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*Cly.* Fly, flye my Lord, there is no carrying heere.  
*Br.* Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*  
*Strate*, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:  
 Farewell to thee, to *Strate*, Countrymen:  
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,  
 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall haue glory by this loofing day  
 More then *Ollanius*, and *Marke Antony*,  
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.  
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue  
 Hath almost ended his iures History:  
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,  
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

*Alarum.* Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.  
*Cly.* Fly my Lord, flye.  
*Br.* Hence: I will follow:  
 I spy thee *Strate*, say thou by thy Lord,  
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:  
 Thy life hath had some march of honor in it,  
 Hold then my Sward, and tunc away thy face,  
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strate*?  
*Str.* Giue me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.  
*Br.* Farewell good *Strate*. — *Caesar*, now be still,  
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dye.*

*Alarum.* Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Ollanius*, *Messala*,  
*Inuillius*, and the Army.  
*Ola.* What man is that?

*Messa.* My Masters man *Strate*, where is thy Master?  
*Str.* Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,  
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:  
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,  
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.  
*Lucie.* So *Brutus* should be found, I thank thee *Brutus*,  
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucius* saying true,  
*Ola.* All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
*Str.* I'll *Messala* will preferre me to you.  
*Ola.* Do so, good *Messala*.  
*Messa.* How dyed my Master *Strate*?  
*Str.* I held the Sword, and he did run on it.  
*Messa.* *Ollanius*, then take him to follow thee,  
 That did the lastest seruice to my Master.  
*Ant.* This was the Noblest Roman of them all:  
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,  
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:  
 He, onely in a generall honest thought,  
 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle, and the Elements  
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,  
 And say to all the world; This was a man.  
*Ola.* According to his Vertue, let vs vs him  
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall,  
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,  
 Most like a Souldier orderd Honourably:  
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



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**THE TRAGEDIE OF  
MACBETH.**

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*Witch 1.* When shall we three meet againe?  
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?  
*Witch 2.* When the Hurley-burley's done,  
 When the Battaille's lost, and wonne,  
*Witch 3.* That will be ere the set of Sonne.  
*Witch 1.* Where the place?  
*Witch 2.* Vpon the Heath.  
*Witch 3.* There to meet with *Macbeth*.  
*Witch 1.* I come, Gray-Malkin.  
*Witch 2.* Paleash-walkes anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,  
 Hoer through the fogge and filchie ayre. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

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

*King.* What bloody man is that? he can report,  
 As seemeth by his plights, of the Reuolt  
 The newest firste.

*Mal.* This is the Serient,  
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought  
 'Gainst my Especialtie: Haile braue friend;  
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,  
 As thou dost leaue it.

*Cap.* Doubtfull it stood,  
 As two spent Swithners, that doe cling together,  
 And choake their Art: The vntercillic *Macdonwald*  
 (Worthie to be a Rebelle, for to that  
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
 Doe sweare vpon him) from the Westerne Iles  
 Of Kernes and Gallow-groffer's supply'd,  
 And Fortune on his daunted Chariy smiling,  
 Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weakes  
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)  
 Did dayning Forcand, with his brandish'd Steele,  
 Which frisk'd with bloody execution  
 (Like Valour's Whilow) car'd out his passage,  
 Till hee fac'd the Steeles;  
 Which new's sparkle hands, nor had farewell to him,  
 Till hee vntouch'd him from the Nisic cote's Chlops,  
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

*King.* O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman,  
*Cap.* As whence the Sunne giues his reflection,  
 Shipwracking Stormes, and dreffull Thunders;  
 So from that Spring, whence comfort feru'd to come,  
 Discomfort fell: Marke King of Scotland, marke,  
 No sooner Iustice had, with Vfour arm'd,  
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trauell the Sea,  
 But the Norweyan Lord, surceyging vantage,  
 With furbeish'd Armes, and new supplyes of men,  
 Began a fresh assault.  
*King.* Dismay'd not this our Captaine, *Macbeth* and  
*Donalbain*?  
*Cap.* Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;  
 Or the Hare, the Lyon:  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,  
 So they doubly redoubled strokes vpon the Foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in seeking Wounds,  
 Or memorize another *Gulgetha*,  
 I cannot tell: but I am faint,  
 My Gaffers 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 lookes through his eyes?  
 So should hee looke, that seemes to speake things strange.  
*Ross.* God saue the King.  
*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?  
*Ross.* From Fife, great King,  
 Where the Norweyan Banerets blow the Skie,  
 And faine our people cold,  
 Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,  
 The Thane of Cowdore, began a dismal Conflict,  
 Till that *Malcolm's* Bridegrome, lay in proofe,  
 Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,  
 Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,  
 Curbing his lassid spirit: and to conclude,  
 The Victorie fell on vs.  
*King.* Great happinesse!  
*Ross.* That now *James*, the Notwayes King,  
 Craues composition:  
 Now would we deigne him buriall of his men,  
 Till hee be disbaird, at Saint Colmes yench,  
 Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.  
*King.* No

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

*Scena Tertia.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. Where hast thou bene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,  
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:  
Gie me, quoth I.  
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rampe-fed Ronyon cries,  
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th *Tiger*:  
Be in a *Syue*. Ile thither flye,  
And like a Rat without a taylor,  
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

1. Ile gie thee a Winde.
2. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,  
And the very Forts they blow,  
All the *Quarters* that they know,  
I' th' Ship-man Card.  
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:  
Sleepe shall payther Night nor Day  
Hang vpon his Pent-hous Lid:  
He shall lue a man forbid:  
Wearie Sea nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:  
Though his Bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft,  
Looke what I haue.

