

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasſe, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then surpaſſe
All, that was euer writ in brasſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

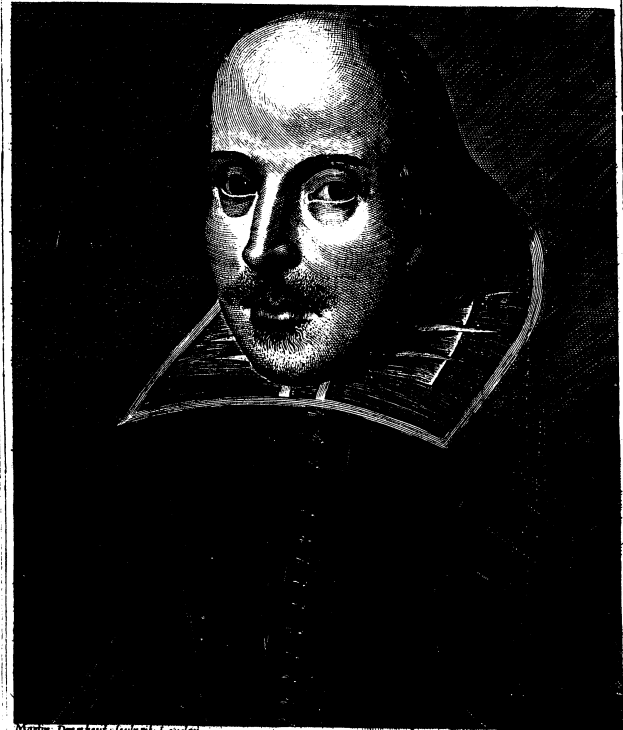
B. I.

MR WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Brut. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countymen:

My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall haue glory by this loofing day

More then *Othanius*, and *Marke Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his liues History:

Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarm. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Brut. Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Strato. Giue me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.

Brut. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dye.*

Alarm. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Othanius*, *Messala*,

Lucilius, and the Army.

Offa. What man is that?

Messala. My Masters man, *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucili. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*.

That thou hast prou'd *Lucilius* saying true,

Offa. All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. If *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Offa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messala. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. *Othanius*, then take him to follow thee,

That did the lateft seruice to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators saue onely hee,

Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:

He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And say to all the world; This was a man.

Offa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him

Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall,

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Moft like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches.

1. **W**hen shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battail's lost, and wonne,
3. That will be ere the set of Sonne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with Macbeth.
1. I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. Paddock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King Malcolm, Douglas, Lennox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

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

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

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choke their Art. The nerecelsse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe warme vpon him) from the Wetherne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgosses supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all this no awake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd Steele,
Which smack'd with bloody execution
(Like Valour's Minion) taun'd our passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:

Which newe Thoghts hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till hee vntaught him from the Naue roth Choppes,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

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

King. Didst say not this our Captaine, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon;
If I lay sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes vpon the Foë:
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 Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lennox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should hee looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. Gd saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King.

Where the Norweyan Banners blowe the Skie,

And fanne our people cold.

Assist'd by that most disloyall Traytor,

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,

Assist'd by that most disloyall Traytor,

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal Conflict,

Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lap't in proofe,

Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

Curbing his lush spirit: and to conclude,

The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now *Swene*, the Norweyan King,

Craves composition:

Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,

Till hee be buried at Saint Colme's yench,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No

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

Reffe. Hee is it done.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Sailors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Give me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syrie 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 haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
T' th' Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreynie him drie as a Hay:
Sleeps thall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houles Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Sea-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.

- Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not scene.
Banquo. How faire 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? Lie you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are Ios.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, hailer to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, hailer to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? In what name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with pretence, Grace, and great prediotion
Of Noble haing, and of Royall hope,
That hee 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. Laffer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

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

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them: whether are they vanish?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

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

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

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

Enter Reffe and Angus.

Reffe. The King hath happily receiued *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy success: and when he shall
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayers doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silence with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-lam'd day,
He findes thee in the frowny Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Talle:
Can poss with poft, and euery one did beare
Thy prayles in his Kingdome great defence,
And pow'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,

Only to harrold thee into his fight,

Not pay thee.

