

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 mercilesse *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, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Difmay'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 selfe 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 Thumbe,
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' felse-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' felse-fame day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy felse 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 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 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 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 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 forrow. 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 Herbenger, 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 Kinfman. *Flourish* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of succeffe: 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 comming 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 chaftise 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 Raven 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 up 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 foueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke up 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 senses.

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 up 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 durst 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 sticking 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 fprungie 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?

Mach. 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.

Mach. 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't leysure.

Mach. 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.

Mach. Good repose the while.

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

Mach. 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't 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.

Mach. 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?

Mach. 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 rauel'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. Infirmes of purpose:

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 rost your Goofe. *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 trauieling 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* Horfes,
(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.

Roffe. Where is *Duncans* body?

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

Roffe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, Ile to Fife.

Roffe. Well, I will thither.

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

Roffe. 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 faide
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 founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Roffe, 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. To night we hold a solemne Supper fir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
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.
If't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt 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 morrow,
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 fure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*

Let euery 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 :

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 temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wifdome, 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 Anthonies was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hay'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 murther'd,

Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyft,
And champion me to th' vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

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

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yefterday we fpoke together?

Murth. It was, fo pleafe your Highneffe.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you confider'd of my fpeeches:

Know, that it was he, in the times paff,

Which held you fo vnder fortune,

Which you thought had been our innocent felfe.

This I made good to you, in our laft conference,

Paff in probation with you:

How you were borne in hand, how croft:

The Instruments: who wrought with them:

And all things elfe, 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 fo:

And went further, which is now

Our point of fecond meeting.

Doe you finde your patience fo predominant,

In your nature, that you can let this goe?

Are you fo Gofpell'd, to pray for this good man,

And for his Iffue, 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 Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,

Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt

All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file

Diftinguifhes the fwift, the flow, the fubtle,

The Houfe-keeper, the Hunter, euery one

According to the gift, which bounteous Nature

Hath in him clof'd: whereby he does receiue

Particular addition, from the Bill,

That writes them all alike: and fo of men.

Now, if you haue a ftation in the file,

Not i'th' worft ranke of Manhood, fay't,

And I will put that Bufineffe in your Bosomes,

Whofe execution takes your Enemie off,

Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,

Who weare our Health but fickly 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 fo incen'd, that I am reckleffe what I doe,
To ffight the World

1.Murth. And I another,
So wearie with Difafters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would fet 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 fuch bloody diftance,
That euery minute of his being, thrufts
Againft my neer'ft of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power fweepe him from my fight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muft not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whofe loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my felfe ftruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your affiftance doe make loue,
Malking the Bufineffe from the common Eye,
For fundry weightie Reafons.

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

1.Murth. Though our Liues-

Macb. Your Spirits fhine through you.
Within this houre, at moft,
I will aduife you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muft be done to Night,
And fomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a cleareneffe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whofe abfence is no leffe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muft embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: refolue your felues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are refolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you ftraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muft 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 forryest 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'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice

Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,

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 restless extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:

After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,

Treafon ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyfon,

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:

Vnfae 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 *Fleas* liues.

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

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affaileable,

Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne

His Cloyster'd flight, ere to 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,

Sharfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,

And with thy bloodie and inuifible Hand

Cancel and teare to pieces that great Bond,

Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,

And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:

Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowfe,

Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.

Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,

Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:

So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

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 West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.

Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,

To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches

The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horfes.

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 Horfes 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 Fleas, 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 Fleas, 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 loft
- 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, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Lords. Thanks to your Maiesty.

Macb. Our selfe 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 Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid't,
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.

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

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene 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 fawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

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

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme 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 fold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the fawce to meate is Ceremony,
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 sit.

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.

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

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place referu'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What if't that moues your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you haue done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

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

Ross. 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-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws 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

Thofe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I ftand heere, I faw him.

La. Fie for fhame.

Macb. Blood hath bene fhed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and fince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rife againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And pufh vs from our ftooles. This is more ftange
Then fuch a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:
Do not mufe at me my moft worthy Friends,
I haue a ftange infirmity, which is nothing
To thofe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile fit downe: Giue me fome Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghoft.

I drinke to th' generall ioy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we miffe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirft,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quit my fight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleffe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haft no fpeculation in thofe eyes
Which thou doft glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuftome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it fpoyles the pleafure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruffian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any fhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteft mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible fhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why fo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you fit ftill.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moft admir'd diforder.

Macb. Can fuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our fpeciall wonder? You make me ftange
Euen to the difpofition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold fuch fights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Roffe. What fights, my Lord?

La. I pray you fpeake not: he growes worfe & worfe
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 Maiefty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they fay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to fpeake:
Augures, and vnderftood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The fecret'ft man of Blood. What is the night?

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

Macb. How fay'ft thou that *Macduff* denies his perfon
At our great bidding.

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will fend:
There's not a one of them but in his houfe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sifters.
More fhall they fpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worft meanes, the worft, for mine owne good,
All caufes fhall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in fo farre, that fhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muft be acted, ere they may be fchand.

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

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My ftange & felf-abufe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?

Hec. Haue I not reafon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
And I the Miftris of your Charmes,
The clofe contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?
 And which is worfe, 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 Veffels, and your Spels prouide,
 Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
 I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
 Vnto a difmall, 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 that distill'd by Magicke flights,
 Shall raife 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 Wifedome, 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 Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

I Come, let's make haft, thee'l soone be
 Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scæna 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't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* 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 greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
 That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wifely 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 *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
 (As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
 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 *Duncane*
 (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 Nights:
 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, t' hold what distance
 His wifedome 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 accur'd.

Lord. Ile fend my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*