

# 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.* *Padock* 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 furbusht 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' 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 afear'd 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 Seruice 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 surcease, Successe: that but this blow  
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,  
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,  
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,  
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but 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;  
First, as I am his Kinfman, and his Subiect,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,  
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*  
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin  
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues  
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against  
The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd  
Vpon the fightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre  
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely  
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,  
And fallies on th' other. *Enter Lady.*  
How now? What Newes?

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

*Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*La.* Know you not, he ha's?

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

*La.* Was the hope drunke,  
herein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that  
Which thou esteem'st 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 Beast 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 so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse 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 smyling in my Face,  
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummies,  
And dash't the Braines out, had I so sworne  
As you haue done to this.

*Macb.* If we should faile?

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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