1. Shew me, shew me.
2. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

*Macbeth* doth come.  
*All.* The wayward 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 foule and faire a day I haue not seene.  
*Banquo.* How faire it's call'd to Sont? What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wilde in their appere,  
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,  
And yet are on't? Lise you, or are you ought  
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,  
By each as once her choppie finger laying  
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,  
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are fo.

*Mac.* Speake if you can: what are you?  
1. All haile *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of Glamis.  
2. All haile *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.  
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.  
*Banq.* Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare  
Things that doe sound so faire? Vn-name-of-truth  
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner  
You greet with pretergrace, and great prediction  
Of Noble hunning, 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. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.

1. Laffer then *Macbeth*, and greater.  
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.  
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:  
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.  
*Macb.* Stay you imperfect Speakers, till we meet:  
By *Small* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,  
But how of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues:  
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King  
Strands not within the prospect of beleefe,  
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 vanish.*  
*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 seem'd corporall,  
Melted, as breath into the Winde.  
Would they had stay'd.  
*Banq.* Were such things here, as we doe speake about?  
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,  
That makes the Reason Prisoner?  
*Macb.* Your Children shall be Kings.  
*Banq.* You shall be King.  
*Macb.* And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?  
*Banq.* Toth' selfe-same tune, and words; who's here?  
*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The King hath happily receiu'd *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: friend' d with this  
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,  
He findes thee in the flogg'd Norwegian Rankes,  
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst seeke  
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tye,  
Can post with post, and story one did beare,  
Thy prayes in his Kingdomes great desires,  
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.* Angus an earnest of a greater Honor,  
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

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In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,  
For it is thine.  
*Banq.* What, can the Deuill speake true?  
*Macb.* The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:  
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?  
*Ang.* Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,  
But vnder heauie Judgement beares that Life,  
Which hee defences to loofe.  
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,  
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,  
And vantage; or that with both he labourd  
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:  
But Treasons Capital, confests, and proou'd,  
Haue ouerthrowne him.  
*Macb.* Glamis, and *Thane* of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines,  
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,  
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no lesse to them.  
*Banq.* That trusted hope,  
Might yet make kinde good to 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 honest Trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.  
*Macb.* I was iustice told:  
As happy Prologue to the swelling Act  
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 Hieles,  
And make my feared Heart knock at my Ribbes,  
Against the yfe of Nature? Preferr Feares  
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:  
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,  
Slakes in my single state of Men,  
That Function is another'd in furtiue,  
And nothing but what is not.  
*Banq.* Looke here our Pappes's rapt.  
*Macb.* If Chance will haue me King,  
Why Chance may Crowne me,  
Without my flirre.  
*Banq.* Nay, kinde ones 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 vs runs through the roughest Day.  
*Banq.* Worthy *Macbeth*, swee stay vpon your Ioy:  
*Macb.* Giue me your fauours:  
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.  
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registered,  
Where every day I vntune the Lefe,  
To read them.  
Let vs toward the King: I thinke upon it,  
What hath *Macbeth*, and me more time, vntune  
The *Interior* passing weight' d in let us speake,  
Our free Heares each to other.  
*Banq.* Very gladly.  
*Macb.* Till then rough take  
Come friends.

*Scena Quarta.*

*Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Malcolm, Donalduine, and Attendants.*

*King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor*?  
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?  
*Mal.* 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, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,  
And fet forth a deepe Repentance:  
Nothing in his Life became him,  
Like the leasing it. Hee dy'd,  
As one that had bene studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.  
*King.* There's no Art,  
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:  
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built  
An absolute Trust.  
*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*  
O worthyest Cousin,  
The fime of my Ingratitude euen now  
Was heauie on me. Thou art so faire before,  
That swift Wing of Recompence is flow,  
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse desert'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 seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,  
In doing it, payes it selfe.  
Your Highnesse part, is to reuelue our Duties:  
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,  
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,  
By doing every thing safe 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 desert'd, nor must be knowne  
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my Heart.  
*Banq.* There if I grow,  
The Haruest is your owne.  
*King.* My plenteous Ioyes,  
Wanton in iunesset, seeke to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Some, Kinmen, *Thanes*,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our Estate vpon  
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,  
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must  
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,  
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine  
On all deserters. From hence to Engennes,  
And binde vs farther to you.  
*Macb.* The Rest is Labor, which is not v'd for you:  
Ile be my selfe the Herberger, and make ioyfull  
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:  
So humbly take my leave.  
*King.* My worthy *Cawdor*,  
*Macb.* The Prince of Cumberland that is a step,  
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,  
For

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Pat in my way it lies, Stars 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 fo valliant,  
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 preticellie 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, than  
marcell knowledge. When I burne in desire to question them  
farther, they made themselves flye, into which they vanis'd,  
whiles I stood vpon in the wonder of it, came Missions from  
the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Coward, by which Title  
before, they reward Sifters saluted me, and refer'd me to  
the coming on of time, with haile the King that shall be. This  
hane I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of  
Greatness) that thou might'st not loase the doot of my joy,  
by being ignorant of what Greatness 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 necesse spoy. 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'dst thou 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 witheth should be vndone. High there hither,  
That I may powre my Spirts in thine Eyes,  
And charlie with the valour of my Tongue  
All that impides thee from the Golden Round,  
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth teeme  
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 it.  
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer'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 him;  
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Then would make vp his Message.  
*Lady.* Giue him tending,  
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*  
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,  
That croakes the full entrance of Duncon  
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirts,  
That tread on mortall thoughts, vntoe me here,  
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full  
Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,  
Stop vp th' accesse, and passage to Remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene  
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,  
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,  
Where-er, in your fightlesse labiances,  
You wait on Natures 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-haile hereafter,  
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feele now  
The future in the instant.

