

Macbeth. A tragedy. With all the alterations, amendments, additions, and new songs. As it is now acted at the Queen's Theatre (London, 1710).

i

MACBETH.

A

TRAGEDY.

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As it is now Acted at the  
QUEEN'S-THEATRE.

LONDON,

Printed for J. Tonson: And Sold by John Phillips at the Black Bull over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1710.

ii

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iii

The ARGUMENT.

Duncan, King of the Scots, had two principal Men, whom he employed in all Matters of Importance, Macbeth and Banquo. These two Travelling together through a Forest, were met by three Fairy Witches (Weirds the Scots call them) whereof the first making Obeysance unto Macbeth, saluted him, Thane (a Title unto which that of Earl afterwards succeeded) of Glamis, the second Thane of Cowdor, and the third King of Scotland: This is unequal dealing, saith Banquo, to give my Friend all the Honours, and none unto me: To which one of the Weirds made Answer, That he indeed should not be King, but out of his Loyns should come a Race of Kings, that should for ever rule the Scots; and having thus said, they all suddenly vanished, Upon their Arrival to the Court, Macbeth was immediately created Thane of Glamis; and not long after, some new Service of his requiring new Recompence, he was honoured with the Title of Thane of Cowdor. Seeing then how happily the Prediction of the three Weirds fell out in the former, he resolved not to be wanting to himself in fulfilling the third; and therefore first he killed the King, and after, by reason of his Command among the Soldiers and common People, he succeeded in his Throne. Being scarce warm in his Seat, he call'd to mind the Prediction given to his Companion Banquo: Whom hereupon suspecting as his Supplanter, he caused him to be killed, together with his Posterity: Flean, one of his Sons, escaped only, with no small Difficulty into Wales, Freed as he thought from all fear of Banquo and his Issue, he built Dunsinane Castle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards, on some new Fears, consulting with certain of his Wizards about his future Estate, was told by one of them that he should never be Overcome, 'till Birnam Wood (being some Miles distant) came to Dunsinane Castle; and by another, that he should never be slain by any Man which was Born of a Woman. Secure then, as he thought, from all future Dangers, he omitted no kind of libidinous Cruelty for the Space of 18 Years; for so long he Tyrannized over Scotland. But having then

made up the Measure of his Iniquities, Macduff the Governor of Fife associating to himself some few Patriots (and being assisted with ten thousand English) equally hated by the Tyrant, and abhorring the Tyranny, met in Birnam Wood, and taking every one of them a Bough in his Hand (the better to keep them from Discovery) marched early in the Morning towards Dunsinane Castle, which they took by Scallado. Macbeth escaping, was pursu'd by Macduff, who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat; to whom the Tyrant, half in Scorn, returned this Answer: That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his Destiny never to be slain by any that was born of Woman. Now then, said Macduff, is thy fatal End drawing fast upon thee, for I was never born of Woman, but violently cut out of my Mother's Belly: Which Words so daunted the cruel Tyrant, though otherwise a valiant man and of great Performances, that he was very easily slain; and Malcolm Conner, the true Heir, seated in his Throne.

iv

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King of Scotland,	Mr. Keen.
Malcolm his Son, Prince of Cumberland,	Mr. Corey.
Donalbain,	Mr. Bullock, Jun.
Lenox,	Captain Griffin.
Macbeth,	Mr. Betterton.
Banquo,	Mr. Mills.
Macduff,	Mr. Wilks.
Seyward,	Mr. Husband.
Seyton,	Mr. Bickerstaffe.
Banquo's Son,	Mrs. B. Porter.
1 Murtherer,	Mr. Fairbank.
2 Murtherer,	Mr. Cross.

WOMEN.

Macbeth's Lady,	Mrs. Knight.
Macduff's Lady,	Mrs. Rogers.
Heccate,	Mr. Johnson.

A Waiting Gentlewoman, Witches, Servants, and Attendants.

1 <sheet B>

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again,  
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Rain?

2. When the Hurly-burly's done,  
When the Battel's lost and won.

3. And that will be e'er set of Sun.

1. Where's the place?

2. Upon the Heath.

3. There we resolve to meet Macbeth. ---- [A shriek like an Owl.

1. I come Gray Malkin.

All. Paddock calls!

To us fair Weather's foul, and foul is fair!

Come hover through the foggy, filthy Air. [Ex. flying.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbine and Lenox, with Attendants,  
meeting Seyton wounded.

King. What aged man is that? if we may guess  
His Message by his Looks, he can relate

**The Issue of the Battel!**

Malc. This is the valiant Seyton,  
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought  
To save my Liberty. Hail, worthy Friend,  
Inform the King in what Condition you  
Did leave the Battel?

Seyton. It was doubtful;  
As two spent Swimmers, who together cling  
And choak their Art: the merciless Mackdonald  
(Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end  
The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Western Isles,  
With Kernes and Gallowglasses was supply'd;  
Whom Fortune with her Smiles oblig'd awhile:  
But brave Macbeth (who well deserves that Name)

2

Did with his Frowns put all her Smiles to flight:  
And cut his Passage to the Rebel's Person:  
Then having Conquer'd him with single Force,  
He fixt his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! Worthy Gentleman!

Seyton. But then this Day-break of our Victory  
Serv'd but to light us into other Dangers;  
That Spring from whence our Hopes did seem to rise  
Produc'd our Hazard: for no sooner had  
The Justice of your Cause, Sir, (arm'd with Valour,)  
Compell'd these nimble Kernes to trust their Heels,  
But the Norweyan Lord, (having expected  
This Opportunity) with new Supplies  
Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Generals, Macbeth  
And Banquo?

Seyton. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles, or as Hares do Lions;  
As Flames are heighten'd by access of Fuel,  
So did their Valours gather Strength, by having  
Fresh Foes on whom to exercise their Swords:  
Whose Thunder still did drown the dying Groans  
Of those they slew, which else had been so great,  
Th' had frightened all the rest into Retreat.  
My Spirits faint: I would relate the Wounds  
Which their Swords made; but my own silence me.

King. So well thy Wounds become thee as thy Words;

Th' are full of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons ----

[Ex. Cap. and Attendants.]

Enter Macduff.

But who comes here?

Malc. Noble Macduff!

Lenox. What haste looks through his Eyes!

Donal. So should he look who comes to speak things strange.

Macd. Long live the King!

King. Whence com'st thou, worthy Thane?

Macd. From Fife, Great King; where the Norweyan Banners  
Darkned the Air; and fann'd our People cold:

Norwey himself, with infinite Supplies,  
(Assisted by that most disloyal Thane  
Of Cawdor) long maintain'd a dismal Conflict,  
Till brave Macbeth oppos'd his bloody Rage,  
And check'd his haughty Spirits, after which  
His Army fled: Thus shallow Streams may flow  
Forward with violence awhile; but when  
They are oppos'd, as fast run back agen.

In brief, the Victory was ours.

King. Great Happiness!

Malc. And now the Norway King craves Composition.

3

We would not grant the burial of his Men,  
Until at Colems-Inch he had disburs'd  
Great heaps of Treasure to our Generals use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our Confidence: pronounce his present Death;  
And with his former Title greet Macbeth.  
He has deserv'd it.

Macd. Sir! I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth has won ---- Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches flying.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, Sister?

2. Killing Swine!

3. Sister; where thou?

1. A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her lap,  
And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd; give me, quoth I;  
Anoint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cry'd,  
Her Husband's to the Baltick gone, Master o'th' Tyger,  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a Rat without a Tail  
I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.

2. I'll give thee a wind.

1. Thou art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I my self have all the other.

And then from every Port they blow;  
From all the points that Sea-men know.  
I will drain him dry as Hay;  
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day

Hang upon his Pent-house lid;  
My Charms shall his Repose forbid,  
Weary sen-nights nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, waste, 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 Pilot's thumb  
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come!

[A Drum within.]

3. A Drum, a Drum:  
Macbeth does come.

1. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the Sea and Land,  
Thus do go about, about  
Thrice to thine,

2. And Thrice to mine;

3. And Thrice agen to make up nine.

2. Peace, the Charm's wound up.

4

Enter Macbeth and Banquo with Attendants.

Macb. Command, they make a halt upon the Heath. ----  
So **fair** and foul a day I have not seen!

<1674>

Banq. How far is't now to Soris? what are these  
So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire;  
That look not like the Earth's Inhabitants,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you things  
Crept hither from the lower World, to fright  
Th' Inhabitants of this? You seem to know me,  
By laying all at once your choppy fingers  
Upon your skinny Lips; you shou'd be Women,  
And yet your Looks forbid me to interpret  
So well of you. ----

Macb. Speak, if you can, what are you?

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

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

3. All hail, Macbeth, who shall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, what makes you start, and seem to dread  
Events which sound so fair? I'th' name of Truth  
Are you fantastical? or that indeed  
Which outwardly you shew? My noble Partner,  
You greet with present Grace, **and** strang Prediction  
Of noble Fortune, and of Royal hope;  
With which he seems surpriz'd: To me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of Time,  
And tell which Grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me; who neither beg your favour,  
Nor fear your hate ----

1. Hail!

2. Hail!

3. Hail!

1. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2\_ Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, thou shalt ne'er be one.

So all Hail Macbeth and Banquo. ----

1. Banquo and Macbeth, all Hail ----

[Going.

Macb. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor, whilst that Thane yet lives?  
And, for your promise, that I shall be King,  
'Tis not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor: Say from whence  
You have this strange Intelligence: or why  
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way  
With such prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

5

Banq. The Earth has Bubbles like the Water,  
And these are some of them: How soon they are vanish'd!

Macb. Th' are turn'd to Air; what seem'd Corporeal  
Is melted into nothing; would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here as we discours'd of now?  
Or have we tasted some infectious Herb  
That captivates our Reason?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

Banq. Just to that very tune! who's here?

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Macbeth, the King has happily receiv'd  
The news of your success: And when he reads  
Your pers'nal Venture in the Rebels fight,  
His Wonder and his Praises then contend  
Which shall exceed: when he reviews your worth,  
He finds you in the stout Norweyan Ranks,  
Not starting at the Images of Death  
Made by your self: each Messenger which came  
Being loaden with the Praises of your Valour,  
Seem'd proud to speak your Glories to the King;  
Who, for an earnest of a greater Honour,  
Bad me, from him, to call you Thane of Cawdor:  
In which Addition, Hail, most Noble Thane!

Banq. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives!  
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd Robes?

Macd. 'Tis true, Sir; He, who was the Thane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he in justice is condemn'd to lose.  
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,  
Or did assist the Rebel privately;  
Or whether he concurr'd with both, to cause  
His Country's danger, Sir, I cannot tell:  
But, Treasons Capital, confess'd and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind. My noble Partner!  
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?  
When those who gave to me the Thane of Cawdor  
Promis'd no less to them.

Banq. If all be true,  
You have a Title to a Crown, as well  
As to the Thane of Cawdor. It seems strange;  
But many times, to win us to our harm,  
The Instruments of darkness tell us Truths,  
And tempt us with low trifles; that they may

6

Betray us in the things of high concern.

