

122 *The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.*

4. Mark' ye his words: he would not take y^e Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might Have flood against the World: Now lies he there, And none so poore to do him reverence, O Murtherers! If I were dispos'd to flure Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage, I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caesar* wrong: Wha (you all know) are Honourable men, I will not do them wrong: I rather choofe To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you, Then I will wrong such Honourable men. But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*, I found it in his Clofset, 'tis his Will: Let but the Commoners heare this Testament: (Which pardon me) I do not mean to read, And they would go and kisse dead *Caesar*'s wounds, And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood; Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory, And dying, mention it within their Willts, Requesting it as a rich Legacie Vnto their issue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, read it *Mark* *Antony*.

Ant. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesar*'s Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it. It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lou'd you: You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men: And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*, It will inflame you, it will make you mad; 'Tis good you know not that you are his Isteies, For you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*.

You shall read vs the Will, *Caesar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while? I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it, I feare I wrong the Honourable men, Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Caesar*: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

Ant. The Will, the Testament.

1. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will: Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caesar*, And let me shew you him that made the Will: Shall I defend? And will you giue me leaue?

- Ant.* Come downe.
2. Defend.
3. You shall haue leaue.
4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay preesse not so vpon me, stand farre off.

- Ant.* Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this Murther, I remember The first time euer *Caesar* put it on, 'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent, That day he ouercame the *Norway*. Look, in this place ran *Caesar*'s Dagger through: See what a rent the enuious *Caesar* made: Through this, the well-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd, And as he pluck'd his cur'd Swoorde away:

a. Pl.

Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it, As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd If *Brutus* lo vnkindely knock'd, or no: For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caesar*'s Angel. Iudge, O you Gods, how deerey *Caesar* lou'd him: This was the most vnkindest cut of all, For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him flab, Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart, And in his Mantle, murthering vp his face, Euen at the Base of *Pompey*'s Statue Our *Caesar*'s Ventrure wounded? Look, you heere, Heere is *Himselfe*, mark' as you seee with Traitors.

1. O pittous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Caesar*!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O most bloody fight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Revenge About, Icke, burne, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not flure To fish a sodaine Flood of Mutiny: They that haue done this Deede, are honourable, What private griefes they haue, as I know not, That made them do it: They are Wife and Honourable, And will no doubt with Reasons answer you. I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts, I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is; But (as you know me all) a plaide blunt man That lose my Friend, and that they know full well, That giue me publick leaue to speake of him: For I haue neither writ nor words, nor worth, Action, nor Vterance, nor the power of Speech, To flure mens Blood, I onely speake right on: I tell you that, which you felous do know, Shew you sweet *Caesar*'s wounds, poor poor dum mouths And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*, And *Brutus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony* Would rulle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue In euery Wound of *Caesar*, that should moue The stones of Rome, to rise and Matiny.

- Ant.* Wee'l Mutiny.
1. Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

Ant. Peace here, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what: Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deferd you louest? Alas you know not, I must tell you this: You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

Ant. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesar*'s Seale: To euery Roman Citizen he giues, To euery free man, fcutenty See Drachmace.

131

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battail's lost, and wonne,
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1. I come, *Grey-Malkin*.

Mal. *Paddock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire, Houer through the fogge and filbie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcolm, Desdemond, Lennox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As scemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt The newest flite.

Mal. This is the Serient, Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought Gainst my Captialtie: Haste braue friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didst tel'st it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood, As two spent Swithers, that doe cling together, And choake their Art: The wretchelesse *Macdonwald* (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villaines of *Waur* Doe swaere upon him) from the Wetherne Isles Of *Kernes* and *Gallowgaffer's* supply'd, And Fortune on his daimnt *Quarry* smiling, Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: But all's too weeke: For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name) Did slayning Fortane, with his brandish't Swoorde, Which smok'd with bloody execution (Like *Valours* Mithon) 't'was in his passage, Till hee had the Slayne.

Which new's flurke hands nor had farwell to him, Till hee was cutt from the Blaw took' Chlops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman, Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection, Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders; So from that Spring, whence cyrcifort fere'd to come, Discomfort fell'st: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No sooner Iustice had, with Vs four arm'd, Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their liues: But the *Norweyan* Lord, surrueyng vantage, With furboist Armes, and new supplies of men, Begun a fresh assault.

King. Dismy'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Beauncamp*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles, Or the Hare, the Lyon: If I say sooth, I must report they were As Cannons ouer-charge'd with double Cracks, So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe: Except they meant to bathe in seeking Wounds, Or memorize another *Gulgera*, I cannot tell: but I am faint, My Gaffes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds, They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Lennox. What a haste lookkes through his eyes? So should hee looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Ross. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King, Where the *Norweyan* Banners bow the Skie, And fane our people cold, *Norway* himselfe, with terrible numbers, Assild by that most disloyall Traytor, The Thane of *Cawdor*, began a dismal Conflict, Till that *Belona's* Bridegrome, by's proofe, Confronted him with selfe-comparisons, Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme, Curbing his insolupt spirit; and to conclude, The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.

Ross. That now *Swenes*, the *Notweyan* King, Causes composition: Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men, Till hee was buried at *Sains Colmes* ynch, Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No.

132 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

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

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hath thou bene, Sister?
2. Killing Swiue.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Gie me, quoth I.
2. Aroynt thee, Witch, the rampe-fed Ronyon cries,
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o' th' *Tiger*:
But in a *Syue* Ile thither fyde,
And like a Rat without a taylor,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
3. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th' art kinde.
2. And I another.
1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Forts they blow,
All the *Q*uarters that they know,
I' th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyn him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall lue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barte cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost,
Looke what I haue,
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine,
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and faire a day I haue not seene.
Banquo. How faire it' call'd to Sort? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th' Inhabitants o' th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Lise you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger lying
Vpon her skinne: Lips, you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are fo.

Macb. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee, *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee, *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All hail, *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? 'Tis name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with priens Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hanning, and of Royall hope,
That hee seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not,
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hailie.
2. Hailie.
3. Hailie.
1. Laffer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not fo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, *Macbeth*, and *Banquo.*
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all hail.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinfull* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis:
But how of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King
Stands not within the prospect of beliefe.
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Propheticke greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanishe.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whether are they vanisht?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what fecm'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.
Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That makes the Reason Prisioner?
Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.
Banq. You shall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words, who's here?
Enter Ross and Angus.
Ross. The King hath happily receiued *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy success: and when he shall
Thy personall Vensure in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayes doe commend,
Which should be thine, or his: stand' d with this
In viewing o're the rest o' th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the flogg Norwegian Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tye:
Canst thou with this, and every one did begge,
Thy prayes in his Kingdome's great defence,
And pow'd them downe before him?
Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Nor pay thee.
Ross. *Macbeth* is an excellent good man,
He had me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar. 121

