

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

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 surpassee
All, that vvas euer vvir in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.



Master: Dene haue: Sculptor: London.

LO N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cry. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
 Str. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
 Str., thou hast bin all this while asleepe :
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen :
 My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this looing day
 More then *Oltanius*, and *Marke* & *Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto,
 So fare you well at once, for *Brunius* tongue
 Hath almost ended hisnes History :
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

Str. Hence: I will follow :
 I pryshee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect :
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honour in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,)
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato* ?

Stra. Give me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.
 Str. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Cesar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. Dyes.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Oltanius*, *Meſſala*,
Lucilius, and the Army.

Str. What man is that ?

FINIS.



Meſſala. My Masters man *Strato*, where is thy Master ?
 Str. Free from the Bondage in thee is *Meſſala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him,
 For *Brunius* only ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.
 Lucil. So *Brunius* should be found. I thank thee *Brunius*.
 That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius* saying true,
 Oſta. All that ſeru'd *Brunius*, I will entartaine them.
 Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me ?
 Str. I ſet *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.

Oſta. Do fo, good *Meſſala*.

Meſſala. How dyed thy Maffer *Strato* ?
 Str. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

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

That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maffer.

Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all :

All the Conspirators ſau'e only hee,
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cesar* ?
 He, only in a general 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 by's
 And lay to all the world; This was a man.

Oſta. According to his Verree, let vs vſe him
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
 So call the Field to refl, and let's away,

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

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches.

1. When haſt we three meet againe ?
 1. In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine ?
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
 When the Battale's loſt, and wonne,
 3. That will be cre the ſet of Sunne.
 1. Where the place ?
 2. Upon the Heath.
 3. There to meet with Macbeth.
 1. I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Paddock calls anoun: faire is foul, and foulie is faire,
 Hower through the fogge and filthie ayre. Exeunt omnes.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King *Malcom*, *Douglaine*, *Lithix*, with attendants, meeting
 a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that ? he can report,
 As ſeemeth by his blight, of the Revolt
 The newet State.

Mal. This is the Sircian, Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
 'Gainſt my Captiuitie : Haile braue friend ;
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
 As thou diſt leue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it floode,
 At two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choke their Aſt : The mercileſe *Macdonald*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villaines of Nature
 Doe ſwarme vpon him) from the Wetterne Iſles
 Of Kernes and Gallowgrefers is ſupply'd,
 And Fortune on his damned Quarey ſmiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebell Whore ; but all's too weake :
 For braue *Macbeth* well hee deſerves that Name
 Diſdaining Fortune, with his blidithi Steele,
 Which ſmook'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minion) cutt'd out his paſſage,
 Till hee fac'd the ſtate.

Which neuer ſhooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
 Till hee vicitall him from the Nauie with Chops,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reſection,
 Shipracking Stormes, and diſtrefl Thunders ;
 So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
 Discomfort twiſſes: Marke King of Scotland, marke
 No looner Iuſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
 Compell'd thee ſkipling Kernes to truſt their heels,
 But the Norweyan Lord, ſurveying vantages,
 With burbuſt Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
 Began a fresh affiſt.

King. Difmayd d' not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Bangab ?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles ;
 Or the Hare, the Lyon :
 If I gaſt foorth, I muſt report they were
 As Cannons over-charg'd with double Creake,
 So they doubly redoubled stroktes vpon the Foe :
 Except they meant to bathe in fecking Wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha.

I cannot tell : but I am faint,
 My Gafhes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
 They inack of Honor both : 'Go get him Surgeons,

Enter *Rofe* and *Angus*.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rofe.

Lenor. What a haſte lookeſ through his eyes ?

So ſhould he looke, that ſeemēs to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſe. God ſau'e the King.

King. Whence can't thou, worthy Thane ?

Roſe. From Fife, great King,
 Where the Norweyan Banners flew the Skie,
 And fanne our people cold,
 Norwey himselfe, with terrible numbers,
 Affiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
 The Thane of Cawdot, began a diſmal Conflict,
 Till that *Belona*'s Bridegroome, laſt in prooſe,
 Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
 Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme 'gainſt Arme,
 Curbing his lauifh ſpirit : and to conclude,
 The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happiness.

Roſe. That now *Sweno*, the Notwaynes King,
 Craves compoſition :
 Nor would we deignē him buriall of his men,
 Till hee diſburſed an Saint *Colmes* ynce,
 Ten thouſand Dollars, to our general vfe.

King. No

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

Roff. Ile see it done.

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

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beeene, Sister?
2. Killing Swiue.
3. Sister, where thort?
4. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mountch, & mountch, and mountch:

Give me, quoth I.

