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THE TRAGEDY OF  
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 When shall we three meet again?  
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?  
2 When the Hurly-burly's done,  
When the **Battel's** lost and won.  
3 That will be ere the set of Sun.  
1 Where the place?  
2 Upon the Heath.  
3 There to meet with Macbeth.  
1 I come, Gray-Malkin.  
All. Padocke calls anon: fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
Hover through the fog and filthy air. Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donal-  
baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting  
a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,  
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought  
Gainst my Captivity: Hail, hail brave friend;  
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyl,  
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,  
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choak their Art: The merciless Macdonnel  
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that  
The multiplying Villaines of Nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles  
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses is supply'd,

And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,  
Shew'd like a Rebels whore: but all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,  
Which smoak'd with bloody execution  
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,  
Till he fac'd the Slave:  
Which **nev'r** shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

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King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflection,  
Shipwracking Stormes, and direful Thunders breaking  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swels: Mark King of Scotland, mark,  
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,  
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

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

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;  
Or the Hare, the Lyon.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Crackes  
So they doubly redoubled stroaks on the Foe:  
Except they meant to bath in recking Wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell: but I am faint,

My Gashes cry for help.

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

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Lenox. What hast lookes through his eyes?  
So should he look, that seemes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,  
Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Sky,  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal Traytor,

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflict,  
Till that Bellona's Bridegroom, lapt in proof  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against Point, rebellious arm gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,  
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now Sweno, the Norwayes King,  
Craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-hill,  
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

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King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: Go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former Title great Macbeth.

Rose. Ile see it done.

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

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 Killing Swine.

3 Sister, where thou?

1 A Saylor's wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:  
Give me, quoth I.

**Anoynt** thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, Master oth' Tiger:  
But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,  
And like a Rat without a tayl,  
Ile do, Ile do, and Ile do.

2 Ile give thee a wind.

1 Th'art kind.

3 And I another.

1 I my self have all the other,  
And the very Ports they blow,  
All the Quarters that they know.  
Ith' Shipmans Card.

I'lle drain him dry as Hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary Seu'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his Bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

2 Shew me, shew me.

1 Here I have a Pilots Thumb,  
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3 A Drum, a Drum:  
Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

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

Banq. How far is't call'd to Soris? What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th'inhabitants oth'Earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question? you seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny Lips: you should be Women,  
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

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Mac. Speak if you can: what are you?

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

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

3 All hail Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? i'th\_ name of truth  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye shew? **Ny** Noble Partner  
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction  
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,  
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,  
And say, which Grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear  
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Hayl.

2 Hayl.

3 Hayl.

1 Lesser then Macbeth, and greater.

2 Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all hail Macbeth, and Banquo.

1 Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:

By Sinels death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,

But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such Prophetique greeting?

Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them: **whither** are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayr: and what seem'd corporal,

Melted, as breath into the wind.

Would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

Banq. Toth' self-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse, and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads

Thy personal Venture in the Rebels fight,

His wonders and his Praises do contend,

Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,

In viewing o're the rest o'th'self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,

Nothing afeard of what thy self didst make

Strange Images of death, as thick as tale

Can post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his Kingdomes great defence,

And powr'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee from our Royal Master thanks,

Only to herrald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

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

Banq. What can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives:

Why do you dresse me in his borrowed Robes?

**Aug.** Who was the Thane, lives yet,  
But under heavy judgement bears that life,  
Which he deserves to loose.

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

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.  
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings,  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,  
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,  
Winne us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,  
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act  
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you Gentlemen:  
This supernatural solliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.  
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,  
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my heire,  
And make my seated heart knock at my Ribbs,  
Against the use of nature? present fears  
Are lesse then horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man,  
That function is smother'd in surmise,  
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Look how our Partners rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me King,  
Why Chance may Crown me,  
Without my stirre.

Banq. New honors come upon him  
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,  
Time, and the hour, runs through the roughest day.

Banq. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:  
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.  
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are registred,  
Where every day I turn the Leaf,  
To read them.

Let us toward the King; think upon  
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,  
The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:  
Come friends.

Exeunt.

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Scæna Quarta.

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

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

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

King. There's no Art,  
To find the minds 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 sinne of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so farre before,  
That swiftest Wine of Recompence is slow:  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,  
Might have been mine: onely I have left to say,  
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it paies it self  
Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:  
And our Duties are to your Throne and State.  
Children, and Servants; which do but what they should  
By doing every thing safe toward your love  
And honor.

King. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be known  
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart,

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

King. My plentious joyes,  
Wanton in fulnesse, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, Thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our Estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must  
Not unaccompanied, invest him only.  
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starrs shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Envernes  
And bind us further to you.

Ma. The Rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:  
Ile be my self the Herbenger, and make joyful  
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 down, or else o're leap,

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For in my way it lies. Starrs hide your fires,  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eie fears, when it is done to see. Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations, I am fed:  
It is a Banquet to me, Lets after him,  
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerlesse kinsman. Exeunt.



Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeths wife alone with a Letter.

Lady, *They met me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Air. into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy Nature,  
It is too full o'th'Milk of humane kindnesse,  
To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition: but without  
The illnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.  
Thouldst have, great Glamis, that which cries,  
Thus thou must do if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,  
That I may powre my Spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,  
Which Fate and Metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withall. Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to night,

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

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

Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Then would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,  
He brings great news.

Exit Messenger.

The Raven himself is hoarse,  
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncane  
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full

Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,  
Stop up th'accesse and passage to Remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

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Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th'effect, and **it**. Come to my Womans Brests,  
And take my Milk for Gall, you Murth'ring Ministers,  
Where-ever in your sightlesse substances,  
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,  
To cry, hold, hold. Enter Macbeth.  
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,  
Greater then both, by the all-hail hereafter,  
Thy Letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,  
Duncane comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,  
Shall Sunne that morrow see.  
Your Face, my Thane is as **a** book, where men  
May read strange matters to beguile the time.  
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This Nights great businesse into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our Nights and Daies to come,  
Give solely Sovereign sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Onely look up cleer:  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

Scæna Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain.  
Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Rosse, Angus,  
and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,  
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends it self  
Unto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,  
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,  
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath,  
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,  
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant Cradle,  
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd  
The air is delicate, Enter Lady.

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid god-eyld us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

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

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

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

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

Scæna Septima.

Ho boyes. Torches.

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

Macb. If it were done, when tis done, then 'twere well,  
It were done quickly: if th'Assassination  
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, Success: that but this blow  
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,  
But here, upon this Bank and School of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But in these Cases,  
We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return  
To plague th'ingredience of our poyson'd Challice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,  
Strong both against the Deed: then, as his Host,  
Who should against his Murderer shut the door  
Not bear the knife my self. Besides this Duncane  
Hath born this **Faculty** so meek: hath been  
So clear in his great Office, that his Vertues  
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against  
The deep damnation of his taking off:  
And Pity, like a naked new-born-babe,  
Striding the blast, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd  
Upon the sightless Curriors of the Ayr,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no Spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it self,  
And fals on th'other. Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business:  
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest your self? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale?  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd  
To be the same in thine own Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

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Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,  
And live a Coward in thine own esteem?  
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,  
Like the poor Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prethee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares no more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then  
That made you break this Enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
And to be more then what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gummes,  
And dasht the Braines out, had I but so sworn  
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail: when Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his daies hard Journey  
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines  
Will I with wine, **and** wassel, so convince,  
That Memory, the warder of the Brain,  
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason  
A Lymbeck only, when in Swinish sleep,  
Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th'unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
His spungy Officers? who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell.

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

Lady. Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,  
Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat,  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
False Face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

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

Banq. And she goes down at Twelve.

Flean. I tak't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heaven,  
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

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A heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep:  
Merciful Powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts  
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed,  
He hath been in unusual pleasure.  
And sent forth a great Largess to your Offices.  
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,  
By the name of most kind Hostess,  
And shut it up in measureless content.

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

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weyward Sisters:  
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:  
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that Business,  
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your **kind** leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,  
When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

Banq. So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,  
I shall be **counsell'd**.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. Exit Banquo.

Macb. Go bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready  
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.  
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,  
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshalst me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of bloud,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody Business, which informes  
Thus to mine eyes. Now ore the one half world  
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreams abuse  
The Curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Heccates **Offerings:** and wither'd Murther,  
Alarum'd by his Centinel, the wolfe,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquins ravishing sides, towards his design  
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowr and firm-set Earth  
Hear not my steps, which they may walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
A Bell rings.