Macb. Th' have told me Truth as to the name of Cawdor, [Aside.  
That may be Prologue to the name of King.  
Less Titles shou'd the greater still fore-run,  
The Morning Star doth usher in the Sun.  
This strange Prediction in as strange a manner  
Deliver'd, neither can be good nor ill:  
If ill; 'twou'd give no earnest of success,  
Beginning in a truth: I'm Thane of Cawdor;  
If good? why am I then perplext with doubt?  
My future Bliss causes my present Fears,  
Fortune, methinks, which rains down Honour on me,  
Seems to rain Blood too: Duncan does appear  
Clowded by my increasing Glories: but  
These are but dreams.

Banq. Look how my Partner's rap'd!

Macb. If Chance will have me King; Chance may bestow  
A Crown without my stir.

Banq. His Honours are surprizes, and resemble  
New Garments, which but seldom fit Men well,  
Unless by help of use.

Macb. Come, what come may;  
Patience and Time run through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy Macbeth! we wait upon your leisure.

Macb. I was reflecting upon past Transactions;  
Worthy Macduff; your pains are registred  
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.  
Let's hasten to the King: we'll think upon  
These accidents at more convenient time.  
When **we've** maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart  
Our mutual judgments to each others breasts.

Banq. Let it be so.

Macb. Till then enough. Come Frinds ----

[Exeunt.

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbine, Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?  
Or are they not return'd, who were employ'd  
In doing it?

Malc. They are not yet come back;  
But I have spoke with one who saw him die,  
And did report that very frankly, he

Confess'd his Treasons, and implor'd your Pardon  
With signs of a sincere and deep Repentance.  
He told me, nothing in his life became him  
So well, as did his leaving it. He dy'd  
As one who had been study'd in his Death,  
Quitting the dearest thing he ever had,  
As't were a worthless trifle.

King. There's no Art

7

To find the Mind's construction in the Face:  
He was a Gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Macduff.

O worthy'st **Cousin!**

The sin of my Ingratitude even now  
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That all the wings of recompence are slow  
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine: I've only left to say,  
That thou deserv'st more than I have to pay.

Macb. The service and the Loyalty I owe you,  
Is a sufficient payment for it self:  
Your Royal part is to receive our Duties;  
Which Duties are, Sir, to your Throne and State,  
Children and Servants; and when we expose  
Our dearest Lives to save your Interest,  
We do but what we ought.

King. Y'are welcome hither  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
Still to advance thy growth: And, noble Banquo,  
(Who hast no less deserv'd; nor must partake  
Less of our favour,) let me here enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

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

King. My joys are now  
Wanton in fulness; and wou'd hide themselves  
In drops of Sorrow. Kinsmen, Sons, and 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: nor must he wear  
His Honours unaccompany'd by others,  
But marks of Nobleness, like Stars, shall shine  
On all Deservers. Now we'll hasten hence  
To Enverness: we'll be your Guest, Macbeth,  
And there contract a greater debt than that  
Which I already owe you.

Macb. That Honour, Sir,  
Out-speaks the best expression of my thanks:  
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and bless

My Wife with the glad news of your approach.  
I humbly take my leave. ( Macbeth going out, stops, and speaks  
King. My worthy Cawdor! ---- ( whilst the King talks with Banq. &c.  
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap;

8

For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,  
Let no Light see my black and deep desires.  
The strange Idea of a bloody act  
Does into doubt all my Resolves distract.  
My Eye shall at my Hand connive, the Sun  
Himself should wink when such a deed is done ---- [Exit.  
King. True, Noble Banquo, he is full of worth;  
And with his Commendations I am fed;  
It is a feast to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
He is a matchless Kinsman ---- [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and Lady Macduff: Lady Macbeth  
having a Letter in her hand.

La. Macb. Madam, I have observ'd since you came hither,  
You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,  
Are you in perfect health?

La. Macd. Alas! how can I?  
My Lord, when Honour call'd him to the War,  
Took with him half of my divided soul,  
Which lodging in his bosom, lik'd so well  
The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.

La. Macb. Methinks  
That should not disorder you, for no doubt  
The brave Macduff left half his Soul behind him,  
To make up the defect of yours.

La. Macd. Alas!  
The part transplanted from his Breast to mine,  
(As 'twere by Sympathy) still bore a share  
In all the hazards which the other half  
Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.

La. Macb. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he is safe.

La. Macd. Ah, Madam, dangers which have long prevail'd  
Upon the fancy; even when they are dead,  
Live in the memory awhile.

La. Macb. Although his safety has not power to put  
Your doubts to flight, yet the bright Glories which  
He gain'd in Battel might dispel those Clouds.

La. Macd. The World mistakes the Glories gain'd in war,  
Thinking their Lustre true: alas, they are  
But Comets, Vapours! by some men exhal'd  
From others Bloud, and kindl'd in the Region  
Of popular applause, in which they live  
Awhile; then vanish; and the very Breath  
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out agen.

La. Macb. I willingly would read this Letter, but  
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.

If you are ill, Repose may do you good;  
You'd best retire; and try if you can sleep.

9 <sheet C>

La. Macd. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking.  
Madam, I'll take your Counsel. ---- [Ex. La. Macd.]

La. Macb. Now I have leisure to peruse this Letter. <1687>  
His last brought some imperfect news of things  
Which in the shape of Women greeted him  
In a strange manner. This perhaps may give  
More full intelligence.

Reads. They met me in the day of Success; and I have been told  
they have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I desir'd to  
question them further, they made themselves Air. While I enter-  
tain'd my self with the wonder of it, came Missives from the King,  
who call'd me Thane of Cawdor: by which Title these weyward  
Sisters had saluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of  
time; with, Hail King that shall be. This have I imparted to thee,  
(my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose thy rights  
of rejoycing, by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy Heart,  
and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: Yet I fear thy Nature  
Has too much of the milk of humane kindness  
To take the nearest way: Thou would'st be great:  
Thou dost not want Ambition, but the Ill  
Which should attend it: what thou highly covet'st  
Thou covet'st holily: Alas! thou art  
Loth to play false; and yet would'st wrongly win!  
Oh how irregular are thy desires?  
Thou willingly, Great Glamis, would'st enjoy  
The end without the means! Oh haste thee hither,  
That I may pour my Spirits in thy ear:  
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue  
Thy too effeminate desires of that  
Which supernatural assistance seems  
To Crown thee with. What may be your news?

Enter Servant.

Serv. The King comes hither to night.

La. Macb. Th'art mad to say it:  
Is not thy Master with him? were this true,  
He would give notice for the preparation.

Serv. 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  
Than would make up his Message.

La. Macb. See him well look'd too: he brings welcome news.  
There wou'd be Musick in a Raven's voice,  
Which should but croke the Entrance of the King  
Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits

That wait on mortal thoughts: unsex me here;  
Empty my Nature of Humanity,  
And fill it up with Cruelty: make thick  
My Blood, and stop all passage to remorse;  
That no relapses into Mercy may  
Shake my design, nor make it fall before  
'Tis ripen'd to effect: you murdering Spirits,  
(Where-e'er in sightless substances you wait  
On Nature's mischief) come, and fill my Breasts  
With gall instead of milk: make haste, dark night,  
And hide me in a Smoak as black as Hell;  
That my keen steel see not the wound it makes:  
Nor Heav'n peep through the curtains of the dark,  
To cry, hold! hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-Hail hereafter;  
Thy Letters have transported me beyond  
My present posture; I already feel  
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest Love,  
Duncan comes here to night.

La. Macb. When goes he hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

La. Macb. O never!

Never may any Sun that morrow see.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where Men  
May read strange matters to beguile the time.  
Be chearful, Sir; bear welcome in your Eye,  
Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like the innocent flower,  
But be the Serpent under't: He that's coming  
Must be provided for: And you shall put  
This night's great bus'ness into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our future nights and days  
Give sovereign Command: we will withdraw,  
And talk on't further: Let your looks be clear,  
Your change of Count'nance does betoken fear.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox,  
Macduff, and Attendants.

King. This Castle has a very pleasant seat;  
The Air does sweetly recommend it self  
To our delighted Senses.

Banq. The Guest of Summer,  
The Temple-haunting Martin, by his choice  
Of this place for his Mansion, seems to tell us,  
That here Heav'n's breath smells pleasantly. No window,  
Buttrice, nor place of vantage, but this Bird  
Has made his pendent bed and cradle, where

11

He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the Air,

'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see our honoured Hostess!  
By loving us, some persons cause our trouble;  
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach **you**,  
How you should bid us welcome for your pains,  
And thank you for your trouble.

La. Macb. All our services,  
In every point twice done, would prove but poor  
And single Gratitude, if weigh'd with these  
Obliging Honours, which  
Your Majesty confers upon our House;  
For Dignities of old and later date  
(Being too poor to pay) we must be still  
Your humble Debtors.

Macd. Madam we are all joyntly, to Night, your Trouble;  
But I am your Trespasser upon another score.  
My Wife, I understand, has in my Absence,  
Retir'd to you.

La. Macb. I must thank her: for whilst she came to me,  
Seeking a Cure for her own Solitude,  
She brought a Eemedy to mine: Her Fears  
For you have somewhat indispos'd her, Sir,  
She's now withdrawn, to try if she can sleep:  
When she shall wake, I doubt not but your Presence  
Will perfectly restore her Health.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the Heels, and had a purpose  
To be his Purveyor: but he rides well,  
And his great Love (sharp as his spur) has brought him  
Hither before us. Fair and Noble Lady,  
We are your Guests to Night.

La. Macb. Your Servants  
Should make their Audit at your Pleasure, Sir,  
And still return it as their Debt.

King. Give me your Hand.  
Conduct me to Macbeth: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our Affection to him.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were well when done, then it were well  
It were done quickly; if his Death might be  
Without the Death of Nature in my self,  
And killing my own Rest, it wou'd suffice;  
But deeds of this Complexion still return  
To plague the Doer, and destroy his Peace:  
Yet let me think; he's here in double Trust.  
First, as Iam his Kinsman, and his Subject,

12

Strong both against the Deed: then as his Host,  
Who should against his Murderer shut the Door,  
Not bear the Sword my self. Besides, this Duncan

Has born his faculties so meek, and been  
So clear in his great Office; that his Virtues,  
Like Angels, plead against so black a deed;  
Vaulting Ambition! thou o'er-leap'st thy self  
To fall upon another: now, what News?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. H' has almost supp'd: why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Has he enquir'd for me?

La. Macb. You know he has!

Macb. We will proceed no further in this Business:  
H'has honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of People.  
Which should be worn now in their newest Gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

La. Macb. Was the Hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd your self? has it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so pale and fearful  
At what it wish'd so freely? Can you fear  
To be the same in your own Act and Valour,  
As in Desire you are? would you enjoy  
What you repute the Ornament of Life,  
And live a Coward in your own Esteem?  
You dare not venture on the thing you wish:  
But still wou'd be in tame expectance of it.

Macb. I prithee peace: I dare do all that may  
Become a man; he who dares more, is none.

