



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

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

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

I. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

All. Paddock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hoer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exennt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King Malcome, Doralbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

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

Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue to th' Chops;
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surneying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

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

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

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

Rosse. God saue the King.

King. Whence can'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fisse, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lawles spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now *Sveno*, the *Norwayes* King;
Craues composition:
Nor would we' designe him but fall of his men,
Till hee disbursed, at *Saint Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Matter o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreynie him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Macb. So soule and faire a day I haue not scene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Lrue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
Ey each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not,
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Smells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

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

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayfes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

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

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lynce the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confests'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thanks for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

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

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Pricent Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vse.

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

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-
sure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Lease,
To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

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

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ipoke with one that saw him die;
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confests'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And fet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

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

Enter *Macbeth*, *Banquo*, *Rosse*, and *Angus*.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then mors then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe bus what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

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

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

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinmen; *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Scarres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

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

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else a-re-leape,

m m

For

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
farther, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missines from
the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these wayward Sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shall be. Thus
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of reioycing
by being ignorant of what creatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neereft way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.

Thou'd'st haue, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue,
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Matter with him? who, we'r't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

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

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes, *Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the facall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'accesse and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

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

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor.
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To mortow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue; looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Mafterdome.

Macb. We will speake further,

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

Scena Sexta.

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

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manforny, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no luty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haune: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's

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

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

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

Scena Septima.

Ho. boyes. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Service
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twet well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but reach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingreddiace of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murderer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the lightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?

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

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

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

Macb. Pity the peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue gwen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummess,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'll not faile: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Where to the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly muite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Recept of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be recelu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepeie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

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

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fear.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard she
Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

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

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

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

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

Banq. All's well.

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

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsaill'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the foolles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus, to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccatt Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his desigine
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now iures with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

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

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenck'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

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

Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

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

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I flood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And address't them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had teene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listening their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

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

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

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Slecue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Clamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbind your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smear
The sleepe Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirmes of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleepe, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*

I heare a knocking at the South entry:

Retyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water clears vs of this deed.

How easie is it then? your Constancie

Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,

And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost

So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*

'Twere best not know my selfe.

Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:

I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
Key. *Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock.* Who's there
i'th' name of *Balcebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales against eather Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock. Knock,*
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hole:
Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Neuer so quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock,*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macdoff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowfing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nole-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-
sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macd. I beleue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.

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

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

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

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

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

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
seruice. *Exit Macdoffe.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruely:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecyng, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euent,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feurous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

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

Enter Macdoff.

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

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

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

Lenox. Meane you his Maestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

mm 3

See

See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm Beil: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selte: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme, Banquo,*
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings, Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans care,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royall Master's murther'd.

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

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff,* I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had had a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stoppt, the very Source of it is stoppt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*
His Silver skaine, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmanerly breech'd with gore: who could reframe,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

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

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an august hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

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

Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vdiuulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not confort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
He to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans A&,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trausiling Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, srong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

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

Rosse. They did so:

To

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

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

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

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

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

Ross. Where is *Duncans* body?

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

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cousin, Ile to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.

Ross. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

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

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble rye
For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twi'th this, and Supper. Goe not my Horfe the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to mortow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horfe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

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

Macb. I wish your Horfes swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let cuery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*

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

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

Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus.

Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse remper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Antonies was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murder'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Scedes of *Banquo* Kings,
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,
And champion me to th' vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murderers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,
Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

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

1. *Murth*. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth*. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and G.eyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtile,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a Station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

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

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

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer't of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe stuck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

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

1. *Murth*. Though our Liues--

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

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

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit*.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,
Trea'on he's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

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

Lady. You must leaue this.

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

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
 Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
 His Cloyster'd flight, ere the black *Heccats* summons
 The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowfie hums,
 Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
 Skaffe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
 And with thy bloodie and muisible Hand
 Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
 Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
 And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rooke Wood.
 Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
 Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
 Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
 Things had begun, make strong themselues by ill:
 So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murderers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
 3. *Macbeth.*
 2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
 Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,

To the direction iust

1. Then stand with vs:
 The Weit yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
 Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
 To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches
 The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

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

1. His Horses goe about.

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

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

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

Lords. Thankes to your Maieesty.

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

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

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
 Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
 Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
 The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

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

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

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

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
 I had elie bene perfect;
 Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
 As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
 But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
 To sawcy doubts, and feates. But *Banquo's* safe?

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

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

Lady. My Royall Lord,
 You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
 'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
 From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremoney,
 Meeting were bare without it.

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

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

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sic.

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

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

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir,

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moues your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you haue done this?

Lenox. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawn-Dagger which you said

Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to true feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam; shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fic for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The tines has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, Ioue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o' th' whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere; to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,

Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres

But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,

Quely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues

Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,

And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Gisle. Hence horrible shadow,

Vncall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone,

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Angures, and vnderstood Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which?

