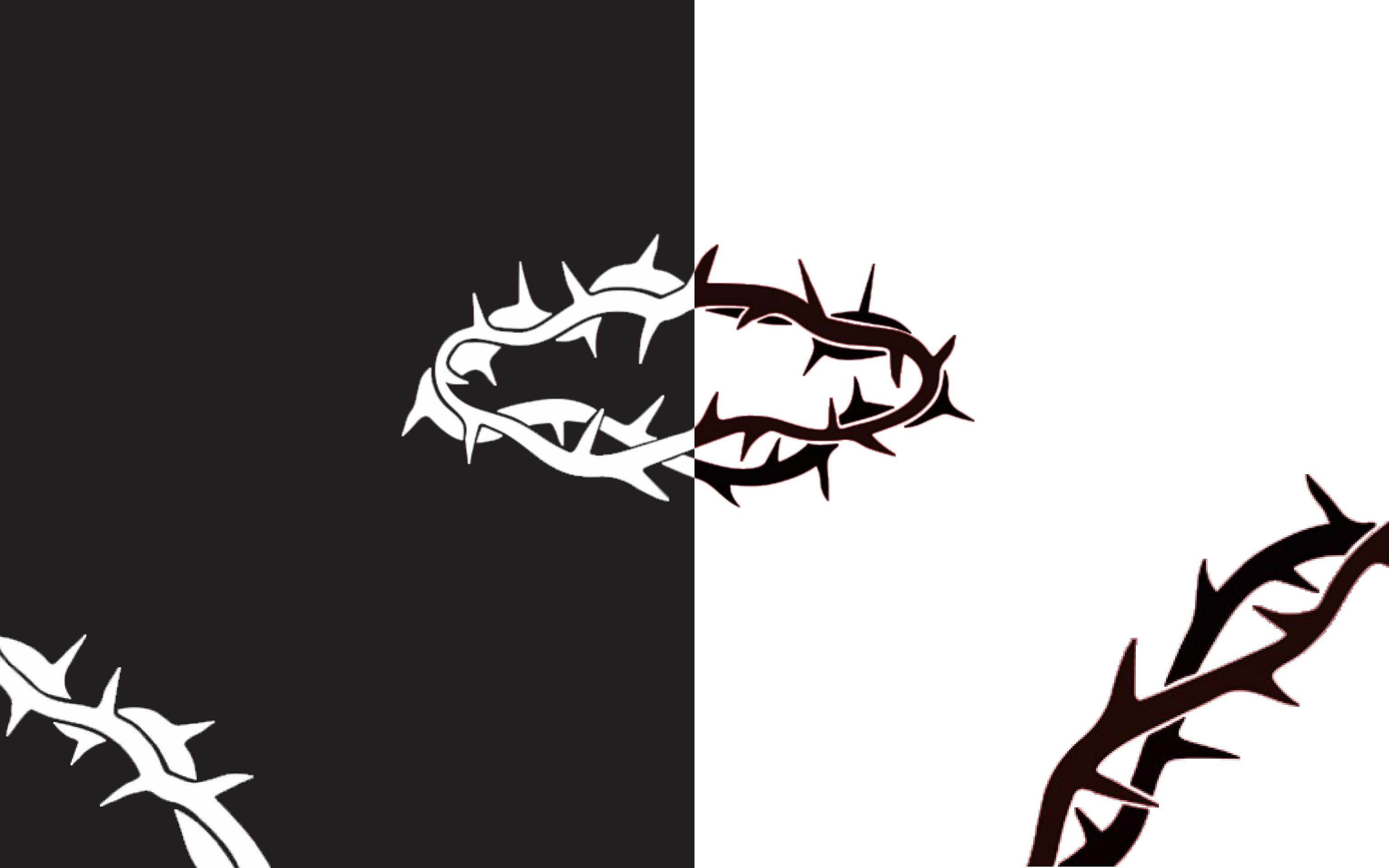




The Tragedie
of MACBETH

William Shakespeare



Characters

Duncan	Seyton
King of Scotland	An officer attending Macbeth
Malcom & Donalbain	Boy
Duncan's sons	Macduff's son
Macbeth	English Doctor
General of the King's army, afterwards King	Scotch Doctor
Lady Macbeth	A Sergeant
Banquo	A Porter
General of the King's army	An Old Man
Fleance	Nobleman of Scotland
Son to Banquo	
Macduff, Lennox, Ross, Menteith, Angus, & Caithness	
Lady Macduff	Siward
	Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces
Hecate & Three Witches	Young Siward
	Siward's son

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ACTUS I

SCENA PRIMA.

a desert place.

