

Macbeth: a tragedy. Acted at the Dukes-Theatre (London, 1673).

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Macbeth:  
A  
TRAGEDY.  
ACTED  
At the  
DUKES-THEATRE.

LONDON,  
Printed for William Cademan, at the Popes-  
Head in the New Exchange, in the  
Strand. 1673.

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The Persons Names.

King of Scotland,	Mr. Nath. Lee.
Malcolme his Son,	
Prince of Cumberland.	Mr. Norris.
Donalbain.	Mr. Cademan.
Lenox.	Mr. Medburn.
Rosse.	
Angus.	
Macbeth.	Mr. Batterton.
Banquo.	Mr. Smith.
Macduff.	Mr. Harris.
Menteth.	
Cathnes.	
Seyward and his Son.	
Seyton.	
Doctor.	
Fleance Boy to Banquo.	
Porter.	
Old Man.	
2 Murtherers.	
Macbeths Wife.	Mrs. Batterton.
Macduffs Wife & her Son.	Mrs. Long.
Waiting Gentlewoman.	
Ghost of Banquo.	
Heccat.	Mr. Sandford.
3 Witches.	
Servants and Attendants.	

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MACBETH,  
A  
TRAGEDY.

Act the First. Scene the First.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

2. When the Hurley-burley's done,  
When the Battail's lost and won.

3. That will be e're the set of Sun:

1. Where the place?

2. Upon the Heath.

3. There to meet with Macbeth.

1. I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Paddock calls anon: Fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
Hover through the fogg and filthy Air. [Exeunt.]

Scene the Second.

Alarm within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with  
Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

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

Mal. This is the Serjeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy Souldier, fought

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'Gainst my Captivity: 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 Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that  
The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles  
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses 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 ne're 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.

King. O Valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sun 'gins his reflection,  
Shipwracking Storms, and direful Thunders:  
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells: Mark, King of Scotland, mark,  
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,  
But the Norway Lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbusht Arms, and new supplies of Men,  
Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captains, Macbeth and  
Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles;  
Or the Hare the Lyon:  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As Cannons over-charg'd with double cracks,  
So they doubly re-doubled strokes upon the Foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell: But I am faint,

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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 Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes?  
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fiffe, great King,  
Where the Norway Banners flowt 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 Bride-groom, 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 ss.

King. Great happiness.

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

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

Ross. I'll see it done.

King. Wat he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

Scene the Third.

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.

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Aroynt thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cryes.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger;  
But in a Sive I'lle thither Sail,  
And like a Rat without a Tail,  
I'lle do, I'lle do, and I'lle do.

2. I'lle 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,  
I'th' Ship-mans Card.  
I'lle drein him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day  
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:  
He shall live a Man forbid:  
Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his Bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.  
Look, what I have.

2. 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 wey-ward, Sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the Sea and Land,  
Thus do go, about, about,  
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have nor seen.

Banquo. 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 o'th' Earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought  
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny Lips: You should be Women,  
And yet your Beards forbid me to Interpret  
That you are so.

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? My Noble Partner  
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction  
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,  
That he seems wrapt withall: 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. Hail.
2. Hail.
3. Hail.
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.

Mac. 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?

Mac. Into the Air: 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?

Mac. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

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

Enter Ross 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 Norwegian Ranks,  
Nothing afraid 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 Kingdoms great defence  
And powr'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,  
To give thee from our Royal Master thanks,  
Onely to Harrold thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater Honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cowdor:  
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 dress me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet,  
But under heauy Judgement bears that Life,  
Which he deserves to lose.  
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,  
Or did lyne the Rebel with hidden help,  
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd  
In his Countreys wrack, I know not:

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But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrow'n 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 less to them.

Banq. That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,  
The Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths,  
Win us with honest Trifles, to betray'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 success,  
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Heir,  
And make my seated heart knock at my Ribs,  
Against the use of Nature? Present Fears  
Are less 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 Partner's rapt.

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

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

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

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Banq. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-  
sure.

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.]

Scene the Fourth.

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

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

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

King. There's no Art,

To find the 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 sin of my Ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,  
To over-take thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

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

King. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less 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 plenteous Joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, Kinsmen, Thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our Estate upon  
Our Eldest, Malcolm, whom we Name hereafter,  
The Prince of Cumberland: Which honour must  
Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,  
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Envernes,  
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is Labour, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be my self the 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 downe, or else o're-leap,  
For in my way it lyes. Stars hide your fires,  
Let not Light see my black and deep desires:  
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,  
Which the Eye fears, when it is done to see.

[Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so Valiant,

And in his commendations, I am fed:  
 It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,  
 Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:  
 It is a peerless Kinsman. [Flourish.] [Exeunt.]

Scene the Fifth.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success: 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 shall be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
 What thou art promis'd: Yet do I fear thy Nature,  
 It is too full o'th' Milk of humane kindness,  
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great,  
 Art not without Ambition, but without  
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,  
 That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,  
 And yet would'st wrongly win.  
 Thould'st have, great Glamis, that which cryes,  
 Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
 And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,  
 Then wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,  
 And chastise with the Valour of my Tongue  
 All that impeides thee 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 croaks the Fatal entrance of Duncan  
 Under my Battlements. Come, you Spirits,  
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full  
Of direst Cruelty: Make thick my Blood,  
Stop up th' access, and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of Nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,  
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,  
Where-ever, in your sightless substances,  
You wait on Nature's mischief. Come, thick Night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of Hell,  
That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,  
Nor 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, Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes:

Lady. O never

Shall Sun that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men  
May read strange matters, to beguile the time.  
Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,  
Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like th' Innocent flower,  
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,  
Must be provided for: And you shall put  
This Nights great business into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,  
Give solely Sovereign sway, and Masterdome.

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Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Onely look up clear:

To alter favour, ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

Scene the Sixth.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, 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 Mansory, 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 honour'd Hostess:  
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 Business, to contend  
Against those Honours deep, and broad,  
Wherewith your Majesty loads our House:  
For those of old, and the late Dignities,  
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We courtst him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his Purveyor: But he Rides well,  
And his great Love (sharp as his Spur) hath holp 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 to count,  
To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

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

[Exeunt

Scene the Seventh.

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' Invention. This even-handed Justice  
Commands th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
Who should against his Murtherer shut the Door,  
Not bear the Knife my self. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath born his Faculties so meek: hath been  
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues  
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against  
The deep damnation of his taking off:

And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless Curriors of the Air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no Spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o're-leaps it self,  
And falls on th'other.

[Enter Lady.

How now? What News?

Lady. He has almost Supt: Why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

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

Lady. Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy Love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,  
And Live a Coward in thine owne 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 much more the Man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to Love the Babe that milks me,  
I would, while it was smiling in my Face,  
Have pluckt my Nipple from his bone-less Gums,  
And dasht the Brains out, had I 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 dayes hard Journey  
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains  
Will I with Wine and Wassel so convince,  
That Memory, the Warder of the Brain,

Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason  
 A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleep,  
 Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 Th' unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
 His spungie Officers? who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell.

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

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

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

ACT the Second. Scene the First.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

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

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:  
 There's Husbandry in Heaven,  
 Their Candles are all out: Take thee that too.  
 A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,  
 And yet I would not sleep:  
 Merciful Powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts  
 That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there? Mac. A Friend.

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

Banq. At your kind'st 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 Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thanks, Sir: The like to you. [Exit Banquo.

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

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 marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an Instrument I was to use.  
Mine Eyes are made the Fools o'th'other Senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the Bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse  
The Curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates

## 17 <sheet D>

Pale Heccats Offerings: And wither'd Murther,  
Alarm'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,  
Whose howl's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquins ravishing sides, towards his design  
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sower 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 suits with it. Whiles I threat, he Lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A Bell Rings.  
I go, and it is done: The Bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,  
That Summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [Exit.

Scene the Second.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd 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 Doors are open,  
And the surfeited Grooms do mock their Charge  
With snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,  
That Death and Nature do contend about them,  
Whether they Live or Dye.

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 e'm. 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 noise?

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. Heark, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

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Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

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

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

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

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

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

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

Macb. Me-thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:  
Macbeth doth murther Sleep, the Innocent Sleep,  
Sleep that rips up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,  
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labours Bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Natures second Course,  
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

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

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

You do un-bend your Noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?  
They must lye there; go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy Grooms with blood.

Macb. I'le 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,

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I'le guild the Faces of the Grooms withal,  
For it must seem their Guilt. [Exit.] [Knock within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha, they pluck out mine Eyes.  
Will all great Neptunes 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 clears us of this deed.  
How easie is it then? Your Constancy  
Hath left you un-attended. [Knock.]

Heark, more knocking.  
Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew vs 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.]