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of this bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.
Exeunt.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Palat, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Plb. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Br. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere:
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendered
Of *Caesars* death.
1. *Plb.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.
2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When feerally we heare them rendered.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.
Br. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heere mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for
mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisdome, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better iudge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesar*, to him
I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were li-
uing, and dye all *Romans*: then that *Caesar* were dead, to
liue all Free-men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him:
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it: as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Treary, for his Loue to *Rome*, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him
I offend. Who is heere so rude, that would hurt
a *Roman*? If any, speake, for him I offend. Who
is heere so vile, that will not lose his Country? If any,
speake, for him I offend. I pause for a Reply.
All. None *Brutus*, none.
Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no
more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questio-
n of his death, is introll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
forc'd, for which hee suffered death.
Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.
Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall recuse the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the *Comonswealth*, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe you
beil Lower for the good of *Rome*, I thus the same Dag-
ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death.
All. Line *Brutus*, line, line.
1. Bring him with *Tullough* home vnto his house.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Caesar*.
4. *Caesars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'l bring him to his Houfe,
With Showts and Clamors.
Br. My Country-men.
2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.
1. Peace ho.
Br. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Caesars* Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke. *Exit.*
1. Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.
2. Let him go vp into the publike Chaite,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.
Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.
3. What does he say of *Brutus*?
4. He sayes for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.
4. There beeth hee speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?
1. This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.
2. Nay that's certaine:
Weare blest that *Rome* is rid of him.
3. Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.
All. You gentile *Romans*.
All. Peace hee, let vs heare him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your eares:
I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him:
The eull that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greenous Fault,
And greenously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.
Hence, vnder lease of *Brutus*, and the rest
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall,
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'd, *Caesar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner Iuffe,
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
I chice presented him a King's Crowne,
Which hee did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure hee is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disproue what *Brutus* spoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know:
You all did loue him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to moune for him?
O Iudgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,
And I must pawle, till it come backe to me,
1. Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong. (his place.)
3. Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worfe come in
4. *Mark*

138 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

See, and then speake your feiges: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.
 Ring the Alarm Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolm awake,
 Shake off this Downey Sleep, Deaths counterfeits,
 And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
 The great Doomes Image: *Malcolm, Banquo,*
 As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
 Lady. What's the Business?
 That such a ludeous Trumpet calls to pacley
 The sleepers of the House? I speake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
 'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
 The repetition in a Womens eare,
 Would murder as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
 O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murder'd.
 Lady. Woe alas!
 What, in our House?
 Ban. Too cruell any where.
 Deare Duff, I prythee contradi thy felts,
 And say, it is not so.
Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Regie.
 Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
 I had had a blessed time: for from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in Mortallitie:
 All is but Toys: Renowne and Grace is dead,
 The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
 Is left this Vault, to brag of.
Enter Malcolm and Donalbaine.
 Donal. What is amiss?
 Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
 The Spring, the Head, the Fontaine of your Blood
 Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.
 Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.
 Macb. Oh, by whom?
 Lennox. 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 vnwip'd, we found
 Vpon their Pillowes: they flur'd, and were distracted,
 No mans Life was to be truil'd with them.
 Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
 That I did kill them.
 Macd. Wherefore did you so?
 Macb. Who can be wife, smez'd, temp'rate, & furious,
 Loyal and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
 'Tis expedition of my violent Love
 Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Emilia,*
 His Silner skinn, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
 And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
 For Raues wa' full entrance: there the Murderers,
 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
 Vomanerly breach'd with gore: who could retrace,
 That had a heart to loze; and in that heart,
 Courage, to make's loze knowes?
 Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.
 Macd. Looke to the Lady.
 Macb. Why doe we hold our tongues,
 That most may claime this argument for ours?
 Donal. What should be spoken here,
 Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
 May ruff, and seize vs? Let's away,
 Our Treas are not yet brew'd.
Macd. Nor our strong Sorrow
 Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
 And when we issue our naked Frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of worke,
 To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
 Against the vniuersal'd pretence, I fight
 Of Treasonous Malice.
Macd. And fo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
 And meet 'till Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
 Macb. What will you doe?
 Let's not comfort with them:
 To shew an vnfit Sorrow, is an Office
 Which the false man do's vsufe.
 Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
 Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
 Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
 The more in blood, the nearer bloody.
Macb. This murdering Shaft that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
 Is to sound the syme. Therefore to Horfe,
 And let vs not be daintie of lease-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
 Which steales it selfe, when there's no meric left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regie, with an Old man.

Old man. Therefore and ten I can remember well,
 Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene
 Houres dreddfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
 Hath trifled former knowings.
Regie. Ha, good Father,
 Thou seest the Heuens, as troubled with mans AB,
 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
 And yet darke Night strangles the trailing Lampe:
 Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes tharce,
 That Darkeesse does the face of Earth intombe,
 When living Light should kisse it?
Old man. 'Tis vnsustall,
 Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
 A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
 Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.
Regie. And Duncans Horles,
 (A thing most strange, and certaine)
 Brauours, and swift, the Mitions of their Race,
 Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their Halis, song out,
 Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
 Make Wreth with Mankind.
Old man. 'Tis said, they este each other.
Regie. They did so:

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 139

To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.
Enter Macdoffe.
 Hence comes the good Macdoffe.
 How goes the world Sir, now?
Macd. Why see you not?
Regie. It's known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.
Regie. Alas the day,
 What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were subbor'd,
Malcolm, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes
 Are stolne away and fled, which pass vpon them
 Suspicion of the deed.
Regie. Gain'd Nature still
 Thriftlike Ambition, that will rauen vp
 Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
 The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nimb'd, and gone to Scone
 To be inuested.
Regie. Where is *Duncans* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
 The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
 And Guardian of their Bones.
Regie. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Coffin, Ile to Fife.
Regie. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you see things wee done there: Adieu
 Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.
Regie. Farewell, Father.
Old Man. Goods beery for go with you, and wish those
 That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the wayard Women promis'd, and I feare
 Thou play'd'st it most fouly for't: yet it was false
 It should not stand in thy Posterity,
 But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
 As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
 Why by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my Oracles as well,
 And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.
*Seruit furnished. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lennox,
 Regie, Lords, and Attendants.*
Macb. Here's our chiefe Guest.
La. If he had bene forgotten,
 It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
 And all thing vbecomming.
Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper fit,
 And Ile request your presence.
Banq. Let your Highnesse
 Command vpon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this sterne morn?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We should haue elie desir'd your good aduice
 (Which still hath been both grate, and prof'perous)
 In this dayes Councell: but we'le take to morrow,
 Is't farre you ride?
Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
 'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horfe the better,
 I must become a borrower of the Night,
 For a darke houre, or twaine.
Macb. Faine not our Feast.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beflow'd
 In England, and in Ireland, not confesting
 Their cruell Parricide, filling their beeres
 With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
 When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
 Causing vs joyntly. Hye you to Horfe:
 Adieu, till you reume at Night,
 Goes *Florence* with you?
Ban. My good Lord: our time doe call vpon't.
Macb. I with your Horfes swift, and sure of foot:
 And fo I doe commend you to their backs.
 Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*
 Let every man be master of his time,
 Till from as Night, to make societie
 The sweeter welcome:
 We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
 While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
 Sirra, a word with you: Attend chofe men
 Our pleasure?
Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
 Gate.
Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
 To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
 Our feares in *Banquo* slike deepe,
 And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
 Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
 He hath a Wi'dome, that doth guide his Valour,
 To set in safetie. There is none but he,
 Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
 My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark, Antonius was by *Cassie*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
 And bad them speake to him, Then Prophet-like,
 They hay'd him Father to a Line of Kings,
 Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
 Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
 No Some of mine faceceding: it's be fo,
 For *Banquo*'s issue haue I fil'd my Minde
 For them, the gracious *Duncans* haue I murder'd,
 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
 Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell
 Given to the common Enemie of Man,
 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings,
 Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyth,
 And champion me to th' vtterance.
 Who's there?
Enter Seruant, and two Marshalls.
 Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Exit Seruant.
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Macb. It was, so please your Highnesse.
Macb. Well then,
 Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:
 Know,

140 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
Thus I made good to you, in our last conference,
Pact in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost;
The Instruments; who wrought with them;
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did I doe.

