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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm,)
Donalbain,) Sons to the King.
Macbeth,)
Banquo,) Generals of the King's Army.
Lenox,)
Macduff,)
Rosse,)
Menteth,) Noblemen of Scotland.
Angus,)
Cathness,)
Fleance, Son to Banquo.
Seyward, General of the English Forces.
Young Seyward his Son.
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

The SCENE in the End of the Fourth Act
lyes in England, through the rest of the Play
in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

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MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE an open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

When shall we three meet again?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

1 Witch. When the Hurly-burly's done,

When the Battel's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be **ere** the set of Sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the Heath.

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth,

1 Witch. I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Padocke calls -- anon -- Fair is foul, and foul sfair.
Hover through the fog and filthy Air.

[They rise from the Stage, and fly away.]

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his Plight, of the Revolt
The newest State.

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Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity; Hail, hail_ brave Friend!
Say to the King, the Knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The merciless Macdonnel
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that Name,
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,

Which smok'd with bloody Execution,
Like Valours Minion, **carved** out his Passage,
'Till he fac'd the Slave;
Which **ne'er** shook Hands, nor bid farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th'Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his Reflection,
Shipwrecking Storms and direful Thunders breaking;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Mark, King of Scotland, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their Heels,
But the Norweyan Lord surveying Vantage,
With furbisht Arms and new Supplies of Men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles;
Or the Hare the Lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled Stroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,

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I cannot tell ----

But I am faint, my Gashes cry for help ----

King. So well thy Words become thee, as thy Wounds,
They smack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his Eyes?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People Cold.
Norway himself, with terrible Numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflict,
'Till that Bellona's Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with Self-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,
Curbing his lavish Spirit: And to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness.

Rosse. That now Sweno, the Norway's King,
Craves Composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his Men,
'Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes-hill,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom Interest. Go, pronounce his present Death,
And with his former Title, greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 Witch. Killing Swine.

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3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht;
Give me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th'Tiger:
But in a Sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do ---- I'll do ---- and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a Wind,

1 Witch. Th'art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I my self have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th'Ship-man's Card.

I'll drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day,
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid;
He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here, I have a Pilot's Thumb,

Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

3 Witch. A Drum, a Drum.

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, Hand in Hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Soris? -- What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

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That look not like th'Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her Choppy Finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips. ---- You should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? i'th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? my noble Partner,
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction
Of noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your Favours, nor your Hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;

So all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By Sinel's Death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous Gentleman; and to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way,
With such Prophetick Greeting? ----
Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish.]

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Ban. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has;
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.
Would they had staid.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

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

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words; who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The News of thy Success; and when he reads
Thy personal Venture in the Rebels Fight,
His Wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his; silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afraid, of what thy self didst make,
Strange Images of Death; as thick as Hail
Came Post with Post, and every one did bear
Thy Praises in his Kingdom's great Defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our Royal Master, Thanks,
Only to Herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives;
Why do you dress me in **his** borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,

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Or else did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Country's wrack, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To Angus.

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?

[To Banquo.

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darkness tell us Truths,
Win us with honest Trifles, to betray us
In deepest Consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To Rosse and Angus.

Macb. Two Truths are told, [Aside.

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen ----
This supernatural solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good ---- If ill;
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good; Why do I yield to that Suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Against the use of Nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single State of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why Chance may
crown me [Aside.
Without my stir.

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Ban. New Honours 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 Hour runs thro' the roughest Day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your Favour:
My dull Brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your Pains are registred,
Where every Day I turn the Leaf to read them.
Let us toward the King; think upon [To Banquo.
What hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free Hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly,

Macb. 'Till then enough:
Come, Friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Palace.