Aroyn thee Witch, the rumpe-fed Konyon cryes,
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither fayle,
And like a Rat without a stye,
Ile doe, ile doe, and ile doe.

2. Ile give thee a Wnde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. My selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
Ith' *Ship-mans* Card.

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Peat-houfe Lid:
He shall liue a man forbiid:
Wearie Seu' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempeft-tost.

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wracke, as homward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Macb. So soule and faire a day I haue not seen,
Banq. How faire ist call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wther'd, and so wilde in their attye,
That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Lieu you, or are you augh,
That man may queftion? you feome to understand me,
Ea each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her kinne Lips: you shoud be Women,
And yet your Beards forbide me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee, *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee, *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shal be King hyreafier.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and leeme to feare
Things that doe found to faire? Ith' name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preft Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble haung, 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 then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shal get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinels* 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 proft of belief,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence,
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blafed Heaft you flop our way
With fuch Propheticke greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

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

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

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.
Banq. You shall be King.

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

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

Enter *Roffe* and *Angu*.

Roffe. The King hath happily receiued *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he ha's
Thy perfonal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which shoud be thine, or his: silence, i' th' watch, (N.Y.)
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-fame day,
He findes thee in the stout Norwyan Ranke,
Nothing afraid of what thy felfe did make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale,
Can poft with poft, and every one did bear,
Thy prayfes in his Kingdome great defene,
And pow'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Only to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Roffe. 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 drefle me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deserves to loofe.

Whether he was combind with thoſe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage: or that with both he laboured
In his Countreys wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confes'd, and prou'd,
Hauē overthrewne him.

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

Banq. That trufted horſe,
Might yet eynkynle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtrumēnts of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest conſequēnce:
Confius, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two, Truſhes are told,
As happy Prologues to the (willing) Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This, supernaturall soliciting,
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 yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfix my fide,
And make my feard Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vle of Nature? Preſent feares
Are lefte that horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes my ſingle ſtate of Men,
That Function is ſmother'd in fulme,
And nothing ill, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my flire.

Banq. Now, forswore, come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of wea.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the ſtoure, runs through the roughest Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-
ture.

Macb. Give me thy fauour: I
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kindle Gentlemen, your paines wee refifted,
Where chey day, Iurne me the Leafes
To read them.

Leſs toward the King: I thinke vpon
What hath chiffted, and at more time, ſaying
The Interiu, having weight'd it, ſpeake
Our free Hearts eſch to other.

Banq. Very glady, I ſhall ſay vpon it.
Macb. Till then enough: Come friends.

Exeunt.

all W.M.A.

Scena Quarta.

Florisb. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donaldaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?

Or noe thoſe in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back:

But I haue ſpake with one that faw him die:

Who did report, that very franticke hee

Confes'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesſe Pardon,
And fet for a deape Repentance:

Nothing in his Life became him,

Like the leaſing it. Hee dy'd,

As one that had beeſt ſtudie in his death,

To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a careleſſ Trifle.

King. There's no Art,

To finde the Minde's conſtruction in the Face:

He was a Gentleman, on whom I built

An abſolute Truſt.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Banquo*, *Roffe*, and *Angu*.

O worthyt Cousin,

The ſime of my Ingratitude even now

Was heauie on me. Thou art to fare before,
That ſwiftſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,

To ouertake thee. Wou'd that haſte leſſe defer'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and pay'd,

Might haue beeſe mine: onely I haue left to ſay,
Mote is thy duthen more then all can pay.

Macb. The feruice, and the loyaltie we ſe,

In doing it, payes iſelfe.

Your Highnesſe part, is to receiue our Duties:

And our Duties are to your Throne, and ſtate,

Children, and ſervants; which doe but what they ſhould,

By doing every thing late 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 defer'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done fo: Let me enfold thee,

And hold thee to my Heart,

Banq. There if I grow,

The Harueſt is your owne.

King. My pleaſtſt joyes,

Wanton in fulneſſe, feele to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,

And you whose places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtablish our Eſtate vpon

Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereaſter,

The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaſſociated, inuenct him only,

But ſignes of Noblenesſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deferters. From hence to Envernes,

And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Ref is Labor, which is not vſ'd for you:

Ile be my felfe the Herberger, and make loyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:

So humbly take my leaſe.