*Thunder and Lightning.
Enter three Witches.*

In Thunder, Lightning, or
in Raine?

1 When shall we three meet againe?
2 When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne

3 That will be ere the set of Sunne

1 Where the place?

2 Upon the Heath

3 There to meet with Macbeth

1 I come, Gray-Malkin

All Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire Hover through the
fogge and filthie ayr.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECUNDA.

a camp near Forres.

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

King
What bloody man is that?

he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state

Mal

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

Cap

Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villanies of
Nature Doe swarne upon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue Macb eth (well hee deserues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) car'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,

And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements

King O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman

Cap

As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner lustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norwegian Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbush't Armes, and new suplyes 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 sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon 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 Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal

The worthy Thane of Rosse

Lenox

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

Rosse
God save the King

King

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse

From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norwegian 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 dismal Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proove,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs

King
Great happinesse

Rosse
That now Sweno, the Norways King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes ync,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use

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

Rosse
Ile see it done

King
What he hath lost, Noble
Macbeth hath wonne.

Exeunt.

SCENA TERTIA.

a heath near Forres.

Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2 Killing Swine

3 Sister, where thou?

1 A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mounch^t, & mounch^t, and
mounch^t:

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

2 Ile give thee a Winde

1 Th'art kinde

3 And I another

1 I my selfe have 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 upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Looke what I have

2 Shew me, shew me

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

Drum within.

3 A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macb eth 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 up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.
Enter Macb eth and Banquo.

Macb

So foule and faire a day I have not seene

Banquo

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

Mac

Speake if you can: what are you?

**1 All haile Macb
eth, haile to thee
Thanē of Glamis**

**2 All haile Macb
eth, haile to thee
Thanē of Cawdor**

**3 All haile Macb eth, that
shalt be King hereafter**

Banq Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction

Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate

1 Hayle

2 Hayle

3 Hayle

1 Lesser than Macb eth, and greater

2 Not so happy, yet much happyer

3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macb eth, and Banquo

1 Banquo, and Macb eth, 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 lies
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
Upon 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 have we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb

Your Children shall be Kings

Which he deserues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell 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,
Have ouerthrowne him

Banq You shall be King

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

Banq

Toth' selfe-same tune and words: who's here?
Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse

The King hath happily receiu'd, Macb eth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he readeſ
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' ſelfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norwegian Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe diſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and every one diſt beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him

Ang

Wee are ſent,
To Give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
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 ſpeak true?

Macb

The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you drefſe me in
borrowed Robes?

Ang

Who was the Thane, lives yet,
But under heauie judgement beares that Life,

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 ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot
be good.
If ill? why hath it Given me
earnest of ſuccesse,
Commencing in a Truth? I
am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld
to that ſuggeſtion,
Whose horrid Image doth
vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart
knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of

Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murth er
yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd
in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is

Banq
Looke how our Partner's rapt

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

Banq
New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use

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

Banq
Worthy Macb eth, wee stay upon your leysure

Macb
Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registered,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke upon
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.

Forres. The palace.

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

The Prince of Cumberland:
which Honor must Not
unaccompanied, invest him
onely,

**But signes of
Noblenesse, like Starres,
shall shine On all
deservers.**

From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you

Macb

The service, 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 every thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor

King

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

Banq

There if I grow,
The Harvest is your owne

My **plenteous** Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke
to hide **themselves** In drops
of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen,
Thanes, And you whose places
are the nearest, know,

We will establish our Estate upon

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.

Enter.

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.

Our eldest, Malcolme, whom we name hereafter,



SCENA QUINTA.

Macbeth's castle.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady

They met me in the day of successse:
and I have learn'd by the
perfect' st report, they have more
in them, then **mortal 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 have I thought good to
deliver 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 neerest 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 have, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou have 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 have 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 have inform'd for
preparation

Mess.

So please you, it is true: our Thane is comming:
One of my fellowes 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 newes,

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, vnsex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop up th' accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctions visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you Murth 'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischief. Come thick Night,

And pall thee in the dunkest smoake of Hell, That my keene Knifé see not the Wound it makes,

Nor Heaven 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 have 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 never,
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 under't. He that's comming,
Must be prouided 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 up cleare:
To alter fauor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.



before Macbeth's castle.