La. Macb. What Beast then made you break this Enterprize  
To me? when you did that, you were a Man:  
Nay, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the Man. Nor Time nor Place  
Did then adhere; and yet you wish'd for both;  
And now th'have made themselves, how you betray  
Your Cowardize? I've given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me:  
I would, **while** it was smiling in my Face,  
Have pluck'd my Nipple from his boneless Gums,  
And dash'd the Brains out, had I so resolv'd,  
As you have done for this.

Macb. If we should fail. ----

La. Macb. How, fail! ----  
Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,  
And we'll not fail; when Duncan is a-sleep,  
(To which the pains of this day's journey will  
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains  
I will with wine and wassel so convince,

13

That Memory (the centry of the Brain)  
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of Reason,  
A Limbeck only: When in swinish Sleep  
Their Natures shall lie drench'd, as in their Death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
His spungy Officers? we'll make them bear

The guilt of our black Deed.

Macb. Bring forth Men-children only;  
For thy undaunted temper should produce  
Nothing but Males: But yet when we have mark'd  
Those of his Chamber (whilst they are a-sleep)  
With Duncan's blood, and us'd their very daggers;  
I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd  
That they have don't.

La. Macb. Who dares believe it otherwise,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamours loud  
After his death?

Macb. I'm setl'd, and will stretch up  
Each fainting Sinew to this bloody act.  
Come, let's delude the time with fairest show,  
Feign'd Looks must hide what the false Heart does know.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo and Flean.

<1687>

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Flean. I have not heard the Clock,  
But the Moon is down.

Banq. And she goes down at twelve.

Flea. I take't 'tis late, Sir.

[Ex. Flean.]

Banq. An heavy Summons lies like lead upon me;  
Nature wou'd have me sleep, and yet I fain wou'd wake:  
Merciful pow'rs restrain me in these cursed Thoughts  
That thus disturb my rest.

Enter Macbeth and Servant.

Who's there?

Macbeth. A Friend.

<1687>

Banq. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed;  
He has been to night in an unusual pleasure:  
He to your Servants has been bountiful,  
And with this Diamond he greets your Wife  
By the obliging name of most kind Hostess.

Macb. The King taking us unprepar'd, restrain'd our power  
Of serving him; which else should have wrought more free.

14

Banq. All's well.

I dream'd last Night of the three weyward Sisters;  
To you they have shewn some Truth.

Macb. I think not of them;  
Yet, when we can intreat an Hour or two,  
We'll spend it in some Words upon that business.

Banq. At your kindest Leisure.

Macb. If when the Prophecy begins to look like Truth  
You will adhere to me, it shall make Honour for you.

Banq. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still  
Keeping my Bosom free, and my Allegiances dear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. The like to you, Sir.

[Ex. Banquo.]

Macb. Go bid your Mistress, when she is undrest,  
To strike the Closet-bell, and I'll go to bed.  
Is this a Dagger which I see before me?  
The Hilt draws towards my hand; come, let me grasp 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 Brain, opprest with Heat.  
My Eyes are made the Fools of th'other Senses;  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,  
And on thy Blade are stains of reeking Blood.  
It is the bloody Business that thus  
Informs my eye-sight; now, to half the World  
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams infect  
The health of Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Heccate's Offerings; now Murder is  
Alarm'd by his Nights Centinel, the Wolf,  
Whose howling seems the Watch-word to the dead:  
But whilst I talk, he lives: hark, I am summon'd;  
O Duncan, hear it not, for 'tis a Bell  
That rings my Coronation, and thy Knell.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. That which made them drunk, has made me bold;  
What has quench'd them, hath given new Fire to me.  
Heark; oh, it was the Owl that shriek'd;  
The fatal Bell-Man, that oft bids good night  
To dying Men, he is about it; the Doors are open,  
And whilst the surfeited Grooms neglect their Charges for sleep,  
Nature and Death are now contending in them.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?

La. Macb. Alas, I am afraid they are awak'd,  
And 'tis not done; th Attempt without the Deed

15

Would ruin us. I laid the Daggers ready,  
He could not miss them; and had he not resembl'd  
My Father, as he slept, I would have don't.  
My Husband.

Macb. I have done the Deed, didst thou not hear a Noise?

La. Macb. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry,  
Did **not** you speak? <1674>

Macb. When?

La. Macb. Now.

Macb. Who lies i'th' Anti-Chamber?

La. Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a dismal Sight.

La. Macb. A foolish Thought to say a dismal Sight.

Macb. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,

And one cry'd Murder, that they wak'd each other.  
I stood and heard them; but they said their Prayers,  
And then addrest themselves to Sleep again.

La. Macb. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, Heav'n bless us, the other said, Amen:  
As they had seen me with these Hang-mans Hands.  
Silenc'd with fear, I cou'd not say Amen,  
When they did say Heav'n bless us.

La. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But, wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my Throat.

La. Macb. These Deeds shou'd be forgot as soon as done,  
Lest they distract the Doer.

Macb. Methoughts I heard a Noise cry, Sleep no more:  
Macbeth has murder'd Sleep, the innocent Sleep;  
Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;  
The Death of each Day's Life; tir'd Labours bath;  
Balm of hurt Minds; great Nature's second Course;  
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

La. Macb. What do you mean?

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

La. Macb. Why do you dream thus? go, get some Water,  
And cleanse this filthy witness from your Hands.  
Why did you bring the Daggers from the place?  
They must be there, go carry them, and stain  
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;  
I am afraid to think what I have done.  
What then, with looking on it, shall I do?

La. Macb. Give me the Daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of Childhood

16

That fears a painted Devil: with his Blood  
I'll stain the faces of the Grooms; by that  
It will appear their guilt.

[Ex. La. Macbeth.

Macb. What knocking's that?

[Knock within.

How is't with me, when ev'ry Noise affrights me?  
What Hands are here! can the Sea afford  
Water enough to wash away **these** Stains?  
No, they would sooner add a Tincture to  
The Sea, and turn the green into a red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. My Hands are of your Colour: but I scorn  
To wear an Heart so white. Hearnk,  
I hear a knocking at the Gate: to your Chamber;  
A little Water clears us of this Deed.  
Your Fear has left you unman'd; heark, more knocking.  
Get on your Gown, lest occasions call us,  
And **shew** us to be Watchers; be not lost

[Knock.

<1687>

So poorly in your Thoughts. [Exit.

Macb. Disguis'd in Blood, I scarce can find my Way.  
Wake Duncan with this knocking, wou'd thou could'st. [Exit.

Enter Lenox and Macbeth's Servant.

Lenox. You sleep soundly, that so much knocking  
Could not wake you.

Serv. Labour by Day causes Rest by Night.

Enter Macduff.

Len. See the Noble Macduff!  
Good morrow, my Lord, have you observ'd  
How great a Mist does now possess the Air?  
It makes me Doubt whether't be Day or Night.

Macd. Rising this Morning early, I went to look out of my  
Window, and I cou'd scarce see farther than my Breath:  
The Darkness of the Night brought but few Objects  
To our Eyes, but too many to our Ears.  
Strange Claps and creekings of the Doors were heard;  
The Screech-Owl with his screams seem'd to foretel  
Some deed more black than Night.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is the King stirring?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to attend him early;  
I have almost slip'd the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to you.

Macb. The Labour we delight in gives **Ease to it self.** <us joy 1695>  
That Door will bring you to him.

Macd. I'll make bold to call; for 'tis my limited Service. [Ex. Macd.

Len. Goes the King hence to Day?

Macb. So he designs.

## 17 <sheet D>

Len. The Night has been unruly:  
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down;  
And, as they say, terrible groanings were heard i'th' Air:  
Strange screams of Death, which seem'd to prophesie  
More strange Events, fill'd divers **Ears.**  
Some say the Earth shook.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young Remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror!  
Which no Heart can conceive, nor Tongue can utter.

Macb. ) What's the matter?  
Len. )

Macd. Horror has done its worst:  
Most sacrilegious Murder has broke open  
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence  
The life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say; the life?

Len. Meaning his Majesty.

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and behold a sight  
Enough to turn Spectators into stone.

I cannot speak; see, and then speak your selves:

Ring the Alarum-bell. Awake, awake, [Ex. Macb. and Len.

Murder! Treason! Banquo, Malcolm, and Donalbain,

Shake off your downy Sleep, Death's counterfeit;

And look on Death it self; up, up, and see,

As from your Graves, rise up, and walk like Spirits

To countenance this horror: Ring the Bell. [Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. What's the business, that at this dead of night  
You alarm us from our rest?

Macd. O, Madam!

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition in a Woman's ear

Would do another Murder.

Enter Banquo.

Oh Banquo, Banquo, our Royal Master's murder'd!

La. Macb. Ah me! in our house?

Banq. The deed's too cruel any where. Macduff,  
Oh, that you could but contradict your self,  
And say it is not true.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

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 in it worth a good Man's care;  
All is but toys, Renown and Grace are dead.

18

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 stop'd; the very Source of it is stop'd.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Malc. Murder'd! by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;  
Their Hands and Faces were all stain'd with Blood:  
So were their Daggers, which we found unwip'd,  
Upon their Pillows. Why was the Life of one,  
So much above the best of Men, entrusted  
To the Hands of two, so much below  
The worst of Beasts.

Macb. Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd 'em.

Macd. Why did you so?

Macb. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together;  
Loyal and neutral in a Moment? no Man.  
Th' Expedition of my violent Love

Out-ran my pausing Reason: I saw Duncan,  
Whose gaping Wounds look'd like a Breach in Nature,  
Where ruin enter'd there. I saw the Murtherers  
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers,  
Being yet unwip'd, seem'd to own the Deed,  
And call for Vengeance; who could then refrain,  
That had an Heart to love; and in that Heart  
Courage to manifest his Affection.

La Macb. Oh, oh, oh.

[Faints.

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why are we silent now, that have so large  
An Argument for Sorrow?

Donal. What should be spoken here, where our Fate may rush  
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay  
Hid in some Corner, make our Death succeed  
The Ruin of our Father e'er we are aware.

Macd. I find this Place too publick for true Sorrow:  
Let us retire, and mourn: But first,  
Guarded by Virtue, I'm resolv'd to find  
The utmost of this Business.

Banq. And I.

Macb. And all.

Let all of us take manly Resolution;  
And two Hours hence meet together in the Hall  
To question this most bloody Fact.

Banq. We shall be ready, Sir, [Ex. all but Malc. and Donal.

Malc. What will you do?

Let's not consort with them:  
To shew an unfelt-Sorrow, is an Office  
Which false Men do with ease.

19

I'll to England.

Donal. To Ireland I'm resolv'd to steer my Course;  
Our separated Fortune may protect our Persons.  
Where we are, Daggers lie hid under Mens Smiles,  
And the nearer some Men are allied to our Blood,  
The more, I fear, they seek to shed it.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the Aim: then let's to horse,  
And use no Ceremony in taking leave of any.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Seaton. I can remember well,  
Within the Compass of which time I've seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this one Night  
Has made that Knowledge void.

Len. Thou seest the Heav'ns, as troubled with Man's Act,  
Threaten'd this bloody Day: by th'Hour 'tis Day,  
And yet dark Night does cover all the Sky,  
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.

Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame,  
Makes Darkness thus usurp the place of Light.

Seat. 'Tis strange and unnatural,  
Even like the Deed that's done; on Tuesday last,  
A Faulcon tousing in her height of Pride,  
Was by a mousing Owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Len. And Duncan's Horses, which before were tame,  
Did on a sudden change their gentle Natures,  
And became wild; they broke out of their Stables,  
As if they would make war with Mankind.

Seat. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Len. They did so,  
To th' Amazement of those Eyes that saw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff:  
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain, are most suspected.

Len. Alas, what good could they pretend?

Macd. It is suppos'd they were suborn'd.  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two Sons,  
Are stoln away from Court,  
Which puts upon them Suspicion of the Deed.

Len. Unnatural still.  
Could their Ambition prompt them to destroy  
The Means of their own Life?

Macd. You are free to judge  
Of their Deportment as you please; but most

20

Men think 'em guilty.

Len. Then 'tis most like the Sov'raignty will fall  
Upon Macbeth.

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

Len. Where's Duncan's Body?

Macd. Carried to Colmehill,  
The sacred Store-house of his Predecessors.

Len. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to Fyfe:  
My Wife and Children, frighted at the Alarm  
Of this sad News, have thither led the way,  
And I'll follow them: May the King you go  
To see invested, prove as great and good  
As Duncan was; but I'm in doubt of it.  
New Robes ne'er as the old so easie fit.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE. An Heath.

Enter Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant.

La. Macd. Art sure this is the Place my Lord appointed  
Us to meet him?

Serv. This is the Entrance o'th' Heath; and here

He order'd me to attend him with the Chariot.

La. Macd. How fondly did my Lord conceive that we  
Should shun the Place of danger, by our flight  
From Enverness? The darkness of the Day  
Makes the Heath seem the gloomy Walks of Death.  
We are in danger still: they who dare here  
Trust Providence, may trust it any where.

Maid. But this Place, Madam, is more free from Terror:  
Last Night methoughts I heard a dismal Noise  
Of Shrieks and Groanings in the Air.

La. Macd. 'Tis true, this is a Place of greater Silence;  
Not so much troubled with the Groans of those  
That die; nor with the Out-cries of the living.

Maid. Yes, I have heard Stories, how some Men  
Have in such lonely Places been affrighted  
With dreadful Shapes and Noises. [Macduff hollows.]

La. Macd. But heark, my Lord sure hollows;  
'Tis he; answer him quickly.

Serv. Illo, ho, ho, ho.

Enter Macduff.

La. Macd. Now I begin to see him: are you afoot,  
My Lord?

Macd. Knowing the way to be both short and easie,  
And that the Chariot did attend me here,  
I have adventur'd. Where are our Children?

La. Macd. They are securely sleeping in the Chariot.

21

First Song by Witches.

1 Witch. Speak, Sister, speak; is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago:  
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill Deeds are seldom 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.

2 Witch. He will.

1 Witch. He shall.

3 Witch. He must spill much more Blood;  
And become worse, to make his Title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

4 Witch. Agreed.

Chorus. We shou'd rejoyce when good Kings bleed.

When Cattel die, about we go,

What then, when Monarchs perish, should we do?

Macd. What can this be?

La. Macd. This is most strange: but why seem you affraid?  
Can you be capable of Fears, who have  
So often caus'd it in your Enemies?

Macd. It was an hellish Song: I cannot dread  
Ought that is Mortal; but this is something more.

Second Song.

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.  
Sometimes about an hollow Tree,  
A round, a round, a round dance we.  
Thither the chirping Cricket comes,  
And Beetle, singing drowsie hums.  
Sometimes we dance o'er Fens and Furs,  
To Howls of Wolves, and Barks of Curs.  
And when with none of those we meet,  
We dance to th' Ecchoes of our Feet.  
At the Night-Raven's dismal Voice,  
Whilst others tremble, we rejoyce;  
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still  
To th' Ecchoes from an hollow Hill.

22

Macd. I am glad you are not affraid.

La. Macd. I would not willingly to Fear submit:  
None can fear Ill, but those that merit it.

Macd. Am I made bold by her? how strong a Guard  
Is Innocence? If any one would be  
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;  
Virtue both Courage is, and Safety too. [Dance of Witches.

Enter two Witches.

Macd. These seem foul Spirits; I'll speak to 'em.  
If you can any thing by more than Nature know,  
You may in those prodigious times foretell  
Some ill we may avoid.

1 Witch. Saving thy Blood will cause it to be shed;

2 Witch. He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 Witch. Thy Wife shall shunning Danger, Dangers find,  
And fatal be, to whom she most is kind. [Ex. Witches.

La Macd. Why are you alter'd, Sir? be not so thoughtful:  
The messengers of Darkness never spake  
To Men, but to deceive them.

Macd. Their Words seem to foretell some dire Predictions.

La Macd. He that believes ill news from such as these,  
Deserves to find it true. Their Words are like  
Their Shape; nothing but Fiction.  
Let's hasten to our Journey.

Macd. I'll take your Counsel; for to permit  
Such Thoughts upon our Memories to dwell,  
Will make our Minds the Registers of Hell. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the three Sisters promis'd; but I fear  
Thou plaid'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; they told thee Truth.  
Why, since their Promise was made good to thee,  
May they not be my Oracles as well.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Guest; if he had been forgotten,  
It had been want of Musick to our Feast.  
To Night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir;  
And all request your Presence.

Banq. Your Majesty lays your Command on me,  
To which my Duty is to obey.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

23

Banq. Yes, Royal Sir.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good Advice,  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this Day's Counsel; but we'll take to Morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the Time  
**Twixt this and Supper; and** go not my Horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the Night,  
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I shall not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel Parricide; filling their Hearers  
With strange Invention. But, of that to Morrow.  
Goes your Son with you?

Banq. He does; and our time now calls upon us.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot.  
Farewel.

[Ex. Banquo.]

Let every man be Master of his Time;  
Till seven at Night, to make Society  
The more welcome; we will our selves withdraw,  
And be alone till Supper.

[Exeunt Lords.]

Macduff departed frowningly, perhaps  
He is grown jealous; he and Banquo must  
Embrace the same Fate.

Do those Men attend our Pleasure?

Serv. They do; and wait without.

Macb. Bring them before us.  
I am no King till I am safely so.

[Ex. Servant.]

My Fears stick deep in Banquo's Successors;  
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that  
Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much;  
And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,  
He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour  
To act in Safety. Under him  
My Genius is rebuk'd: he chid the Sisters  
When first they put the Name of King **on** 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 Hand:  
Thence to be wrested by anothers race;  
No Son of mine succeeding: If't be so;  
For Banquo's Issue, I have stain'd my Soul:  
For them, the gracious Duncan I have murder'd:  
Rather than so, I will attempt yet further,

24

And blot out, by their Blood, what-e'er  
Is written of them in the Book of Fate.

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Wait you without, and stay there till we call. [Ex. Servant.  
Was it not Yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murth. It was; so please your Highness.

Macb. And have you since consider'd what I told you?  
How it was Banquo, who in former Times  
Held you so much in Slavery;  
Whilst you were guided to suspect my Innocence.  
This I made good to you in your last Conference;  
How you were born in hand; how crost:  
The Instruments, who wrought with them.

2 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and now let me reason with you.  
Do you find your Patience so predominant  
In your Nature,  
As tamely to remit those Injuries?  
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 Mur. We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for Men;  
As Hounds, and Grey-Hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,  
Shoughs, Water-Rugs, and Demi-Wolves, are all  
Call'd by the name of Dogs: the List of which  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtil,  
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one  
According to the Gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath bestow'd on him; and so of Men.  
Now, if you have a Station in the List,  
Nor i'th' worst Rank of Manhood; say't,  
And I will put that Business in your Bosoms,

Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your Enemy,  
And will endear you to the love of us.

2 Mur. I am one, my Liege,  
Whom the vile Blows, and Malice of the Age  
Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do  
To spight the World.

1 Mur. And I another,  
So weary with Disasters, and so inflicted by Fortune,  
That I would set my Life on any Chance,  
To mend it, or to lose it.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.

2 Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and though I could  
With open Power take him from my Sight,

## 25 <sheet E>

And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not;  
For certain Friends, that are both his and mine,  
Whose Loves I may not hazard, would ill  
Resent a publick Process: and thence it is  
That I do your Assistance crave, to mask  
The Business from the common Eye.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord, perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our Lives ----

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.  
Within this Hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant your selves;  
For it must be done to Night:  
And something from the Palace; always remember'd,  
That you keep Secrecy with the prescribed Father.  
Flean his Son too keeps him company,  
Whose Absence is no less material to me  
Than that of Banquo's; he too must embrace the Fate  
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves apart.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my Liege.

Macb. I'll call upon you streight. [Ex. Murth.  
Now, Banquo, if thy Soul can in her flight  
Find Heaven, thy Happiness begins to Night. [Exit.

Enter Macduff, and Lady Macduff.

Macd. It must be so. Great Duncan's bloody Death  
Can have no other Author but Macbeth.  
His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;  
From Duncan's Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.

La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody Deed:  
May you be never by Ambition led:  
Forbid it Heav'n, that in Revenge you shou'd  
Follow a Copy that is writ in Blood.

Macd. From Duncan's Grave, methinks, I hear a Groan  
That call's aloud for Justice.

La. Macd. If the Throne  
Was by Macbeth ill gained, Heav'ns may,  
Without your Sword, sufficient Vengeance pay.  
Usurpers Lives have but a short extent,

Nothing lives long in a strange Element.

Macd. My Country's Dangers call for my Defence  
Against the bloody Tyrant's Violence.

La. Macd. I am afraid you have some other end,  
Than meerly Scotland's Freedom to defend.  
You'd raise your self, whilst you wou'd him dethrone;  
And shake his Greatness, to confirm your own.  
That purpose will appear, when rightly scan'd,  
But Usurpation at the second Hand.  
Good Sir, recall your Thoughts.

Macd. What if I shou'd

26

Assume the Scepter for my Country's good?  
Is that an Usurpation? can it be  
Ambition to procure the Liberty  
Of this sad Realm; which does by Treason bleed?  
That which provokes, will justifie the Deed.

La. Macd. If the Design should prosper, the Event  
May make us safe, but not you Innocent:  
For whilst, to set our Fellow-Subjects free  
From present Death, or future Slavery,  
You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,  
Defence in them, is an Offence in you;  
That Deed's unlawful though it cost no Blood,  
In which you'll be at best unjustly Good.  
You, by your Pity, which for us you plead,  
Weave but Ambition of a finer Thread.

Macd. Ambition do's the height of Power affect,  
My Aim is not to govern, but protect:  
And he is not ambitious that declares,  
He nothing seeks of Scepters but their Cares.

La. Macd. Can you so patiently your self molest,  
And lose your own, to give your Country Rest!  
In Plagues, what sound Physician wou'd endure  
To be infected for another's Cure.

