
Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine.
Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-
sion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye,
leaves him.
Macd. I beleeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, I'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did commend me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted
service. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night ha's been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
Some say the Earth was feverous,
And did shake.
Mac. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th'Building.
Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Majistie?
Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:

See, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine: Malcome* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Death's counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: up, up, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcome, Banquo,*
As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royal Master's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?
Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff,* I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?
Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, trmp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.
Macd. And so doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th'Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer boody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by'th Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light should kisse it?
Old man. 'Tis unnnaturall,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.
Rosse. They did so:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?
Macd. Why see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.
Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were subborned,
Malcome, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven up
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth.*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.
Rosse, Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.
Rosse. Farewell, Father.
Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that myselfe should be the Roote, 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,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.
La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecomming.
Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.
Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In these dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?
Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.
Macb. Faile not our Feast.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall have cause of State,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ben. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate.
Mach. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Caesar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell
Given to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th'utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Exit Servant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.
Macb. Well then,
Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo.*
1. Murth. You made it knowne to us.
Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heavie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?
1. Murth. We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike. and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2.Murth. I am one, my Liege,
Whome the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.
1. Murth. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.
Murth. True, my Lord.
Macb. 'So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Agains my neer'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make love,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.
2.Murth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command us.
1. Murth. Though our Lives—
Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolve your selves apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.
Macb. Ile call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.
Enter Macbeth.
How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be withut regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, have sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.
Duncane is in his Grave:
After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Levie, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Joviall among your Guests to Night.
Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo,*
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsave the while, that wee must lave
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.
Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.
1. Then stand with us:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, [end] neere approches
The subject of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th'court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Treacherie!
Flye good *Fleans,* flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We have lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Majesty.
Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are even: heere Ile sit I'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans:*
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else been berfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, and the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Mech. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'le heare our selves againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace us with your Royall Company?
Mcab.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere s a place reserv'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highnesse?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen rise. his Highnesse is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often ths,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him. and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.
La. O proper stuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan.* O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.
Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
*La.*What? quite unmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, I'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And push us from our stooles. This is more strange
Then such a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.
I drinke to the generall joy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo,* whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all , and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Avant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Unreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.
La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Rosse. What sights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.
La. Did you send to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.
La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat,* you looke angerly?
Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth,*
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me I'th'Morning: Thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th'ayre: This night Ile spend
Unto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Upon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke flights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes above Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme,* and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeve *Macbeth?* Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquets teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes under his Key,
(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
What 'twer to kill a Father: So should *Fleans.*
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he sayl'd
His presece at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the English Court, and is receyv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward,* with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward,*
That by the helpe of these (with him above)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macduffe?*
Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.
Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t hold what distance
His wisedome can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd.
Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw and Gulfe
Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moones Ecclipse:

Nose

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tygers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

[*Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.*]

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall share I'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2. By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who ever knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I aske you.
1. Speake.
2. Demand.
3. Wee'l answer.
1. Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
Macb. Call'em: let me see'em.
1. Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Heer nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. *Thunder.*
1. Apparation, an Armed Head.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power.
1. He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought.
1.*Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe,*
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.
He Descends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.*
2. Apparation, a Bloody Childe.
2. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Macb. Had I three eares, I'ld heare thee.
2. *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Descends.*
Mac. Then live *Macduffe:* what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleep in spight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3. Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soveraignty?
All. Listen, but speake not too't.
3. *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chases, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*
Macb. That will never bee:
Who can impresse the Forrest, bit the Tree
Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reigne in this Kngdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinkes that Cauldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes*
1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.
A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo:* Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this?----A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seaventh? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appears, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon mem
And points at them for his. What: Is this so?
1. I Sir, all this is so, But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vanish.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.
Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayere whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallppping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Unlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of *Macduff,* I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife; give to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none.
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wisdome? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loves us not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
Rose. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.
Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they/
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst never Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market,
Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st [withail] thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang up them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But hou wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely
have a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too savage:
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*
Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harme?
What are these faces?
Enter Murtherers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thoe shagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our sad bosomes empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeve, Ile waile;
What know, beleeve; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisedome
To offer up a weak, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would weare the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.
Mac. I hav lost my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance ever there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Whe in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those preceious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,
What ever I shall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear [yu] thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds. and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
By him that shall succeede.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore Staate
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Or horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Then such an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature I a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves
Finding it so inclinde.
Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Avarice
stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill up you will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no rellish of them, but abound
In the division of each severall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Uprore the universall peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If such a one be fit to governe, speake:
I am as I have spoken.
Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Natiō miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. Macduff, this Noble Passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divelish *Macbeth,*
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous hast: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Unspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abjure
The taints. and blames, I laide upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my self. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, Before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.
Enter a Doctor.
Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evill.
A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I have seene him do: How he solicites heaven
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heavenly guift of Prophesie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.
Enter Rosse
Macd. See who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good god betimes remove
The meanes that makes us Strangers.
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Modern extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, ore ere they sicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the newest griefe?
Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teees a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Rosse. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be how'ld out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?
Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse: Let not your eares dispise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.
Roffe. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heaven:
What man, ne're pull you hat upon your browes:
Give sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chiickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?
Malc. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff,*
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords, length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.
Mal. This time goes manly:
Come goe we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above
Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that never findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againd returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyve at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation besides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.* Lo you, heere she comes: Thus is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?
Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, A Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had so much
blood in him.
Doct. Do you marke that?
Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-
ting.
Doct. Go too, go too:
You have knowne what you should not.
Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
of that: Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne.
La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.
Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body.
Doct. Well, well, well.
Gent. Pray God it be sir.
Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have
knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have
dyed holily in their beds.
Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet again *Banquo's* buried;
he cannot come out on's grave.
Doct. Even so?
Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's
done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
Exit Lady.
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad: unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Divine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.
Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm,*
His Unkle *Seyward,* and the good *Macduff.*
Revenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Exite the mortified man.
Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.
Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?
Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many unruffe youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.
Ment. What do's the Tyrant.
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
No minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, more onely in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Soveraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcome?*
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronound'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth,* no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.
Enter Servant.
The divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.
Ser. There is ten thousand.
Macb. Geese Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The English Force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton,* I am sick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton,* I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or [dis-eate] me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to have: but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Give me my Armor.
Seyt. ‘Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor:
How do’s your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.
Mach. Cure of that:
Can’st thou not Minister to a minde diseas’d,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.
Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could’st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and [pristiue] Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull’t off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear’st [yu] of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes us heare something.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,
Profit again should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Syew. What wood it this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnane.
Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear’t before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe before’t.
Malc. ‘Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on

Induustrious Souldiership.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Faine and the Ague eate them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my sences would have cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre
As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She should have dy'de heereafter;
There would have beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle.
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, say sir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Lyar, and Slave.
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be no so:
Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
I say, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st [fhlse],
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he avouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leavy Skreenes, throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Unkle)
Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe.* and wee
Shall take upon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give thẽ all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y.Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.
Y.Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y.Sey. The divell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile prove the lye thou speak'st.
Fight, and young Seyward slaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Macduffe.
Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves; either thou *Macbeth,*
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe againe undeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, on of greatest note
Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.
Enter Macduffe.
Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleev'd,
That palter with us in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe,*
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drummes and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So grat a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then is he dead?
Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is [knoli'd].
Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head.

Macd. Heile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Usurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King f Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to doe,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. Exenut Omnes.

F I N I S ,