

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

William Shakespeare

Latter Months of 1623

Dramatis Personae

MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

BANQUOH

FLEANCE

KING MALCOLME

DONALBAIN

MACDUFF

LADY MACDUFF

MACDUFF'S SON

LENOX

ROSS

MENTEITH

ANGUS

CAITHNESS

SIWARD

YOUNG SIWARD

THREE WITCHES

Actus Primus. Sœna Prima.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.

WHEN shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-Burley's done,
When the Battaile's loft, 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*.

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

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

Scena Secunda

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

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

Cap. Doubtfull it flood,
as two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercileffe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebelle, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deferues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paffage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' 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 fwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No fooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
but the Norweyan Lord, furueying vantage,
With furbuht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

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

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say footh, 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 smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roffe and Angus

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roffe.

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

Roffe. God saue the King.

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

Roffe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where 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* Bridegroom, 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 hapineffe.

Roffe. That now, *Sveno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburfed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

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

Roffe. Ile fee it done.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beene, Sifter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter, 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 cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither fayle,
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 felfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne 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 loft,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

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

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 foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre if'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? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are fo.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, 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 fantastickall, 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 than *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 Sinells 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-fame 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-fame 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 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 deferues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

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

Banq. That trusted 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 folliciting
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 feated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastically,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in fume,
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 Houre, runs through the roughest Day

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your leysure

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
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 spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee

Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing 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 Truft.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthyest Coufin,
The finne 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 deferu'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing fawe 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 deferu'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, Kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deferuers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herberger, 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 o're-leape,
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 further, they
made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from the King, who all-
hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward
Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time,
with haile King that shalt be. This haue I thought good to deli-
uer thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not
loose the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse 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.

Thould'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 Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

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

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*

The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnto me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direct Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th' access, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-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 morrow, 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,
Give solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

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, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

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

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

King. See, see our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that 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 the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath help him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

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

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces 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 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th' Affassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his furcace, 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 teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th' Inuenter, this euen-handed Iustice
Commends th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
Firft, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againft the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should againft his Murtherer fhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my felfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties fo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againft
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaft, or Heauens Cherubin, horf'd
Vpon the fightlefse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares fhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the fides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it felfe,
And falles on th' other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost fupt: 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 Bufineffe:
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 neweft glosse,
Not caft aside fo foone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
herein you drest your felfe? Hath it fleep fince?
And wakes it now to looke fo greene, and pale,
At what it did fo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in defire? Would'ft thou haue that
Which thou esteem'ft 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. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more, is none.

La. What Beaft waf't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durft do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be fo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themfelues, and that their fitneffe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was fmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelefse Gummies,
And dalht the Braines out, had I fo fworne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But fcrew your courage to the fticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is afleepe,
(Whereto the rather fhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, fo conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish fleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th' vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His fpungie Officers? who fhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle fhould compofe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood thofe fleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vf'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we fhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am fettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireft fhew,
Falfé Face muft hide what the falfé Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

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

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 curfed 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 Largeesse 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 fooles 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 Heccats 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 fides, towards his designe
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 futes 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 inuites me.
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the[m] drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quenched 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 Poffets,
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 forry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a forry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:

I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,

And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other,

As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:

Lifting their feare, I could not say Amen,

When they did say God bleffe 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 deeds 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 rauen'd Sleeue 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:

Glamis 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 vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke

So braine-fickly of things: Goe get some Water,

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 smeare

The sleepeie 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. Infirme of purpofe:

Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood,

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 i'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 flame

To weare a Heart so white.

Knocke.

I heare a knocking at the South entry:

Retyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares vs of this deed.

How easie is it then? your Constancie

Hath left you vnattended.

Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, leaft 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 *Belzebub*?

Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th' expectation of

Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here

you'll sweate 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 eyther Scale, who committed

Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate

to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,

Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Tay-

lor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in

Taylor, here you may roste your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock.

Neuer at 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 re-

member the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,

That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowling 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, Nose-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 Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it fets him on, and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues 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 Macduff.

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 Feuorous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

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

Enter Macduff.

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 if't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:
See, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treafon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graues rife 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 eare,
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 Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing ferious 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 stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

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 Pillowes: they star'd, and were diftracted,
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 wife, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawfer, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waftfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

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 augure 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 expofure; 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 vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treafonous 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 comfort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile 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 Horfe,
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 Roffe, with an Old man.

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

Roffe. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauiailing Lampe:
If'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 towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowfing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roffe. 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, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

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

Roffe. They did so:
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?

Roff. If't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath flaine.

Roff. 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.

Roffe. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftleffe Ambition, that will rauē 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.

Rossē. Where is *Duncans* body?

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

Rossē. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, Ile to Fife.

Rossē. Well, I will thither.

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

Rossē. 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 huih, no more.

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