1. *Macb.* You made it knowne to vs.
Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospel'd, do you pray for this good man,
And for his killer, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begg'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Macb.* We are men, my Liege.
Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mongrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Shoughes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The Hoarf-keeper, the Humber, 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 flation in the file,
Not th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Buffe in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Cripples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Macb.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To fight the World.

1. *Macb.* And I another,
So weare with Disasters, rag'd with Fortune,
That I would for my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Bangus* was your Enemy.
Macb. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my neer't of Life: and though I could
With bare face d'power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will saue him: yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but waike his fall,
Who I my selfe thrust downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Buffe from the common Eye,
For fondry waights Reason.

2. *Macb.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Macb.* Though our Lives—
Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this house, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o' th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Borches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me;
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolue your felues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Macb. We are resolu'd, my Lord.
Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Bangus*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Bangus* gone from Court?
Seruant. I, Madam, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.
Seruant. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer so be that which we desire,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of foretold Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what 'adone, is done.

Macb. We haue forc'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee's in close, and he her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-loynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we so paine our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restless ecstasy.

Dunaine is in his Graue:
After Lives fitfull Feare, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worst: not Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domesticke, forsaie Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and ioustall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Bangus*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnste the while, that wee must haue
Our Honors in their flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must Iesse this.
Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Bangus* and his *Fleane* liues,

Lady. But

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 137

Enter Macbeth, and Lenax.

Macb. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
Lenax. Faith Sir, we were crowding till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.
Macb. What three things does Drinke especially
prouoke?
Lenax. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vine,
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off: it perfouades him, and dis-beatens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-
sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macb. I beleeeue, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.
Lenax. That it did, Sir, 'tis the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he took vs your Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to catch him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenax. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow to both.
Macb. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macb. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slept the houre.
Macb. He bring you to him.
Macb. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Exit Macbeth.

Lenax. He make fo bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service.
Lenax. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenax. The Night ha's been vntillly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyce Conuulsion, and confus'd Euenes,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time,
The obscure Bird clamor'd the lise-long Night,
Some say the Earth was feutorous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenax. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow so it.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.
Macb. and *Lenax.* What's the matter?
Macb. Confusion now hath made his Master peeces:
Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o' th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenax. Meane you his Majesty?
Macb. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

mm 3

See,

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there?
'th' name of *Beelzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th' wheel of execution: Come in time, haue
Napping now about your here you're fore for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales against euer Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Host:
Come in, Taylor, here you may cut your Goozie. *Knock.*
Knock, knock! *Porter.* What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell: He Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reftaine in me the curfed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Sergeant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Mac. A Friend.

Ser. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath bene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices,
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hoffeffe,
And thus vp in measurelesse content,

Mac. Being vnrepaire'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should seeke haue wrought.

Ser. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue thew'd some truth.

Mac. I thinke not of them:

Yes when we can enreat an house to serue,
We would spend it in fong words vpon that Businesse,
If you would grant the time.

Ser. At your kind'rt lye ftir.

Mac. If you shall cleaue to my content,
When 'tis it shall make Honor for you,
Ser. So I lofe none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bolome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be comfort'd.

Mac. Good repose the while.

Ser. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Sergeant.*
Mac. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

The Handle toward my Hand? Come let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fittill Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-opprest Brain? e
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou shalt fill me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vie.
Mine Eyes are made the foolies vnto the Sencer,
Or else with all the rest: I see thee fill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gours of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus our mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature feesmes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Custom'd Sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Fire: Obsequies: and wither'd Murker,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his fleachy pace,
With Topping ranshing fides, towards his defigne
Monte liues a Ghost. Thou fouere and firme-set Earth
Hearst not my steps, which they may walke, for leaue
Thy very ilonses prate of my where-aboue,
And teke the present horror from the time,
Which as now lites with it. Whiles I threax, he lites:
Would to the heat of deathes too cold breath giues,
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Here it nor, *Lament*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La, That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Heaerke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fawall Bell-man, which giues the stern't good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the furtressed Groomes doe mock their charge
With Soores. I haue drugg'd their Postets,
That Death and Nature doe content about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done't attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: heaerke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not remembred
My Father as he sleeps, I had don't,
My Husband?

Mac. I haue done the deed:

Didst thou not heare a noyse?
Lady. I heard the Owle screeame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mac. As I defended?

Lady. I.

Mac. Heaerke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Mac. This is a forry fight,

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a forry fight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murderer, that they did wake each other:
I heard, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had scene me with these Hangman's hands:
Lishing their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not to deeply.
Mac. But wherefore could not pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen thuck in my throate.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

Mac. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleepe no more:
Macbeth does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rasiu'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindees, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What do you meane?
Mac. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houfe:
Clam hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Carder*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble threugh, so thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water, *And*

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

*Banque prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Mac. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lady. Thanks to your Majesty,
Mac. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hoffeffe keeps her Seate, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

L. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murker.
Mac. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are euen: here he sit i'th' mid't,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mac. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mac. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispos'd?

Mac. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet here's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Mac. Most Royall Sir
Fleance is escap'd.

Mac. Then comes my *Fis* againe:
I had elle bene perfect;

Whole as the Minibie, founded as the Rocks,
As broad, and generally, as the casing Ayres
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in,
To sawy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mac. My good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head:
The least's Death to Nature.

Mac. Thanks for that:
There rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.
2. Almost a mile: but he does vially,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walkie.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

1. A Light, a Light.
2. 'Tis hee.
3. Stand too't,
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!
Fire good! Heaps, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Sine!

1. Who did strike out the Light?
2. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne's fled.
2. We haue lost
Bell halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exit.

Mac. Sweet Remembrance:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sic,
Mac. Here had we now our Countie Honor, roof'd,
Were the graci'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pittie for Mifchance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Lays blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?
Mac.