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I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncane, for it is a Knell.  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me | bold:  
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.  
Heark, peace: it was the Owl that shriek'd,  
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night,  
He is about it, the Doores are open:  
And the **surfetted** Groomes do mock their charge  
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,  
That death and Nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us: heark: I laid their Daggers ready,

He could not miss em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had don't.  
My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:  
Didst thou not hear a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owl schream, and the Crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearnk, who lies ith'second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

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

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep,  
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:  
I stood, and heard them: but they did say their Prayers,  
And addrest them again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bless us, and Amen the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangmans hands:  
Listning their fear, I could not say Amen,  
When they did say God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

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

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, sleep no more:  
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,  
The death of each daies Life, sore Labours Bath,  
Balm of hurt Minds, great Natures second Course,  
Chief nourisher in lifes feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

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

Lad. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,  
You do unbend your Noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things: Go, get some water,

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And wash this filthy witness from your Hand,  
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?  
They must lye there: go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy Groomes with bloud.



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

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

Knock within.

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

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour: but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. Knock.  
I hear a knocking at the South entry:  
Retire we to our Chamber:  
A little Water cleares us of this deed.  
How easie is it then? your Constancy  
Hath left you unattended, Knock.  
Heark, more knocking.  
Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were  
Porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the  
Key. Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there  
i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd  
himself on th' expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have  
Napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. Knock.  
Knock, Knock, Who's there in th' other Devil's Name?  
Faith here's an Equivocator, that could swear in both  
the Scales, against either Scale, who committed Treason

enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. Knock. Knock, Knock, Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the Primrose-way to th'everlasting Bonfire. Knock. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

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Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, e're you went to bed, That you do lye so late?

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

Macd. What three things does Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it Provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Lechery: it makes him and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

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

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:  
But yet 'tis one.

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

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.  
Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night has been unruly:  
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down.  
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Air;  
Strange Schreems of Death,  
And Prophesying, with Accents terrible,  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd Events,  
New hatch'd to th'wofull time.  
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,  
Some say, the Earth was **feaverous**,  
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

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

Enter Macduff.

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

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

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

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

Lenox. Mean you his Majesty?

Macb. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:

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See, and then speak your selves: awake, awake,  
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

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

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the business?

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the House? speak, speak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition in a Woman's ear,  
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

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

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear Duff, I prythee contract thy self,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,

There's nothing serious in Mortality:

All is but toys: Renown and Grace is dead,

The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees

Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:

The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Bloud

Is stopt; the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:

Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with bloud,

So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found

Upon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,  
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:

Th'expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin, lac'd with his Golden Bloud,

And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart,

Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, hoa,

Macd. Look to the Lady.

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

Donal. What should be spoken here,

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Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,  
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

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

Banq. Look to the Lady:  
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us:  
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the un-divulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented. Exeunt.

Malc. What will you do?  
Let's not consort with them:  
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office  
Which the false man do's easie.  
Il'e to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:  
Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer:  
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;  
The near in bloud, the nearer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,  
Is to avoid the aime. Therefore to house,  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,  
Which steals it self, when there's no mercy left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,  
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's Act,  
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th'Clock 'tis Day,

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

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done: on Tuesday last,  
A Faulcon tousing in her pride of place,  
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses,  
(A thing most strange, and certain)  
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would  
Make war with Mankind.

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

Rosse. They did so:

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

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day,  
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned,  
Malcolm, and Donalbain the King's two Sonnes  
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,  
Thriftless Ambition, that will raven upon  
Thine own lives means: then 'tis most like,  
The Soveraignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,  
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,  
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu.  
Lest our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

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

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

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

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

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

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

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

Banq. Let your Highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tye  
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

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(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)  
In this dayes Councel: but we'll take to morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

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

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody **Cousins** are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that to morrow,  
When therewithall we shall have cause of State,  
Craving us jointly. Hye you to horse:  
Adieu, till you return at Night.

Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:  
And so **do I** commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,  
'Till seven at Night, to make society  
The sweeter welcome:  
We will keep our self till Supper time alone:  
While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords.  
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace  
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. Exit Servant.  
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:  
Our feares in Banquo stick deep,  
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that  
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his Mind,  
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said  
Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar, He chid the Sisters,  
When first they put the Name of King upon me  
And bad them speak to him. Then Prophet-like,  
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,  
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,  
No Son of mine succeeding: if't be so,  
For Banquo's Issue have I **fill'd** my Mind,  
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd,  
Put Rancours in the Vessel of my Peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal Jewel  
Given to the common Enemy of Man,  
To make them Kings, the Seeds of Banquo Kings:  
Rather then so, come Fate into the List,  
And champion me to th' utterance.  
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

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



Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then,

Now you have consider'd of my speeches?