*Mac.* My dearest Loue,  
*Duncan* comes here to Night.  
*Lady.* And when goes hence?  
*Mac.* To morrow, as he purposes.  
*Lady.* O neerer,  
Shall Sonne than Morrow see.  
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men  
May read 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 Business into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,  
Giue solely Soueraigne for y, and Masterdome.

*Mac.* We will speake further.  
*Lady.* Onely looke vp cleare:  
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:  
Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Hobbers, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,  
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,  
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* This Caste hath a pleasant feat,  
The ayre mildly and sweetly recommends it selfe  
Vnto our gentle senses.

*Banq.* This Queell of Summer,  
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,  
By his loued Manfomy, that the Heauens breath  
Smells wooingly here: no lusty frizee,  
Buttrix, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird  
Hath made his pendant Bed, and proccress Cradle,  
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd  
The ayre is delicate. *Enter 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 euery point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poore and single Business, to contend  
Against those Honours, deapes, and breads,  
Wherewith your Maiestie loads our House:  
For those of old, and the late Dignities,  
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

*King, Where's*

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*King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose  
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,  
And his great Loue (tharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him  
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse  
We see your guest to night.

*La.* Your Seruants euer,  
Haue theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,  
Still to returne your owne.

*King.* Giue me your hand:  
Condukt me to mine Host: we lose him highly,  
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.  
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Septima.*

*Hee says. Torches.  
Enter a Seruic, and diners Seruants with Dishes and Seruice  
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

*Mac.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,  
It were done quickly: If th' Assassination  
Could trannell vp the Consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, Successe: 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 still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach  
Bloody Infractiions, which being taught, returne  
To plague th' Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice  
Commends th' Infractiion of our poyson'd Chalice  
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;  
First, as I am his Kinman, and his Subiect,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
Who should against his Murthrerer shut the doore,  
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his Faculties fo meeke; hath bin  
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues  
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tong'd against  
The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne Babe,  
Striding the blash or Heuens Cherubin, hora'd  
Vpon the fightlesse Curtains of the Ayre,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
That teares shall drowne the winder. I haue no Spurre  
To prick the sides of my intent, but onely  
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,  
And falls on th' other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?  
*La.* He has almost sup't: why haue you left the chamber?  
*Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?  
*La.* Know you not, he's heere?  
*Mac.* We will proceed no further in this Business:  
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be wome now in their newwett glosse,  
Not 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 feede? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd  
To be the fame in thine owne Ache, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
Like the poore Cat i'th' Auldage.

*Mac.* Pish see 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 enterprise 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 fitness now  
Do'st vnmacke you. I haue guest 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 dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne  
As you haue done to this.

*Mac.* If we should fall?  
*La.* We fall?  
But feare your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fayle: when Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his two Chamberlaines  
Soundly imbrue him) his two Chamberlaines  
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, fo conuince,  
That Memorie the Warder of the Braine,  
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason  
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,  
Their drench'd Natures Iyes as in a Death,  
What cannot you and I performe vpon  
Th' vnguarded Duncan? What not put vpon  
His spongie Officers? who shall beare the guilt  
Of our great quell.

*Mac.* Bring forth Men-Children onely:  
For thy vaudanted Mettle should compose  
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,  
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleeping two  
Of his owne Chamber, and so'd their very Diggers,  
That they haue done't?  
*Lady.* Who dares receiue it other,  
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,  
Vpon his Death?

*Mac.* I am settled, and bend vp  
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feast.  
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.

*Mac.* And she goes downe at Twelue.  
*Fleance.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir.  
*Banq.* Hold, take my Sword:  
There's Husbandry in Heauen,  
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

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A heauey Summons lies like Lead vpon me,  
And yet I would not sleepe:  
Mercifull Powers, restreaine in me the curst thoughts  
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?  
Mac. A Friend.  
Bang. 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 greets your Wife withall,  
By the name of most kind Hostesse,  
And thus vp in measurelesse content,  
Mac. Being vnrepaid,  
Our will became the seruant to defect,  
Which else should free haue wrought.  
Bang. All's well.  
I dreamt last Night of the three veyward Sisters:  
To you they haue thew'd some truth.  
Mac. I thinke not of them:  
Yet when we can entreat an houre to sleepe,  
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,  
If you would grant the time.  
Bang. At your kind's leysure.  
Mac. If you shall please to my content,  
When 'tis it shall make Honor for you,  
Bang. So I lose noone,  
In feeking to augment it, but still keepe  
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegance cleare,  
I shall be contentfull.

Mac. Good repose the while.  
Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Seruant.  
Mac. Good bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,  
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.  
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not that all Vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-opprest Braine?  
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an Instrument I was to vse.  
Mine Eyes are made the foolies to the other Sences,  
Or else weel's all the self: I see thee still;  
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody Businesse, which informs  
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World  
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse  
The vnsustained I: spee; Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecates offerings; and wither'd Murkers,  
Allarm'd by his Cānonell, the Wolfe,  
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
Montes like a Ghost. Thou fowre and firme-set Earth  
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare  
Thy very bones prate of my where-aboue,  
And like the present horror from the time,  
Which is now past with it. Whiles I threat, he lins:  
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.  
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.  
Heare it not, Dumaine, for it is a Knell,  
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.  
L. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold;  
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.  
Heare, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,  
The fallall Bell-man, which giues the stent'd good-night,  
He is about it, the Doores are open:  
And the gartered Groomes doe mock their charge  
With Suters. I haue drugg'd their Poffets,  
That Death and Nature doe content about them,  
Whether they lye, 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: hearle: I lay'd their Daggers ready,  
He could not misse 'em. Had he not relemberd  
My Father as he sleps, I had don't,  
My Husband?