142 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here my good Lord.
What is't that mouers your Highnesse?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lenox. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roffe. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus.
And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat.
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper fluffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-tilation-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncane*. O, these flares and flares
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Author'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a floole.
Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how say you?
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell bouset, and our Graces must lend
Those that we bury, backe; our Monumentes
Shall be the Mawes of Kyrtes.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly,
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, 'tis' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murderers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murders on their crownes,
And puff vs from our flooles. This is more strange
Then such a murder is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,
I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then lie fit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.
I drinke to th'gentle all toy oth' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we shuffe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thinke,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Auaunt, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost gaze with.
La. Think of this good Peeres:
But as a thing: of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Only it spoiles the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Ruffian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hiran Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my fine Verres
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliae againe,
And dare me to the Defeat with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,
Vncall mock'ty hence. Why lo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit fill.
La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Cloud,
Without our speciall wondes? You make me strange
Euen to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such fights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roffe. What fights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speake not: he growes worfe & worfe
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the Ord of your going,
But goe at once.
Lenox. Goodnight, and better health
Attend his Majesty.
Macb. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they say:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:
Angures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Chogghes, & Rookes brought forth
The ferret't man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.
La. Did you send to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send;
There's not a one of them bus in his house
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And sometimes I will) to the weyard Silters,
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall giue way. I am in blood
Step in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.
La. You lacke the fenson of all Natures, sleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & selfe-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vice:
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Heere.*

1. Why how now *Heac*, you looke angrily?
Hee. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Swee, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Traffike with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 135

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him as the beeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (harpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs; Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.
La. Your Senators euer,
Haue theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compe,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Sull to retorne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduet me to mine Host: we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

*His boyes. Torches.
Enter a Seru, and downe Seruants with Torch and Seruice
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If't *Assassination*
Could trannell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his success, Suctiffe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We shall haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being tangle, retorne
To plague th'Inuenter. This even-handed Iudice
Commends th'Ingratitude of our payfon'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murderer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath bene the Facilities fo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Verres
Will please like Angels. Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne Babe,
Striding the blath, or Heauens Chetubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the wunde. I haue no Spurre
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falls on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost sup: why haue you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be womne now in their newest glosse,
Nor call aside fo soone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dress'd your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke fo greene, and pale,
As what it did fo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd
To be the fame in thine owne A.D. and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue chat

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And lue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat'th'Audage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be fo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselves, and that their fustiffe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue gone Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dash't the Braines out, had I fo fwoore
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we should faile?
Lady. We faile?
But ferre your courage to the flicking place,
And wee'l not fayle: when *Duncane* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soudly imite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, fo cooince,
That Memorie, the Warde of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason
A Lymbecke onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drench'd Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'inguarded *Duncane*? What not put vpon
His (spunge Officers) who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vnman'd Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be recei'd,
When we haue mark'd it with blood those sleepe two
Of his owne Chamber, and we'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
Clock.
Banq. And the goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. It strikes, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
m 2

134 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

For in my way it lyes, Stares hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winks at the Hand, yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full of 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 vs welcome:
It is a preordaine Kinman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have
learn'd by the perfell'd report, they have more in them, then
mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
farther, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanis'd.
Whiles I stood vpon in the wonder of it, came Mistines from
the King, who all-bred me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these new-found Sisters fainted me, and refer'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shall be. This
haile I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loase the dues of respect,
by being ignorant of what Creatur'sse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and that: he
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the newesfull way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thou'd'st haue great Glamys that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then without should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powere my Spirit in thine Eare,
And challenge with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?
Mess. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say so.
It is not thy Miter with him? who, were't so,
Would haue intownd for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of lum;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would'st make vp his Message.
Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raue himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the full entrance of Duncon
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnto me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th' acceite and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
T'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-er, in your sightlesse obliuions,
You wait on Nature's Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-halle hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O neerer,
Shall Sonne than Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is in a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall see
This Night's great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely soueraigne way, and Masterdome.
Macb. We will speake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all she reft to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

*Hobbes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
Donalduine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant feat,
The ayre mildly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.
Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loued Manfony, that the Heaueas breath
Smells wooingly here: no luty frieze,
Batrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Exit Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse!
The Loue that follows vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which fill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our seruice,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to commend
Against those Honours, dopes, and breads,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our Houes:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites. *King, Where's*

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 143

And I the Mithis of your Charms,
The cloe contriner of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others doe)
Lours for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Mette me th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie,
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charms, and eury thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismal, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone,
Vpon the Corner of the Moone,
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
He catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diffus'd by Magicke flights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurre Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes vpon Witches' Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemye.
Messinger, and a Song.
Heare, I am call'd: my little Spirit fee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flays for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
Come, let's make haile, since I soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hir your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: many he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalduine*
To kill the gracious Father? Damned *Faust*,
How it did greene *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquent teare,
That were the Slaves of desire, and thralls of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wifely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aloue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncan* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*,
But peace: for from broad words, and cause he say'd
His presence at the Tyrans Feast, I heare
Macduff liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he belloues himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lies in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him about)
To rouse the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tymbles meane, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives:
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Watre.
Lenox. Sent he to *Macduff*?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The cloudy Messinger turns me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l see the time
That clogges me with this Answer.
Lenox. And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, I hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accus'd.
Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the pyordfoll Enstrales throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Swelterd Venom Keeping got,
Boyle thou first th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Souke,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adder Fork, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witch's Mummy, Murr, and Gulle
Of the raiu'd salt Sea Shark:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuor of Blappheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sluier'd in the Moones Eclipse:

No. 6.

of Furke, and Tartar lips :
Finger of Birth-brangled Babe,
Deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and flub,
Aide thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble,
1. Coole it with a Baboons blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.
Hec. O well done : I commend your paines,
And every one shall thare th'ignions :
And now about the Cauldroning
Like Rites and Fairies in a Ring,
Incanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
1. By the pricking of my Thumbe,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open Locke, who euer knocks.

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

All. A deed without a name,
Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How eue you come to know it) answer me :
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches : Though the yelty Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp ;
Though bladed Come be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Calles topple on their Wanders heads ;
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do llope
Their heads to their Foundations : Though the treasure
Of Nature Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction ficken : Answer me
To what I aske you.

1. Speake.
2. Demand.
3. We'll answer.
1. Say, if 'th' hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em : let me see 'em.
1. Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow : Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flaue.
All. Come high or low :
Thy Selfe and Office deatly thou.

Thunder.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power,
1. He knowes thy thought :

Heare his speech, but say thou ought.
1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth :
Beware Macdoffe,
Beware the Tiane of Fife : dismisse me. Enough.

He Despairs.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare right. But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded : here's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.
2. Apparition, a Bloody Child.
1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Macb. Had I three eeres, I'd heare thee,
2. Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute :

Laugh to scorn
The powere of man : For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Defends.
Mac. Then lieue Macdoffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet he make assurance : double fure,
And take a Bond of Fate : thou shalt not lie,
That I may tell pale-hearted Peere, it lies ;
And sleepe in spite of Thunder.

Thunder.
3. Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And wears vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.
3. Appar. Be Lyon meted, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are :

Macb. Shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill
Great Byrnan Wood, to high Dunlisme Hill
Shall come against him.

Defends.
Macb. That will neuer be :
Who can impreffe the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet bodements, good!
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall liue the Keale of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and morrall Calfome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much : Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdom?

All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you : Let me know,
Why finks that Caldron? & what noise is this?

Hobbes.
1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glass
in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first :

A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggies,
Why do you fiew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A feauenth? He see no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more : and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolier'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this fo?

1. I Sir, all this is fo. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, there we vp his fprights,
And shew the best of our delights,
He Charme the Ayre to giue a found,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke.
The Witches Dance, and vanishe.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houere,
Stand eye accurd in the Kalender.

Enter Lenox.
Lenox. What's your Graces will.
Macb.

Scena Quarta.

In which addition, haile most worthy Thane,
For it is thine.