Enter Witches, and Sing.

1. Speak, Sister, is the Deed done?

2. Long ago, long ago.

Above twelve Glasses since are run.

1. Ill Deeds are seldome slow.

Nor single following Crimes on former wait

The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.

Many more murders must this one ensue,

As if in Death were propagation too.

He will, he shall, he must spill much more blood,

And become worse to make his Title good.

Now let's Dance. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Chorus. We should rejoyce when good Kings bleed.  
When Cattle dye, about we go,  
What then, when Monarchs perish, should we do?  
We should, &c.

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Scene the Third.

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 enow 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 Gods 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 in 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 Bone-fire. Knock. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

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. Leachery, 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 Leachery: It makes him, and it marrs him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-hear-tens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: 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 Legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

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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 joyful trouble to you:  
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The Labour we delight in, Physicks pain\_  
This is the Door.

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

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 Prophecying, with Accents terrible,  
Of dire Cumbustion, and confus'd Events,  
New hatch'd to th' woful time.  
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.  
Some say, the Earth was fevorous,  
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My Young Remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

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

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece\_  
Most Sacrilegious murther hath broke ope  
The Lords annointed Temple, and stole thence  
The Life o'th' Building.

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

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Lenox. Mean you his Majesty?

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

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,  
Banquo and Donalbain; Malcolm, awake,  
Shake off this Downey sleep, Deaths counterfeit,  
And look on Death it self; up, up, and see  
The great Dooms Image; Malcolm, 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 Womans ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

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

Lady. Woe, alas;  
What, in our House?

Banq. Too cruel, any where.  
Dear Duff, I prthee contradict thy self,  
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

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 meer Lees  
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donal. What is amiss?

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

Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.

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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 blood,  
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found  
Upon their Pillows; they star'd, and were distracted,  
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Why did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,  
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man;  
Th' expedition of my violent Love  
Out-ran the pawser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His Silver skin, lac'd with his Golden Blood,  
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a breach in Nature,  
For Ruins wastful 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,  
Where our Fate hid in an Augure hole,

May rush, and seize? 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. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight  
Of Treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

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Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readniess,  
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.  
I'll to England.

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

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter Witches, Dance and Sing.

Let's have a Dance upon the Heath,  
We gain more Life by Duncan's Death.  
Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,  
Having no musick but our mew.  
Sometimes we Dance in some Old Mill,  
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel,  
To some Old Saw, or bardish Rhime,  
Where still the Mill-Clack does keep time.  
Sometime about a hollow Tree  
A Round, a Round, a Round Dance we:  
Thither the chirping Critick comes,  
And Beetles singing drowsie hums.  
Sometimes we Dance o're Fens and Furr's,  
To howls of Wolves, and barks of Currs.  
And when with none of these we meet,  
We dance to the Ecchoes of our Feet.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;  
Within the Volume of which time, I've seen  
Houres dreadful and things strange; but this sore night  
Hath stifled former knowings.

Ross. Ha, Good father,  
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with Mans Act,  
Threatens his bloody stage: By th' Clock, 'tis day;  
And yet dark night strangles th' travelling Lamp;  
Is't Nights Predominance, or the Days shame,  
That Darkness does the Face of Earth entombe,  
When living Light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis natural,  
Even like the deed that's done on Tuesday last,  
A Faulcon towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a Mousing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

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

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

Ross. They did so,  
To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Here comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the World, Sir, now? <line dropped>

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

Macd. Those that Mackbeth hath slain.

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

Macd. They were suborned,  
Malcolme and Donalbaine, the Kings two Sons,  
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst Nature still,  
Thriftless Ambition, that will raven up  
Thine owne 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.

Ross. Where is Duncans body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred store-house of his Predecessors,  
And Guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you go to Scone.  
Macd: No, Cosin, I'll go to Fife.  
Ross. Well, I will thither.  
Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu\_\_\_\_  
Lest our old Robes sit easier than our new.  
Ross. Farewell, Father.  
Macd. Gods benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and Friends of foes.

Exeunt Omnes

Act the Third, Scene the First.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weyward women promis'd, and I fear  
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy Posterity.  
But that my self should be the Root, and Father  
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,  
As upon thee Macbeth, their speeches shine,  
Who 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  
Ross, 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-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
And I'll request your Presence.

Banq. Let your Highness

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Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble Tie  
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good Advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this days Council: but we'll take tomorrow.  
Is't far you ride?