King. My yorſt *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,

On which I muſt ſlowne, or elſe o're-leape,

m

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

For in my way it lies, Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires :
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed :
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome :
It is a peccleffe Kinman. *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe : and I haue
learnd by the perfell report, they haue more in them, than
mortall knowledge. When I burne in desire to question them
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanisht.
Whiles I flood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miftresses from
the King, who all-halfe me Theane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these wayward Sifters saluted me, and referre d me to
the comming on of time, with halfe King that halfe bee. This
hane I thought good to deliver her (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that ther might not loose the dues of rejoycing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glanyis thou art, and Cawdor, and that: he
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milke of humaine kindnesse,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldest be great,
Att not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse shouldest attend it. What thou wouldest highly,
That wouldest thou hold: wouldest not play false,
And yet wouldest wronge winne.

Thould'st thou have, great Glanyis, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it ;
And that which rather thou doest feare to doe,
Then wisthould shouldest be endone. High hee hicher,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chalifie with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedies thee from the Golden Round,
Which Faie and Metaphyficall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is thy tiding?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it,
Is not thy Mather with him? who, wer' so
Would haue 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 so almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then wouldest make vp his Meffage.

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

The Rauen himselfe is horse,
That croakes the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnfex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, topfull
Of direll Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th' access, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctions vulting of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betwenee
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brefts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your fightefesse subfances,
You wait on Natures Milchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnett smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife fee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peape through the Blanket of th' darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. My dearest Loue,

Duncan comes here to Night,

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposeth.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow fee,
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 vnderr'. He that's comming,
Mull be prouided for : and you shall proue
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nighths, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely fowraight way, and Mafterdom.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Only looke vp cleare:

To alter favor, euer is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hobges, and Torches. Enter King, *Malcolm*,
Donalbaine, *Banquo*, *Lenox*, *Macduff*,
Rofe, *Angus*, and *Attendants*.

King. This Castle hath a pleasan feare,
The syre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle fenes.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barler does approue,
By his wooning Manforny, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooning here: no lury freeze,
Butrice, 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 syre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, fee, our honord Hostesse:
The Loue that follows vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which fill we thankse 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 feries,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and singfe Businesse, to contred
Against thofe Honors deape, and broad,
Wherewich your Maifteſſe loades our Houſe:
For thofe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap dyp to them, we ref your Ermites.

King. Where's

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

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

Lady. Your Servants euer,
Haue theirs, themſelues, and what is theirs in compyt,
To make their Audit at your Highnells pleaure,
Still to retorne your owne. *Exeunt.*

King. Give me your hand:

Condict me to mine Hoſt, we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leue Hostesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Ho-hoys. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. Fit were done, when't is done, then twer well,
It were done quickly: if th' Affination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his furceſſe, Succell: that but this blow
Might be the all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'ld ſump the life to come. But in theſe Cafes,
We ſhall haue judgement heere, that we haue
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, retorne
To plague th' Inuentor. This eu'en-handed Inſtice
Commendes th' Ingeſtice of our poſſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heete in double trut,
First, as I am his Kifkin, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not bear the knife my ſelfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties to mecke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd agaſt
The deade damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightefesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the wind. I haue no Spurrie
To prickke the fides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe.
Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

Lady. He haſt almost ſiptwyr: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he haſt?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all forteſſe of people,
Which wouldest be worne now in their neweft gloſſe,
Not cast afide ſo ſoone.

Lady. Was the hope drunke,
Wherewich you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke so greenne, and pale,
At what it did to ſee? From this time,
Sucht account thy loue. Art thou aſſeſ'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Wouldest thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon you, I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Auldage.

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

Lady. What Beſt 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 to much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhre, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themſelues, and that their finnesſe now
Do's vnymake you. I haue gauen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
Would, while it was ſmyngly in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſt the Braines out, had I fo'worne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould faille?
Lady. We faille?

But ſcrew your courage to the ſlicking place,
And we'ld not fayle: when *Duncan* is aſſeſ'd,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will with Wine, and Waffell, go conuince,
That Memorie, the Warden of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Recieſe of Reaſon
A Lynebeck only: when in Swinſh ſleeppe,
Their drenched Natures lyſes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perorme vpon
Th' vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His ſprung Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For they vndauanted Merte ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Wilt it not be receu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those ſleeping two
Of his own Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

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

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat,
Away, and mock the moke 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 the 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.

mm 3

A heauie Summons lies like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repole.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.
Bang. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed,
He hath beene in vniual Pleasure,
And fent forth great Large to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse,
And shut vp in measurelesse content.

Macb. Being vnpair'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else shoulde haue haue wrought.

Bang. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houer to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Bang. At your kindest leure.

Macb. If you shal cleane to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lofe none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bolome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counfai'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir, the like to you. Exit Bang.