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

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

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:

Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane* liues yet,

But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loofe.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebel with hidden helpe,
And vantage: or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confests it, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:

The greatest is behinde. Thanks for your paines.

Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home.

Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,

Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest confugence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame: I thank you Gentlemen:

This supernaturall soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truch? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfix my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the yfe of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:

My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes in my flegle state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rap.

Macb. If Chance will, haue me King,

Why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my firtre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him.

Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of yfe.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time, and the Tide, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worshy *Macbeth*, yee stay vpon your ley-

ture.

Macb. Giue me your fauour.

My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.

Kind's Gentlemen, your paines are registred,

Where every day Iurne the Lease.

To read them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon it.

What hath chanc'd, and at more time, I shall speake.

The Interim, haing weigh'd in vs, speake.

Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.

Come friends.

Scena Quarta.

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

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confest his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And fet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had bene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Reffe, and Angus.

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

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

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

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

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fullnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinfolmes, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanyed, must I onely
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deserters. From hence to Enverges,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not v'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbeneger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

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

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

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have
learn'd by the perfitt report, they have more in them, then
mortall knowledges. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanisht.
While I stood vpon the wonder of it, came *Mistines* from
the King, who all haile'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these wayward Sisters fainted me, and refer'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shall be. This
hath I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

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

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

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou't mad to say it.

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

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

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

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

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your fightlesse Substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnett smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

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

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May read strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
Thy Nighs great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely foueraigne way, and Maisterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

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

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

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

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

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

King. Where's

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

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

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

Scena Septima.

*Ho. boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dysses 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 trammel vp the Consequence, and catch
With his forcelesse, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We fill haue iudgement here, that we but reach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, retorne
To plague th' Inuentor. This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th' Ingredience of our payfon'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinfman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murthrerer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongue'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To tread the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falkes on'th' other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?

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

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he has?

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

La. Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you dress'd your selfe? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,

At what it did so freely? From this time,

Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd

To be the fame in thine owne Ad, and Valour,

As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

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

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then

That made you breake this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselves, and that their fitness now
Do's vnmake you. I haue guen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was myling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dash't the Braines out, had I so sworn
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail?

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

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

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

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

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

Banq. And he goes downe at Twelue.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heauen,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

See, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
 Ring the Alarum Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolm awake,
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeite,
 And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and fee
 The great Doomes Image: *Malcolm, Banquo,*
 As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell,
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buſſneſſe?
 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 ear,
 Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.
 O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Maſter's murder'd.

Lady. Woe aſſ:

What, in our Houſe?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare Duff, I prythee contraditt thy ſelfe,
 And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
 I had had a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
 There's nothing ſerious in Mortallitie:
 All is but Toys: 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 ſtop't, the very Source of it is ſtop't.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
 Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
 So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
 Vpon their Pillowes: they ſtar'd, and were 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 wife, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
 Loyall and Neutral, in a moment? No man:

Th'expedition of my violent Loue
 Out-run the pawſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan,*

His Silver ſhewen, Iac'd with his Golden Blood,
 And his gash'd Stubs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruines wallfull entrance: there the Murderers,
 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers

Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could reſtraine,
 That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,

Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

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

Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,

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

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

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

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

Macd. And ſo doe I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

Mal. What will you doe?

Let's not conſort with them:

To ſhew an vnſelt Sorrow, is an Office
 Which the falſe man do's eaſie.

Ile to England,

Don. To Ireland, I:

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

Mal. This murderous Shaft that's thor,
 Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafest way,
 Is to auoid the ſyme. Therefore to Horſe,

And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
 But ſlitt away: there's warrant in that Theſt,

Which ſteales it ſelfe, when there's no merrie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, with an Old man.

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

Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
 Thou ſeeſt the Heauens, as troubled with mans Aſ,
 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth Clock 'tis Day,
 And yet darke Night ſtrangles the trauiſſing Lampe:

Iſt Nights predominance, or the Dayes ſhame,
 That Darkneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,

When liuing Light ſhould kiſſe it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnatural,

Even like the deed that's done: On Tueſday laſt,
 A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowſing Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan* Horſes,
 (A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
 Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their ſtalls, ſlong out,

Contending gainſt Obedience, as they would
 Make Warre with Mankinde.

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

Roſſe. They did ſo:

To

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

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why ſee you not?