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

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cozens are bestow'd  
\_\_\_ England, and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,

When therewithal ye shall have cause of state,  
Craving vs joyntly. 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 I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewel.

Exit anquo

Let every Man be Mrster of his time  
Till seven at Night, to make societie  
The sweeter welcom:  
We will keep our self till supper-time alone:  
While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lord\_\_

Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Serv. They are, my Lord, without the Palace-Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs.

Exit servan\_\_

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:  
Our feares in Banquo stick deep,  
And in his Royaltie of Nature reigns that

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Which would be fear'd, 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his Minde,  
He hath a Wisdom, that doth Guide his Valour,  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear, and under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said  
Mark Antonies was by **Cesars**. He chid the Sisters,  
When first they put the Name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him. Then Prophet-like,  
They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings.  
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,  
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,  
No son of mine succeeding: if't be so,  
For Banquo's Issue have I fill'd my Minde,  
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 Enemie of Man,  
To make them Kings, the Seedes 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 have you consider'd of my speeches:  
Know, that it was he, in the times past,

Which held you so under fortune,  
Which you thought had been our innocent self.  
This I made good to you, in our last conference\_  
Past in probation with you:  
How you were borne 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.

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\_\_\_ Murth. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so;  
And went further, which is now  
Our point of second Meeting.  
Do you finde 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 Grey-hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currs,  
Showghes, water-Rugs, and demi-wolves are clipt  
All by the Name of Dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one  
According to the Gift, which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the Bill,  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the File,  
Not i'th' worst rank of Manhood, say't.  
And I will put that business in your Bosomes,  
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,  
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,  
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,  
Which in his Death were perfect.

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

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being, thrusts

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Against my neer'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 houre, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant your selves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,  
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,  
And something from the Palace: always thought,  
That I require a clearness, and with him,  
To leave no Rubs nor botches in the work:  
Fleas, 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 houre: resolve your selves apart,  
I'll come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you strait: abide within,  
It is concluded: Banquo, thy souls flight,  
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

Scene the second. Enter Macbeths 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.

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 doubtful joy.

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Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Malice  
Remains in danger of her former Tooth,  
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,  
Both the Worlds suffer.

Ere we will eat our Meal in feare, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,  
That shake us Nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Then on the torture of the Minde to lie  
In restless extasie.

Duncane is in his Grave:

After Lifes fitful 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, sleeke o're your rugged looks,  
Be jovial among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I love, and so I pray be you:  
Let your remembrance 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 Minde, dear Wife:  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleans lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures Copie's not eterne.

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

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Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,  
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pityful Day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,  
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,  
And the Crow makes Wing to th'Rookie Wood:  
Goods things of Day begin to droop and drowse.  
While's Nights black Agents to their prey's do rowse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,  
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So prythee go with me.

Exeunt.

Scene the Third. Enter three Murtherers.

1 But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3 Macbeth.

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

1. Then stand with us:  
The West yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.  
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,  
To gaine the timly Inne, and near approches  
The subject of our Watch.

3. Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light there, ho.

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. <three lines repeated>

1. Let it come down.

Ban. O Treachey!

### 33 <sheet F>

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1. Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treacherie!

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.

SCENE the fourth, Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth,  
Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,  
And play the humble Host:  
Our Hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcom.

La. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks, they are welcom.

Enter first Murtherer.

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

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better he without, then thee 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 Royall 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 generall, as the easing Air;

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But uow I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawcy doubts and fears. 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 thats fled  
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, tomorrow  
We'll hear our selves again. Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royal Lord,  
You do not give the cheer, the Feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:  
'Tis given, with welcom: 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 Macbeths place.

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

Lenox. May't please your Highness, Sir.

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

Ross. His absence, (Sir)  
Lays blame upon his Promise. Pleas't your Highness  
To grace us with your Royal Company

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.

Ross. 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,

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He fit is momentary, upon a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion,  
Feed\_ and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appale the devil.

La. 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 becom  
A Womans story, at a Winters fire  
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self,  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done  
You look but on a stool.

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

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly,

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i'th' olden time,  
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal:  
I, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear. The times has 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.

La. 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.

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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.

Mac. Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

La. Think of this good Peers  
But as a thing of Custom: 'Tis no other  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tigre,  
Take any shape but that, and my firme 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,  
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone  
I am a man again: pray you sit still.

La. 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 Summers 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.

Ross. What sights, 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.