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

King. Is Execution done on Cawdor?
Are not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highness pardon,
And set forth a deep Repentance,
Nothing in his Life became him
Like the Leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his Death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To find the Mind's Construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

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Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.
O worthiest Cousin!
The Sin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest Wind of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment,
Might have been mine: Only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self.
Your Highness part is to receive our Duties;
And our Duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known,
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, **Kinsmen**, Thanes,
And you, whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine
On all Deservers. From hence to Envernes,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

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Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! ---- that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er leap, [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your Fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires;
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his Commendations 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 peerless Kinsman. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. An Apartment in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the Day of Success; and I have learn'd by the perfectest Report, they have more in them, than mortal Knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further_ they made themselves Air, 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 wayward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart_ and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor -- and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I do fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milk of human Kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The Illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries,
Thus thou must do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

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Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chastise with the Valour of my Tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your Tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for Preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: Our Thane is coming,
One of my Fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for Breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great News. The Raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Messenger.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

That tend on mortal Thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to **th'** Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty; make thick my Blood,
Stop up the access and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep Peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my Woman's Breasts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever in your sightless Substances.
You wait on Nature's Mischief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest Smoak of Hell,
That my keen Knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold,

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [Embracing him.
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant Present, and I feel now

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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 never
Shall Sun that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men
May read strange Matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue; look like the innocent Flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This Night's great Business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights and Days to come,
Give solely sovereign Sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter Favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Castle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a plesant Seat; the Air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle Senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd Mansonry, that the Heav'n's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle;
Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observ'd,
The Air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See! see, our honour'd Hostess!
The Love that follows us, sometime is our Trouble,

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Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you **should** bid god-eyld us for your Pains,
And thank us for your Trouble.

Lady. All our Service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and single Business, to contend
Against those Honours deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majesty loads our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courtst him at the Heels, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, sharp as his Spur, hath help him
To his home before us: Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your Guest to Night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highness Pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your Hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our Graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. An Apartment.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes and
Service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch

With his surcease, Success; that but this blow
Might be the all, and be the end of all ---- Here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time ----
We'd jump the Life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have Judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'ingredience of our poison'd Chalice
To our own Lips. He's here in double trust:

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First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed; then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the Door,
Not bear the Knife my self. Besides, this Duncan,
Hath born his Faculty so meek, hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep Damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born Babe,
Striding the Blast, or Heav'ns Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless Curriers of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every Eye,
That Tears shall drown the Wind. I have no Spur
To prick the sides of my Intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
Enter Lady.

And falls on th' other ----
How now? What News?

Lady. He has almost sup'd; why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this Business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of People,
Which would be worn now in their newest Gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine own Esteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i' th' Adage.

Macb. Prethee, Peace:

I dare do all that may become a Man;
Who dares do more is none.

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Lady. What Beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a Man;
And to be more than 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 fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me ----
I would, while it was smiling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gums,
And dasht the Brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? ----

Lady. We fail!

But screw your Courage to the sticking Place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Wassel so convince,
That Memory, the warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the receipt of Reason
A Limbeck only; when in swinish sleep,
Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? What, not put upon
His spungy Officers, who shall bear the Guilt
Of our great Quell?

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with Blood those sleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griefs and Clamour roar,
Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat,

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Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE a Hall.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Ban. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fle. The Moon is down: I have not heard
the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my Sword; there's Husbandry in Heav'n,
Their Candles are all out. ---- Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Powers
Restrain in me the cursed Thoughts, that Nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.
Give me my Sword: Who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed,
He hath been in unusual Pleasure,
And sent forth a great Largess to your Officers,
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the Name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it up in measureless Content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our Will became the Servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shew'd some Truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve
We would spend some Words upon that Business,
If you would grant the time.

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Ban. At your kind Leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my Consent, when 'tis,
It shall make Honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Bosom Franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good Repose the while.

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [Exit Banquo.

Macb. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my Drink is ready,
 She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.

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, fatal Vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
 Proceeding from the Heat-oppressed Brain?
 I see thee yet, in form, as palpable
 As this which now I draw,
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an Instrument I was to use.
 Mine Eyes are made the Fools o'th' other Senses,
 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 Business, which informs
 This to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
 The Curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's Offerings, and wither'd Murther,
 Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf,
 Whose howl's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his Design
 Moves like a Ghost. Thou sour and firm-set Earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very Stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present Horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he lives;

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Words to the heat of Deeds too cold breath gives.
 [A Bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [Exit.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
 What hath quencht them, hath given me Fire. Hark! Peace!
 It was the Owl that shriek'd, the fatal Bell-Man,
 Which gives the stern'st good Night ---- he is about it ----
 The Doors are open; and the surfeited Grooms
 Do mock their Charge with Snores, I have drugg'd their
 Possets,
 That Death and Nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? What ho? ----

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the Attempt, and not the Deed
Confounds us ---- Hark! ---- I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't ---- My Husband!