Macd. If by my Troubles I cou'd yours release,  
My Love wou'd turn those Torments to my Ease;  
I shou'd at once be sick and healthy too,  
Though Sickly in my self, yet well in you.

La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,  
Which you by your aspiring wou'd incur.  
From Fortunes Pinnacle you will too late  
Look down, when you are giddy with your Height:  
Whilst you with Fortune play to win a Crown,  
The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.

Macd. In hopes to have the common Ills redrest,  
Who wou'd not venture single Interest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentleman, just now arriv'd  
From Court, had brought a Message from the King:

Macd. One sent from him, can no good Tidings bring?

La Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?

<1674>

Macd. Go, I will hear  
The News, though it a dismal Accent bear;  
Those who expect and do not fear their Doom,  
May hear a Message though from Hell it come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

La. Macb. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Ser. Yes, Madam, but returns again to Night.

La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leisure <1674>  
For a few Words. [Exit Ser.]

27

Where our Desire is got without Content,  
Alas, it is not Gain, but Punishment!  
Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than by Destruction live in doubtful Joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now my Lord, why do you keep alone?  
Making the worst of Fancy your Companions,  
Conversing with those Thoughts which shou'd have dy'd  
With those they think on: Things without redress  
Shou'd be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but 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 Sting.  
But let the Frame of all things be disjoynt  
E'er we will eat our Bread in Fear, and sleep  
In the Affliction of those horrid Dreams  
That shake us **nightly!** Better be with him  
Whom we, to gain the Crown, have sent to Peace;  
Then on the Torture of the Mind to lye  
In restless Agony. Duncan is dead;  
He, after Life's short Feaver, now **sleeps well:**  
Treason has done its worst; nor Steel, nor Poison,  
**Nor** Foreign Force, nor yet Domestick Malice <1674>  
Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, smooth your rough Brow:  
Be free and merry with your **Guests** to Night. <1674>

Macb. I shall, and so I pray be you; but still  
Remember to apply your self to Banquo,  
Present him Kindness with your Eye and Tongue.  
In how unsafe a Posture are our **Honour**  
That we must have recourse to Flattery,  
And make our Faces Vizors to our Hearts?

La. Macb. You must leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my Mind? Dear Wife  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Flean lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's Comfort yet in that.

Macb. Be merry then, for e'er the Bat has flown  
His Cloyster'd flight; e'er to black Heccate's Summons,  
The sharp brow'd Beetle with his drowsie hums,  
Has rung Night's second Peal;  
There shall bee done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,  
Till thou applaud the Deed. Come, dismal Night,  
Close up the eye of the quick-sighted Day  
With thy invisible and bloody Hand.  
The Crow makes wing to the thick shady Grove,  
Good things of Day grow dark and overcast,

28

Whilst Night's black Agent's to their Preys make haste,  
Thou wonder'st at my Language, wonder still,  
Things ill begun, strengthen themselves by ill. [Exeunt.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. The time is almost come,  
The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day,  
Now the benighted Traveller spurs on,  
To gain the timely Inn.

2 Mur. Hark, I hear Horses, and saw some Body alight  
At the Park-gate.

3 Mur. Then tis he; the rest  
That are expected are i'th' Court already.

1 Mur. His Horses go about almost a Mile,  
And Men from hence to th' Palace make it their usual Walk. [Ex.

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banquo, It will be Rain to night.

Flean. We must make haste.

Banq. Our haste concerns us more then being wet.  
The King expects me at his Feast to Night,  
To which he did invite me with a Kindness,  
Greater then he was wont to express. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1 Mur. Banquo, thou little think'st what bloody Feast  
Is now preparing for thee.

2 Mur. Nor to what Shades the darkness of this night  
Shall lead thy **wondring** Spirit. [Exeunt after Banquo.

<1674> [Clashing of Swords is heard from within.

Re-enter Flean pursu'd by one of the Murtherers.

Flean. Murther, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [Exe. running.

SCENE opens, a Banquet prepar'd.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Seaton, Lenox, Lords, Attendants.

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down.

Seat. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will keep you Company,  
And play the humble Host to entertain you:  
Our Lady keeps her State; but you shall have her welcome too.

La. Macb. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. Both sides are even; be free in Mirth, anon  
We'll drink a measure about the Table.  
There's Blood upon thy Face. [To the Murtherer.  
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.  
Macb. Is he dispatch'd?  
Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut: that I did for him.  
Macb. Thou art the best of Cut-throats;  
Yet he is good that did the like for Flean.  
Mur. Most Royal Sir he 'scap'd.

29

Macb. Then comes my Fit again, I had else been perfect,  
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock!  
As unconfin'd as the free spreading Air.  
But now I'm check'd with sawcy Doubts and Fears.  
But Banquo's safe?  
Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,  
With twenty gaping Wounds upon his head,  
The least of which was mortal.  
Macb. There the ground Serpent lies; the Worm that's fled  
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.  
Though at present it wants a Sting, to morrow,  
To morrow you shall hear further. [Exit Mur.  
La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,  
The Sauce to Meat is Chearfulness.  
Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.  
Macb. Let good Digestion wait on Appetite,  
And Health on both.  
Len. May it please your Highness to sit.  
Macb. Had we but here our Country's Honour;  
Were the grac'd Person of our Banquo present,  
Whom we may justly challenge for Unkindness.  
Seat. His absence Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise; please your Highness  
To grace us with your Company?  
Macb. Yes I'll sit down. The Table's full  
Len. Here is a Place reserv'd, Sir:  
Macb. Where, Sir?  
Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highness?  
Macb. Which of you have done this?  
Lords, Done what?  
Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake  
Thy goary Locks at me.  
Seat. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.  
La. Macb. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his Youth: Pray keep your Seats,  
The fit is ever sudden, if you take notice of it,  
You shall offend him, and provoke his passion;  
In a moment he'll be well again.  
Are you a Man?  
Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on that  
Which wou'd distract the Devil  
La. Macb. O proper stuff:

This is the very painting of our fear:  
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you said  
Led you to Duncan. O these Fits and Starts,  
(Impostors to true Fear) wou'd well become  
A Woman's story, authoriz'd by her Grandam,  
Why do you stare thus? when all's done  
You look but on a Chair.

30

Macb. Prethee see there, how say you now!  
Why, what care I, if thou canst nod; speak too.  
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send  
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments  
Shall be the maws of Kites.

La. Macb. What, quite unman'd in Folly? [The Ghost descends.

Macb. If I stand here, I saw it.

La. Macb. Fye for Shame.

Macb. Tis not the first of Murders; Blood was shed  
E'er human Law decreed it for a Sin.

Ay, and since Murthers too have been committed  
Too terrible for th' Ear. The times have been, <time has 1687>  
That when the Brains were out, the Man wou'd dye,  
And there lye still; but now they rise again,  
And thrust us from our Seats.

La Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. Wonder not at me my most worthy Friends,  
I have a strange Infirmary; tis nothing  
To those that know me. Give me some Wine,  
Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,  
And to our dear Friend Banquo, whom we miss,  
Wou'd he were here: to all, and him, we drink.

Lords, Our duties are to pledge it. [the Ghost of Banq. rises at his feet.

Macb. Let the Earth hide thee: thy Blood is cold,  
Thou hast no use now of thy glaring Eyes.

La. Macb. Think of this, good my Lords, but as a thing  
Of Custom: 'tis no other,  
Only it spoils the Pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man can dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,  
The Arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hircanian Tigre:  
Take any shape but that; and my firm Nerves  
Shall never tremble; Or revive a while,  
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword,  
If any Sinew shrink, proclaim me then  
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow.  
So, now I am a Man again: pray you sit still.

Ex. Ghost.

La. Macb. You have disturb'd the Mirth;  
Broke the glad Meeting with your wild Disorder.

Macb. Can such things be without Astonishment?  
You make me strange,  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such Sights,  
And keep the Natural Colour of your Cheeks,  
Whilst mine grew pale with Fear.

Seat. What Sights?

La. Macb. I pray you speak not, he'll grow worse and worse;

31

Questions enrages him: At once good night;  
Stand not upon the Order of your going.

Len. Good night, and better Health attend his Majesty.

La. Macb. A kind good night to all. [Exeunt Lords.]

Macb. It will have Blood, they say. Blood will have Blood.  
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak.  
Augures well read in Languages of Birds,  
By Magpyes, Rooks, and Dawes, have reveal'd  
The secret Murther. How goes the Night?

La. Macb. Almost at odds with Morning, which is which.

Macb. Why did Macduff, after a solemn Invitation,  
Deny his Presence at our Feast?

La. Macb. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I did; but I'll send again:  
There's not one great Thane in all Scotland,  
But in his House I keep a Servant:  
He and Banquo must embrace the same Fate.  
I will to morrow to the Weyward Sisters,  
They shall tell me more; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst Means, the worst that can befall me:  
All Causes shall give way; I am in Blood  
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as bad, as to go o're.

La. Macb. You lack the season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Well, I'll in  
And rest; if sleeping I repose can have,  
When the Dead rise, and want it in the Grave. [Exeunt.]

Enter Macduff and his Lady.

La. Macd. Are you resolv'd then to be gone?

Macd. I am:  
I know my Answer cannot but inflame  
The Tyrant's fury to pronounce my Death,  
My Life will soon be blasted by his Breath.

La. Macd. But why so far as England must you fly?

Macd. The farthest part of Scotland is too nigh.

La. Macd. Can you leave me, your Daughter and young Son,  
To perish by that Tempest which you shun?  
When Birds of stronger Wing are fled away,  
The Rav'nous Kite do's on the weaker prey.

Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be  
Possess with such unmanly Cruelty:  
You will your Safety to your Weakness owe,  
As Grass escapes the Scyth by being low.  
Together we shall be too slow to fly:  
Single we may outride the Enemy.  
I'll from the English King such Succours crave,  
As shall revenge the Dead, and Living save.

32

My greatest Misery is to remove,  
With all the wings of haste from what I love.

La. Macd. If to be gone seems Misery to you,  
Good Sir, let us be miserable too.

Macd. Your Sex, which here is your security,  
Will by the toys of flight your Danger be. [Enter Messenger.  
What fatal News do's bring thee out of breath?

Mess. Sir, Banquo's kill'd.

Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.  
Farewell; our Safety, Us, a while must sever:

La. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.

Macd. Flying from Death, I am to Life unkind,  
For leaving you, I leave my Life behind. [Exit.

La. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find, now thou art gone,  
I am more Valiant when unsafe alone.  
My Heart feels Manhood, it does Death despise,  
Yet I am still a Woman in my eyes.  
And of my Tears thy Absence is the cause,  
So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws. Exeunt.

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your thoughts  
Which can interpret further; Only I say  
Things have been strangely carry'd.  
Duncan was pity'd, but he first was dead.  
And the right Valiant Banquo walk'd too late:  
Men must not walk so late: Who can want Sense  
To know how monstrous it was in Nature,  
For Malcolme and Donalbain, to kill  
Their Royal Father; horrid Fact! how did  
It grieve Macbeth, did he not straight,  
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents kill  
That were the slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep.  
Was not that nobly done?