Roſſe. Iſt known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlaine.

Roſſe. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were ſubborned,

Malcolm, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes
 Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
 Suſpition of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſill,
 Thriftleſſe Ambition, that will rauen vp
 Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis moſt like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

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

Roſſe. Where is *Duncan* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
 And Guard of their Bones.

Roſſe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, Ile to Fife.

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

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

Roſſe. Farewell, Father.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thon haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weyard Women promiſ'd, and I feare

Thou play'd'ſt moſt ſowly for't: yet it was ſaide
 It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity.

But that my ſelfe ſhould be the Roote, and Father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
 Why by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my Oracles as well,

And ſet me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Seris ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chief Gueſt.

La. If he had been forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feaſt,

And all thing vnbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a ſolemne Supper ſit,
 And Ile requit your preſence.

Banq. Let your Highneſſe
 Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a moſt indifſoluble tie

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

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

(Which ſtill hath bene both graue, and prosperous)
 In this dayes Councell: but wee'll take to morrow.
 Iſt farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp 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 Participle, filling their hearers

With ſtrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
 When therewithall, we ſhall haue cauſe of State,

Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horſe:

Adieu, till you returne at Night,

Goes *Fleance* with you?

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

Macb. I with your Horſes ſwift, and lure of foot:
 And ſo I doe commend you to their backs.

Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be maſter of his time,
 Till ſeuen at Night, to make ſocietie

The ſweeter welcome:

We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone:

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

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

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace

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 reignes 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 ſafety. There is none but he,

Whoſe being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My *Gremis* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid

Mark Anthony was by *Cæſar*. He chid the Siſters,

When firſt they put the Name of King vpon me,

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

They hay'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineal Hand,

No Sonne of mine ſucceeding: if 't be ſo,

For *Banquo*'s Iſſue haue I fil'd my Miade,

For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murder'd,

Put Rancours in the Veſſell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternal Jewell

Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings,

Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Lyft,

And champion me to th' vicerance.

Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Admirers.

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

Exit Servant.

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Marth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you conſider'd of my ſpeeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Paft in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft:
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. *Marth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did fo:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.

Do you finde your patience fo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you fo Gollpell'd, so pray for this good man,
And for his Iflue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

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

Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clapt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguiſhes the ſwift, the flow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him cloſ'd: whereby he does rectiue
Particular addition from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and fo of men.
Now, if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not it's worth ranke of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whole execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and lone of vs,
Who wear our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

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

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

Marth. True, my Lord.

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

2. *Marth.* We ſhall, my Lord,

Performe what you command vs.

1. *Marth.* Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you,
Within this houre, at moſt,

I will aduife you where to plant your ſeues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearneſſe; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Batches in the Worke:
Fleance, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whole abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſeues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Marth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter *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 leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will, *Exit.*

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

Enter *Macbeth*.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorrye't Fancies your Companions making,
Ving thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'l cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things diſſoynt,
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 ſo gaine our peace, haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.

Duncan is in his Graue:

After Liſes ſittful Feuer, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon lias done his worſt: nor Steele, nor Poyſon,
Mallice domeſtique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

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

Macb. So ſhall I Loue, and ſo I pray be you:

Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that wee muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leaue this.

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

Lady. But

Scena Quarta.

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

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

Lords. Thanks to your Maieſty.

Macb. Our ſelfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſſe keeps 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 *Murderers*.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both ſides are euen: heere Ile ſit 'till 'midſt,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'll drinke a Meaſure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he diſpatch'd?

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

Macb. Thou art the beſt o'th' Cut-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleance*:

If thou did'ſt it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt Royall Sir

Fleance is ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fir againe:

I had elfe bene perfect:
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the caſing Ayres

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 trench'd gathes on his head;

The leaſt a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worrne that's ſled:
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for'th' preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow

Wee'll heare our ſeues againe. *Exit Murderers.*

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feaſt is fold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:

'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were beſt at home:

From thence, the ſawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the *Ghoſt of Banquo*, and ſits in *Macbeth's* place.

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

Lenox. May't pleaſe your Highneſſe ſit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent:

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindneſſe,

Then pity for Miſchance.