Macb. I have done the deed ---- Didst not thou hear a
Noise?

Lady. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak;

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! ---- who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish Thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, 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
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

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Macb. One cry'd, God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these Hangman's Hands,
Listning their Fear; I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. 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
ways;

So, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more;
Macbeth **doth** murther sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of each day's Life, sore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House;
Glamis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble Strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some Water,
And wash this filthy Witness from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid, to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the Daggers; the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures; 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their Guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every Noise appalls me?
What Hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine Eyes.

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Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No, this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour; but I shame
To wear a Heart so white. [Knock.
I hear a Knocking at the South Entry;
Retire we to our Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this deed.
How easie is it then? Your Constancy
Hath left you unattended,
Hark, more Knocking. [Knock.
Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, [Knock.
'Twere best not know my self.
Wake Duncan with this knocking:
I would thou could'st. [Exeunt.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.

Port. Here's a Knocking indeed: If a man were Porter
of Hell-Gate, he should have old turning the Key. Knock.
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of Bel-
zebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' ex-
pectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough

about you, here you'll sweat for't. Knock. Knock, knock,
Who's there in th' other Devils Name? Faith, here's an
Equivocator, that could swear in both the Scales, against
either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's
sake, yet could not equivocate to Heav'n: Oh come in,
Equivocator. Knock. Knock, knock, knock. Who's
there? Faith, here's an English Tailor come hither for
stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you
may roast your Goose. Knock. Knock, knock. Never at
quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for Hell.
I'll Devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let
in some of all Professions, that go the Primrose way to th'

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everlasting Bonfire. Knock. Anon, anon, I pray you re-
member the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, Friend, **ere** you went to bed,
That you do lye so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink especially pro-
voke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine.
Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes
the Desire, but it takes away the Performance. There-
fore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with
Letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens
him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in Conclu-
sion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the
Lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lie last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very Throat on me; but I
requited him for his Lie, and, I think, being too strong
for him, though he took up my Legs sometime, yet I
made a shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good Morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good Morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physick's pain;
This is the Door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
Service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

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Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,
Lamenting heard i'th' Air; strange screams of Death,
And Prophesying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire Combustions, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time,
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some say the Earth was Feaverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ----

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece,
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say? the Life? ----

Len. Mean you his Majesty? ----

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves: Awake! awake! ----

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Macd. Ring the Alarum-Bell -- Murther! and Treason! --
Banquo, and Donalbaine! Malcolme! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, Death's Counterfeit,
And look on Death it self ---- up, up, and see
The great Doom's Image! **Malcolme!** Banquo!
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell ----

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Business?

That such an hideous Trumpet calls to Parley
The Sleepers of the House? Speak, speak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The Repetition in a Woman's Ear,

Would murther as it fell.

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Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, our Royal Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our House? ----

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear Duff, I **prethee** contradict thy self,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: For from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality;
All is but Toys; Renown and Grace is dead;
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood,
Is stopt; the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. 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 Pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No Man's Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ----

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No Man.
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver Skin lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruins wasteful entrance; there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers,
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a Heart to love, and in that Heart,
Courage, to make's Love known?

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Lady. Help me hence, ho! -- [Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,
That most may claim this Argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady; [Lady Macbeth is carried out.
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure: let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of Work,
To know it further. Fears and Scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous Malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' Hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false Man does easie. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated Fortune,
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens Smiles; the near in Blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steals it self, when there's no Mercy left.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good Father,
Thou seest the Heav'ns, as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten his bloody Stage: By th' Clock 'tis Day,

And yet dark Night strangles the travelling Lamp:
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame,
That Darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon tousing in her pride of Place,
Was by a mousing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's Horses,
A thing most strange and certain!
Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in Nature, broke their Stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make War with Mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so;
To th' amazement of mine Eyes, that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the Day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the King's two Sons,
Are stoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

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Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still;
Thriftless Ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own lives means; then 'tis most like
The Sovereignty 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 Colmeshill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones,

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see, things well done there; adieu.
Lest our old Robes sit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, Sir, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my self should be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the Verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

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Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To Night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness's
Command upon me, to the which, my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good Advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this Day's Council: but we'll take to-Morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper. Go not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their Hearers
With strange Invention, but of that to-Morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horse:
Adieu, 'till you return at Night.
Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my Lord; our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of Foot:
And so I do commend you to their Backs.
Farewel. [Exit Banquo.