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

La. A kinde Good-night to all.

Exit Lords

Macb. I\_ will have blood they say;

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Blood will have blood.  
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak:  
Augures, and understood Relations, have  
By Maggot Pyes, and Choughes, and Rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. 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  
\_ keep a Servant feed. I will tomorrow  
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.  
More shall they speak: for now I am bent to know  
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way, I am in blood  
Stept 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, ere they may be scand.

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENE the Fifth, Thunder. Enter the three Witches  
meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you look angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?  
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare  
To Trade and Traffick with Macbeth,  
In Riddles and Affairs of death;  
And I the Mystriss 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,  
Spightful and wrathful, who (as others do)  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,

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And at the pit of Acheron,  
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destinie.  
Your Vessels, and your Spels 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 ere Noon\_  
Upon the corner of the Moon  
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,  
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;  
And that distill'd by Magick slights,  
Shall raise such Artificial sprights,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear  
His Hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace and Fear:  
And you all know, Security  
Is Mortals chiefest Enemie.

Musick, and a Song.

Hark, I am call'd: my little spirit see  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within. 1 Come away Heccat, Heccat, Oh, come away;

2 I come, I come, with all the speed I may,  
I come, I come, with all the speed I may.

1 Where's Stadling?

3 Here.

1 Where's Puckle?

4 Here; and Hopper too, and Helway too;  
1 We want but you, we want but you.  
Come away, make up the 'count  
I will but 'noint, and then I mount  
I will, &c.  
1 Here comes one, it is  
To fetch his due, a Kiss,  
I A Cull, sip of blood;  
And why thou stayst so long, I muse,  
Since the Aire's so sweet and good;  
O art thou come! What New\_?

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2 All goes fair for our delight,  
Either come, or else refuse,  
Now I am furnish'd for the flight,  
Now I go, now I flie,  
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.  
3 Oh what a dainty Pleasure's this,  
To sail i'th' Air,  
While the Moon shines fair,  
To sing, to toy and kiss,  
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,  
Over misty Hills and Fountains,  
Over Steeples, Towres and Turrets,  
We flie by night 'mongst Troops of spirits.  
Cho. No Ring of Bells to our ears sounds,  
No Howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds,  
No, nor the Noise of Waters breach,  
Nor Cannons Throats our height can reach.

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

Exeunt

SCENE the sixth, Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches, <this speech botched>  
Have but hit your thoughts  
Which can interpret father: Only I say things have  
Been strangely born. The gracious Duncan was pitied  
Of Macbeth: Marry he was dead: And the  
Right valiant Banquo walk'd too late. Who cannot want  
The thought, how monstrous it was for Malcolme and  
for Donalbain, to kill their gracious father? Damned Fact,  
How it did grieve Macbeth? Did he not strait in pious  
Rage, the two Delinquents tear, that were the slaves of  
Drink, and thralls of sleep? Was not that 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  
Has born all things well, and I do think, that had he  
Duncans sons under his Key, (As and't please  
Heaven he shall not) they should finde what 'twere to  
Kill a father: so should Floans. But peace: for from broad  
Words, and cause he fail'd his Presence  
At the Tyrants feast, I hear Macduff

Lives in disgrace, Sir, can you tell

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Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The sons of Duncane  
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)  
Lives 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 faithful 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.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

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

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

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Act the Fourth. Scene the First.

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-pig whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
- 1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poyson'd Entrails throw  
Toad, that under cold stone,

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Days and Nights, has thirty one:  
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,  
Boyl thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

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

2 Filler of a Fenny Snake,  
In the Cauldron boyl and bake:

Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,  
Wool of Bat, and tongue of Dog:  
Adders fork, and Blind-wormes sting,  
Lizards leg, and Howlets wing:  
For a Charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boyl and bubble.

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

3 Scale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,  
Witches Mummey, Maw and Gulfe  
Of the Ravin'd salt Sea shark:  
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark:  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Call of Goat, and slippes of Yew,  
Silver'd in the Moons Eclipse:  
Nose of Turk, and Tartars lips;  
Finger of Birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,  
Make the Grewel thick and slab.  
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,  
For th' ingredience of our Cawdron.

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

2 Cool it with a Baboones blood,  
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccat and the other three Witches.

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

Musick and a Song. Black spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbs,

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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\_\_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'hadst rather hear it from our Mouthes,  
Or from our Masters.