Mac. I haue done the deed:  
Didst thou not heare a noyse?  
Lady. I heard the Owle scream, and the Crickets cry.  
Did not you speake?  
Mac. When?  
Lady. Now.  
Mac. As I descended?  
Lady. I.  
Mac. Hearle, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?  
Lady. Dunalbane.  
Mac. This is a forry sight,  
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a forry sight.  
Mac. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,  
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:  
I haud, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,  
And a'drest 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 seeme me with these Hangmans hands:  
Lifting their feare, I could not say Amen,  
When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.  
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.  
Lady. These deedes must not be thought  
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.  
Mac. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:  
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,  
Sleepe that knits vp the riuall Sleepe of Care,  
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,  
Blame of hure Mindes, great Natures second Courfe,  
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.  
Lady. What do you meane?  
Mac. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houfe:  
Clemas hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Garder  
Shall sleepe no more. Macbeth's shall sleepe no more.  
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd why worthy Thou,  
You doe rebend your Noble strength, so thinke  
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water, and

And wash this filthy Wilmesse from your Hand,  
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?  
They must lay there: goe carry them, and smeare  
The sleepe of Groomes with blood.  
Mac. He goe no more:  
I am afraid, so thinke what I haue done:  
Looke on't againe, I dā not.  
Lady. Infringe of purpose!  
Giue me the Daggers: the sleepe, and the dead,  
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,  
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,  
He giuld the Faces of the Groomes withall,  
For it must seeme their Guilt.

Exit.  
Mac. Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?  
What Hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine Eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's Ocean walsh this blood  
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather  
The multitudinous Seas incarnadine,  
Making the Greater one, Red.  
Enter Lady.  
Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shā  
To weare a Heart so white, Knock.  
I heare knocking at the South entry:  
Retyre we to our Chamber:  
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.  
How easily it comes from Confiance  
Hath left you vnattended, Knock.  
Hearle, more knocking.  
Get on your Night-Gowne, lest occasion call vs,  
And then vs to be Watchers: be not loth  
So poorly in your thoughts.  
Mac. To know my deed,  
'Twere best not know my felife, Knock.  
Wake Dumaine with thy knocking:  
I would thou could'st. Exit.

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  
i'th' name of Belshazzar? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd  
himselfe on the wheell upon the Reputation of Plentie. Come in time, here  
Nappkins, snow about you, here you'e been't fort. Knock.  
Knock, knock. Who's there in another Deuils Name?  
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both  
the Scalp against cyther Scale, who committed Treson  
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 Hoose:  
Come in, Taylor, here you may rest your Goods. Knock.  
Knock, knock: Now tis quiet: What are you? but this  
place is too cold for Hell: He Deuill-Porter it no further:  
I had thought to haue lē in some of all Professions, that  
ghe the Primrose way to the euerslasing Bonfire. Knock.  
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macbeth and Lennox.  
Mac. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,  
That you doe lye so late?  
Porter. Faith Sir, we were crowding till the second Cock:  
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.  
Mac. What three things does Drinke especially  
prouoke?  
Porter. Marry, Sir, Nipple-painting, Sleepe, and Vrinate.  
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 feys him on,  
and it takes him off; it perfowades him, and dis-beaters  
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too; in conclu-  
sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,  
leaves him.  
Mac. I beleeue, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.  
Porter. That it did Sir, 't' the very Throat on me: but I  
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong  
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I  
made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.  
Mac. Is thy Master stirring?  
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.  
Lennox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.  
Mac. Good morrow both.  
Mac. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?  
Mac. Not yet.  
Mac. He did command me to call timely on him,  
I haue almost slipt the houre.  
Mac. He bring you to him.  
Mac. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:  
But yet 'tis one.  
Mac. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:  
This is the Doore.  
Mac. He make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited  
seruice.  
Lennox. Goes the King hence to day?  
Mac. He does: he did appoint so.  
Lennox. The Night ha's been vnfittly:  
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 dyes Combustion, and confus'd Enemes,  
New hatch'd toth; wofull time.  
The obscure Bird clamor'd the line-long Night,  
Some say, the Earth was feurourous,  
And did shake.  
Mac. 'Twas a rough Night.  
Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.  
Enter Macbeth.  
Mac. Oh horror, horror, horror,  
Tongue not Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee,  
Mac. and Lennox. What's the matter?  
Mac. Confusion now hath made his Master peece:  
All sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope  
The Locks of this Temple, and Rele thence  
The Life o'th' Building.  
Mac. What is 't you say, the Life?  
Lennox. Meane you his Maestie?  
Mac. Approach the Chamber, and do'troy your fight  
With a new Gargen. Doe not bid me speake:

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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 counterfeite,  
 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 parley  
 The sleepers of the House? I speake, 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 contradict thy selfe,  
 And say, it is not so.  
*Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.*  
 Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,  
 I had had a blessed time: for from this instant,  
 There's nothing ferious in Mortalitie:  
 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 amisse?  
 Macb. You are, and doe not know't:  
 The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood  
 Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.  
 Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.  
 Mal. Oh, by whom?  
 Lenox. Thole 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 vniuers'd, we found  
 Vpon their Pillowes: they flur'd, and were distracted,  
 No mans Life was to be trued 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, smer'd, & temp'rate, & furious,  
 Loyal and Neutral, in a moment? No man:  
 The Expedition of my violent Loue  
 Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*  
 His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,  
 And his gash'd Strubs, 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  
 Vnmanerly breach'd with gore: who could retrace,  
 That had a heart to looke; and in that heart,  
 Courage to make's lost knowes?  
 Lab. Helpe me hence, bes.  
 Macd. Looke to the Lady.  
 Mal. 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 angure hole,  
 May ruff, and seize vs? Let's away,  
 Our Treas are not yet brew'd.  
*Macd.* Nor our Song Sorrow  
 Vpon the foot of Motion.  
*Banq.* Looke to the Lady:  
 And when we haue 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.*  
 Macd. What will you doe?  
 Let's not comfort with them:  
 To shew an vniuersal' Sorrow, is an Office  
 Which the false man do's vsufe.  
 He 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 faith way,  
 Is to sound the syme. Therefore to Horie,  
 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 Ross, with an Old man.*