Let every Man be Master of his Time,
'Till seven at Night, to make Society
The sweeter welcome: We will keep our self
'Till Supper time alone: While then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those Men [To a Servant.
Our Pleasure?

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Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us, [Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing,
But to be safely thus: Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is said
Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar; he chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them speak to him; then Prophet like,
They hail'd him Father to a line of Kings.
Upon my Head, they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine succeeding: If't be so,
For Banquo's Issue have I fil'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd,
Put Rancors in the Vessel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine Eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seeds of Banquo Kings:
Rather than so, come Fate into the List,
And Champion me to th' utterance ----
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and stay there 'till we call.

[Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then,

Now you have consider'd of my Speeches? know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self, this I made good to you,
In our last Conference, past in probation with you:
How you were born in Hand, how crost, the Instruments,

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Who wrought with them: And all things else that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second Meeting. Do you find
Your Patience so predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so Gospell'd
To pray for this good Man, and for his Issue,
Whose heavy Hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for Men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs; 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,
And not in the worst rank of Manhood, say it;
And I will put the Business in your Bosoms,
Whose Execution takes your Enemy off;
Grapples you to the Heart, and love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary 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 Enemy.
Mur. True, my Lord.

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Macb. So is he mine: And in such bloody distance,
That every Minute of his being, thrusts
Against my near'st of Life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my Sight
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my self struck down: And thence it is,
That I to your Assistance do make love,
Masking the Business from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty Reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our Lives ----

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this Hour, 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 Palace: Always thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work;
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Father's, must embrace the Fate
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within,
It is concluded; Banquo, thy Soul's flight,
If it find Heav'n_ must find it out to Night. [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

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'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest Fancies your **Companions** making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the Mind to lie
In restless ecstasie. Duncan is in his Grave;
After Life's fitful Fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor Steel nor Poison,
Malice Domestick, Foreign Levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle, my Lord, **sleeke** o'er your rugged Looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours
In these so flattering streams,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them, Nature's Copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund: **ere** the Bat hath flown
His Cloyster'd flight, **ere** to black Hecat's Summons

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The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be **innocent** of the Knowledge, dearest Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, sealing Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,

And with thy bloody and invisible Hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to th'Rooky Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prithee go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

SCENE A Park, the Castle at a Distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The West yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
Now spurs the latest Traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.

2 Mur. Then 'tis he:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.

1 Mur. His Horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a Mile: but he does usually,
So all Men do, from hence to th' Palace Gate,

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Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 Mur. A Light, a Light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to Night.

[They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance escapes.]

1 Mur. Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treachery!

Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

[Dies.]

3 Mur. Who did strike out the Light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?
3 Mur. There's but one down: the Son is fled.
2 Mur. We have lost
Best half of our Affair.
1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exe.

SCENE III. A Room of State.

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

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down:
And first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time
We will require her welcome. [They sit.
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.
For my Heart speaks, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts thanks,
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The Table round. There's Blood upon thy Face. [To the Mur.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did for him.

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Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats; yet he **is** good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the Non-pareil.
Mur. Most Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe? ----
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a Ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his Head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown Serpent lyes, the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,

No Teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murtherer.

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer; the Feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making:
'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the Sawce to Meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer!
Now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May't please your Highness, sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour, roof'd,
Were the grac'd Person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for Unkindness,
Than pity for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The Table's full. [Starting.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

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Len. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary Locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his Youth. Pray you keep seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a Thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man? [To Macbeth.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A Woman's story at a Winter's Fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self! ----
Why do you make such Faces? when all's done

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee see there:

Behold! look! loe! how say you? [Pointing to the Ghost.

Why, what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.

If Charnel-Houses, and our Graves must send

Those that we bury, back; our Monuments

Shall be the Maws of Kites. [The Ghost vanishes.