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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 self,  
This I made good to you, in our last conference,  
Past in probation with you:

How you were born in hand, how crost:  
The Instruments: who wrought with them:  
And all things else, that might  
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,  
Say, thus did Banquo.

1. Murth. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting.  
Do you find your patience so predominant  
In your nature, that you can let this go?  
Are you so Gospell'd to pray for this good man,  
And for his Issue, whose heavy hand  
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd  
Yours for ever?

1. Murth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye go for men,  
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currs,  
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt  
All by the name of Doggs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one  
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the Bill,  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i'th'worst rank of Manhood, say't,  
And I will put **the** business in your Bosomes,  
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,  
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,  
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Murth. I am one my Liege,

Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the world  
Hath so incens'd that I am reckless what I doe,

To spight the World.

1. Murth. And I another,  
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,  
That I would set my Life on any Chance,  
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macd. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.

Murth. True, my Lord.

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

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

1. Murth. Though our Lives ----

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.  
Within this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant your selves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,

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The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,  
And something from the Palace: alwayes thought,  
That I require a clearness; and with him,  
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work:  
Fleans, his Son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me,  
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour: resolve your selves a-part,  
I'll come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within,  
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soule's flight,  
If it find Heaven, must find it out to Night.      Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,

For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Malice  
Remains in danger of her former Tooth,  
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,  
Both the Worlds suffer,  
E're we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,  
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace:  
Then on the torture of the Mind to lie  
In restless extasie:  
Duncan is in his Grave:  
After Life's fitfull Fever, he sleeps well,  
Treason has done his worst: nor Steel nor Poison  
Malice domestick, **foreign** Levie, nothing  
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleek o're your rugged Looks,  
Be bright and Jovial 'mong your Guests to Night.

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

Lady. You must leave this.

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

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

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,  
Then be thou jocund: e're the Bat hath flown  
His Cloyster'd flight, e're to black Hecat's summons  
The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,

Hath rung Night's yawning Peale,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,  
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,  
Skarf up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible Hand  
Cancell and tear to pieces that great Bond,  
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,  
And the Crow makes wing to th'Rookie Wood:  
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,  
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:  
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So prythee go with me. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyn with us?

3. Macbeth.

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

1. Then stand with us.

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

3. Heark, I hear Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.

2. Then 'tis he:

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

1. His Horses go about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to th'Palace Gate  
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis he.

1. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be Rain to Night.

1. Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treachery!

Flie good Fleans, flie, flie, flie,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one down: the Son is fled.

2. We have lost

Best half of our Affair.

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

Exeunt.

719b

Scena Quarta.

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

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:  
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,  
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time  
We will require her welcome.

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

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th'mid'st,  
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure  
The table round. There's bloud upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

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

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

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

Mur. Most Royal Sir  
Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again:  
I had else been perfect;  
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,  
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:  
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that,

There the grown Serpent lies, the worm that's fled  
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,  
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow  
**Well** hear our selves again. Exit Murtherer.

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

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

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

Lenox. May't please your Highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countrie's Honour, roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present:  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Then pitie for Mischance.

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

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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 Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat,  
The fit is momentany, upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him  
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

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

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts

(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire  
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self,  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prythee see there:  
Behold, look, loe, how say you:  
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.  
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send  
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments  
Shall be the Mawes of Kites. Exit Ghost.

Lady. What? quite unman'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame.

Macb. Bloud hath been shed e're now, i'th'olden time  
E're humane **Statue** purg'd the gentle Weal:  
I, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That when the Brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; But now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Then such a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord  
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:  
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,  
Then I'll sit down: Give me some wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drink to th'general joy o'th'whole Table,  
And to our dear Friend Banquo, whom we miss:  
Would he were here: to all; and him we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:  
Thy bones are marrowless: thy bloud is cold:  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this good Peers  
But as a thing of Custome: 'tis no other,  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

720b

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hyrcean tyger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,  
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:  
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me  
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow,       Exit.  
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, **be** gone  
I am a man again: pray you sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth,  
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural Rubie of your Cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What signes, my Lord?

La. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse,  
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

Lenox. Good night, and better health  
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kind goodnight to all.                   Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have bloud they say:  
Bloud will have Bloud:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:  
Augures, and understood Relations, have  
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, and Rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of bloud. What is the night?

La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

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

La. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to morrow  
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.  
More shall they speak: for now I am bent to know  
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way, I am in bloud  
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o're:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted, e're they may be **scann'd**.

Lady. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.

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



Scena Quinta.

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

1. Why how now **Hecate**, you look angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (Beldames) as you are?  
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare  
To trade, and traffick with Macbeth,  
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

721a

And I the **Mistress** of your Charmes,  
The close contriver of all harmes,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or shew the glory of our Art?  
And which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward Son,  
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gon,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i'th' Morning: thither he  
Will come, to know his Destinie,  
Your Vessels, and your Spells provide,  
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;  
I am for th' Air: this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal, and a Fatal end.  
Great business must be wrought e're Noon.  
Upon the Corner of the Moon  
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,  
I'll catch it e're it come to ground;  
And that distill'd by Magick slights,  
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.  
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Fear:  
And you all know, Security  
Is mortals chiefest Enemy.

Musick, and a Song.

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

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

1. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be  
Back again.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

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

721b

Where he bestowes himself?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan  
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)  
Live in the English Court, and is receiv'd  
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,  
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe  
Is gone, to pray the holy King, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward;  
That by the help of these (with him above  
To ratifie the Work) we may again  
Give to our Tables meat) sleep to our Nights:  
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperate their King, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Lenox. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,  
The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time  
That cloggs me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might  
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel  
Flie to the Court of England, and unfold  
His Message e're he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering Country,  
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedges Pig whin'd.
3. Harpier cryes, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1. Round about the Cauldron go:

In the poison'd Entrails throw  
Toad, that under cold stone,  
Dayes and Nights, has thirty one:  
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i'th'charmed pot.

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

2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,  
In the Cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog:  
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dog:  
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,  
Lizards Leg, and Howlet's Wing:  
For a Charm of powerfull trouble,  
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

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

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,  
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark:  
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th'dark:  
Liver of Blaspheming Jew.  
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,  
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse:

722a

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,

Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,  
Make the Gruel thick, and slab.  
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,  
For th'Ingredience of our Cauldron.

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

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

Enter **Hecate**, and the other three Witches.

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

Musick and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:  
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profess,  
(How-e're you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the windes, and let them fight  
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waves  
Confound and swallow Navigation up:  
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,  
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:  
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their Foundations: though the treasure  
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,  
Even 'till destruction sicken: Answer me  
To what I ask you.

1. Speak.

2. Demand.

3. We'll answer.

1. Say, if th'had'st rather hear it from our mouthes,  
Or from our Masters.

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

1. Pour in Soves blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's sweaten  
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw  
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:  
Thy Self and Office deftly show.

Thunder.

1. Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me thou unknown power.

1. He knowes thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduff,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismiss me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What-e're thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded: here's another  
More potent then the first. Thunder.

2. Apparition, a Bloody Child.

2. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd hear thee.

2. Appar. Be bloody, bold, and resolute:

722b

Laugh to scorn

The power of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harm Macbeth. Descends.

Macb. Then live Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance, double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;

And sleep 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 upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great Byrnham wood, to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him. Descend.

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the Forrest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never 'till the Wood

Of Byrnham rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortal Custome. Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this Kingdome?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,



Len. I, my good Lord.

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

Scena Secunda.

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

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

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our Actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traytors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,  
His Mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does flie? He loves us not.  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor Wren  
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,  
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:  
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;  
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Couz,

I pray you school your self; But for your Husband,  
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes  
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speak much further,  
But cruel are the times, when we are traytors  
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent Sea  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,  
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,  
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,

And yet he's Fatherless.

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

I take my leave at once. Exit Rosse.

723b

Wife. Sirra, your Father's dead,  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

Wife. What with wormes and flies?

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

Wife. Poor Bird,  
Thoud'st never fear the Net, nor Line,  
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?

Poor Birds they are not set for:  
My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

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

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

Son. Was my Father a traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Wife. Why one that swears, and lyes.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a traitor,  
And must be hang'd.

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

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why,  $\emptyset$  honest men.

Son. Then the Lyars and Swearers are Fools: for there  
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest men,  
and hang up them.