Benj. What, can the Devil speake true?
Macb. The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreffe me in borrowed Robes?

Benj. Who was the Thane, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Judgement bears that Life,
Which he defies to loofe.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vanrage ; or that with both be labourd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not :

But Ticonos Capital, confis'd, and prou'd,
Hath ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamsy, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your paines,
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaze the Thane of Cawdor to die,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Benj. That troubled heare,
Might yet enuilde you into the Crowne,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with bonnet Trilles, or betray's
In deepest consequence.

Confine, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Trilles are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling A&O
Of the Imperiall Throne. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of success?
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vntune my fides,
And make my feared Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the yf of Nature? Prefent Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murder yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes in my single state of Man,
That Function is another'd in furtiue,
And nothing but what is not.

Benj. Like how our Purgeon's rept.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my furre.

Benj. New Honours come vpon him.
Like out strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of yfe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the Tide waite for the roughest Day.
Benj. Worshipp Macbeth, seee stay vpon your ley-
tyre.

Macb. Give me your faines:
My dull Braine is wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the leafe,
To read them.

Let vs toward the King : thinke vpon
What hath chanced, and at more time,
Our five Hearts each to other.

Benj. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then rough
Come friends.

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm,
Duncanaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not thofe in Commission yet return'd?
Macb. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confes'd his Treasons, impior'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And fet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leassing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'were a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
O worthyest Cousin,
The faine of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou ste to farre before,
Tha swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst left deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue bene mine : onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due then more then all can pay.

Macb. The fertuce, and the loyalte I owe,
In doing it, prays it false.
Your Highnesse part, is to recuile our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euey thing faine toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done fo : Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Benj. There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanion in iunefse, seeke to hide them selues
In drops of forrow. Soones, Kinmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the next, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Gumberland : which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, iueft him onely.
But fignes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deserters. From hence to Euenings,
And binde vs farther to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not v'd for you:
He be my selfe the Herbeuger, and make loyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy Cawdor,
Macb. The Prince of Cumberlands that is a ftep,
On which I must fall downe, or els o're-leape,
mm

150 *The Tragedie of Macbeth.*

Industrious Souldiership.
Sy. The time approaches,
 That will with due decision make vs know
 What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
 Though his speculation, their vnfare hopes relate,
 But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate.
 Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

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

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
 The City is fill, they come: our Castles strength
 Will laugh a Siege to scorn: Here let them lye,
 Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp;
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
 We might haue met them daresfull, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?
A Cry within of Women.
Sy. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almost forgot the talke of Fetters:
 The time ha's bene, my fences would haue cool'd
 To heare a Night-shrike, and my Fall of haire
 Would at a dismal Treatise rowze, and stirre
 As life were in't. I haue sapt full with horrors,
 Diuenc't familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
 Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sy. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She should haue dy'd like hecesister;
 There would haue bene 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 yesterdaies, haue lighted Fooles
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, breake Candle,
 Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
 That shins and frens his boue vpon 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 vs thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, say it.
Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
 I look'd toward Byrname, and anon me thought
 The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lye, and Slaue.
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three Mile may you see it comming,
 I say, a mouing Groue.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang a line
 Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be foolish,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in Resolution, and begin
 To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,
 That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrname Wood
 Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
 If this which he saouches, do's appeare,
 There is not flying hence, nor tarrying here,
 I'gimme to be a-weary of the Sun,
 And with triffling o' th' world were now vndon.
 Ring the Alarm Bell, blow Winda, come wracke,
 Atleast we'l dye with Harnesse on our backs. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

*Drumme and Colours.
 Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macdoff, and their Army,
 with Banners.*

Mal. Now nere enough:
 Your leasy Skreens throw downe,
 And show like those you are: You (worthy Ynkle)
 Shall with my Coffin your right Noble Sonne
 Leade our first Battell. Worthy Macdoff, and wee
 Shall take vpon's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.
 Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
 Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets speake, giue th' all breath
 Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
 But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
 Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No; though thou call'st it thy selfe a hotter name
 Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Y. Sey. The duell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
 More harmful to mine eare.
Macb. No: not more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
 Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.
Fight, and young Seyward slaine.
Macb. Then was't borne of woman;
 But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,
 Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. *Enter Macdoff.*
Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant show thy face,
 If thou beest slaine, and with no stroke of mine,
 My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
 I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
 Are hy'd to beare their Stanes; either thou Macbeth,
 Or else my Sword with an vnbeattered edge
 I sheath againe vnedded. There thou should'st be,
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 151

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
 And more I begge out. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sy. This way my Lord, the Castles gettely rendered:
 The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
 The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
 The day almost is felte profertes yours,
 And little is to do.
Mal. We haue met with Foes
 That strike beside vs.
Sy. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarums*
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
 On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
 Do better vpon them.
Enter Macdoff.
Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne,
Macb. Of all men else I haue annoyded thee:
 But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
 My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
 Then teares can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarums*
Macb. Thou loofest labour,
 As easie may'st thou the inrenchant Ayre
 With thy keene Sword impreffe, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crefts,
 I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeild
 To one of woman borne.
Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
 And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
 Tell thee, Macdoff was from his Mothers womb
 Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accur'd be that tongue that tells mee so:
 For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
 And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleu'd,
 That palter with vs in a double fence,
 That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
 And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeild thee Coward,
 And lye to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time.
 Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Moonsters are
 Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
 Heere may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeild
 To soiffe the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
 And to be baited with the Rabbits carfe.
 Though Byrname wood be come to Dunfinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
 I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macdoff,
 And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
 Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, & Souldiers.*
Mal. I would the Fielder we misse, we're safe arriu'd:
Sy. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. Macdoffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Ross. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a fouldiers debt, w
 He only liu'd: but till he was a man,
 The which no foones had his Prowesse confirm'd
 In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he dy'de.
Sy. Then he is dead?
Ross. I, and brought off the field: your cause of furrow
 Must not be meaur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.
Sy. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. I, on the Front.
Sy. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
 Had as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,
 I would not with them to a fairer death:
 And to his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more furrow,
 And that Ile spend for him.
Sy. Hee's worth no more,
 They say he parted well, and paid his score,
 And fo God be with him. Here comes new comfort:
Enter Macdoff, with Malcolms head.
Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
 Behold where stands
 Th' Vnspurr'd cursed head: the time is free:
 I see thee compult with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
 That speake my situation in their minds:
 Whole voyces I desire aloud with mine.
 Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
 Before we reckon with your severall Ioues,
 And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinmen
 Henceforth be Eagles, the first that euer Scotland
 In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
 Which would be plant'd newly with the times,
 As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
 That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruell Ministers
 Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
 Whose (as 'tis thought) by felte and violent hands,
 Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
 That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
 We will performe in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we salute, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Bernardo. Ho's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your selfe. Ber. Long live the King. Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He. Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre. Ber. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed Francisco. Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard? Fran. Not a Mouse stirring. Ber. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus. Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there? Hor. Friends to this ground. Mac. And Leige-men to the Dane. Fran. Giue you good night. Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you? Fra. Bernardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Mac. Holla Bernardo. Ber. Say, what is Horatio there? Hor. A peece of him. Ber. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus. Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night. Ber. I haue seene nothing.