Roffe. His abſence (Sir)

Lays blame vpon his promiſe. Pleaſe't your Highneſſe

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.

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

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affaileable,
Then be thou iou'd: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Fleance's* ſummons
The ſhard-borne Beetle, with his drowſie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There ſhall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter three *Murderers*.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. *Macbeth*.

2. He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he deliueus
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iuſt.

1. Then ſtand with vs:

The Weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreakes of Day.

Now ſpurs the lated Traueller apace.

To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches
The ſubiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horſes.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

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

1. His Horſes goe about.

3. Almoſt a mile: but hee's vſually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walk.

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

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand to't.

Ben. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ben. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleance*, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'ſt reuenge, O Slaue!

3. Who did ſtrike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

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

2. We haue loſt

Beſt halfe of our Affaire.

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

Exeunt.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place referu'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
 What is't that moues your Highnesse?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
 Thy goary lockes at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus.
 And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat.
 The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
 He will againe be well. If much you note him
 You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
 Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
 Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper fluffe:
 This is the very painting of your feare:
 This is the Ayre-drawn-Dagger which you said
 Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and flatts
 (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 Roole.
Macb. Prythee see there:
 Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
 Why what care I, if thou canst not, speake too.
 If Charnell houses, and our Graues must fend
 Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
 Shall be the Mawes of Kyes.
La. What? quite vnman'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time
 Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
 I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
 Too terrible for the eare. The 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 murderers on their crownes,
 And push vs from our stools. This is more strange
 Then such a murder is.
La. My worthy Lord
 Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
 Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,
 I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
 Then lie sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:
 Enter Gheff.
 I drinke to th'generall ioy of th' whole Table,
 And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we thinke:
 Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
 And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost gleare with.
La. Think 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 Ruffian Bear,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
 Shall neuer tremble. Or be asuie againe,
 And dare me to the Deaf with thy Sword:
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
 The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,
 Vncall mock'ty hence. Why fo, being gone
 I am a man againe: pray you sit fill.
La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
 And oercome vs like a Summers Cloud,
 Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I thinke you can behold such fights,
 And keepe the naturall Rubic of your Cheekes,
 When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Rosse. What fights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
 Question enrages him: at once, goodnight,
 Stand not vpon the order of your going,
 Bur go at once.
Len. Goodnight, and better health
 Attend his Maiefty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they say:
 Blood will haue Blood:
 Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:
 Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
 By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
 The secret R'man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macdoff* 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 means, the worst, for mine owne good,
 All causes shall giue way. I am in blood
 Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go ore:
 Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
 Which must be acted, ere they may be cand.
La. You lacke the feston of all Natures, sleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My Feare & selfe-abuse
 Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vie:
 We are yett but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hec.

1. Why how now *Hec*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reason (Belldame) as you are?
 Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
 To Trade, and Trafficks with *Macbeth*,
 In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistis of your Charmes,
 The close contriuer of all harmes,
 Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
 Or shew the glory of our Art?
 And which is worse, all you haue done
 Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
 Spightfull, and wastfull, who (as others do)
 Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: Get you gon,
 And at the pit of Achéron
 Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
 Will come, to know his Desinie.
 Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide;
 Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
 I am for'th Ayre: This night lie spend
 Vnto a dismall, and a Fatal end.
 Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
 Vpon the Corner of the Moone
 There hangs a vap'rous dore, profound,
 Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by Magicke lights,
 Shall raise fuch Artificiall Sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
 He shall spurne Fate, leaue Death, and beare
 His hopes bout Wife, dome, Grace, and Feare:
 And you all know, Security
 Is Mortals cheefest Enemy.
Musicke, and a Song.
 Heare, I am call'd: my idle Spirit see
 Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flays for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
 1. Come, let's make haste, wee'l loone be
 Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

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

Where he bestowes himselfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
 Lyes in the English Court, and is recey'd
 Of the molt Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macdoff*
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and wakke *Seyward*,
 That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
 To ratiue the Worke) we may againe
 Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath fo exalperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macdoff*?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Antwer.
Lenox. And that what might
 Aduide him to a Caution, c hold what distance
 His wife alone can prouide. Some holy Angell
 Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
 His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May loose returne to this our suffering Country,
 Vnder a hand accus'd.
Lord. Ile fend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
 2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
 3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,
 1. Round about the Caldron go:
 In the payfond Entrailes throw
 Toad, thar vnder cold stone,
 Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
 Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
 Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
 1. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
 In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
 Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
 Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
 3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
 Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe
 Of the raiu'd salt Sea sharke:
 Roore of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
 Luer of Blaspheming Iew,
 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
 Sluier'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Noise

Use of Furke, and Tartars lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Demelluer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and flab,
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingreddence of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fireburne, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Heene, and the other three Witches.