Wife. Now God help thee, poor Monkey:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

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

Wife. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you fair Dame: I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.



If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here: hence with your little ones:  
To fright you thus, Me thinks I am too savage:  
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,  
I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger.

Wife. **Whither** should I flie?

I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I had done no harm?  
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

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

Mur. He's a Traitor.

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

Mur. What you Egg?

Young fry of treachery?

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

724a

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal Sword: and like good men,  
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morn,  
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike Heaven on the Face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something  
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb

T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil  
In an Imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of Grace,  
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes.

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

Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Countrey,  
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,  
For goodness **dares** not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs  
The Title is afear'd. Fare thee well Lord,  
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:  
I think our Countrey sinks beneath the yolk,  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withall,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right:  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Countrey  
Shall have more vices then it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know  
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

724b

That when they shall be open'd black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State  
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a **Devil** more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Macb. I grant him Bloudy,  
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,  
**Sudden**, Malicious, smoaking of every sinne  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none  
In my Voluptuousness: Your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire  
All continent Impediments would o're-bear  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Then such an one to reign.

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

Mal. With this, there growes  
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such  
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,  
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,  
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,  
And my more-having would be as a Sawce  
To make me hunger more, that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice  
Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root  
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin  
The Sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,  
Scotland hath **Poisons** to fill up your will  
Of your mere Own. All these are portable,  
With other Graces weigh'd.

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

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!  
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes again?  
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne  
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,  
And do's blaspheme his breed? thy Royal Father  
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queen that bore thee,  
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

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These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,  
Hath banisht me from Scotland. O my Breast,  
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion  
Child of Integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth, and honour. **Devillish** Macbeth,  
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me  
Into his power: and modest Wisedome plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me; For even now  
I put my self to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction. Here abjure  
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,  
For strangers to my Nature, I am yet  
Unknown to women, never was forswore,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray  
The **Devil** to his Fellow, and delight  
No less in truth then life. My first false speaking  
Was this upon my self, what I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command:  
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,  
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men  
Already at a point, was setting forth?  
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

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

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules  
That stay his Cure: their malady convinces

The great assay of Art. But at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,  
A most miraculous work in this good King,  
Which often since my here remain in England,  
I have seen him doe: How he solicits heaven  
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people  
All swolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,  
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken  
To the **succeeding** Royalty he leaves  
The healing Benediction: with this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophesie,  
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,  
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes here.

Malc. My Countreyman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle **Cousin**, welcome hither.

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

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas poor Countrey,  
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot  
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing  
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile:  
Where sighes and groans, and shrieks that rent the air

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Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seems  
A Modern extasie: the Dead-man's knell,  
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives  
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,  
Dying, or e're they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hiss the speaker,  
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

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

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

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how gos't?

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

Malc. Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither: Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Seyward, and ten thousand men,  
An older and a better Souldier, none  
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like. But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they,  
The general cause, or is it a Fee-grief  
Due to some single Breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your eares despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guess at it.

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

Malc. Mercifull Heaven:  
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your brows:  
Give sorrow words; the grief that do's not speak,  
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

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

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Malc. Be comforted.

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

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say All? O Hell-Kite! All?  
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damm

At one fell swoop?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so.

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But I must also feel 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 strook for thee: Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let grief  
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,  
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,  
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my self  
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape  
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:  
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above  
Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheer you may,  
The Night is long that never finds the Day.       Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.       Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting  
Gentlewoman.

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

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

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

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

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness

to confirm my speech. Enter Lady with a Taper.  
Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

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

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Look how she rubbs her hands.

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

Lad. Yet here's a spot.

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

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and afear'd? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to **account**: yet who

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would have thought the old man to have had so much bloud in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to:

You have known what you should not.

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

La. Here's the smell of  $\emptyset$  bloud still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for  $\emptyset$  dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holyly in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, look not so pale: I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?



Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the Gate:  
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's  
done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the Divine, then the Physician:  
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her: So good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,  
Angus, **Lenox**, Souldiers.

**Men.** The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His Uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neer Byrnham wood

Shall we  $\emptyset$  meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbaine be with his brother?

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

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies,  
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser **hates** him,  
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certain

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He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel

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

Ment. Who then shall blame  
His pester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,  
When all that is within him, do's condemne.  
It self, for being there.