Mac. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs, Therefore I haue breasted him along With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That if againe this Apparition come, He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Ber. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare. Mar. Sit downe a while, And let vs once againe assaile your eares, That are so fortified against our Story, What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe. And let vs heare Bernardo speake of this. Ber. Last night of all, When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his course illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe, The Bell then beating one. Mar. Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Ghost. Looke where it comes againe.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead. Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it. Horatio. Ber. Looke it not like the King? Make it Horatio. Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with feare & wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke too. Mar. Question it Horatio. Hor. What art thou that vnsup'rt this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. Ber. See, it stalkes away. Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake. Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale: Is not this something more then Fantasie? What thinke you on't? Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleefe Without the sensible and true enouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King? Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'Ambitious Norway combated: So frown'd he once, when in an angry paffe He snott the fludded Pollux on the Iec.

'Tis strange. Mar. Thus twice before, and last at this dead houre, With Marcellus, haue he gone by our Watch. Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the graphic and scope of my Opinion, This bodles some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me what knowes Why this same frickt and most obstruant Watch, So mightily toyles the subiect of the Land, And why such daily Craft of Braxon Cannon And Fortraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why such impresse of Ship-weights, who's fore Taske Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might be toward, that this fenety haif Dath make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day: Who is't that can informe me? Hor. That can I,

At

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of Rule. Mac. Now do's he feele His secret Murders sticking on his hands,

Now minutely Result vpraid his Faith-breast: Those he commands, moue onely in command, Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Mac. Who then shall blame His peccet'd Senses to recroyle, and start, When all that is within him, do's condemne It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on, To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd: Meete we the Medicine of the sickly Weale, And with him poure we in our Countrey purge, Each drop of vs.

Loone. Ouse much as it needs, To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds: Make we our March towards Birnan. Exeunt marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doller, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all: Till Byrnan wood remoue to Dunfinne, I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy Malcolme? Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know All morall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me this: Feare not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman Shall erre haue power vpon thee. Thinly false, Thanes, And mingle with the English Epicures, The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare, Shall neuer fagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant. The duell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone: Where got'st thou that Goose-looke? Ser. There is ten thousand. Mac. Greife Villaine? Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Mac. Go prickte thy face, and ouer-red thy feare Thou Lilly-liu'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch? Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Why-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you. Mac. Take thy face hence. Ser. I am sicke at hart, When I behold: Ser. I say, this puffe Will cheere me euer, or dis-cate me now.

I haue lu'd long enough: my way of life Is faine into the Seare, the yellow Lease, And that which should accompany Old-Age, As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, I must not looke to haue: but in their stead, Curfes, not lovd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Ser. Ser. Enter Ser. Ser. What's your gracious pleasure? Mac. What Newes more? Ser. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported, Mac. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor. Ser. 'Tis not needed yet. Mac. Ile put it on: Send out mee Horatio, skirre the Country round, Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor: How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doll. Not so sicke my Lord, As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies That keepe her from her rest.

Mac. Care of that: Can't thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd, Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the Braine, And with some sweet Oblitious Antidote Cleaue the stuffe of base, of that perillous stuffe Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doll. Therein the Patient Most misliketh to himselfe. Mac. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it: Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe: Ser. lend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me: Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast The Water of my Land, finde her Disease, And purge it to a found and priuite Health, I would applaud thee to the very Echo, That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say, What Ruber, Cyme, or what Purgative drugges Would cure these English hence: hear't it of them?

Doll. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation Makes vs heare something. Mac. Bring it after me: I will not be afraid of Death and Ban, Till Birnan Forrest come to Dunfinne.

Doll. Were I from Dunfinne away, and cleere, Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macdoff, Seyward's Sonne, Montrose, Caibnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand That Chambers will be faie. Mac. We doubt it nothing. Ser. What wood is this before vs? Mac. The wood of Birnanne.

Mac. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough, And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our Host, and make discovery erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done. Ser. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant Keeps still in Dunfinne, and will indure Our setting downe before't.

Mac. 'Tis his maine hope: For where there is aduantage to be giuen, Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Result, And none ferre with him, but constrained things, Whole hearts are absent too. Mac. Let our iust Centures Attend the true euent, and put we on Industrious

Industrious

But I must also feele it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were That were most precious to me: Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff, They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I sin, Nor for their owne demerits, but for mine Fell slaughter on their foules: Heaven rest them now. *Macd.* Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe Conuert to anger: blunt out the heart, enrage it. *Macd.* O! could play the heart, enrage it, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heaven, Cut short all intermission: Front to Front, Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe Within my Swords length let him, if he scape Heaven forgive him too. *Macd.* This time goes manly: Come go we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lacke is nothing but our leasur. *Macduff* is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above Put on their Instruments: Receive what there you may, The Night is long, that neuer fades the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Deller of Physicke, and a Praying Gentleman. *Dell.* I have too Nightes watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it firste last walk'd? *Gen.* Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Cloffet, take fourth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe. *Dell.* A great perturbation in Nature, to receiue at once the benefit of sleepe, and do the effects of watching. In this slumby agitation, besides her walking, and other small performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her say?

Gen. That Sir, which I will not report after her. *Dell.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should. *Gen.* Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no wisedome to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.* Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vpon my life full adrepe: observe her, stand close. *Dell.* How came the by that light? *Gen.* Why 'tis flood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command. *Dell.* You see her eyes are open. *Gen.* I but their sense are shut. *Dell.* What is it she do's now? *Gen.* Look how she rubbes her hands. *Gen.* It is an accustome'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre. *Lad.* Yes heere 's a spot. *Dell.* Heare, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly. *Lad.* Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye my Lord, fie, a Soullier, and his wife, who need not fear their whoreson, when none can call our powre to accomps: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much blood in him. *Dell.* Do you marke that? *Lad.* The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'this my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this staining. *Dell.* Go too, go too: You haue knowne what you should not. *Gen.* She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne. *Lad.* Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh. *Dell.* What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd. *Gen.* I would not haue such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body. *Dell.* Well, well, well. *Gen.* Pray God it be fir. *Dell.* This deafe is beyond my practise: yet I haue knowne those which haue walkt in their sleepe, who haue dyed holly in their beds. *Lad.* Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's graue. *Dell.* Euen so? *Lad.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, gae me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.* *Dell.* Will the go now to bed? *Gen.* Direfully. *Dell.* Foule whisperings are abroad: vnnatural deeds Do breed vnnatural troubles: infected mindes To their deafe pillowes will discargar their Secrets: More needs the Dunaine, than the Physician: God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her, Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance, And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight, My minde the ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight, I thinke, but dare not speake. *Gen.* Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menest, Catheris, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers. *Men.* The English powre is nere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff, Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme Excite the mortified man. *Ang.* Neere Byrnan wood Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming. *Cath.* Who knowes if Donaldu be with his brother? *Len.* For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward's Sonne, And many vnriue youths, that euen now Protest their first of Manhood. *Men.* What do's the Tyrant. *Cath.* Great Dunisane he strongly Fortifies: Some say he's mad: Others, that lesse hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