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

Is this a Digger, which I fee before me,
The Handis toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

I haue thee not, and yet I fee thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vison, sensible

To seeing, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a fale Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-opprest Braine?

I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshallst me the way that I was going,
And fuen an Instrument I was to vfe.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I fee thee still;

And on thy Blaye, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing;

It is the bloody Businesse, which informs
Thus co mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

Nature feenes dead, and wicked Dreames abufe
The Curtai'ns ill-ope: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Heecats Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Cenewell, the Wolfe,

Whiche howle's his Watch, thus with his fealhy pace,
With Taygues ranfing fides, towards his deffine

Monis like a Ghost. Thou fowre and firme-set Earth
Hesse not my flesps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very tones prate of my where-abous,
And take the preuent horror from the time,

Whiche now lies with it. While I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

And

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Hearc it not, Duncane, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, haue given me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shrifk'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern't good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeited Groomes do mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what haue?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And it's not done th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
I feard not misse 'em. Had he not reftembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't,
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not hear 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 lies i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Mac. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to fay a forry fight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in their sleep,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I haue, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And adreft them again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had feene me with these Hangmans hands:
Lifing their feate, I could not fay Amen,
When they did fay God blesse vs.

Lady. Conifer'd it not so deeply.

Macb. 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 voice cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murthe Sleep, the innocent Sleep,

Sleepe that kniue vp the rauel'd Sleue of Care,
The death of each daye. Life, for Laborz Bath,
Balme of hurt Minde, great Natures second Course,
Chife nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glaum hath murther Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd whyrcherous Thane,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinkne
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

Scena Tertia.

And wash this filche Wimble from your Hand,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They muft haue beene: goe carry them, and smere
The fleeples with blood.

Macb. I goe no more:

I am afraid, to think what I haue done:
Looke on againe, I dare not.

Lady. Inuine of purpose?

Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bled,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it muft seeme their Guilt.

Exit.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
What Hande are here? ha: they pluckt out mine Eyes,
Will all great Neptune ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand: no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnadine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

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

I haue knocking at the South entry:
Retre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleare vs of this deid.
How easie is it then? your Conſtancie

Hath left you unattended. Knock.

Heareke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt

So poorely in thy thoughts. Knock.

Macb. To know my deid. Knock.

Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:

I would thou could'st. Exit.

Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if it's a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, he shoulde haue old turning the Key.
Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of Bedlam? Here's a Farmer, that haue
himselfe on the expectation of Plenty: Come in time, haue
Napkins shew about you, here you're sweat for. Knock,
Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuile's Name?
Faith here's an Equinoculator, that could sware in Both
the Scalp against cyther Scale, who committed Treson
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equinoculate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equinoculator. Knock. Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hole:
Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goose. Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Notas qui: What are you but this
place is too cold for Helle. Ile Deuill. Porter: I feare not further:
I had thought to haue let in some of all Profelions, that

goe the Primrose waye with euerglasting Bonfire. Knock.

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you wels to bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faich Sir, we were carowing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Note-painting, Sleep, and Vraine.
Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and vnprouokes: it provokes
the desire, but it kites away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be fai'd to be an Equinoculator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it matries him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off: it perwades him, and di-hartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion,
equinoculates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macd. I beleue Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very Throast on me: but I
req'ued him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he took vpon 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.

Macd. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost flipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:

Exit Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macd. He does: he did appoin't.

Lenox. The Night ha's beene vniſtly:

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' Euent,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.

The obfice Bird clam'rd the lue-long Night:
Some lay, the Earth was feuerous,
And did shake.

Macb. Twas a rough Night.

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

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name the

Macb. Confusion now hath made his Master-pece:

Most facrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence

The Life o'th Building.

Macb. What is it you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Goren. Doe not bid me speake:

See,

See, and then speake your selues : awake, awake,
 Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
 Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
 Banquo, and Donalbaine: Macduff come awake,
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
 And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see.
 The great Doomes Image: Macduff, Banquo,
 As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance his horrour. Ring the Bell,
 Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Butifullies?
 That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the world? ipeake, ipeake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
 'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
 The repetition in a Womans care,
 Would murther as it selfe,

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd.
 Lady. Woe, alas:
 What, in our Hous'e?
 Ban. Too cruell, any where.
 Deceit Duff, i prynche contradict thy selfe,
 And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre 'fore this chance,
 I had lu'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':
 The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
 Is stont, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
 Mal. Oh, by whom?
 Lenox. Tho'le 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 wnwip'd, we found
 Vpon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distraffted,
 No man's Life was to be truelt with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?
 Macb. Who can be wife, amaz'd, temp'r'ate, & furious,
 Loyall and Neutral, in a moment? No man:

Th'expedition of my violent Loue
 Out-ran the pawer, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His Siner skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
 And his gal'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
 For Runes waufull entrance: there the Murtherers,
 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
 Vnmanerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
 That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
 Courage to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Help me heince, ho.
 Macd. Looke to the Lady.
 Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
 That moft may clayme this argument for ours?
 Doral. What should be ispoken here,

Where our Fat hid in an augure hole,
 May ruff, and feize vs? Let's away,
 Our Teates are not yet brewd.
 Macd. Nor our strong Sorrow
 Vpon the foot of Motion.
 Banq. Looke to the Lady:
 And when we haue our naked Frailtie, hid,
 That suffer in expouiture; let vs meet,
 And question this moft bloody piece of worke,
 To knowe further. Fears and scruples shake vs:
 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
 Agaifft the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
 Of Treafonous Malicie.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Macd. What will you doe?

Let's not conſort with them:

To shew an vnfelt Sorow, is an Office

Which the falſe man do's eaſe.

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our separated fortune shall keepe vs both the ſifer:
 Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;

The neare in blood, the neare bloody.

Macd. This muſtherous Shaft that's thor,

Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafeſt way,

Is to ſuoid the ayme. Therefore to Horſe,

And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,

But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theſt,

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ross, with an Old man.

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

Koffe. Ha, good Father,
 Thou feſt the Heauens, as troubled with mans Aſt,
 Threatenſt the bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
 And yet darke Night ſtrangles the traualing Lampe:

Iſt Nights predominance, or the Dayes ſtrame,
 That Darkeſſe doſe the face of Earth intombe,
 When living Light ſhould kille it?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
 Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday laſt,
 A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
 Was by a Mowing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Roffe. And Duncans Horſe,

(A thing moft ſtrange, and certaine)
 Beauteous and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,

Turnd wilde nature, broke their ſhalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would

Make Warre with Mankinde.

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

Roffe. They did ſo:

To

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

Enter Macduff.

Heere comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why ſee you not?

Roff. I ſtoke who did this moft bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlaine.

Roff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were iuborne,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes
 Are ſtolen away and fled, which puts vpon them
 Sulution of the deede.

Roff. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,

Thrifteſſe Ambition, which will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meaneſſe: Then 'tis moft like,

The Soueraintie will falſifyon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already mā'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuerted.

Roff. Where is Duncans body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred ſtore-houſe of his Predeceſſors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Roff. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, Ha to Fife.

Roff. Well, I will thirſt.

Macd. Well may you ſee things wel done there: Adieu

Leaſt our old Robes fit eaſier then our new.

Roff. Farewell, Father.

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

Exeunt omnes

(Which fill hath been both graue, and prosp'rous)

In this dayes Councell: but we'e take to morrow.
 It ſet you ride?

Bar. As fare, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
 'Twixt this, and ſupper. Goe not my Horſe the better,
 I muſt becom a borower of the Night,

For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feat.

Bar. My Lord, I will not.

Macd. We haue our bloody Cozenes are beſtow'd
 In England, and in Ireland, not confeſſing

Thei're culle Pariſe, filling their hearts
 With ſtrange inuenſion. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we ſhall haue cauſe of State,
 Craving vs loyally. Hye to you to Horſe:

Adieu, till you returne at Night,
 Goes Fleance with you?

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

Macb. I with your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
 And ſo I doe command you to the time.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
 Till feuen at Night, to make ſocietie

The ſweete welcome:
 We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend thofe men
 Our pleaſure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
 Gare.

Macb. Bring them before vs. Exit Seruant.

To be thus is nothing, but to be ſafe thus:
 Our feares in Banquo ſtike deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reigneſſe that
 Which would be feard. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntleſſe temper of his Minde,
 He hath a Wifdom, that doth guide him ſuolour,

To act in ſafetie. There is none but he,

Whofe being I doe feare: and vnder him,
 My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is faid

Mark Anthony was by Cesar. He chid the Sifters,
 When firſt they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them ſpeak to him. Then Prophet-like,
 They had' him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they pla'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an unlineal Hand,

No Sonne of mine ſucceeding : if 't be ſo,
 For Banquo's illue haue I fil'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious Duncan haue I murther'd,

Put Rancours in the Vefell of my Peace
 Only for them, and mine eternall Jewell

Given to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Lyf,
 And champion me to th' uterance,

Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Attirbevers.

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

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we ſpoke together?

Macb. It was, to pleafe your Highneſſe.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you confider'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,
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. *Marth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so :

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting :
Do you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe ?
Are you so Gofell'd, no pray for this good man,
And for his issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer ?