<1674>

Seaton. Ay, and wisely too:  
For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal Heart  
to hear the Men deny it.

Len. So that I say he has born all things well:  
And I do think that had he Duncan's Sons  
Under his power (as may please Heav'n he shall not)  
They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.  
So shou'd Flean: But peace; I hear Macduffe  
Deny'd his Presence at the Feast: For which  
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestowes himself?

Seaton. I hear that Malcolme lives i'th' English Court,  
And is receiv'd of the most Pious Edward,  
With such Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune  
Take nothing from his high Respect; thither  
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's

33 <sheet F>

Kind Aid, to wake Northumberland

And Warlike Seyward, and by the help of these,  
To finish what they have so well begun.

This Report

Do's so exasperate the King, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Seat. He did, his absolute Command.

Len. Some Angel fly to th' English Court, and tell  
His Message e'er he come; that some quick blessing  
To this afflicted Country may arrive  
Whilst those that merit it are yet alive.

[Exeunt.]

Thunder, Enter three Witches meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. How, Hecate, you look angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams?

Why did you all Traffick with Macbeth  
'Bout Riddles and Affairs of Death,  
And call'd not me? All you have done  
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:  
Make some amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Achæron  
Meet me i'th' Morning: Thither he  
Will come to know his Destiny.  
Dire business will be wrought e'er Noon,  
For on a corner of the Moon,  
A drop my Spectacles have found,  
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground;  
And that, distill'd, shall yet e'er night  
Raise from the Center such a Spright,  
As, by the strength of his Illusion,  
Shall draw Macbeth to his Confusion

Musick and Song.

Heccate, Hecate, Hecate! Oh come away:  
Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit see,  
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within.

[Machine descends.]

Come away Hecate, Hecate! Oh come away:

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,  
With all the speed I may.

Where's Stadling?

2 Witch Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle?

3 Witch. Here, and Hopper too, and Helway too.

1 Witch. We want but you, we want but you:

Come away, make up the Count,

Hec. I will but Noint, and then I mount,  
I will but, &c.

<1674>

34

1 Witch. Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiss,  
A Cull, a sip of Blood.  
And why thou staist so long, I muse,

Since th' Air's so sweet and good.

2 Witch. O art thou come; What News?  
All goes fair for our Delight,  
Either come, or else refuse,  
Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.  
Now I go, and now I fly,  
Malking, my sweet Spirit, and I.

3 Witch. O what a dainty Pleasure's this,  
To sail i'th' Air  
While the Moon shines fair;  
To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiss,  
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;  
Over Hills, and misty Fountains;  
Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets;  
We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.  
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 Witch. Come let's make haste, she'll soon be back again:

2 Witch. But whilst she moves through the foggy Air,  
Let's to the Cave, and our dire Charms prepare.

ACT V. SCENE I.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Thrice and once the Hede-Pig whin'd,  
Shutting his Eyes against the Wind.

3 Witch. Harprier cries, tis time, tis time.

1 Witch. Then round about the Cauldron go,  
And poyson'd Entrails throw.  
This Toad, which under Mossy Stone  
Has days and nights lain thirty one,  
And swelter'd Venom sleeping got,  
We'l boyl in the Inchanted Pot.

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

2 Witch. The Fillet of a Fenny Snake,  
Of Scuttle Fish the vomit black,

35

The Eye of New't, and Toe of Frog,  
The Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog.  
An Adder's Fork, and blind Worm's Sting,  
A Lizzard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,  
Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, &c.

3 Witch. The Scale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,  
A Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulf  
Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,  
The root of Hemlock dig'd i'th' dark.  
The Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
With gall of Goats, and slips of Yew,  
Pluckt when the Moon was in Eclipse,

With a Turk's Nose, and Tarter's Lips  
The Finger of a strangl'd Babe  
Born of a Ditch-deliver'd Drab,  
Shall make the Greuel thick and slab,  
Adding thereto a fat Dutchman's Chawdron,  
For the ingredients of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, &c.

2 Witch. I'll cool it with a Babboon's Blood,  
And so the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccate and the other three Witches.

Hec. Oh well done, I commend your Pains,  
And every one shall share the Gains.  
And now about the Cauldron sing,  
Like Elves and Fairies in a ring.

Musick and Song.

Hec. Black Spirits, and white,  
Red Spirits and gray;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

1 Witch. Tiffin, Tiffin, keep it stiff in,  
Fire drake Puckey, make it lucky:  
Lyer Robin, you must bob in.

Chor. A round, a round, about, about,  
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 Witch. Here's the Blood of a Bat!

Hec. O put in that, put in that.

2 Witch. Here's Lizards Brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

1 Witch. Here's Juice of Toad, here's Oyl of Adder  
That will make the Charm grow madder.

2 Witch. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stanch;

Hec. Nay here's three ounces of a red-hair'd Wench.

Chor. A round, a round, &c.

36

2 Witch. I, by the pricking of my Thumbs,  
Know somthing Wicked this way comes:  
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you Secret, black and midnight Hags,  
What are you doing?

All. A Deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess.  
How e'er you come to know it, answer me.  
Though you let loose the raging Winds to shake whole Towns,  
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;  
Though Castles tumble on their Warders heads;  
Though Palaces and tousing Piramids  
Are swallowed up in Earth-quakes.; Answer me.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Pronounce.

3 Witch. Demand.

4 Witch. I'll answer thee.

Macb. What Destiny's appointed for my Fate?

Hec. Thou double Thane and King, beware Macduff:

Avoiding him, Macbeth is safe enough.

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy kind Caution, Thanks.

Hec. Be bold and bloody, and Man's Hatred scorn,  
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of Woman born'd.

Macb. Then live Macduff; what need I fear thy Power:  
But none can be too sure, thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale hearted Fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of Thunder.

Hec. Be Confident, be Proud, and take no care  
Who wages War, or where Conspirers are,  
Macbeth shall like a lucky Monarch Reign,  
Till Birnam Wood shall come to Dunsinain.

Macb. Can Forests move? the Prophecy is good,  
If I shall never fall till the great Wood  
Of Birnam rise; thou mayst presume, Macbeth,  
To live out Nature's Lease, and pay thy Breath  
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart  
Longs for more Knowledge: Tell me, if your Art  
Extends so far, shall Banquo's Issue o'er  
This Kingdom reign?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will not be deny'd. Ha! [Cauldron sinks.  
An eternal Curse fall on you: let me know  
Why sinks that Cauldron, and what noise is this?

1 Witch. Appear. 2. Appear, 3. Appear.  
Wound, through his Eyes, his harden'd Heart,  
Like Shadows come, and strait depart.

[A Shadow of eight Kings, and Banquo's Ghost after them, pass by.

37

Macb. Thy Crown offends my sight. A second too like the first:  
A third resembles him: a fourth too like the former:

Ye filthy Hags, will they succeed  
Each other still till Dooms-day?  
Another yet; a seventh? I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears.  
Ha! the bloody Banquo smiles upon me,  
And by his smiling on me, seems to say  
That they are all Successors of his Race.

Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is so: but why,  
Macbeth, stand'st thou amazedly:  
Come Sisters, let us chear his heart,  
And shew the pleasures of our Art;  
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,  
While you perform your Antick Round.

[Musick. The Witches Dance and Vanish. The Cave sinks.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?  
Let this pernicious hour stand  
Accurs'd to all Eternity. **Without there.**

Enter Seaton.

Seat. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wayward Sisters?

Seat. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Seat. By me, Sir?

Macb. Infected by the Earth in which they sunk,  
And Damn'd all those that trust 'em. Just now  
I heard the galloping of Horse; who was't came by?

Seat. A Messenger from the English Court, who  
Brings word Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Seat. Ay my Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st all my Designs.  
Our Purposes seldom succeed, unless  
Our Deeds go with them.

My Thoughts shall henceforth into Actions rise,  
The Witches made me cruel, but not wise.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Macduff's Wife and Lenox.

La. Macd. I then was frighted with the sad Alarm  
Of Banquo's Death, when I did counsel him  
To fly; but now, alas! I much repent it.  
What had he done to leave the Land? Macbeth  
Did know him Innocent.

Len. You must have Patience, Madam.

La. Macd. He had none.  
His Flight was Madness. When our Actions do not,  
Our fears oft make us Traitors.

Len. You know not whether it was his Wisdom or his Fear.

La. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place  
From whence himself did fly? he loves us not.  
He wants the natural touch: For the poor Wren.

38

The most diminutive of Birds, will with  
The Ravenous Owl, fight stoutly for her young ones.

Len. Your Husband, Madam;  
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 wild and violent Sea.  
Each way, and more, I take my way of you:  
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards  
To what they were before. Heav'n protect you.

La. Macd. Farewell Sir.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. Madam, a Gentleman in haste desires  
To speak with you.

La. Macd. A Gentleman, admit him.

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known  
To you, yet I was well acquainted with  
The Lord Macduff, which brings me here to tell you  
There's danger near you, be not found here,  
Fly with your little one; Heav'n preserve you,  
I dare stay no longer. [Exit Seyton.]

La. Macd. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?  
I've done no harm; But I remember now  
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm  
Is often prosperous, and to do good  
Accounted dangerous folly; why do I then  
Make use of this so womanly defence?  
I'll boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:  
What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm? [Exit.]

## SCENE II. Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Macd. In these close Shades of Birnam Wood let us  
Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Malc. You'll think my Fortunes desperate,  
That I dare meet you here upon your Summons.

Macd. You should now  
Take Arms to serve your Country. Each new day  
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and still  
Changes of sorrow reach attentive Heav'n.

Malc. This Tyrant, whose foul Name blisters our Tongues,  
Was once thought honest. You have lov'd him well.  
He has not toucht you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But Macbeth is.

39

And yet Macduff may be what I did always think him,  
Just and good.

Macd. I've lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perhaps even there where I did find my Doubts;  
But let not Jealousies be your Dishonours,  
But my own Safeties.

Macd. Bleed, Bleed, poor Country.  
Great Tyranny, lay thy Foundation sure,  
Villains are safe when good Men are suspected.  
I'll say no more. Fare thee well young Prince,  
I would not be that Traitor which thou think'st me  
For twice Macbeth's Reward of Treachery.

Malc. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:  
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoak,  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a Gash  
Is added to her Wounds. I think withall  
That many hands would in my Cause be active.

And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly Thousands. But for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,  
Or wear it on my Sword, yet my poor Country  
Will suffer under greater Tyranny  
Than what it suffers now.

Macd. It cannot be.

Malc. Alas I find my Nature so inclin'd  
To Vice, that foul Macbeth, when I shall rule,  
Will seem as white as Snow.

Macd. There cannot in all ransackt Hell be found  
A Devil equal to Macbeth.

Malc. I grant him bloody false, deceitful, malicious,  
And participating in some Sins too horrid to name;  
But there's no Bottom, no depths in my ill Appetite,  
If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland, when shalt thou see day again?  
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne  
Disclaims his Virtue, to avoid the Crown?  
Your Royal Father  
Was a most Saint-like King; the Queen that bore you,  
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 banisht me from Scotland. O my breast!  
Thy hope ends here.