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

1 Pour in Sows blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten  
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and Office deaftly show.

Thunder

1. Apparition, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power.

1 He knows 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. Whate'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

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More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a bloody Child.

2. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three ears, I'de hear thee.

2. Appar. Be bloody, bold, and resolute;  
Laugh to scorn

The power of man; For none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

Macb. Then live Macduff; what need I fear of thee?  
But yet Ile 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 Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,  
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round  
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. Appar. Be Lion-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 Dunsmain 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 Byrnan rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal Cnstorm. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art  
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

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

Hoeb\_\_\_\_\_

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

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All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart.

A shadow of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a Glass in his hand.

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

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why  
Stands Mackbeth thus amazedly?  
Come Sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew the best of our delights.  
I'll Charm the Air to give a sound,  
While you perform your Antick round,  
That this great King may kindly say,  
Our duty did his welcom pay.

Musick.

The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?  
Let this pernicious houre,  
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.  
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb. Saw you the weyard sisters?

Lenox. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected by the Air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear

The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

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

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

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

Exeunt

SCENE the second. Enter Macduff, Wife, her Son and Ross.

Wife. What had he done to make him flie the land?

Ross. You must have patience, Madam.

Wife. He had none:

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

Ross. 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 do's 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 the Nest, against the Owl:  
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love:  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest Cooz,  
I pray you school your self. But for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,  
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors  
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wilde 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 Cosin,  
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 Ross.

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

Son. As birds do, Mother.

Wife. With what Wormes and Flies?

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

Wife. Poor bird,  
Thou'dst never fear the Net, nor Lime,  
The Pitfal, 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. Yea, 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 lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do so.

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

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

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are fools: for there  
Are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men,  
And hang up them.

Wife. Now God help thee, poor Monkie:  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
Would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly  
Have a new father.

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 Mans advice,  
Be not found here; Hence with your little ones:  
To fright you thus, Methinks I am too savage;  
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,  
I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger.

Wife. Whether should I flie?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world; where to do harme  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have 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 mayst finde him.  
Mur. He's a Traitor.  
Son. Thou liest thou shag-ear'd Villain.  
Mur. What you Egge?  
Young Fry of treachery?  
Son. He has kill'd me Mother,

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Run away I pray you. Exit crying M\_ur\_der\_

SCENE the third. 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 downfal Birthdom: each new Morn,  
New widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike on the face, that it resounds  
As it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, beleeeve; and what I can redress,  
As I shall finde 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.

Malc. But Macbeth is.  
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyl  
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 finde my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and Childe?  
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,  
Without leave-taking. I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies, be your Dishonours,  
But mine owne safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

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Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Country,  
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,  
The Title is affear'd. Fare thee well Lord.  
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,  
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you:  
I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke,  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,  
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 Tyrants head,  
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

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

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

Mal. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,  
Sudden, Malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none  
In my voluptuousness: Your Wives, your Daughters,  
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up  
The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire  
All continent Impediments would o'r-bear  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,

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Than 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 grows  
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such  
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,  
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,  
Desire his Jewels, and this 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  
Than Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath been  
The Sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,  
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill up your will  
Of your meer own. All these are portable,  
With other Graces weigh'd.

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

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

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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 wholsome days again?  
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurst,  
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royal Father  
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queen that bore thee,  
Oftner upon her knees, than on her feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,  
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,  
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 Honor. Devillish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power: and modest Wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous hast: 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 taunts, and blames I laid upon my self,  
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet  
Unknown to Woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own:  
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray  
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking  
Was this upon my self. What I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command:  
Whither indeed, before they 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

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'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 Souls  
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 do: How he sollicitates heaven  
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people  
All swoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The meer 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 vertue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophesie,  
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,  
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See who comes here.  
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.  
Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.  
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us Strangers.  
Rosse. Sir, Amen.  
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?  
Rosse. Alas poor Countrey,  
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot

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Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air  
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seems  
A modern extasie: The Deadmans knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives  
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.  
Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.  
Malc. What's the newest grief?  
Rosse. That of an hours age doth hiss the speaker,  
Each minute teems a new one.  
Macd. How do's 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 Tydings  
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour\_  
Of many worthy Fellows that were out,  
Which was to my belief witness the rather,  
For that I saw the Tyrants power a-foot.  
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland  
Would create Soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doffe 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 Soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.  
Rosse. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like. But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.  
Macd. What concern they,  
The general cause, or is it a Fee-grief  
Due to some single brest?