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

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:  
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolme?  
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know  
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:  
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's born of woman  
Shall e're have power upon thee. Then flye false Thanes,  
And mingle with the English Epicures,  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damne thee black, thou cream-fac'd Loon:  
Where got'st thou that Goose-look.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villain?

Ser. Souldiers sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear  
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?  
Death of thy soul, those linnen cheeks of thine  
Are **Counsellors** to fear. What Souldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at heart,  
When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push  
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is faln into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,  
And that which should accompany Old Age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of Friends,  
I must not look to have: but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honor, breath  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleasure?

Mac. What news more?

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

Mac. I'll fight, till from my bones, my flesh is hackt.

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Give me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. I'll put it on:

Send out **more** horses, skir the Country round,  
Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine Armor:  
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick my Lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-comming Fancies  
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her **from** that:

Canst thou not Minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
**Raise** out the written troubles of the Brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote  
Cleanse the stuff bosome, of that perillous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient  
Must Minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine Armor on: give me my Staffe:  
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:  
Come sir, dispatch. If thou couldd'st Doctor, cast  
The water of my Land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,  
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off I say,  
What Rubarb, Cæny, or what Purgative drug  
Would scour these English hence: hearst thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,  
Till Birnam Forrest come to Dunsinane.

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

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Mac-  
duffe, Seywards Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,  
and Souldiers Marching.

Malc. **Cousin** I hope the dayes are near at hand  
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of Birnam.

Malc. Let every souldier hew him down a Bough,  
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery  
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

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

Malc. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,  
And none serve with him, but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our best Censures  
Before the true event, and put we on

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Industrious Souldiership.

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

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Souldiers, with  
Drum and **Dolours**.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,  
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castles strength  
Will laugh a Siege to scorn: Here let them lie,  
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?  
A cry within of Women.

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a Night-shrick, and my Fell of hair

Would at a dismal Treatise rouze, and stir  
As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,  
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word:  
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:  
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles  
The way to study death. Out, out, brief Candle,  
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My Gracious Lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill  
I look'd toward Byrnam, and anon me thought  
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive  
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.  
I pull in Resolution, and begin  
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,  
That lies like truth. Fear not, till Byrnam Wood  
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood

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Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, arme, and out,  
If this which he avouches do's appear,  
There is **no** flying hence, nor tarrying here,  
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun,  
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,  
At least we'll die with Harness on our back. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Drum and Colours.

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

Mal. Now near enough:

Your Leavy Screens throw down,  
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Uncle)  
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble son,  
Lead our first Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do  
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

Do we but find the Tyrants power to night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath,  
Those clamorous Harbingers of bloud, & death. Exeunt.

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name  
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y, Sey. The **Deuill** himself could not pronounce a Title  
More hatefull to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

Y. Sey. Thou liest thou abhorred tyrant, with my sword  
I'le prove the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward's slain,

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

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: tyrant shew thy face,  
If thou beest slain, and with no stroak of mine,  
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes  
Are hyr'd to bear their Staves; either thou Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be,  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

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Seems bruted. Let me find him Fortune,  
And more I beg not. Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:  
The tyrants people, on both sides do fight,  
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the War,  
The day almost it self professes yours,  
And little is to do.

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

Sey. Enter, sir, the Castle. Exeunt. Alarum.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get **the** back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With bloud of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloudier Villain  
Then tearmes can give thee out. Fight, Alarum.

Macb. Thou locest labour,  
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Aire  
With thy keen sword impresse, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

Macd. Dispair thy Charme,  
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers wombe  
Untimely ript.

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

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

Macb. I will not yield  
To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet,  
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse,  
Though Byrnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,  
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,  
And damn'd be him, that first cryes hold, enough  
Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

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Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.  
Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours.  
Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Souldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.  
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your noble Son.

Ross. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers debt,  
He only liv'd but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowesse confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

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

Sey. Had he his hurts before.

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:  
Had I as many sons, as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,  
They say he parted well, and paid his score,  
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hail King, for so thou art.  
Behold where stands  
Th'Usurpers cursed head: the time is free:



I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds:  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail King of Scotland.

All. Hail King of Scotland. Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before **you** reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honor nam'd: What's more to do  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,  
That fled the Snares of watchfull tyranny,  
Producing forth the cruell Ministers  
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;  
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,  
Took off her life. This, and what needfull else  
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.