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in Folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed **ere** now, i'th' **olden** time

Ere humane **Statute** purg'd the gentle Weal;

Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd

Too terrible for the Ear: the times have been,

That when the Brains were out, the Man would die,

And there an end; But now they rise again

With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,

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And push us from our Stools; this is more strange

Than such a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,

Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget ----

Do not muse at me, my most worthy Friends,

I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to all,

Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full ----

[As he is drinking, the Ghost rises again just before him.

I drink to th' general joy of the whole Table,

And to our dear Friend Banquo, whom we miss,

Would he were here; to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my Sight, let the Earth hide thee:

Thy Bones are marrowless; thy Blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those Eyes,

Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,

But as a thing of Custom; 'tis no other,

Only it spoils the Pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan Tyger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves

Shall never tremble. O be alive again,

And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword;

If trembling I inhabit, then protest me

The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow,
Unreal Mock'ry hence. Why so, ---- be gone ----
[The Ghost vanishes.

I am a Man again: Pray you sit still. [The Lords rise.

Lady. 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 Summer's Cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,

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When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and worse,
Question enrages him: at once, Good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better Health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady. A kind Good-night to all. [Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have Blood they say; Blood will have Blood:
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak;
Augures, that understood Relations, have
By Maggot-Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks brought forth
The secret'st Man of Blood. What is the Night?

Lady. Almost at odds with Morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his Person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his House
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to Morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
All Causes shall give way, I am in Blood
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in Head, that will to Hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to Sleep; My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate Fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young indeed. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Wit. Why how now, Hecate, you look angerly_

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Hec. Have I not Reason, Beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affairs of Death;
And I the Mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the Pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destiny;
Your Vessels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charms, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Air: this Night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, and a fatal End.
Great Business must be wrought **ere** Noon,
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'll catch it **ere** it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magick slights,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strength of their Illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortal's chiefest Enemy. [Musick and a Song.
Hark, I am call'd; my little Spirit see
Sits in the foggy Cloud, and stays for me.
[Sing within. Come away_ come away, &c.
1 Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
Back again. [Exeunt.

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SCENE V.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely born. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth ---- marry he was dead:
And right valiant Banquo walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled; Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbaine
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth? Did he not straight
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of Drink, and Thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any Heart alive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I say,
He has born all things well, and I do think,
That had he Duncan's Sons under the Key,
(As, and't please Heav'n he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleance.
But Peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
His Presence at the Tyrant's Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of Duncan,
From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Live in the English Court, and are receiv'd
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
That the Malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the help of these, with him above
To ratifie the Work, we may again
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody Knives;

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Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so **exasperated** their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, Sir, not I,

The cloudy Messenger turns me his Back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Len. And that well might,
Advise him to a caution, t'hold what distance
His Wisdom can provide. Some Holy Angel
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message **ere** he come, that a swift Blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a Hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A dark Cave, in the middle a great
Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Wit_ Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Wit. Thrice, and once the **Hedge-Pig** whin'd.

3 Wit. Harpier crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Wit. Round about the Cauldron go,

In the poison'd Entrails throw.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several
Ingredients as for the Preparation of their Charm.

Toad, that under **the** cold Stone,
Days and Nights, has thirty one:
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

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2 Wit. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog;
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog;
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing:
For a Charm of powerful Trouble.

Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble,

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Wit. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark;
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;

Liver of Blaspheming Jew:
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd, by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Wit. Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i'th' gains:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Wit. By the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:

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Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a Name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How e'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the Winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up;
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down,
Toough Castles topple on their Warders Heads;
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their Heads to their Foundations; though the Treasure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken; answer me,
To what I ask you.

1 Wit. Speak.

2 Wit. Demand.

3 Wit. We'll answer.

1 Wit. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our Mouths,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: Let me see 'em.

1 Wit. Pour in Soves Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: **Grace** that's sweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy self and Office deftly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power ----

1 Wit. He knows thy thought:
Hear his Speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff! --
Beware the Thane of Fife -- dismiss me -- Enough. [Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, Thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more ----

1 Wit. He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

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Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of Man; for none of Woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance, double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lyes;
And sleep in spite of Thunder. [Thunder.

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.
What is this,
That rises like the Issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be Lion metled, proud and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill,
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tre
Unfix his Earth-bound Root? Sweet Boadments! Good!
Rebellious dead, rise never 'till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To Time, and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's Issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hoboys.