*Old man.* Three score and ten I can remember well,  
 Within the Volume of which Time, I haue leene  
 Hours dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night  
 Hath trifled former knowings.  
*Ross.* Ha, good Father,  
 Thou seest the Heuens, as troubled with mans A's,  
 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,  
 And yet darke Night stragles the trauailing Lampe:  
 I'th' Nights predominance, or the Dayes share,  
 That Darkness does the face of Earth intombe,  
 When liuing Lights should kisse it?  
*Old man.* 'Tis vnsustained,  
 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.  
*Ross.* And *Duncan's* Hories,  
 (A thing most strange, and certaine)  
 Beauteous and swift, the Mimions of their Race,  
 Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their Halles, dong' out,  
 Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would  
 Make Watre with Mankind.  
*Old man.* 'Tis said, they este each other.  
*Ross.* They did so:

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To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.  
*Enter Macbeth.*  
 Hence comes the good *Macduffe.*  
 How goes the world Sir, now?  
*Macd.* Why see you not?  
*Ross.* It's known who did this more then bloody deed?  
*Macb.* Thofe that *Macbeth* hath slain.  
*Ross.* Alas the day,  
 What good could they pretend?  
*Macb.* They were fubborred,  
*Malcolm, and Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes  
 Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them  
 Suspition of the deed.  
*Ross.* Gain'd Nature still  
 Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp  
 Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,  
 The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth.*  
*Macb.* He is already nimb'd, and gone to Scone  
 To be inuested.  
*Ross.* Where is *Duncan's* body?  
*Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,  
 The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,  
 And Guardian of their Bones.  
*Ross.* Will you to Scone?  
*Macb.* No Coffin, Ile to Fife.  
*Ross.* Well, I will thither.  
*Macb.* Well may you see things weel done there: Adieu  
 Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.  
*Ross.* Farewell, Father.  
*Old M.* Good-bye 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 faide  
 It should not stand in thy Postterity,  
 But that my selfe should be the Root, 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 foudel. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,  
 Ross, 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 afternoone?  
 Ban. I, my good Lord.  
*Macb.* We should haue elie desir'd your good aduice

(Which fill hath bene both grate, and prof'perous)  
 In this dayes Councell: but wee 're 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 Horie the better,  
 I must become a borrower of the Night,  
 For a darke house, 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 confetting  
 Their cruell Parricide, filling their heeres  
 With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,  
 When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,  
 Craving vs loynly. Hye you to Horie:  
 Adieu, till you reurne at Night.  
*Goes Florence* with you.  
 Ban. My good Lord: our time doe call vpon't.  
*Macb.* I with your Horie 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 froun 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 thofe 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* slicke 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 act in safetie. There is none but he,  
 Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,  
 My *Gonawis* is rebuk'd, as it is said  
*Mark Anthony* was by *Cassius*. 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 Sonne of mine succeeding: It's be fo,  
 For *Banquo's* issue haue I fil'd my Minde,  
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murder'd,  
 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace  
 Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell  
 Given to the common Enemie of Man,  
 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo's* Kings,  
 Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyth,  
 And champion me to th' vterance.  
 Who's there?  
*Enter Seruant, and two Murderers.*  
 Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.  
*Exit Seruant.*  
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?  
*Macb.* It was, fo please your Highnesse.  
*Macb.* Well then,  
 Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

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

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

*1. Macb.* We are men, my Liege.  
*Macb.* I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,  
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,  
Shoughes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clip'd  
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The Hoarf-keeper, the Hunter, every one  
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive  
Particular addition from the Bill,  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,  
And I will put that Buffoene in your Bosomes,  
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,  
Grapples you to the heart, and lose of vs,  
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,  
Which in his Death were perfect.

*1. 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 weak't with Disfallers, rag'd with Fortune,  
That I would set my Life on any Chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you know Banquo was your Entimie.  
*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 anon be: yet I must not,  
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,  
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,  
Who I my selfe fluck downe: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance doe make loue,  
Masking the Buffoene from the common Eye,  
For sundry weightie Reasons.

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

*1. Macb.* Though our Liues--  
*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 clearnesse; and with him,  
To leaue no Rubs nor Borches in the Worke:  
*Fleane*, his Some, 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: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,  
If it finde Heauen, you'll finde it out to Night. *Exunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.*

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

*Seruant.* Madame, 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?  
Or forreyt 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's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scorch'd the Snake, nor kill'd it:  
Shee'll close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice  
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,  
But let the frame of things disloyal,  
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 gaine our peace, haue sent to peace,  
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye  
In restlesse extasie.

*Dumaine* is in his Graue:  
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,  
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,  
Mallice dome figne, forsaie Leuie, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

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

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

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

*Lady.* But

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*Scena Quarta.*

*Banquo pray'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your owne degrees, sit downe:  
At first and last, the heauy welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Our selfe will mingle with Society,  
And play the humble Host:  
Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

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

*Enter first Murderer.*

*Macb.* See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks  
Both sides are euen: here lie the filth' midst  
Be large in mirth, anon wee'll drinke a Measure  
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

*Macb.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, then he within.  
I he dispatch'd?

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

*Macb.* Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,  
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleane*:  
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-partail.

*Macb.* Most Royall Sir  
*Fleane* is scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my *Fis* againe:  
I had elle bene perfect;  
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,  
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayres  
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawy douber, and feares. *But Banquo's safe?*

*Macb.* I my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gathes on his head:  
The least a Death to Name.