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

King

This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle sences

Banq

This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Mansony, that the Heavens 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 have 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 every 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 courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night

La

Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselues, 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 leue Hostesse.

Exeunt.

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 Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th' other.

Enter Lady

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Macbeth's castle.

*Hoboyes. 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' Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'l dumpy the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th' Inventer, this even-handed Justice
Commends th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murth erer shut the doore,

Not beare the knife my selfe

Besides, this Duncane
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin

How now? What Newes?

La

He has almost supt: why have 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 have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone

La

Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon 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

Lady

Who dares receive it
other, As we shall make
our Griefes and Clamor
røre, **Upon his Death?**

Macb

I am settled, and bend up
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.

La

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

Macb

If we should faile?

Lady

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

Macb

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

SCENA PRIMA.

court of Macbeth's castle

ACTUS II

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

Banq

How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance

The Moone is downe: *I have not heard the Clock*

Banq

And she goes downe at Twelve

Fleance

I take't, 'tis later, Sir

Banq

Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
A heauie Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give 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 unusuall Pleasure, And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices. This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall, By the name of most kind Hostesse, And shut up in measurelesse content

Mac
Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought

Banq
All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth

Macb
I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse, If you would graunt the time

Banq
At your kind'st leysure

Macb
If you shall cleave 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 counsail'd

Macb
Good repose the while

Banq
Thankes Sir: the like to you.

Exit Banquo.

Macb
Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed.

Enter.

*Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand?*

Come, let me clutch thee:
I have 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 informs
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 Offrings: and wither'd **Murther,**
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquins rauishing sides, towards his 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 sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath Gives.

A *Bell rings.*
I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a
Knell, That summons thee to

Heaven,
or to *Hell.*

Enter.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Lady

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

Enter Macbeth.

Macb Who's there? what hoa?

Lady Alack, I am afraid they have 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 have done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

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

Macb When?

Lady Now

Macb As I descended?

Lady I

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

Lady Donalbaine

Mac This is a sorry sight

Lady A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight

Macb There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murth er, 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 blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs

Lady Consider it not so deeply

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

Lady These 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:
Macb eth does Murth er Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast

Macb Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath Murth er'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleepe no more: Macb eth 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-sickly 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 sleepie Groomes with blood

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

Lady Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,

For it must seeme their Guilt.

Enter.

Knocke within.

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

Enter Lady

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

Lady What doe you meane?

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 unattended.

Knocke.

Hearke, *more knocking*
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts

Macb To know my deed,
Knocke.

'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st.

Exeunt.

SCENA TERTIA.

outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have 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, have
Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't.

Knock.

Knock, knock.

Who's there in th' other Devils 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 Heaven:
oh come in, Equiuocator.

Knock.

Knock, Knock, Knock.

Who's there? 'Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:
Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose.

Knock. Knock, Knock.

Never at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire.

Knock.

Anon, anon, I pray you remember 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 carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things

Macd What three things does Drinke especially
provoke?

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 sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades 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 up 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 have almost slipt the houre

Macb Ile bring you to him

Macd I know this is a
joyfull 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 limitted
service.

Exit Macduff.

Lenox Goes the King hence
to day?

Macb He does: he did appoint
so

Lenox The Night ha's been **unruly**:
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 Events,
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 Murth er hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building

Macb What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox Meane you his Maiestie?

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

Exeunt. Macbeth and Lenox

Ring the Alarum Bell:

Murther, and Treason,

Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake, Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: up, up, and see The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Banquo,
As from your Graues rise up, 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 Murth er as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our Royall Master's Murther'd

Lady

Woe, alas:
What, in
our House?

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

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse

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

Enter Malcolm 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 Murth er'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
unwip'd, we found Upon their Pillowes: they
star'd, and were distracted, *NO mans*
Life was to be trusted with them

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

Macd Wherefore did you so?

Macb Who can be
wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall,

and Neutrall,
in a moment?

No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murth erers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love; and in that
heart, Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady Help me hence, hoa

Macd Looke to the Lady

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

Donal What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd

Mal Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion

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

Of Treasonous Mallice

Macd And so doe I

All. So all

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

All. Well contented.

SCENA QUARTA.

Exeunt.

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

outside Macbeth's castle.