Malc. Macduff, this Noble Passion,  
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul  
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts  
To thy good Truth and Honour. Macbeth

40

By many of these Trains hath sought to win me  
Into his Power: and modest Wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste. But now  
I put my self to thy Direction, and  
Unspeake mine own Detraction. I abjure  
The Taunts and Blames I laid upon my self,  
For Strangers to my Nature. What I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command.  
The Gracious Edward has lent us Seymour,  
And ten thousand Men. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
Are Subjects for my Wonder, not my Speech;  
My Grief and Joy contesting in my Bosom,  
I find that I can scarce my Tongue command,  
When two Streams meet the Water's at a stand.

Malc. Assistance granted by that pious King  
Must be successful; he who by his touch  
Can cure our Bodies of a foul Disease,  
Can by just Force suddue a Traitor's Mind;  
Power supernatural is unconfin'd.

Macd. If his Compassion does on Men Diseases'd  
Effect such Cures; what Wonders will he do,

When to Compassion he ads Justice too?

[Exeunt.]

Enter Macbeth and Seaton.

Macb. Seaton, go bid the Army march.

Seat. The posture of Affairs requires your Presence.

Macb. But the Indisposition of my Wife  
Detains me here.

Seat. Th' Enemy is upon our Borders, Scotland's in danger.

Macb. So is my Wife, and I am doubly so.

I am sick in her, and my Kingdom too.

Seaton.

Seaton. Sir

Macb. The Spur of my Ambition prompts me to go  
And make my Kingdom safe; but Love, which softens me  
To pity her in her distress, curbs my Resolves.

Seat. He's strangely disorder'd.

Macb. Yet why should Love, since confin'd, desire  
To controul Ambition, for whose spreading hopes  
The World's too narrow: It shall not. Great Fires  
Put out the Less. Seaton, go bid my Grooms  
Make ready; I'll not delay my going.

Seat. I go.

Macb. Stay Seaton, stay, Compassion calls me back.

Seaton. He looks and moves disorderly.

Macb. I'll not go yet.

Enter a Servant,

Seat. Well Sir.

[ who whispers Macbeth

Macb. Is the Queen asleep?

#### 41 <sheet G>

Seat. What makes 'em whisper, and his Countenance change?  
Perhaps some new Design has had ill Success.

Macb. Seaton, go see what posture our Affairs are in.

Seat. I shall, and give you notice, Sir. [Exit Seat.]

Enter Lady Macbeth

Macb. How does my Gentle Love?

La. Macb. Duncan is dead.

Macb. No words of that.

La. Macb. And yet to me he Lives.

His fatal Ghost is now my Shadow, and pursues me  
Where-e'er I go.

Macb. It cannot be, m y Dear,  
Your Fears have mis-inform'd your Eyes.

La. Macb. See there; Believe your own.  
Why do you follow me? I did not do it.

Macb. Methinks there's nothing.

La. Macb. If you have Valour force him hence.  
Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look strangely.

Macb. 'Tis the strange Error of your Eyes.

La. Macb. But the strange error of my Eyes  
Proceeds from the strange Action of your Hands.  
Distraction does by fits possess my Head,  
Because a Crown unjustly covers it.  
I stand so high that I am giddy grown.

A Mist does cover me, as Clouds the tops  
Of Hills. Let us get down apace.

Macb. If by your high Ascent you giddy grow,  
'Tis when you cast your Eyes on things belo w.

La. Macb. You may in Peace resign the ill-gain'd Crown.  
Why should you labour still to be unjust?  
There has been too much Blood already spilt.  
Make not the Subjects Victims to your Guilt.

Macb. Can you think that a Crime, which you did once  
Provoke me to commit? had not your Breath  
Blown my Ambition up into a Flame,  
Duncan had yet been living.

La. Macb. You were a Man,  
And by the Charter of your Sex you shou'd  
Have govern'd me; there was more Crime in you  
When you obey'd my Councils, then I contracted  
By my giving it. Resign your Kingdom now,  
And with your Crown put off your Guilt.

Macb. Resign the Crown, and with it both our Lives.  
I must have better Counsellors.

La. Macb. What, your Witches?  
Curse on your Messengers of Hell. Their Breath

42

Infected first my Breast: See me no more.  
As King your Crown sits heavy on your Head,  
But heavier on my Heart: I have had too much  
Of Kings already. See the Ghost again. [Ghost appears.

Macb. Now she relapses.

La. Macb. Speak to him, if thou canst.  
Thou look'st on me, and shew'st thy wounded Breast.  
Shew it the Murderer.

Macb. Within there, Ho. [Enter Women.

La. Macb. Am I ta'ne Prisoner? then the Battel's lost.

[Exit Lady Macbeth led out by Women.

Macb. She does from Duncan's Death to sickness grieve,  
And shall from Malcom's Death her Health receive.  
When by a Viper bitten, nothing's good  
To cure the Venom but a Viper's Blood.

Enter Malcom, Macduff; and Lenox Meeting them.

Macd. See who comes here!

Malc. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever Gentle Couzin! Welcome.

Malc. I know him now.

Kind Heav'n remove the Means that makes us Strangers.

Len. Amen.

Macd. What Looks does Scotland bear?

Len. Alas poor Country, almost afraid to know it self.  
It can't 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 rend the Air,  
Are made, not mark'd, where violent Sorrow seems  
A modern Extasie: there Bells

Are always ringing, and no Man asks for whom;  
There good Mens Lives expire e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest Grief?

Len. That of an hour's age is out of date,  
Each Minute brings a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Len. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Len. Well too.

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

Len. No, they were well at Peace when I left 'em.

Macd. Be not so sparing of your Speech. How goes 't? <1674>

Len. When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour  
Of many Worthy Men that rose into a head,

43

Which was to my Belief witness the rather,  
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power afoot.  
Now is the time of help; your Eye in Scotland  
Would create Soldiers, and make Women fight.

Malc. Be't their Comfort,  
We are coming thither: Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Seymour, and ten thousand Men.

Len. Wou'd I cou'd answer this Comfort with the like;  
But I have words,  
That **should** be utter'd in the desert Air,  
Where no Man's Ear should hear 'em.

Macd. What concern they? the general cause,  
Or is't a Grief due to some single breast?

Len. All honest Minds must share in't;  
But the main part pertains to you.

Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me.

Len. Let not your Ears condemn my Tongue forever,  
When they shall possess them with the heaviest Sound  
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. At once I guess, yet am afraid to know.

Len. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Children  
Savagely Murder'd: to relate the Manner,  
Were to increase the Butchery of them,  
By adding to their fall the Death of You.

Malc. Merciful Heaven! Noble Macduff  
Give Sorrow words; the Grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-charg'd Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

Len. Your Wife, and both your Children.

Macd. And I not with them dead? Both, both my Children  
Did you say; my Two?

Len. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted;  
Let's make us Cordials of our great **Revenge**s, <1687>  
To cure this deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children, nor can he feel

A Father's Grief: Did you say all my Children?  
Oh hellish ravenous Kite! all three at one swoop!

Malc. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall.

But I must first too feel it as a Man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most precious to me: Did Heav'n look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee; for thee they fell:  
Not for their own Offences; but for thine.

44

Malc. Let this give Edges to our Swords; let your Tears  
Become Oyl to our kindled Rage.

Macd. Oh I could play the Woman with my Eyes,  
And brag on't with my Tongue; kind Heav'n, bring this  
Dire Friend of Scotland, and my self face to face,  
And set him within the reach of my keen Sword;  
And if he outlives that hour, may Heav'n, forgive  
His Sins, and punish me for his escape.

Malc. Let's hasten to the Army, since Macbeth  
Is ripe for fall.

Macd. Heav'n give our quarrel but as good Success  
As it hath Justice in't: Kind Powers above  
Grant Peace to us, whilst we take his away;  
The Night is long that never finds a Day.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seaton, and a Lady.

Lady. I have seen her rise from her Bed, throw  
Her Night-Gown on her, unlock her Closet,  
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.

Seat. 'Tis strange she should receive the Benefit  
Of Sleep, and do the Effects of waking.  
In this disorder what at any time have  
You heard her say?

Lady. That, Sir, which I will not report of her.

Seat. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you shou'd.

Lady. Neither to you, nor any one living;  
Having no witness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See here she comes: Observe her, and stand close.

Seat. You see her Eyes are open.

Lady. Ay, but her Sense is shut.

Seat. What is't she does now? look how she rubs her Hands

Lady. 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.

La. Macb. Yet out, out, here's a Spot.

Seat. Hearnk, she speaks.

La. Macb. Out, out, out I say. One, two: Nay then  
'Tis time to do't: Fy my Lord, fy, a Soldier,

45

And affraid What need we fear who knows it?  
There's none dares call our Power to account:  
Yet who would have thought the old Man had  
So much Blood in him.

Seat. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. Macduff had once a Wife; where is she now?  
Will these Hands ne'er be clean? Fy my Lord,  
You spoil all with this starting: Yet here's  
A smell of Blood; not all the Perfumes of Arabia  
Will sweeten this little Hand. Oh, oh, oh.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Donalbain and Flean, met by Lenox.

Len. Is not that Donalbain, and young Flean, Banquo's Son.

Don. Who is this my worthy Friend?

Len. I by your Presence feel my hopes full blown,  
Which hitherto have been but in the Bud.  
What happy gale has brought you here to see  
Your Father's Death reveng'd?

Don. Hearing of Aid sent by the English King,  
To check the Tyrant's Insolence; I am come  
From Ireland:

Flea. And I from France: we are but newly met.

Don. Where's my Brother?

Len. He and the good Macduff are with the Army  
Behind the Wood.

Don. What do's the Tyrant now?

Len. He strongly Fortifies in Dunsinane;  
Some say he is Mad, others, who Love him less,  
Call it a Valiant Fury; but whate'er  
The matter is, there is a Civil War  
Within his Bosom; and he finds his Crown  
Sit loose about him: His Power grows less,  
His Fear grows greater still.

Don. Let's haste and meet my Brother,  
My Interest is grafted into his,  
And cannot grow without it.

Len. So may you both out-grow unlucky Chance,  
And may the Tyrant's Fall that Growth advance.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Seaton, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports: Let 'em flie all.  
Till Byrnham Wood remove to Dunsinane

I cannot fear. What's the Boy Malcom? What  
 Are all the English? Are they not of Women  
 Born? And t'all such I am Invincible.  
 Then flie false Thaness,  
 By your Revolt you have inflam'd my Rage,  
 And now have borrow'd English Blood to quench it.

Enter a Messenger.

Now Friend, what means thy change of Countenance?

Mess. There are Ten Thousand, Sir,

Macb. What, Ghosts?

Mess. No, Armed men.

Macb. But such as shall be Ghosts e'er it be Night  
 Art thou turn'd Coward too, since I made thee Captain:  
 Go Blush away thy Paleness, I am sure  
 Thy Hands are of another Colour; thou hast Hands  
 of Blood, but Looks of Milk.

Mess. The English Force, so please you ----

Macb. Take thy Face hence.