*Macb.* Thanks for that:  
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled:  
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow  
We'll heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*

*Lady.* My Royall Lord,  
You do not giue the Cheese, the Peas it sold:  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:  
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:  
From thenside, the fauce to meate is Ceremony,  
Meeting were best without it.

*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.*

*Macb.* Sweet Remembrancer:  
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,  
And health on both.

*Lenox.* May't please your Highnesse sit.

*Macb.* Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present:  
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,  
Then pittie for Mischaunce.

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

*Macb.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*1.* But who did bid thee loyne with vs?  
*2. Macbeth.*  
*2.* He needs not our mistrust, since he deliues  
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,  
To the direction last.

*1.* Then stand with vs:  
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.  
Now spurs the lated Traueler apace,  
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches  
The suburbs of our Watch.

*3. Hearle, I heare Horles.*  
*Banquo withes.* Giue vs a Light there, ho.

*2.* 'Tis hee:  
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,  
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

*1.* His Horles goe about.

*3.* Almost a mile: but he does vsually,  
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate  
Make it their Walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleane, with a Torch.*

*1.* A Light, a Light.  
*3.* 'Tis hee.  
*1.* Stand too't.  
*Macb.* It will be Rayne to Night.  
*1.* Let it come downe.  
*Macb.* O, Trecherie!  
Flye good *Fleane*, flye, flye, flye,  
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!  
*3.* Who did strike out the Light?  
*1.* Was't not the way?  
*3.* There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.  
*2.* We haue lost  
Bell halfe of our Affaire.

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

*Exunt.*

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*Macb.* The Table's full.  
*Lenox.* Here is a place reserv'd Sir,  
*Macb.* Where?  
*Lenox.* Here my good Lord.  
What is't that moves your Highnesse?  
*Macb.* Which of you have done this?  
*Lenox.* What, my good Lord?  
*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy goary lockes at me.  
*Ros.* Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.  
*Lenox.* Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus.  
And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seate.  
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.  
*Lenox.* O proper sluffe!  
This is the very painting of your feare:  
This is the Ayre-blawen Dagger which you said  
Led you to *Duncane*. O, these flawes and flouts  
(Impostors to true feare) would well become  
A womans story, at a Winters fire  
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
You looke but on a floole.  
*Macb.* Prythee see thee there:  
Behold, looke, loe, how say you?  
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.  
If Charnell house, and our Graues must send  
Those that we bury, backe; our Monumentes  
Shall be the Mawes of Kyles.  
*Lenox.* What? quite vnmann'd in folly,  
*Macb.* If I stand heere, I saw him.  
*Lenox.* Fie for shame.  
*Macb.* Blood hath bene shed ere now, 'tis olden time  
Ere humane Statues purg'd the gentle Weale:  
I, and since too, Murthers 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 push vs from our stools. This is more strange  
Then such a murder is.  
*Lenox.* My worthy Lord  
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.  
*Macb.* I do forget:  
Do not moue 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 Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:  
*Enter Ghost.*  
I drinke to th' generall joy of th' whole Table,  
And to our deere Friend *Duncane*, whom we blisse:  
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,  
And all to all.  
*Lenox.* Our duties, and the pledge.  
*Macb.* Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:  
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:  
Thy heart no fection in those eyes  
Which thou dost glaze with.  
*Lenox.* Think of this good Peeres:  
But as a thing of Custom: 'Tis no other,  
Only it spoiles the pleasure of the time.  
*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves  
Shall neuer tremble. Or be alme againe,  
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee  
The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,  
Vncall mock'ty hence. Why fo, being gone  
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.  
*Lenox.* You haue displac'd the minneth,  
Broke the good meeting, with most admird disorder.  
*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome vs like a Summers Clowd,  
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange  
Euen to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,  
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,  
When mine is blanch'd with feare.  
*Ros.* What sights, my Lord?  
*Lenox.* I pray you speake not: he growes worfe & worfe  
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.  
Stand not vpon the order of your going,  
But goe at once.  
*Lenox.* Goodnight, and better health  
Attend his Majesty.  
*Macb.* A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lenox.*  
Blood will haue Blood:  
Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:  
Angures, and vnderstood Relations, haue  
By Miggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth  
The secret man of Blood. What is the night?  
*Lenox.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.  
*Macb.* How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person  
At our great bidding?  
*Lenox.* Did you send to him Sir?  
*Macb.* I heare it by the way: But I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow  
(And besides I will) to the weyard Sisters,  
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know  
By the worst means, the worst, for mine owne good,  
All causes shall giue way. I am in blood  
Steep'd in fo 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 band.  
*Lenox.* You lacke the fession of all Natures, sleepe.  
*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleepe: My strange & selfe-ublie  
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vice.  
*Exit Macb.*

*Scena Quinta.*

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

1. Why how now *Heere*, you looke angerly?  
*Hee.* Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?  
Swey, and more bold, how did you dare  
To Trade, and Traffike with *Macbeth*,  
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

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And I the Mistis of your Charmes,  
The clofe couner of all harmes,  
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,  
O! shew the glory of our Art?  
And which is worfe, all you haue done  
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,  
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)  
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me 'till Morning: thither he  
Will come, to know his Destinie,  
Your Vessels, and your Spels pronie,  
Your Charmes, and enery thing beside;  
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend  
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.  
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone,  
Vpon the Corner of the Moone  
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,  
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;  
And thus distill'd by Magicke sights,  
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.  
He shall spure Fate, foeme Death, and beare  
His hopes home Widdome, Grace, and Feare:  
And you all know, Security  
Is Mortals cherefull Enemy.  
*Macb.* *and a Song.*  
Heeke, I am call'd: my little Spirit fee  
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flayes for me.  
*Sing within.* Come away, come away, &c.  
1. Come, let's make haile, then I loone be  
Backe againe. *Exit Macb.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

*Lenox.* My former Speeches,  
Haue but hit your Thoughts  
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say:  
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncane*  
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:  
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,  
Whom you may say (if 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 *Donalbaine*  
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Faç,  
How it did grieue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight  
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,  
That were the Sides of dyntke, and thralls of sleepe?  
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:  
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart allice  
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,  
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,  
That had he *Duncane* 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 Tyrants Feast, I heare  
*Macduff* liues in disgrace. So, can you tell

No.