At least the whippersnapper: Our last King, Whose Image in this none appar'd to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway (Thereto pick'd on by a most malicious Dutch) Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For so this side of our knowne world ebb'd him) Did lay this Fortinbras: who by a Seild Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie, Will forfeite (with his life) all eboise his Lands Which he flood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror: Against the which, a Morie compenent Was gag'd by our King: which had remain'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Compact And carriage of the Article designe, His fell to Hamlet. Now fir, young Fortinbras, Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full, Hath in the skere of Norway, here and there, Shark'd vp a lieth of Landlesse Rethikes, For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize, That hath a thomlike so't: which is no other (And it doth well appesse vnto our State) But to recouer vs by strong hand And termes Compellacie, eboise foresid Lands So by his father's will: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motiue of our Expedition, The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this poth-hall, and Romage in the Land. *Enter Ghost againe.* But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes againe: Ile croffe it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion: If thou hast any sound, or vife of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me; speake to me. If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate (Which happily foreknowing may asayd) Oh speake. Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life, Extorted Intelligence in the wombe of Earth, (For which they say, you Spirits oft walke in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus. *Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? *Ham.* Do, if it will not stand. *Mar.* 'Tis heere. *Ham.* 'Tis heere. *Mar.* 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.* We do it wrong, being so Maicellical To offer it the shew of Violence, And our vaine blonnes, malicious Mockery. *Mar.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. *Ham.* And then it started, like a guilty thing Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard, 'The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate Awake the God of Day: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, T'increasage; and crying Spirit, byes To his Coniune. And of the truth heerein, This present Obiect made probation. *Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke. Some sayes, that euen 'gainst that Season comes Wherein our Sapiours Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, The night is wholesome, eboise Plumes strike, No Fairy walks, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time. *Ham.* So haue I heard, and do in part beleuee it. But looke, the Morn in Russet mantle clad, Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill, Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice Let vs impart what we haue seene to night Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life, This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him: Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty? *Mar.* Let do I pray, and I this morning know Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendants. *King.* Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brother's death The memory be Greene: and this it vs befitte To be contracted in one bow of wee: Yet to farre hath Discretion fought with Nature, That we with wisel growe thinke on him Together with remembrance of our selfe. Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene, Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this wunke State, Haue we, as twere, with a defated Ioy, With our Auspicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage, In eouall Scale weighing Delight and Dole Taken to Wife (nor haue we heerein buy'd Your better Wifedome, which haue freely gone With this affairst along, for all our Thankes. Now folloves, that you know yong Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposall of ois worth; Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death, Our State to be slied, and out of Frame, Collected with the dreame of his Aduantage, He hath not say'd to pester vs with Messages, Importing the surrender of those Lands Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law To our most valiant Brother. So much for him. *Enter Polonius and Coruelius.* Now for our selfe, and for this sise of meeting Thus much the business is. We haue heere writ To Norway, Vncler of yong Fortinbras, Who impotent and Bedrid, fearefully heares Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress His further gae heerein. In that the Leuiues, The Lifts, and fall proportions are all made Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch You good Coruelius, and you Polonius, For hearing of this greeting to old Norway, Gising to you no further personall power To baineffe with the King, more then the scope Of these dilated Articles allow: Farewell and let your hast commend your duty. *Pol.* In that, and all things, will we shew our duty. *King.* We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell. *Enter Polonius and Coruelius.* And now Laertes, what's the newes with you? You

154 *The Tragedie of Hamlet.*

You told vs of some suite, What's *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 And loose your voyce. What wouldst thou beg *Laertes*;
 That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throat of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What wouldst thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
Pol. He hath my Lord;
 I do beseech you giue him leaue to go,
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it as thy will:
 But now my Cōlin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more than kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds fill hang on your
Ham. Not for my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun-
Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
 Why seemes it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes,
 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of folemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull Riuers in the Eye,
 Nor the delected haniour of the Wailes,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
 But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Surriuer bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
 In obstinate Cordollement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis vnsanly griefe,
 It shewes a will most nocent to Heauen,
 A Heart vntutor'd, a Minde impatient,
 An vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd:
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
 Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
 Take it to heart? 'Tis a fault to Heauen,
 As fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 'Tis must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vncursing woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Loos,
 Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheereft Courtier Cōfin, and our Sonne.

Laer. Let not thy Mother lofe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire Reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No incoad health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rour, the Heavens shall brute againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Hamlet Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and refolot it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vices of this world?
 Fie on't! Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That grows to Seed. Things rank, and growe in Nature
 Possesse it meereely. That is should come to this:
 But two monthes dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not beteeue the windes of heauen
 Vntill her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
 Must I remember: why should I hang on him,
 As if increase of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month,
 Let me not thinke on't: Prayly, thy name is woman,
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were odd,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why the, euen she,
 (O Heauen! what wouldst thou Ionger) married with mine *Vnkle*,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Heracles*. Within a Month?
 Ere yet the falk of most vnrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to poit
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship,
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
 Ile change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*? *Mar.*

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 147

These Evils thou repeatst vpon thy selfe,
 Hast binill'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
 Thy hope ends here.

Macd. This Noble passion
 Child of integrity, hath from my soule
 Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuclish *Macbeth*,
 By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
 Into his power; and modest Wisedome pluckes me
 From out-credulous haue: but God shone
 Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
 I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
 Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abide
 The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
 For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
 Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
 Scarcely haue courted what was mine owne:
 At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Duell to his Fellow, and delight
 No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
 Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
 Whither indeed, before they here approach
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
 Afully at point, was setting forth;
 Now we'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Macd. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you?
Docd. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure: their madly coniunces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
 They presently amend. *Exit.*

Macd. I thank you Doctor,
Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?
Macd. 'Tis call'd the Euill.
 A most myraculous worke in this good King,
 Which often since my heere remaine in England,
 I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen
 Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
 All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye,
 The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden flampe about their neckes,
 Purge with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
 To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
 The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
 He hath a heauenly gift of Prophecie,
 And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
 That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See who comes heere.
Macd. My Countryman; but yet I know him nor.
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Macd. I know him now, Good God betimes reuenge
 The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
Ross. Sit, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas poore Country,
 Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot
 Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
 But who knows nothing, is once seeme to smile:
 Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
 Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
 A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
 Is there scarce ask'd for; who, and good men liues
 Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nicke, and yet too true.
Macd. What's the newest grieue?
Ross. That of an houres age, doth hille the speaker,
 Each minute reemes a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Ross. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No, they were well at peace, when I did leaue 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
 Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
 Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
 Which was to my beseech wisest the rather,
 For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
 Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
 Would create Souldiours, make our women fight,
 To doffe their dire distresses.

Macd. Best their comfort
 We are comming thither. Gracious England hath
 Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
 An older, and a better Souldier, none
 That Christendome giues out.
Ross. Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like. But I haue words
 That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
 Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concerns they?
 The generall cause, or is it a Feigrie
 Due to some single brest?
Ross. No minde that's honest
 But in it shares some woe, though the mine part
 Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
 Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
Ross. Let not your eares discipit my tongue for euer,
 Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
 That euer yet they heard.
Macd. Hum: I guesse at it.
Ross. Your Caille is surpris'd: your Wife, and Babes
 Saugely laugh'd: To releaue the manner
 Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere
 To adde the death of you.
Macd. Mercifull Heauen:
 What man, ne' pull your hat vpon your browes:
 Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
 Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ross. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I haue said.
Macd. Be comforted.
 Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
 To cure this deadly griefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
 Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
 Wert, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
 At one fell swoope?
Macd. Dispatie it like a man;
Macd. I shall do so:

N n 2 But

146 *The Tragedie of Macbeth*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men, Befrindle our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphanes cry, new forowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refound: As it is felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, Ile waile; What know, beleaze; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue spoke, it may be of perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something You may discern of him through me, and wifedome To off'rye a weak, pure innocent Lambie T appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is. A good and vertuous Nature may receiue In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transp'ose; Angels are bright fill, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the browns of grace Yet Grace must fill lookes fo.