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Rosse. No mind that's honest

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

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

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

Machd. 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 adde the death of you.

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

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. 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 Medicines of our great Revenge,  
To cure this deadly griefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?  
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam  
At one fell swoop?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

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

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

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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.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Waiting  
Gentlewoman.

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

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 closset, take forth paper, fold it, write  
upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to bed;  
yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.  
In this slumbry agitation besides her walking and other

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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 up-  
on 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 con-  
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?  
Look how she rubs 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. Heark, she speaks, I will set down what comes  
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

Lad. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why  
then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,  
a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we fear? who knows  
it, when none can call our power to accompt: yet who  
would have thought the old man to have had so much  
blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

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

Doct. Go too, go too:  
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.

Lad. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes  
of Arabiah will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

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

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

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

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

Doct. Even so?

Lad. 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, than the Physician: God, God forgive us all. Look after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eys upon her: So good-night, My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarm Excite the mortified man.

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Ang. Near Birnan wood.

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

Cath. Who knows if Donalbane be with his brother?

Len. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards 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 hate him,

Do call it valiant Fury, but for certain  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now does 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's 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 does condemn  
It self, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,  
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,  
And with him pour we in our Countreys 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 Birnan. [Exeunt marching.

### SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:  
Till Birnane wood remove to Dunsinane,

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I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolme?  
Was he not born of woman? The Spirits that know  
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:  
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,  
And mingle with the English Epicures;  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn 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 Whey-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 chear me ever, or dis-eat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough, my way of life

Is fal'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,  
And that which should accompany Old-Age,  
As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,  
I must not look to have: but in their stead,  
Curses, not lowd but deep, Mouth-honour, breath  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What News more?

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

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hackt.  
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:  
Send out moe Horses, skir the Country round,

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Hang those that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armor:  
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

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

Macb. Cure of that:  
Canst thou not Minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted Sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the Brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote  
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient  
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine Armour on: Give me my Staff:  
Seyton send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:  
Come Sir, dispatch. If thou could'st, Doctor, cast  
The Water of my Land, find her Disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,  
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off I say,  
What Rhubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drug  
Would scowr these English hence: hear'st thou of them?

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

Macb. Bring it after me:  
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,  
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

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

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,  
Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,  
and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

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That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

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

Sold. It shall be done.

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

Malc. 'Tis his main hope:

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

Macd. Let our just Censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious Soldiership.

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

Exeunt marching.

SCENE V.

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

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 lye,  
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

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A Cry within of Women.

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a Night-shriek, and my Fell of hair  
Would at a dismal Treatise rowze, and stir

As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,  
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;  
There would have beene a time for such a word:  
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:  
And all our yesterdays have lighted Fools  
The way to dusty 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. Gracious my 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 Birnane, 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 may you see it coming.  
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive  
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in Resolution, and begin

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To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,  
That lies like truth. Fear not, till Birnane Wood  
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, Arm, and out,  
If this which he avouches, do's appear,  
There is nor 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 Alarm Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,  
At least we'll\_dye with Harness on our back.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, and their  
Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough:  
Your leavy Skreens throw down,  
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Unkle)

Shall with my Cousin your right Noble Son  
Lead our first Battel. 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 Blood, & Death.                   Exeunt.  
Alarums continued.

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

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

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Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to hear it.

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

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sey. The Devil himself could not pronounce a Title  
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearful.

Y. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword  
I'll prove the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward slain.

Macb. Thou was't born of woman;  
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman born.                   Exit.

Alarms.     Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,  
If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:  
I cannot strike at wretched Kerns, whose arms  
Are hir'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  
Seems bruted. Let me find him Fortune,  
And more I beg not.                   Exit.     Alarms.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. 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. Alarm.

Enter Macbeth.

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

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Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn hell-hound, turn.

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

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

Fight. Alarm.

Macb. Thou lovest labour,  
As easie mayst thou the intrenchant Air  
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed;  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,  
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

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

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

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

Macb. I will not yield  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolmes feet,  
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.  
Though Birnane wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,  
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduff,  
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarms.

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Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,  
Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, 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. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Son.

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

Sey. Then he is dead?

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

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

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

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

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

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeth's 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 Kingdoms 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 we 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 Honour nam'd: What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,  
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,  
Producing forth the cruel Ministers  
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;  
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,  
Took off her life. This, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. [Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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