Where he bestowes himselfe?  
*Lord.* The Sonnes of *Duncane*  
(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 *Syward*,  
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)  
To resuscite the Worke) we may againe  
Glue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nighes:  
Free from our Fealts, and receive free Honors,  
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee  
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.  
*Lenox.* Sent he to *Macduff*?  
*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I  
The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,  
And hums, as who should say, you'r rue the time  
That clogges me with this Answer.  
*Lenox.* And that well might  
Aduise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance  
His wisdom can prouide. Some holy Angell  
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold  
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May come reurne to this our suffering Country,  
Vnder a hand accus'd.  
*Lord.* He send my Prayers with him. *Exit Lenox.*

*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 Caldrong go:  
In the payndon Entrailes throw  
Toad, that wader cold Stone,  
Dapes and Nighes, he's thirry one:  
Sweetned Venom Creeping gone,  
Boyle thou first it's charmed pot.  
*All.* Double, double, toyle and trouble;  
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.  
2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,  
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:  
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,  
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:  
Adder Fork, and Blinde-wormes Stings,  
Lizards leggs, and Howlets wing:  
For a Charm of powerfull 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,  
Witchy Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe  
Of the newt's fall Sea Snake:  
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd it's darke:  
Liner of Blaspheaming Iew,  
Gall of Goose, and Slippes of Yew,  
Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

... of Furke, and Tartar lips:
... of Birth-brangled Babe,
... delu'd by a Drab,
... the Grewell slacke, and flab.
... there to a Tigers Chawdron,
... th'ingredience of our Cawdron.
... Double, double, toyle and trouble,
... Fur burner, and Cauldron bubble.
... 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 have it th' gaites:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Rites and Fairies in a Ring,
Incanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

... By the pricking of my Thumbe,
... Something wicked this way comes:
... Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secrete, 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 yelky Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though bladed Come be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Wonders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids be hope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction ficken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l answer.
1 Say, if'th hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
1 Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deasly thow.
Thunder.
1 Apparition, an Armed Head.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought.
1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:
Beware Macduff,
Beware the Tiane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.
He Desounds.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast hap'd my feare right. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first.
Thunder.
2 Apparition, a Bloody Child.
1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Macb. Had I three eares, 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.
Mac. Then lise Macduff: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double fure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not lise,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lyes;
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 weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Listen, but speake not too't.
3 Appar. Be Lyon medel, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspires are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill
Great Brynan Wood, to high Dunfaine Hill
Shall come against him.
Defound.
Macb. That will neuer be:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Roo? Sweet woodboones, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Woodd
Of Byman rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall liue the Keale of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and morrall Custom, 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 Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Why finkes that Caldron? & what noise is this?
Hobbesy
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,
Come like shadowes, lo depar.
A flow 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 Haggens,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seventh? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appears, who beares a glass,
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-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What's this fo?
1 I Sir, all this is fo. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, there we vp his spightes,
And shew the best of our delights,
Ile 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 accur'd in the Kalender.
Enter Lenox.
Lenox. What's your Graces will.
Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre wheroun they ride,
And damnd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Caille of Macduff, I will surprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all th' unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No bodding like a Foole,
But no more fights. Where ere these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.
Exit Lenox.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Kuffe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Kuffe. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Kuffe. You know not
Whether it was his wisdome, or his feare.
Wife. Wisdome 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 naturall touch. For the poore Wicn
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue:
As little is the Wisdome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
Kuffe. My deere't 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 cruel are the times, when we hold Rumor
And do not know our felues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But loose vpon a wilde and vniuent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the world will cease, or elle climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd be he.
And yet hee's Father, lette.
Kuffe. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once.
Exit Kuffe.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Sen. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?
Sen. With what I get I meane, and so do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Sen. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not fet 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 twenty at any Market.
Sen. Then you'l buy 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Sen. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Sen. And be all Traitors, what do'st thou do?
Wife. Every one that do's fo, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Sen. And must they all be hang'd, that sweare and lye?
Wife. Euerie one.
Sen. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why the honest men.
Sen. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fooles: for there
are Lyars 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 weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore prater, how thou talk'st!
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Bless you first Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To fight you thus. Me thinks I am too saugre:
To do worke to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserve 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 laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
But loose vpon a wilde and vniuent Sea
What are these faces?
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnfortun'd,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Sen. Thou ly'st thou shagge-car'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery!
Sen. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you.
Exit trying Murderer.
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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 am,  
Nor for their owne demerits, but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now.  
*Macd.* Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe  
Consent to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
*Macd.* O I could play the woman with more eyes,  
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,  
Cut short this 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 Looke is nothing but our lease. *Macbeth*  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above  
Put on their Instruments: Receive what chere you may,  
The Night is long, that neuer fades the Day. *Exeunt*