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

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way, I am in blood

Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?

Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Traffike with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistress of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And thar distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

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

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

1 Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

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

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nightes;
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

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

Lenox. And that well might

Aduise him to a Caution, & hold what distance
His wisdome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accus'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweiltred Venom sleepeing got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2-Filler of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Woll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powresfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Noise.

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips :
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Cooie it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

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

Musike and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them sting:
Against the Churches: Though the yelley Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Cattles topple on their Wardens heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction ticken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

1 Say, if th' hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

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

1 Powre in Sowers blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow. Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1 Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismiss me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the last.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Child.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Descends.

Mac. Then hue Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not hue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

Thunder.

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

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon medled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspires are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmine Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Shall boardments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall hue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know!
Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this?

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

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

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-brow'd-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? He see no more.
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I see, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.

Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musike.

The Witches Dance and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious houre,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
 And damn'd all thoe that trust them. I did heare
 The galloping of Horie. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
 The flighty purpote neuer is o're-tooke
 Vlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
 To Crown my thoughts with Acts be it thought & done:
 The Caille of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
 Seize vpon his Queene to th'edge o'th Sword
 His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
 That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
 This deed He do, before this purpose coole,
 But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
 Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

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

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
 And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and to do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
 Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
 The Pittfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
 Poore Birds they are not set for:
 My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
 How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st with ail thy wit,
 And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Euerie one that do's so, is a Traitor,
 And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Euerie one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
 are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
 and hang vpon them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
 But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
 would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
 haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
 Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
 I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
 If you will take a homely mans aduice,
 Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
 To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too saunge:
 To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
 Which is too nie your person. Heauen preferue you,
 I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*
Wife. Whether should I flye?
 I haue done no harme. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
 Do I put vpon that womanly defence,
 To say I haue done no harme?
 What are these faces?
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
 Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
 Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murder.*

N n

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

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

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, B-stride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile; What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may discern of him through me, and wisdom To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

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

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

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

Macd. What should he be?

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

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

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

Mal. I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull, Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire All continent Impediments would ore-bear: That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*, Then such an one to reigne.

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

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

Macd. This Auarice stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowliness, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no relish of them, but abound In the diuision of each seuerall Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake: I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natio miserable! With an vntitlod Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe? Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction stands accus'd, And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee, Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'd euerie day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Evils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macdoff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarfely haue coueted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

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

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he sollicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly giuft of Prophecie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarfe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

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

Mal. What's the newest griefe?

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

Macd. How do's my Wifer?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

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

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

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

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnesse the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

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

Rosse. I haue said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

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

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

N n 2

But

But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne denierits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them: now.

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

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

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres about
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last
walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon
her, vlocke her Closet, take forth paper, folde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

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

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

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witness
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*
Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vpon
my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their scife are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hea! she speaks, I will set downe what comes
from her, to see how her remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,
a Soule tier, and affear of what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much
blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

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

Doct. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is forely charg'd.

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

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleepe, who haue
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Barquo's* buried;
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad, vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive vs all. I looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.

Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

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

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbaine* be with his brothe?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vntruffe youths, that euen now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesse hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

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

Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

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

Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Medicine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Like a Top of . . .

I. nob. Or to much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then flye false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geefe Villaine!

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this pish
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life
Is false into the Seare, the yellow Lease,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their ffeed,
Curtes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

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

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out vnoe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

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

Macb. Cure of that:
Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidore
Cleans the stuffe bosome, of that perillous fluffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it:

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something.

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

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macdoffe,
Seywards Sonne, Mentelie, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cousins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery
Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our setting downe before't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none serue with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our iust Censures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Industrious Souldierſhip.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculatiue, their viſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

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

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?

A Cry within of Women.

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

Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poote Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

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

Macb. Well, ſay ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lyar, and Staue.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mue may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang alie
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I' giuue to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o' th' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduſſe, and their Army,
with Bannets.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy Macduſſe, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

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

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th'e all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thoult be affraid to heare it.

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

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to man's eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyett abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.

Macb. Thou waſt borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit*

Alarums. Enter Macduſſe.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childiens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe armes
Are hy'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or elſe my Sword with an vn battered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Scenes

Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Cattles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarums*
Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see hues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tevrnes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarums*

Macb. Thou hast labou'd,
As sicke may'st thou the intreuchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispane thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accus'd be that tongue that tels mee so:
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Ingling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double fence,
That keepe the word of promise to our care,
And breake it to our hope. He not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, with Flourish. Enter with Drums and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

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

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Rosse Your son my Lord, has paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

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

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And to his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

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

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Vsurpers curst head: the time is free:
I see thee compass with thy Kingdoms Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This and what needfull else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.