Don To Ireland, I: Our seperated fortune
shall keepe us both the safer: Where we are,

there's Daggers
in mens smiles;
The neere in blood, the nearer bloody

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

Exeunt.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

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

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

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

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

Old man 'Tis said, they eate each other

Rosse They did so:To th' amazement
of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd Why see you not?

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

Macd Those that Macb eth hath slaine

Ross Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd They were subborne,
Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed

Rosse 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen up
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall upon Macb eth

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

Rosse Where is Duncans body?

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

Rosse Will you to Scone?

Macd No Cosin, Ile to Fife

Rosse Well, I will thither

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

Rosse *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 III

SCENA PRIMA.

Forres. The palace.

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 upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

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

Macb Heere's our chiefe Guest

La If he had beeene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecoming

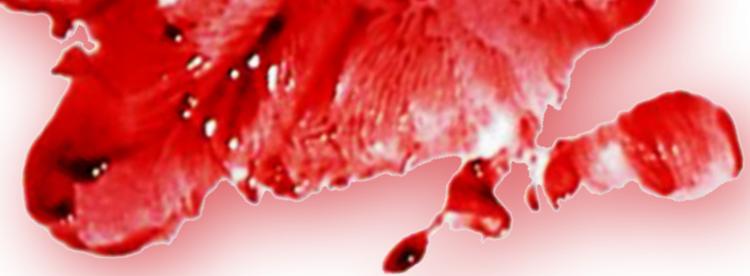
Macb To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence

Banq Let your Highnesse
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit

Macb Ride you this afternoone?

Ban I, my good Lord

Macb We should have else desir'd
your good aduic (Which still hath



been both graue, and
prosperous) In this
dayes Councell: but
wee'l e take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse 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 have cause of
State, Craving vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse: Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes Fleance with you? Ban I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's

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

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
Till sven 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?

Servant They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate

Macb Bring them before vs.

Exit Servant

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus Our feares in
Banquo sticke deepe, And in his Royaltie of Nature reinges
that Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares, And to that
dauntlesse temper of his Minde, He hath a Wisdome, that doth
guide his Valour, To act in safetie. There is none but he, Whose
being I doe feare: and under him, My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is
said Mark Anthonies was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters, When
first they put the Name of King upon me, And bad them speake
to him. Then Prophet-like, They hayld him Father to a Line of
Kings. Upon 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 have I fil'd my Minde, For them, the gracious
Duncan have I Murth er'd, Put Rancours in the Vessell of my
Peace Onely for them, and mine eternall lewell Given to the
common Enemie of Man, To make them Kings, the Seedes of
Banquo Kings. Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst, And
champion me to th' utterance. Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

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

Exit Seruant.v

v Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth It was, so please your Highnesse

Macb Well then,
Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:

The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo

1 Murth You made it knowne to vs

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

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
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect

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

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

Macb Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie

Murth True, my Lord

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

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

1 Murth
Though our Lives

Macb Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most, will aduise you
where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans , his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon

Murth We are resolu'd, my Lord

Macb Ile call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECUNDA.

the palace.

Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant

Lady Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servant I, Madame, but returns againe to Night

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

Servant Madame, I will.

Enter.

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 doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth eth.

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

Macbeth We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-oynt,
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, have sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie. Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further

Lady Come on:

Gentle my Lord, slegee o're your rugged Looke,
Be bright and louiall among your Guests to Night

Macbeth So shall I Love, and so I pray be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue: Unsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering stremes, And make our Faces Wizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are

Lady You must leaue this

Macbeth O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleans liues

Lady But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne

Macbeth There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black Heccats summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note

Lady What's to be done?

Macbeth Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell 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 drowse,
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 themselues by ill:
So prynhee goe with me.

Exeunt.

2 A Light, a Light

3 'Tis hee

1 Stand too't

Ban It will be Rayne to Night

1 Let it come downe

Ban O, Trecherie!
Flye good Fleans, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st revenge.

O Slave!

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 have 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 approches
The subiect of our Watch

3 Hearke, I heare Horses

Banquo within Give vs a Light there, hoa

2 Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court

1 His Horses goe about

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

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

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 have lost Best halfe of our Affaire

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

Exeunt.

SCENA QUARTA.

hall in the palace.

Banquet prepar'd.