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wraying Gentlewoman.*

*Doc.* I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it first last wak'd?  
*Gen.* Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlooke her Clofset, take fourth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe retorne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.  
*Doc.* A great perturbation in Nature, to recreeue at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumby agitation, besides her walking, and other small performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?  
*Gen.* That Sir, which I will not report after her.  
*Doc.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.  
*Gen.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no wisedome to confidene my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*  
Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and vpon my life fast asleepe; obseure her, stand close.  
*Doc.* How came she by that light?  
*Gen.* Why it flood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.  
*Doc.* You see her eyes are open.  
*Gen.* I but their sense are thus.  
*Doc.* What is it the do's now?  
Looke how she rubbes her hands.  
*Gen.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.  
*Doc.* Yes here's a spot.  
*Gen.* Hearke, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more thoroughly.  
*Gen.* Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fye, a Soldier, and afeard? What need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our powres to accompt: yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.  
*Doc.* Do you marke that?  
*Gen.* The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'th' my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this staining.  
*Doc.* Go too, go too:  
You have knowne what you should not,  
*Gen.* She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she ha's knowne.  
*Gen.* Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
Oh, oh, oh.  
*Doc.* What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.  
*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.  
*Doc.* Well, well, well.  
*Gen.* Pray God it be fir.  
*Doc.* This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holly in their beds.  
*Gen.* Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not pale: I tell you yet againe *Macbeth's* buried; he cannot come out on's graue.  
*Doc.* Euen so?  
*Gen.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, g'ue me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*  
*Doc.* Will the go now to bed?  
*Gen.* Directly.  
*Doc.* Foule whifflings are abroad: vnnatural deeds Do breed vnnatural troubles: infected mindes To their deaf pillowes will discharge their Secrets: More needs the Dunaine, then 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 fight, I thinke, but dare not speake. *Exeunt.*  
*Gen.* Good night good Doctor.

*Scena Secunda.*

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cuthbert, Angus, Lennox, Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolme*, 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.  
*Cuth.* Who knowes if *Coswald* 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 vnruisse youths, that euen now Protest their first of Manhood.  
*Ment.* What do's the Tyrant.  
*Cuth.* Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies: Some say he's mad: Others, that lesse hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

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He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of Rule.  
*Ang.* Now do's he feele His secret Murthers sticking on his hands, Now minutely Reuolts vprайд his Faith-breath: 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 Theft.  
*Ment.* Who then shall blame His peccer'd Senses to recroyle, and start, When all that is within him, do's condemne It selfe, for being there.  
*Cuth.* Well, march we on,  
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,  
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,  
Each drop of vs.  
*Lenox.* O, so much as it needs,  
To dew the Soeraigne 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 thus: Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman Shall erre haue power vpon thee. Thus flye 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 goe'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-liver'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. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart, When I behold *Seyton*, I say, this puffe Will cheere me euer, or dis-cure me now. I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life Is faine into the Seare, the yellow Leafe, And that which should accompany Old-Age, As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, I must not looke to haue: but in their freed, Curfes, not loue, but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not. *Seyton?*  
*Enter Seyton.*  
*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 hakt.

Giue me my Armor.  
*Ser.* 'Tis not needed yet.  
*Mac.* Ile put it on:  
Send out mee Horses, skirre the Country round,  
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:  
How do's your Patient, Doctor?  
*Doc.* 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  
Cleave the flufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe  
Which weighs vpon the heart?  
*Doc.* Therin the Patient  
Must minister to himselfe.  
*Mac.* Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it:  
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:  
*Seyton*, 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 priuise Health,  
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,  
That should applaud againe. Pufft off I say,  
What Rarber, Cyrne, or what Purgative drugges  
Would cure these English hence: hear't it of them?  
*Doc.* I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation  
Makes vs heare of such things.  
*Mac.* Bring it after me:  
I will not be afraid of Death and Banne,  
Till Birnan Forrest come to Dunfinane.  
*Doc.* We're I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,  
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward's Sonne, Menteth, Cuthbert, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand  
That Chambers will be fafe.  
*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.  
*Syw.* What wood is this before vs?  
*Ment.* The wood of Birname.  
*Mal.* 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  
Ere in report of vs.  
*Sed.* It shall be done.  
*Syw.* We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant  
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure  
Our setting downe before't.  
*Mal.* 'Tis his maine hope:  
For where there is advantage to be giuen,  
Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,  
And some feare with him, but constrained thing,  
Whole hearts are absent too.  
*Macd.* Let our iust Centures  
Attend the true euent, and put we on  
Industrious

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Industrious Souldierfhip.  
*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 scorne: 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,  
 Diuencle 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, breefe Candle,  
 Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,  
 That shins and frens his houe 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 coming,  
 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 Alarme Bell, blow Winda, come wracke,  
 Atleast we'l dye with Harnesse on our backs. *Exeunt*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Drumme and Colours.  
 Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macdoffe, 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 Macdoffe, and wee  
 Shall take vpon's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.  
*Sy.* Fare you well:  
 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*  
*Alarmes 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. Sy.* What is thy name?  
*Macb.* Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.  
*Y. Sy.* No; though thou call'st it thy selfe a hotter name  
 Then any is in hell.  
*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.  
*Y. Sy.* The duell himselfe could not pronounce a Title  
 More harmful to mine eare.  
*Macb.* No: not more fearefull.  
*Y. Sy.* Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword  
 Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.  
*Fight, and young Seyward slain.*  
*Macb.* Then was't borne of woman;  
 But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,  
 Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*  
*Alarmes.* *Enter Macdoffe.*  
*Macd.* That way the noise is: Tyrant fliew 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 vn battered edge  
 I sheath againe vnderced. There thou should'st be,  
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes

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

*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.* *Alarm*  
*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 Macdoffe.*  
*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: Alarm*  
*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, Macdoffe 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 break 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.  
 We'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 carrie.  
 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 Macdoffe,  
 And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.  
*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarmes.*

*Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slain.*

*Retreat, and Flawing.* *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 theefe 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 Macdoffe, 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.