Hee. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall haue it th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Faeries in a Ring,
Incanting all that you put in.

Macbeth and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
1. By the pricking of my Thumbees,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes

Enter Macbeth.

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

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you wynde the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yefly Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though bladed Come 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,
Euen till destruction ficken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1. Speake.

2. Demand.

3. We'll 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 deadly shew.

Thunder.

1. Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power.

1. He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Desceiends.

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 Child.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

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

2. Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

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

Descendi.

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

Thunder.

1. Apparition, a Child 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. Lift up, but speake not too't.

3. Appar. Be Lyon metted, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who fiers, or who Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunfmeane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descendi.

Macb. That will neuer bee:

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

All. Seeke to know no more.

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

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,
Come like shadowes, lo depart.

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

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A feauenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glass,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What's this is to?

1. I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Can Sisters, cheere weep his sprights,

And fiew the best of our delights.

Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke.

The Witches Dance and vanishe.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious houre,

Stand ay accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Enter Lenox.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

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

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer 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 euen now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; giue 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 fights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross.

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

Ross. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madeoffe: when our Actions do not,

Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.

Wife. Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,

He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren

(The most dimittive of Birds) will fight,

Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue:

As little is the Wisdome, where the flight

So runnes against all reason.

Ross. My deereft 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 further,

But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors

And do not know our felues: when we hold Rumor

From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

But float vpon a wilde and violent Sea

Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:

Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,

To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,

Blessing vpon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,

And yet hee's Father, felle.

Ross. I am for much a Foole, should I stay longer

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leaue at once.

Exit Ross.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,

And what will you do now? How will you lue?

Son. As Birds doth Murther.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?

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

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'dst neuer 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 met 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. Euerie one that do's so, is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

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

Wife. Euerie one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there

are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you

would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly

haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore prater, how thou talk'st?

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Wife. Poore prater, how thou talk'st?

Exit trying Murderer.

N n

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

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

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortal Sword: and like good men, Befriend our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds As 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 will. What you haue spoke, it may be to per chance. This Tyrant, whose false name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may differ me him through me, and wisdom To off' vs up a weeke, more innocent Lambe T'appeare an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is. A good and vertuous Nature may reioyce In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpore; Angels are bright fill, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must still looke fo.

Macd. I haue lost my Hope. *Mal.* Perchance euen there Where I did find my doubts.

Why in that ranneffe left you Wife, and Childe? Those precious Morities, those strong knots of Loue, Without leaue-taking, I prau you. Let not my Iealousie, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust, What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis fure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs, The Title, is asseard. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkest, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graipe, And the rich Earth to boot.

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

Macd. What should he be?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Macd. This Auarice stikes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-ferming Lust: and it hath bin The sword of our flaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foyfons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weight'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temperance, Strableness, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no reliish of them, but about In the diuision of each feuerall Crime, Acting it many ways. Nay, had I powre, I should poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound All vniety on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

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

Macd. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable! With an vnited Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When shall thou see thy whollome dayes againe? Since that the truest filie of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction hands accut, And do's blasphemous breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee, Offspring vnder her knees, then on her feet, Wy'de euery day the liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

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

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion Childe of integrity, hath from my foule Wip'd the blacke Scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuillish Macbeth, By many of these traines, hath fought to win me Into his power: and modest Wisdom pluckes me From our credulous haft: but God about Deale betwene thee and me; For euen now I put my selfe to thy Direction, and Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne, Scarcely haue couet'd what was mine owne: At no time broke my Faith, would not betray The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly Is thine, and my poore Countries to command: Whither indeed, before they heere approch Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth: Now weel 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 say his Cure: their malady conuincs The great assay of Art. But at his touch, Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand, They presently amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King, Which often since my heere remaine in England, I haue seene him do: How he solicates heauen Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people All I wolueand Vicerous, pittifull to the eyes, 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 heauily guilt of Prophecie, And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See who comes heere.