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

Macb. I, in the Catalogue 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 swifte, the slowe, the subtle,
The Houfe-keepet, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd : whereby he doth receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you haue a staton in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Befisness in your Botomes,
Whioe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Whoe were 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 Disafuers, rugg'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.

Marth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So he mine; and in such bloody distancie,
That every minute of his being, thrusf
Against my ne'er't of Life; and though I could
With bare fac'd power weape him from my fight,
And bid my wauoch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wyle his fall,
Who I my selfe stuk downe : and thence it is,
That I to your affiance doe make loue,
Masking the Befisness from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty 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 aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaine you with the perfe& Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And somthing from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke :
Elean', his Sonne, that keepes him company,
Whose abesse is no leffe material to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre : relolue your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Marth. We are ready'd, my Lord.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court ?

Servant. I, Madam, but returns againe to Night.

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

Servant. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nough't had, all's spent,

Where our deafe is got without content :
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by deuotion dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keele alone ?
Or forsyft Fancies your Companions making,
Vng the thof Thoughts, which shold 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 forch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee's clo'e, and hee's delfe, whilest our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But le the frame of things dis-loynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our Meale in feare, and sleape
In the affliction of these terrible Dremes,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gaue our peace, haue fent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to ly.

In reflexie exstasie.

Duncane is in his Graue :

After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treaton ha's done his wort: nor Steele, nor Poysion,
Malice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on :

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and louial 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 Tongues :

Vnlate the white, that wee muft laue
Our Honors in these flatering freames;

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You muft leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife :

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Elean' liues,

Lady. But

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

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

Lady. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeing Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloodie and insifible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thicknes,
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 rowfe.
Thou maruell'ſt at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by it:
So syphhee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

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

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lord. Thankes to your Maiestie.

Macb. Our felte will mingle with Society,

And play the humble Host :

Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

4. 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 fides are even : here I lie, fit i'th' mid'f.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood sponhy face.

Mur. Tis Banquo's then.

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

I ha'e dispatch'd ?

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

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

Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleiss:

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

Mur. Most Royall Sir.

Elean. Is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe :

I ha'e elle bene perfec't,

Whole as the Marble, founed as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the casng Ayre,

But now I am cabin'd, cub'd, boundin',

To fawy doubtys, and feares. But Banquo's safe.

Mur. I, my good Lord, I saf'e in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trench'd gaffes on his head,

The leaf'd Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the growne Serpent lies, the worme that's fled.

Hath Nature in time will Vnname breed,

No teeth for th' prent. Gerthe gone, to morrow

Well' ha'e our felues againe.

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not give the Cheere, the Peafe is sold

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

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

From thence, the lawce to meate is Ceremony,

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrance :

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

Elean. May' please thy Highnesse sic.

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

Were the græd'ſon of our Banquo present :

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindesse,

Then pitty for Mifchance.

Ros. His abience (Sir)

Layes blame uppon thy promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company ?

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.
 Lenox. Heere is a place refur'd Sir.
 Macb. Where?
 Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
 What is't that moves your Hignesse?
 Macb. Which of you haue done this?
 Lord. What, my good Lord?
 Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
 Thy goary lockes at me.
 Rofe. Gentlemen rife, his Hignesse is not well.
 Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
 And haue beene from his youth. Pray keepe Seat,
 The fit is momentary, proue a thought.
 He will againe be well. If much you note him
 You shall offend him, and exten 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 stufte: This is the very painting of your face:
 This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
 Led you to *Duncane*. O, these flaves and stars
 (Impoflers to true feare) would well become
 A woman's flory, at a Winters fire.
 Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it felfe,
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done
 You looke but on a stool.

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

La. What? quite vinn'd in folly.

Macb. If I dauid heere, I fawm.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene fhed ere now, i' th' olden time
 Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle W'ale:
 I, and since Iro, Murther's haue bene perform'd.
 Too terrible for the eare. The times haue beene,
 That when the Braines were out, the man wold dye,
 And there an end: But now they rife againe
 With worty mortall murtherers on their crownes,
 And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange
 Then such a murther is.

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

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

Enter *Gifte*.