Enter Macbeth, Lady,
Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Lords Thankes to your 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 even:
heere lle sit i'th' mid'st, Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure The Table
round. There's *blood upon thy face*

Mur 'Tis Banquo's then

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

My Lord his throat is ^{Mur}

cut, that I did for him

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

Mur Most Royall Sir Fleans is scap'd

Macb Then comes my Fit againe: I had 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 sawcy 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 Thankes 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 Give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis Given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macb eths 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:

Macb If I stand heere, I saw him

La Fie for shame

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance

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

Macb The Table's full

Lenox Heere is a place reseru'd Sir

Macb Where?

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

Macb Which of you have done this?

Lords What, my good Lord?

Macb Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary lockes at me

Rosse Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well

Lady Sit worthy Friends: my
Lord is often thus, And hath beene from
his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, upon 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 stiffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole

Macb Prythee see there: Behold, looke, loe, how say you: Why what care I, if thou canst
nod, speake too. If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send Those that we bury, backe;
our Monuments Shall be the Mawes of Kytes

La What? quite vnmann'd in folly

Macb Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murth' ers have 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 rise againe
With twenty mortall Murth' ers on their crownes,
And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange
Then such a Murth' er is

La My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lache you

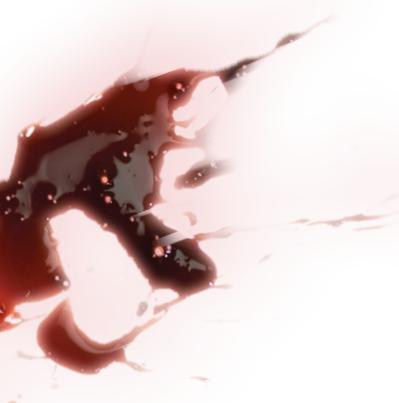
Macb I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th' generall joy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all

Lords Our duties, and the pledge

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



Thy bones are marrowlesse,
thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with

La Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time

Macb What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall never tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still

La You have displac'd
the mirth, Broke
the good meeting,
with most admir'd
disorder

Macb Can such things be,
And overcome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare

Rosse *What sights, my Lord?*

La I pray you speake not:
he growes worse & worse
Question enrages him:
at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order
of your going, But go at once

Len Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiesty

La A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords

Macb It will have blood they
say: Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beeene knowne to
move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood
Relations, have By Maggot
Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes
brought forth The secret'st
man of Blood. What is the
night?

La Almost at oddes with morning, which is which

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

La Did you send to him Sir?

Macb I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall Give way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand

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

Macb Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

SCENA QUINTA.

a heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1 Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?

Hec. Have I not reason (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 Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuere of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismal, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Upon 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 slightes,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away.

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

Exeunt.



SCENA SEXTA.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have 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) Fleans kill'd,
For Fleans 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 Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alieue
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 under his Key,
(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleans.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduff lies in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncane
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives 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 Macduff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of Warre

Len Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Messenger turns 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
Adise him to a Caution, t' hold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone retурne to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt.

ACTUS IV

SCENA PRIMA.

a cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd

2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd

3
*Harpijer cries,
'tis time,
'tis time*

1 Round
about the Caldron go:
*In the poysond Entrailles throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty
one: Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot*

All.

Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldrone bubble

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

All.

Double, double,
toile and trouble;
Fire burne, **and Cauldron bubble**

³ Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mumney, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipse:
Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuier'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron

All.

Double,

double,
toile and trouble;
Fire burne, **and Cauldron bubble**

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

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

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

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name

Macb I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntyte the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation up:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken:

Answer me To what I aske you

1 Speake

2 Demand

3 Wee'l answer

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

Macb Call 'em: let me see 'em

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

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1 Apparation, an Armed Head.

Macb Tell me, thou
unknowne power

1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought

1 Appar. Macb eth, Macb eth, Macb eth:
Beware Macduffe,
Beware the Thane of Fife: **dismisse me. Enough.**

He Descends.

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

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

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth

Macb Had I three eares, Ild heare thee

Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:
Laugh to scorneThe powre of man:
For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Descends.

Mac Then live Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare,
it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

Thunder 3 Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macb eth shall never vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb That will never bee:
Who can impresse the Forrest, bid
the Tree unfixe his earth-bound Root?
Sweet boadments, good: Rebellious dead,
rise never till the Wood Of Byrnan rise,
and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the Lease of Nature,
pay his breath To time, and
mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing:
Tell me, if your Art Can tell so much:
Shall Banquo's issue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more

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

Hoboyes

1 Shew

2 Shew

3 Shew

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

The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England

Macb Fled to England?

Len I, my good Lord

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

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

Macb Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize.
Seize upon Fife; Give to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt.