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

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now, Good God betimes remoue The meane that shakes vs Strangers.

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas poore Country,

Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing But who knows 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 Relations! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newnest griefe?

Ross. That of an houses age, doth hisse the speaker,

Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Ross. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Ross. Well too.

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

Ross. No, they were well at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How go'st?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the Tydings

Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour

Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,

Which was to my beleefe winneth the rather,

For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland

Would create Souldiours, make our women fight,

To doffe their dire distresses.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath

Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,

An older, and a better Souldier, none

That Christendome giues out.

Ross. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words

That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,

Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe

Due to some single brest?

Ross. No minde that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part

Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

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

Ross. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,

Which shall possesse them with the heauiest found

That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Ross. Your Castle is surpris'd: your Wife, and Babes

Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner

Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere

To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen!

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:

Giue sorrow words: the griefe that do's not speake,

Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

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

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

Ross. I haue said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,

To cure this deadly griefe.

Macd. Heh's no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All!

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme

At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like a man,

Macd. I shall do so:

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,
Nor for their owne demerits; but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now.

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

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

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

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

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

Doct. I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it sleekest
watch'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown
upon her, unlooke her Closet, take fourth paper, folde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Scale it, and againe
returne to bed; yett all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to recueve at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumby agitation, besides her walking, and other
asuall 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, having no witness
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vpon
my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came the by that light?

Gent. Why it flood by her: the 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 the do's now?
Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. 'Tis an accustomed' 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. Heare, 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, fye,
a Souldier, and affear'd what need we feare? he knows
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

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

Doct. Do you marke that?

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

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you should not.

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

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

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

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

Doct. Well, well, well.
Gent. Pray God it be fir.

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

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

Doct. Euen so?

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

Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whilp'ings are abroad; vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillows will discharge their Secrets:
More needs the Diuine, then the Physician:
God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And fill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mard, and smas'd my fight,
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctour. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteb, Catines,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolme*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduffe*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Bynnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cat. Who knowes if *Dunlone* be with his brother?

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

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

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

He

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

Ang. Now do's he feele

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

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

Cat. Well, march we on,
To giue 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. Onso much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

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

Enter Seruant.

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

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Mac. Geefe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

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

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Mac. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this puff
Will cheere me euer, or discheate me now.

I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is faine into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not lookke to haue: but in their feed,
Curfes, 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?

Mac. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported,
Mac. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac. Ile put it on:

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

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

Mac. Cure of that:

Can't thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written Troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanse the stuffe of solem, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must ministr to himselfe.

Mac. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it:
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:

Seyton, send out Doctour, the Thanes flye from me:
Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctour, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and prifite Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rabsrb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugges
Would cower thee English hence: hear't 't of them?

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

Mac. Bring it after me:

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnan Forrest come to Dunfinne.

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

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteb, Catines, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Mal. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before vs?

Mal. The wood of Birnanne.

Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And beart's before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discovery
Erre in report of vs.

Sald. It shall be done.

Sey. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes fill in Dunfinne, and will indure
Our setting downe before't.

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

Mac. Let our iust Centures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

nn 3 Industrious

Industrious Souldier ship.

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

Scena Quinta.

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

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

A Cry within of Women.

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

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

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

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

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

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

Macb. Well, say fir.

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

Macb. Lysar, and Slaue.

Mef. 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 speake'st this,
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
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 Dunfinane, and now a Wood

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

Scena Sexta.

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

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

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

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speake, giue the all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hotter nam'd
Then any is in hell,

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

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

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

T. 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 scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noile is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou best slaine, and with no stroke 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 Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with an vn battered edge
I sheath againe vndeceid. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes

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

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

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

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

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

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

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne,
Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyd thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

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

Macb. Thou loofest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed life, which must not yeild
To one of woman borne.

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

Macb. Accus'd be that tongue that tels mee so:
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleu'd,
That palter with vs in a double fence,
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 lue to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monisters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

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

*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.**Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.*

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

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

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

Sey. Then he is dead?
Ross. 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?

Ross. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And 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 new comfort
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands

Th' Vsurper's curst head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

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

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.