1 Wit. Shew!

2 Wit. Shew!

3 Wit. Shew!

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All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like Shadows, so depart.

[Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo
last, with a Glass in his Hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo; Down!
Thy Crown do's sear mine Eye-Balls. And thy Hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first ----
A third, is like the former ---- filthy Hags!
Why do you shew me this? ---- A fourth? ---- Start Eye!
What, will the Line stretch out to th' crack of Doom? ----
Another yet? ---- A seventh! I'll see no more ----
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a Glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

1 Wit. Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, chear we up his Sprights,
And shew the best of our Delights.

I'll charm the Air to give a sound,
While you perform your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,
Our Duties did his welcome pay.

[Musick.

[The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? -- Let this pernicious hour,
Stand ay accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

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Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread Exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstling of my Heart shall be
The firstling of my Hand. And even now
To Crown my Thoughts with Acts, be it thought and done.
The Castle of Macduff I will surprize,
Sieve upon Fife, give to **the** edge o' th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls,
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was Madness; when our Actions do not,
Our Fears do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his Wisdom, or his Fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his Wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the natural Touch; for the poor Wren,
The most diminutive of Birds, will fight,
Her young Ones in her Nest, against the Owl:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Coz,
I pray you School your self; but for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows

The fits o' th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors,

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And do not know ourselves: When we hold Rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before, my pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my Disgrace, and your Discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, with Worms and Flies?

Son. With what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor Bird!

Thoud'st never fear the Net, nor Line,
The Pit-fall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I, Mother?

Poor Birds they are not set for:

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a Husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son_ Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest Men.

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Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools; for there

are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest Men,
and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: If you
would not, it were a good Sign, that I should quickly
have a new Father.

L. Macd. Poor Pratler, how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your State of Honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely Man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little Ones;
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your Person. Heav'n preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly World; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous Folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that Womanly Defence,
To say I had done no harm? ---- What are these Faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd Villain.

Mur. What you Egg? [Stabbing him.]
Young fry of Treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you. [Exit, crying Murther.]

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SCENE III. The King of England's
Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate Shade, and there
Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword; and like good Men,
Bestride our downfal Birth-dome: Each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new Sorrows

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 believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
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 young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial 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 foul would bear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you Wife and Children?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties: You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

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Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title is afraid. Fare thee well, Lord,
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the Tyrant's Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country

Shall have more Vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In Evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, smoaking of every Sin
That has a Name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my Will. Better Macbeth,
Than such an one to reign.

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Macd. Boundless Intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny; It hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: You may
Convey your Pleasures in a spacious Plenty,
And yet seem cold. The time you may so Hoodwink,
We have willing Dames enough, there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands;
Desire his Jewels, and this other's 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 Loyal,
Destroying them for Wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious Root
Than Summer-seeming Lust; and it hath been

The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Foysons to fill up your Will
Of your mere Own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none, the King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the Division of each several Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet Milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal Peace, confound
All unity on Earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland! ----

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

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Macd. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome Days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his Breed? thy Royal Father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every Day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Passion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devillish Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his Power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
For Strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in Truth than Life. My first false speaking

Was this upon my self; what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike Men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

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Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray
you?

Doct. Ay Sir; there are a Crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure; their Malady convinces
The great Assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heav'n given his Hand,
They presently amend.

[Exit.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A most miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited People,
All swoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the Eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction; with this strange Virtue,
He hath a Heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here.

Mal. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, the means that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor Country,
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent Sorrow seems
A modern ecstasie: The Dead-man's Knell,
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good Mens lives

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Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest Grief?

Rosse. That of an hours Age doth hiss the Speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their Peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your Speech: How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my Belief witness the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your Eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seyward, and ten thousand Men,
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert Air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? concern they

The general Cause? or is it a Fee-grief
Due to some single Breast?

Rosse. No Mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your Ears despise my Tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

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That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the Quarry of these murther'd Deer,
To add the Death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n!

What Man, ne'er pull your Hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too! ----

Rosse. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my Wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? O Hell Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so; but I must also feel it as a Man,
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: Did Heav'n look on
And would not take their Part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their Souls: Heav'n rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your Sword, let grief
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 Heav'ns,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my self,
Within my Sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Heav'n forgive him too.