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macb eth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to Give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musick. The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb Where are they? Gone? Let this
pernitious houre, Stand aye accursed in the
Kalender. Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox

Lenox What's your Graces will

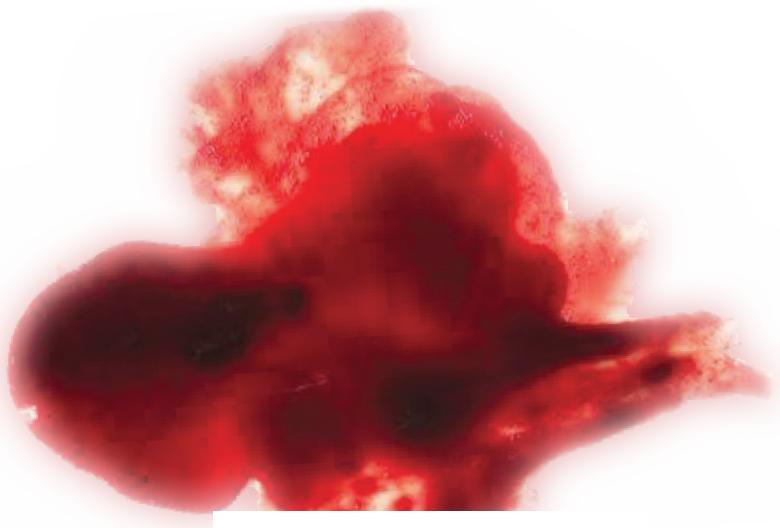
Macb Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox No my Lord

Macb Came they not by you?

Lenox No indeed my Lord

Macb Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare



SCENA SECUNDA.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse You must have patience Madam

Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors

Rosse You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare

Wife. Wisedom? to leauue his wife, to leauue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason

Rosse My dearest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much fur-
ther, But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leauue of you:

Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing upon you

Wife. Father'd he is, And
yet hee's Father-lesse

Rosse I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leauue at once.

Exit Rosse

Wife. Sirra, your
Fathers dead,
And what will you do now?
How will you live?

Son. As Birds do Mother

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they

Wife. Poore Bird,Thou'dst
never Feare the Net, nor
Lime,The Pitfall, nor the Gin

Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying

Wife. Yes, he is dead:How
wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market

Son. Then you'l by 'em
to sell againe

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee

Son. Was my Father a
Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes

Son. And be all
Traitors, that do so

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd

Son. And must they all be
hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men

Son. Then the Liars and
Swearers are Fools: for
therere Lyars and Swearers
enow, to beate the honest
men, and hang up them

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father

Wife. Poore pratler,
how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserue you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers

Mur Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst finde him

Mur He's a Traitor

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine

Mur What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother, Run
away **I pray you.**

Exit crying Murther.

SCENA TERTIA.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

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

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

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

Macd I am not treacherous

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;

Malc But Macb eth is.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so

Macd I have lost my Hopes

Malc Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leauie-taKing I pray you,
Let not my lealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What ever I shall thinke

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

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

Macd What should he be?

Mal It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macb eth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harmes

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

Mal

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

Macd Boundlesse intemperance

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

Mal With this, there growes

In my most ill-composd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his leuels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth

Macd This Auarice

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

Mal But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenessse,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinessse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each severall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Uprore the vniuersall peace, confound
All unity on earth

Macd O Scotland, Scotland

Mal If such a one be fit to gourne, speake:
I am as I have spoken

Mac Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natio[n] miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accus't,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liu'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere

Mal Macduff, this Noble passion

Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples,
reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor.
Divellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath
sought to win me
Into his power: and modest
Wisedome plucks me
From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction
Heere abiure The taints, and blames I laide upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,
Scarsely have coueted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my selfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
 Macd Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

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

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

Enter.

Mal I thanke you Doctor

Macd What's the Disease he meanes?

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

Enter Rosse

Macd See **who** comes heere

Malc My Countryman: but yet I know him not

Macd My ever gentle
Cozen, welcome hither

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

Rosse Sir, Amen

Macd Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken

Macd Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true

Malc What's the newest griefe?

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

Macd How do's my Wife?

Rosse Why well

Macd And all my Children?

Rosse Well too

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

Rosse No, they were wel at
peace, when I did leau'e 'em

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

Rosse When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses

Malc Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome Gives out

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

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

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

Macd If it be mine
Keefe it not from me,
quickly let me have it

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

Macd Humh: I guesse at it

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

Malc Mercifull Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grieve that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake

Macd My Children too?

