

Heywood 1635 Thomas Heywood, The hierarchie
of the blessed angells (London, 1635). STC
13327

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..... And of this sort
(Namely White Nymphs) Boëthius makes report,
In his Scotch Historie: Two Noblemen,
Mackbeth and Banco-Stuart, passing then
Vnto the Pallace where King Duncan lay;
Riding alone, encountred on the way
(In a darke Groue) three Virgins wondrous faire,
As well in habit as in feature rare.

The first of them did curtsie low, her vaile
Vnpinn'd, and with obeisance said, All haile
Mackbeth Thane Glanius. The next said,
All haile Caldarius Thane. The third Maid,
Not the least honor vnto thee I bring,
Mackbeth all haile, that shortly must be King.
These spake no more. When Banco thus reply'de,
Ill haue ye done, faire Ladies, to diuide
Me from all honors: How comes he thus growne
In your great grace, to promise him a Crowne?
And I his sole companion, as you see,
Yet you in nothing daigne to guerdon mee.

To whom the first made answer, Yes, we bring
To thee much happier Fate; for though a King
Mackbeth shall be, yet shall he reigne alone,
And leaue no issue to succeed his Throne.
But thou ô Banco, though thou dost not sway
Thy selfe a Scepter, yet thine Issue may,
And so it shall; thine Issue (do not feare)
Shall gouerne Scotland many an happy yeare.

This spoke, all vanisht. They at first amas'd
At the strange Nouell, each on other gas'd;
Then on they road, accounting all meere fictions,
And they vaine Spectars, false in their predictions:
And sporting by the way, one jeasted thus,
Haile King of Scotland, that must gouerne vs.
To whom the other, Like salutes to thee,
Who must of many Kings the Grandsire bee.

Yet thus it happen'd after; Duncan slaine
By Mackbeth, he vsurpt and 'gan to raigne,
Though the dead King had left two sonnes behinde.
More seriously then pondring in his minde
The former apparition, casts about,
How Banco (of the Scotch Peeres the most stout)
Might be cut off, doth solemnely inuite

Him and his sonne Fleanchus one sad night

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Vnto a banquet, where the Father dies;
But shadow'd by the darknesse, the Sonne flies.
Now the small sand of Mackbeths glasse bee'ng run,
(For he was slaine by Malcolme, Duncans son)
In processe, the Crowne lineally descended
To Banco's Issue; and is yet extended
In ample genealogie, remaining
In most renowned CHARLES, amongst vs reigning.

My promis'd brevitie be mine excuse,
Else many stories I could here produce
Of the like nature,