Mal. This tune goes manly:

Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

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Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE An Anti-Chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

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

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her Bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Closet, take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry Agitation, besides her walking, and other actual 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 witness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my Life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

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

Doct. You see her Eyes open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now?

Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus

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washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks, I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out damned spot; out I say ---- One; Two; why then 'tis time to do't ---- Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord. Fie, a Soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our Power to account ---- yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much Blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a Wife; where is she now? What, will these Hands ne'er be clean? ---- No more o'that,

my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to;

You have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of Blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little Hand.

Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The Heart 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 Practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their **Bods**.

Lady. Wash your Hands, put on your Night-Gown, look 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.

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Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural Troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf Pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the Divine than the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep Eyes upon her; so good Night.
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good Night, good Doctor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Field with a Wood at
Distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English Power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His Uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them: For their dear causes
Excite the mortified Man.

Ang. Near Birnam Wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbaine be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward's Son,
And many unruff Youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giant's Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

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His pester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
It self for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds.
Make we our March towards Birnam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:
'Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the Boy, Malcolme?
Was he not born of Woman? the Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,

Shall never **sagge** with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The **Devil** damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:

Where got'st thou that Goose-Look?

Ser. There are ten thousand ----

Macb. Geese, Villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy Face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thy Soul, those Linnen Cheeks of thine

Are Counsellors to fear. What Soldiers, Whayface?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy Face hence -- Seyton! -- I'm sick at heart,

When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- this push

Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: My way of Life

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Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,

And that which should accompany old Age,

As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,

I must not look to have: But in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honour breath,

Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleasure?

Mac. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my Bones my Flesh is hackt,

Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more Horses, **skirre** the Country round,

Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine Armour.

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,

That keep her from her Rest.

Macb. Cure her from that:

Canst thou not minister to a Mind diseas'd,

Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the Brain,

And with some sweet oblivious Antidote,

Cleanse the stuff Bosome of that perillous stuff,

Which weighs upon the Heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none it.

Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, send out ---- Doctor, the Thanes fly from me ----
Come, Sir, dispatch ---- If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say ----
What **Rubarb**, Senna, or what Purgative Drug,
Would scour these English hence: Hear'st thou of them?

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Doct. Ay, my good Lord; Your Royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
'Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Wood.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose Hearts are absent too.

Macd. Set our best Censures
Before the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

Seyw. 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 certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War. [Exeunt marching.]

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SCENE V. The Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls,
The Cry is still_ they come: Our Castle's strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, Beard to Beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[A cry within of Women.]

Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:
The Time has been, my Senses would have cool'd
To hear a Night-shriek, and my Fell of Hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouze, and stir
As Life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word,
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted Fools
The way to study death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour 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. My Gracious Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

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Mes. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and Slave. [Striking him.

Mes. Let me endure your Wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile you may see it coming.
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out;
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o'th' World were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your Leavy Screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble Son,
Lead our first Battel. Worthy Macduff, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrant's Power to Night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood and Death. [Exeunt.
[Alarums continued.

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Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy Name?

Macb. Thoul't be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter Name
Than any is in Hell.

Macb. My Name's Macbeth.

Yo. Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine Ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou liest, thou abhorred Tyrant, with my
Sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight, and Young Seyward's slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy Face,
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine.
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This was, my Lord, the Castle's gently rendered:
The Tyrant's People on both sides do fight,
The noble Thanes do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

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Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool, and die
On mine own Sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My Voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou locest labour,

As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of Woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mother's Womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that Tongue that tells me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of Man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our Ear,
And break it to our Hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer-Monsters are,
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's Feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles Curse.
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my Body,
I throw my Warlike Shield; Lay on Macduff,

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And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough:
[Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble Son.

Rosse. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldier's Debt,
He only liv'd but 'till he was a Man,
The which no sooner had his Prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the Field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the Front.

Seyw. Why then, God's Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll 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 Macduff with Macbeth's Head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The Usurper's Cursed Head; the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my salutation in their Minds:
Whose Voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland.

All. Hail, King of Scotland. [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

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Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honour nam'd: What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her Life; This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in Measure, Time and Place:
So Thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.]