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

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

Rosse I have said

Malc Be comforted.Let's make vs
Med'cines of our great Revenge,To
cure this deadly greefe

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

Malc Dispute it like a man

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

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

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

Mal This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macb eth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that never findes the Day.

Exeunt.

ACTUS V

SCENA PRIMA.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

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

Gent Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I have seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown uppon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe

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

Gent That Sir, which I will not report after her

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

Gent Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close

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

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

Doct How came she by that light?

Gent Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command

Doct You see her eyes are open

Gent I, but their sense are shut

Doct What is it she do's now? Looke how she rubbes her hands

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

Lad Yet heere's a spot

Doct Hark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly

La Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowe it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet whowould have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him

Doct Do you marke that?

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

Doct Go too, go too:

You have knowne what you should not

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

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

Doct Well, well, well

Gent Pray God it be sir

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

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

Doct Even so?

Lady To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. **To bed, to bed, to bed.**

Exit Lady

Doct Will she go now to bed?

Gent Directly

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

Gent Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

SCENA SECUNDA.

the country near Dunsinane.

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

Ment The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,
His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarne
Excite the mortified man

Ang Neere Bynan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming

Cath Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother?

Len For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood

Ment What do's the Tyrant

Cath Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies: Some say hee's mad:
Others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine He
cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of Rule

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

Ment Who then shall blame

His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there

Cath Well, march we on,
To Give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs

Lenox Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan.

Exeunt. marching.

SCENA TERTIA.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy Malcolme?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not Macb eth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant

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

Ser. There is ten thousand

Macb Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir

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

Ser. The English Force, so please you

Macb Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or dis-eate me now.
I have liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,

I must not looke to have: but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare
not. Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb What Newes more?

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

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

Give me my Armor

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet

Macb Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

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

Macb Cure of that:Can'st thou not Minister to a
minde diseas'd, Plucke from the Memory a rooted
Sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote Cleanse
the stufft bosome, of that perillous stiffeWhich
weighes upon the heart?

Doct Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe

Macb Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: Give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y of them?

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

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

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

Exeunt.

SCENA QUARTA.

country near Birnam wood.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne,
Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.*

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

Ment We doubt it nothing

Seyw What wood is this before vs?

Ment The wood of Birnane

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

Sold. It shall be done

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

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

Macd Let our iust Censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership

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

Exeunt. marching

SCENA QUINTA.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

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

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

A Cry within of Women.

Sey It is the cry of women, my good Lord

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

Sey The Queene (my Lord) is dead

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Macb Well, say sir

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

Macb Lyar, and Slaue

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

Macb If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang aliae
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarryng here.
I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o'th' world were now vnDon
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnessse on our backe.

Exeunt.

SCENA SEXTA.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

*Drumme and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
and their Army, with Boughes.*

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

Sey Fare you well:
Do we but finde the
Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if
we cannot fight

Macd Make all our Trumpets speak, Give the[m] all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.

Exeunt.

Alarums continued.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter young Seyward.

Y.Sey What is thy name?

Macb Thou'lt be affraid to heare it

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

Macb My name's Macb eth

Y.Sey The diuell himselfe
could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare

Macb No: nor more fearefull

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

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
*Brandish'd by man that's
of a Woman borne.*

Enter.

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Stauses; either thou Macb eth,
Or else my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I sheath againe vndeended. There thou shouldest be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seemes bruted. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not.

Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

A field.

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

Malc We have met with Foes That strike beside vs

Sey Enter Sir, the Castle.

Exeunt. Alarum

Enter Macb eth.

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

Enter Macduffe.

Macd Turne Hell-hound, turne

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

Macd I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can Give thee out.

Fight: Alarum

Macb Thouloosest labour As easie may'st thou the
intrenchant Ayre With thy keene Sword impresse,
as make me bleed:Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. fighting. Alarums.

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

Mal I would the
Friends we
misse, were safe
arriu'd

Sey Some must go off: and yet by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheapely bought

Mal Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne

Rosse Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers
debt, He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrincking station where he fought, But like
a man he dy'de

Sey Then he is dead?

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

Sey Had he his hurts before?

Rosse I, on the Front

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

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

Sey He's worth no more,
They say he parted
well, and paid his score,

And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

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

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal

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

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

finis...

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