I drinke to th' general ioy of th' whole Table,
 And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we hiffie:
 Would we were heere: to all, and him we thirft,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Auant, & quit my figh, let the earth hide thee:
 Thy bones are marrowles, thy blood is cold:
 Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thofe eyes
 Which thofe doſt glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres:
 But is a riung of Culfome: 'Tis no other,
 Only it ſpoyleſt the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
 Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or be againe,
 And dare me to the Delfart with thy ſword:
 If trembling I inhabet, then, preſt me
 The Baby of a Gire. Fene horrible shadow,
 Vnreall mock'r y'ſence. Why ſo, being gone
 I am a man againe: pray you fit ill.
 La. You haue diſplaſ'd the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting, with moſt admitt'd disorder.
 Macb. Can ſuch things be,
 And overcom'e vs like a Summers Cloud,
 Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
 Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
 When now I think you can be holden ſights,
 And keepe the natural Rubie of your Cheekeſ,
 When mine is blanched with feare.
 Rofe. What ſights, my Lord?
 La. I pray you ſpeak neare: he growes worse & worse
 Q'ſtione enragis him: at once, goodnight.
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

La. Goodnight, and better health
 Attend his Maieſty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*

Macb. It will haue blood they ſay:

Bloode will haue Bloode: ſtones haue
 Haue beene knowne to moe, & Trees to ſpeak:
 Augures, and vnderſide Relations, haue
 By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
 The ſecret it man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with moring, which is which.
 Macb. How ſayth thou that *Macduff* denies his peron
 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 beimes I will) to the weyward Sisters.

More shall they ſpeak: for now I am bent to know
 By the worty meanes, the worty, 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 redious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
 Which muſt be aſted, 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 iuſtice feare, that wants hard vſe:
 We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
 Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angry?
 Hecat. Haue I not reſon (Beldams) as you are?
 Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
 To Trade, and Trifhcke with *Macbeth*,
 In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

And

And I the Miftis of your Charmes,
 The cloſe contriuer of all harmes,
 Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
 Or flew the glory of our Art?

And which is worfe, all you haue done
 Hath bene, but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
 Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i' th' Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Definie,
 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 fatal end.

Great buſineſſe must be wrought ere Noone,
 Vpon the Corner of the Moon.

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
 Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that diſill'd by Magick ſights,
 Shall raiſe ſuch Aſſaſins Sprights,

As by the strength of their illuſion,
 Shall draw him to his Conuſion.

He ſhall ſpurne Fate, ſcore Death, and bear
 His hopes 'boute Wifedom, Grace, and Fear:

And you all know, Security
 Is Mortals cheefed Enemie.

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

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoon be
 Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lemon. My former Speeches,
 Haue but hit your Thoughtes,
 Which can interpret farther: Only I ſay
 Things haue bin ſtrangly borne. The gracious *Duncane*
 Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
 Whom you may ſay (if it pleau you) *Fleas* kill'd,
 For *Fleas* fied: Men muſt not walke too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monitrous
 It was for *Macdole*, and for *Donalbaine*
 To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
 How it did greue *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
 In pious rage, the two delinquent tear,
 That were the Slaves of drinke, and thrallies of ſleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done?, and wiſely too:
 For 'twould haue angerd any heart alife
 To hearre the men denyt: So that I ſay,
 He haſt borne all things well, and I do think,
 That had he *Duncane* ſonne under his Key,
 (As, andt please Heuen, he ſhall not) they ſhould finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleas*,
 But peace: for from broad words, and cauſe he ſay'd
 His preſence at the Tyrants Feaſt, I hearre
Macduff lies in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he beſtores himſelfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)

Lies 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, vpon his ayd,

To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
 Tha by the helpe of thefe (with him aboue)

To ratify the Worfes) we may againe
 Gue to our Tables meat, ſleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feaſts, and Banqueta bloody kniues;

Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hatch to exasperate their King, that hee

Prepares for ſome attemp of Warre.

Lenox. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an abolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turns me his backe,
 And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you're the time
 That clogges me with this Anſwer.

Lenox. And that will might

Adiue him to a Caution, to hold what diſtance
 His wiſdome can provide. Some holy Angell
 Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
 His Meſſage ere he come, that a wiſe blifſſing
 May ſoonne returne to this our ſuffering Country,
 Vnder a hand accu'd.

Lord. He ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

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. Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1. Round about the Caldron go:

In the poſydon Entrails throw
 Toad, thar vnder cold ſtone,
 Daze and Nights, ha's thirty one:
 Swelched Venom ſleeping got,
 Boyle thouſt i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, roile and trouble;
 Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

Filler of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:

Eye of Newe, and Toe of Frogge,
 Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:

Adet: Forke, and Blinde-wormes ſting,
 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:

For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
 Like a Hell-broch, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
 Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe

Of the ruin'd ſalt Sea Sharke:

Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i' th' darke:
 Luer of Blaſpheming lew,
 Gall of Goate, and ſlipses of Yew;

Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Noſe

of Turke, and Tartars lips :
At birth strangled Babie,
Drencher'd by a Drab,
Made the Grewell thicke, and Gab.
Add thereto a Tigers Clawdron,
For th' ingredient of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is faine and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

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

Macbeth, and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

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

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. How now you teeter, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me :
Though you vnyte the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches : Though the yefly Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation vp :
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads :
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do flope
Their heads to their Foundations : Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction sicken : Answer me
To what I askes you.