He has Infected me with Fear:

I am sure to die by none of Woman **born**,  
 And yet the English Drums beat an Alarm,  
 As fatal to my Life as are the Crokes  
 of Ravens, when they Flutter about the Windows  
 Of departing Men.

<1674>

My Hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear:

My Subjects cry out Curses on my Name,  
 Which like a North-wind **seem** to blast my Hopes.

Seal. That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Blood.

Enter Second Messenger.

What News more?

2 Mess. All's confirm'd, my Leige, that was Reported.

Macb. And my Resolves, in spite of Fate, shall be as firmly.  
 Send out more Horse; and scour the Country round.  
 How do's my Wife?

Seal. Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled  
 With disturbing Fancies, that keep her from her Rest.

Macb. And I, methinks, am sick of her Disease:  
 Seaton send out; Captain, the Thaness flie from thee:  
 Wou'd she were well, I'd quickly win the Field.  
 Stay Seaton, stay, I'll bear you company.  
 The English cannot long maintain the Fight;  
 They come not here to Kill, bnt to be Slain;  
 Send out more Scouts.

Seal. Sir, I am gone.

Aside] Not to Obey your Orders, but the Call of Justice.  
 I'll to the English Train, whose Hopes are built

Upon their Cause, and not on Witches Prophetis. [Exit.

Macb. Poor Thaness, you vainly hope for Victory:

You'l find Macbeth Invincible; or if  
He can be O'recome, it must be then  
By Birnam Oaks, and not by English Men.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Malcom, Donalbain, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox,  
Flean, and Soldiers.

Malc. The Sun shall see us drain the Tyrant's Blood,  
And dry up Scotlands Tears: How much we are  
Oblig'd to England, which like a kind Neighbour  
Lifts us up, when we were Fall'n below  
Our own Recovery.

Seym. What Wood is this before us?

Malc. The Wood of Birnam.

Seym. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,  
And bear't before him: by that we may  
Keep the Number of our Force undiscover'd  
By the Enemy.

Malc. It shall be done. We Learn no more then that  
The Confident Tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane,  
And will endure a Seige.

He is of late grown Conscious of his Guilt,  
Which makes him make that City his Place of Refuge.

Macd. He'll find even there but little Safety;  
His very Subjects will against him rise.  
So Travellers flie to an Aged Barn  
For Shelter from the Rain; when the next Shock  
Of Wind throws down that Roof upon their Heads,  
From which they hop'd for Succour.

Len. The wretched Kernes, which now like Boughs are ty'd  
To forc'd Obedience, will, when our Swords  
Have cut those Bonds, start from Obedience.

Malc. May the Event make good our Guess

Macd. It must, unless our Resolutions fail;  
They'll kindle, Sir, their just Revenge at ours:  
Which double Flame will Singe the Wings of all  
The Tyrant's hopes; depriv'd of those Supports,  
He'l quickly Fall.

Seym. Let's all retire to our Commands; our Breath  
Spent in Discourse does but defer his Death,  
And but delays our Vengeance,

Macd. Come let's go;  
The swiftest haste is for Revenge too slow.

[Exeunt.

48

Enter Macbeth, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our Banners proudly o'er the Wall,  
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castle's strength  
Will laugh a Siege to Scorn: Here let them lie  
Till Famine eat them up: Had Seaton still  
Been ours, and others who now Increase the Number  
of our Enemies, we might have met 'em

Face to Face.

[Noise within.]

What Noise is that?

Ser. It seems the Cry of Women.

Macb. I have almost forgot the Taste of Fears,  
The time has been that Dangers have been my Familiars.  
Wherefore was that Cry?

Ser. Great Sir, the Queen is Dead.

Macb. She should have Dy'd hereafter,  
I brought Her here, to see my **Victimes**, not to Die. <1674>  
To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,  
Creeps in a stealing pace from Day to Day.  
To the last Minute of Recorded Time:  
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools  
To their Eternal Homes: Out, out that 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 comest to use thy Tongue: Thy Story quickly.

Mess. Let my Eyes speak what they have seen,  
For my Tongue cannot.

Macb. Thy Eyes speak Terror, let thy Tongue expound  
Their Language, or be for ever dumb.

Mess. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,  
I lookt towards Birnam, and anon methoughts  
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar and Slave.

Mess. 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, I'll send thy Soul  
To th' other World to meet with moving Woods  
And walking Forests;  
There to possess what it but dreamt of here.  
If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou do'st  
The same for me. I now begin  
To doubt th' Equivocation of the **Fiends**;  
They bid me not to fear 'till Birnam Wood

49 <sheet H>

Should come to Dansinane: And now a Wood  
Is on its March this way; Arm, Arm.  
Since thus a Wood do's in a March appear,  
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here:  
Methinks I now grow weary of the Sun,  
And wish the World's great Glass of Life were run. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Malcome, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Flean, Seaton, Donalbain,  
and their Army with Boughs.

Malc. Here we are near enough; throw down  
Your Leafie Skreens,  
And shew like those you are. You, worthy Uncle,  
Shall with my Brother and the Noble Lenox,  
March in the Van; whilst Valiant Seymour  
And my self make up the Gross of the Army,  
And follow you with speed.

Sey. Fare well; the Monster has forsook his Hold, and comes  
To offer Battel.

Macd. Let him come on; his Title now  
Sits Loose about him, like a Giant's Robe  
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 'Tis too Ignoble, and too base to flie;  
Who's he that is not of a Woman Born?  
For such a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter Lenox.

Len. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee. Have I found thee here?  
Oh Scotland! Scotland! mayst thou owe thy just  
Revenge to this sharp Sword, or this blest Minute.

Macb. Retire, fond Man, I wou'd not Kill thee.  
Why should Faulcons prey on Flies?  
It is below Macbeth to Fight with Men.

Len. But not to murder Women.

Macb. Lenox, I pity thee, thy Arm's too weak.

Len. This Arm has hitherto found good Success  
On your Ministers of Blood, who murder'd  
Macduff's Lady, and brave **Banquo's**:  
Art thou less Mortal then they were? Or more  
Exempt from Punishment, because thou most  
Deserv'st it? Have at thy Life.

Macb. Since then thou art in Love with Death, I will  
Vouchsafe it thee. [They fight, Lenox falls.

50

Thou art of Woman Born, I'm sure. [Exit Macb.

Len. Oh my dear Country, pardon me, that I  
Do, in a Cause so great, so quickly Die. [Dies.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. This way the Noise is, Tyrant shew thy Face,  
If thou be'st Slain, and by no Hand of mine,  
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me for't.  
I cannot strike  
At wretched Slaves, who sell their Lives for Pay  
No, my Revenge shall seek a Nobler Prey.  
Through all the Paths of Death, I'll search him out:  
Let me but find him, Fortune. [Exit.

Enter Malcolm, and Seymour.

Sey. This way, Great Sir, the Tyrant's People Fight  
With Fear, as great as is his Guilt.

Malc. See who Lies here; the Noble Lenox slain.  
What Storm has brought this Blood over our  
Rising Hopes.

Sey. Restrain your Passion, Sir, let's to our Men.  
Those who in Noble Causes fall, deserve  
Our Pity, not our Sorrow.

I'll bid some Body bear the Body further hence. [Exeunt.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool, and fall,  
On my own Sword, while I have living Foes  
To Conquer? my Wounds shew better upon them.

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 clog'd  
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I'll have no words, thy Villanies are worse  
Then ever yet were punisht with a Curse.

Macb. Thou may'st as well attempt to wound the Air,  
As me; my Destiny's reserv'd for some Immortal Power,  
And I must fall by Miracle; I cannot Bleed.

Macd. Have thy black Deeds then turn'd thee to a Devil?

Macb. Thou wouldst but share the Fate of Lenox.

Macd. Is Lenox slain? and by a Hand that would Damn all it kills,  
But that their Cause preserves 'em.

Macb. I have a Prophecy secures my Life.

Macd. I have another, which tells me I shall have his Blood  
Who first shed mine.

Macb. None of Woman Born can spill my Blood.

Macd. Then let the Devils tell thee, Macduff  
Was from his Mother's Womb untimely Ript.

51

Macb. Curst be that Tongue that tells me so,  
And double Damn'd be they, who with a double Sense  
Make Promises to our Ears, and break at last  
That Promise to our Sight: I will not Fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thy self a Prisoner, to be Led about  
The W\_rld, and gaz'd on as a Monster, a Monster  
More Deform'd then ever Ambition fram'd,  
Or Tyranny could shape.

Macb. I scorn to yield. I will in spite of Enchantment,  
Fight with thee. Though Birnam Wood be come  
To Dunsinane:  
And thou art of no Woman Born, I'll try,  
If by a Man it be thy Fate to Die.

[They Fight, Macbeth falls. They shout within.

Macd. This for my Royal Master Duncan,  
This for my dearest Friend my Wife,  
This for those Pledges of our Loves, my Children.  
Hark I hear a Noise, sure there are more [Shout within.  
Reserves to Conquer.

I'll, as a Trophy, bear away his Sword,  
To witness my Revenge.

[Exit Macduff.

Macb. Farewell vain World, and what's most vain in it, Ambition.

<1674> [Dies.

Enter Malcolm, Seymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seaton, and Soldiers

Malc. I wish Macduff were safe Arriv'd, I am  
In doubt for him; for Lenox, I'm in grief.

Seym. Consider Lenox, Sir, is nobly slain:  
They who in Noble Causes fall, deserve  
Our Pity, not our Sorrow. Look where the Tyrant is.

Seaton. The Witches, Sir, with all the Power of Hell,  
Could not preserve him from the Hand of Heav'n.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Sword.

Macd. Long Live Malcolm, King of Scotland, so you are  
And though I should not Boast, that one  
Whom Guilt might easily weigh down, fell  
By my Hand; here I present you with  
The Tyrant's Sword, to shew that Heav'n appointed  
Me to take Revenge for you, and all  
That Suffered by his Power.

Malc. Macduff, we have more Ancient Records  
Then this, of your successful Courage.

Macd. Now Scotland, thou shalt see bright Days again,  
That Cloud's remov'd that did Eclipse thy Sun,  
And Rain down Blood upon thee. As your Arms  
Did all contribute to this Victory;  
So let your Voices all concur, to give  
One joyful Acclamation.  
Long Live Malcolm, King of Scotland.

52

Malc. We shall not make a large Expencc of Time,  
Before we Reckon with your several Loves,  
And make us even with you. Thanes and Kinsmen,  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
Saw Honour'd with that Title: And may they still Flourish  
On your Families; though, like the Laurels  
You have won to Day; they Spring from a Field of Blood.  
Drag his Body hence, and let it hang upon  
A Pinnacle in Dunsinane, to shew  
To shew to future Ages what to those is due,  
Who others Right, by Lawless Power, pursue.

Macd. So may kind Fortune Crown your Raign with Peace  
As it hath Crown'd your Armies with Success;  
And may the Peoples Prayers still wait on you,  
As all their Curses did Macbeth pursue:  
His Vice shall make your Virtue shine more Bright,  
As a Fair Day succeeds a Stormy Night.

FINIS.