Mal. I haue lost my Hopes.

Macd. Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts. Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Child? Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue, Without lease-taking, I pray you, Let not my Teares, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust, What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs, The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkest, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasp, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended: I speake not as in absolute feare of you: I thinke our Country findes beneath the yoke, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, There would be hands wrifed in my right: And here from gracious England haue I offer Of goodly shoudans. But for all this, When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head, Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country, Shall haue more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more lundry wayes then euer, I By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice fo grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth* Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the pale State Esteeme him as a Lamb, being compar'd With my confinnesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions Of horrid Hell, can come a D. well more damn'd In euils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull, Solaine, Malicious, Inacking of euery none That ha's a name. But there's no bottom, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters, Her, My Lord, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cellerme of my Lust, and my Defice: All continent Impediments would ore-bear. That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*, Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Bountlesse intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene Th'vntimely erasing of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take vpon you what is yours: you may Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seeme cold. The time you may fo hoodwinke: We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be The Vulture in you, to deuour fo many As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves, Finding it fo inclinde.

Mal. With this, there grows In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such A fleshlesse Auarice, that were I King, I should cut off the Nobles for their Lande, Desire his Jewels, and this others House, And my more-hungry, would be as a Swice To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels vnto against the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice sickes deeper: grows with more pernicious roote Then Summer-feruing Luft: and it hath bin The Sword of our flaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foyfons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King, becoming Grace, As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowliness, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no reliquish of them, but abound In the diuision of each severall Crime, Admitting many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should poure the sweete Milke of Concord into Hell, Vpore the vniuersall peare, confound' All vniy on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake I as I haue spokn.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable! With a vntu'd Tyrant, bloody Scepter, When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes againe? Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction hands accurt, And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Saincted-King: the Queene that bore thee, Off'red vpon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'd euer day the liu'd, Face thee well,

These

The Tragedie of Hamlet 155

Marcellus.
Hor. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
Mar. And I, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. My Lord, from head to foot.
Hor. Then saw you not his face?
Ham. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Mar. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Mar. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had bene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: (said it long?)
Hor. While one with moderate haift might tell a hundred.
Ham. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not where I leu'd.
Ham. His Beard was grizzl'd no?
Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life, A Sable Siluer'd.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance: will we be-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape;
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this fighting,
Let it breake in your silence full;
And whatsoever shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will require your looues; so, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile vish you.
Al. Our duty to your Honour.
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit is in Anger? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come,
Till then sit fill my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to men's eyes. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbackt; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Comuoy in assistance; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion; and a toy in Blood;
A Violes in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The suppliance of a minnes? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think him more so,
For nature creates does not grow alone,
In thewes and Balke; but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no loyle nor earnest death befeerch
The verbe of his feare: but you must feare

His greatest weight, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnusuald persons doe,
Censure for himselfe; for, on his choice depends
The faculty and health of the whole State,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It is your wisdom to fauour to beleuee it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deede: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmark goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasures open
To his vnusuald importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the flux and danger of Desire.
The chaste Maid is Prodigall enough,
If the vnusuald her beauty to the Moore:
Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious strokes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttocks be discolor'd,
And in the Moore and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blisfulness are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neede.
Oph. I shall effect this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the sleepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puff and reckless Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.
Lear. Oh, feare me not.
Enter Polonius.
I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second lease.
Pol. Yet here Learnes! Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde tis in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act;
Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption trade,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hookes of Steele;
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnusuald, vnusuald Comrade. Beware
Of conuance to a quarrell: but being in
Beare't that th'oppofed may beware of thee.
Giue eery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reuerse thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancies; rich, not gawdius
For the Apparrell oft proclaims the man.
And they in France of the best reack and fashion,
Are of a most select and generous cheif in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone, oft loses both itselfe and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all, to thine owne selfe be true;
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell; my Blessing feason this in thee.
Lear. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.
Pol. The time invites you, goe, your seruants tend.
Lear. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I haue said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lockt.
And your your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Lear. Farewell. Exit Lear.
Pol. What if Ophelia he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the L. Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience bene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as 'tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Oph. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh. You speake like a Greene Gidle,
Vnvisited in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleuee his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Pol. Marry he teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his students for some play,
Which we not. Stalling. Tender you selfe more deely;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Pluraffe,
Roaming it thus, you' tender me a foole.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashon.
Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go too, go too,
Oph. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vices of Heauen.
Pol. I, Springs to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Blood burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heat, exting in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is making:
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat feare of your Maiden presence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to part. For Lord Hamlet,
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleuee his vowes for they are Broackets,
Not of the eye, which their Inselements show:
But meere implorers of vobolys Saues,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all.
I would not in plain shames, from this time forth,
Haue you to flander any moment in loue,
As to giue words or take with the Lord Hamlet;
Looke too, I charge you; come your wayes.
Oph. I shall obey my Lord. Exit.

Mac. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lear. No my Lord.
Mac. Came they not by you?
Lear. No indeed my Lord.
Mac. Infected be the Ayre wheroun they ride,
And dam'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The palloping of Horfe. Who was't came by?
Lear. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Mac. Fled to England?
Lear. I, my good Lord.
Mac. Time, that anticipat' th' dread exploit:
The flighty purpale neerer is 'o't-rooke
Vnto the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firrings of my heart shall be
The firrings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Act: be it thought & done:
The Caille of Macduff, I will surprize,
Seize vpon life; giue to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No bussing like a Foole,
That deed he do, before this purpose coole,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Ross. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none!
His flight was madnesse; when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.
Wife. Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love:
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
Ross. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare;
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way and moue. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long by, he be here againe:
Things at the worst will cease; or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cousins,
Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father! he is,
And yet he's Father, I see.
Ross. I am for much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. Exit Ross.

Wife. Sirs, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Sen. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?
Sen. With what I get I meane, and do so they.
Wife. Poore Birds,
Thou'dst neuer feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Sen. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Sen. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me comedy at any Market.
Sen. Then you'l buy 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st with wit enough for thee,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Sen. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was?
Sen. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that swears, and lies.
Sen. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Eury one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Sen. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Eury one.
Sen. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Sen. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fooles: for there
are Lyes and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Sen. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good fight, that I should quickly
haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore piester, how thou talk'st!
Enter a Messenger.
My Blis! you first Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your late of Hamme I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To fight you thus. Me thinks I am too lauzer:
To do worke to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too me your person. Heauen preterue you,
I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger.
Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often iudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place to vnfalsified,
Where such as thou may' find him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Sen. Thou ly'st thou thagge-car'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Young fry of Treachery!
Sen. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. Exit crying Murderers.