1. Speake.

2. Demand.

3. Weel'anwer.

1. Say, if't hadst rather hear it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Mac. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

1. Powre in Sowles blood, that hath eaten
Her nene Farrow : Greaze that's sweteen
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Plane.

All. Come high or low :

They Selfe and Office deafty shew.

Thunder.

1. Apparation, an Armed Head.

Mac. Tell me, thou unknowne power.

1. He knowes thy thought :

Hear his speech, but say thou'ngt.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth :

Beware Macduff,

Beware the Thane of Fife : dismiss me. Enough.

He Desrons.

Mac. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haft harp'd my fere aight. But one word more,
1. He will not be commanded : here's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Mac. 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.

Mac. Then lieue Macduff: what need I feare of thee?
But yet I'll make affurance : double sure,
And take a Bond of Foste : thou shalst not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies ;

And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3. Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand,
What is this, that rises like the illue of a King,
And wearis upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3. Appar. Be Lyon metted, proud, and take no care :
Who chases, who fiers, or where Conspires are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunmane Hill

Shall come against him.

Mac. That will never bee :

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree
Visfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good :
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Byrman rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall lise the Leafe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hate
Thrubs to know one thing : Tell me, if thy Art
Can tell so much : Shall Banquo's issue euer

Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied. Denye me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you : Let me know, !
Why finkes that Calderon? & what noise is this? Hoboys

1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

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

A shew of eight Kingz, and Banquo left, with a glasse
in his hand.

Mac. Thouart too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the fist :
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggis,

Why do you fnew me this? — A fourth? State yes !
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 bears a glasse,
Whch shewes me many more : and som I see,

That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.

Horrif fight : Now I see 'tis true,

For the Blood-boister'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1. Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his frights,

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 dutys, did we come pay.

Mac. Where are they? Gone ?

Let this pernitous hour,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Mac. What's your Graces will.

Mac. Saw you the Weynd Sifters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Mac. Came they neaby you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Mac. Infected by the Ayre wherein they ride,

And dam'd all those that trift them : I did heare

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

Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word :

Macbeth is fled to England.

Mac. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Mac. Then, thou anticipat' st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose neuer is re-tooke

Vnlike the dead go with it. From this moment,

The very fiftlings of my heart shall be

The fiftlings of my hand. And even now

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

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; give to th'edge o' th' sword

His wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunat Soules

That traxt him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

But no more fight. Where are the Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

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 Flies?

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

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'd neuer Fear the Net, nor Lime,

The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why shold I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not fet for:

My Father is not dead for all your sayinge.

Wife. Yes, he is dead :

How wile 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'll be em to fell a gaine.

Wife. Thou speake it withall thy wile,

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 ly?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them e

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers eow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie :

But how wile thou do for a Father?

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

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

haue a newe Father.

Wife. Poore paster, how thou talk' st ?

Enter Messenger.

Me. Bleste 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 neccerly.

If you will take a honest mans aduise,

Be not found here : Hence with your little ones

To fight you thus. Me thinkes I am too fauge:

To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty;

Which is too nre your person. Heaven preserue you,

I dare abide no longer.

Wife. Whether should I flye ?

I haue done no harme. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world : where to do harmes

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)

Do I put vp that womanly defence,

To say I haue done no harme?

What are the faces ?

Enter Mortibers.

Mar. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,

Where such as thou mayst finde him.

Mar. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly' st thou shagge-eard Villaine."

Mar. What you Egge ?

Yong fry of Treachery ?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,

Run away I pray you.

N n

Exit crying Marther.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let vs feele out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our fad bosome empty.

Macd. Let vs rather

Hold our mortall Sword: & like good men,
Befride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morn,
New Widowes howle, new Orphanes cry, new forowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds
As it fets with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolor.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile;
What know, beleue; & what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil,
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tonges,
Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but somethome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall truce your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Mal. I haue lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there

Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawnele left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Morices, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I prav you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Difhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What euer I shall think.

Mal. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Iyrany, lay thou bafis fure,
For goodnesse dare not cheeke thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is affer'd. Far ther well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that is in the Tyrants Grapfe,
And the riche Earl to boot.

Mal. But offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I think our Country likes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaff
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There woulde be hands vplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousand. But for all this,
When I'll treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword: yet my poore Country,
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More iuster, and more iudny wayes then euer,
By him that shall succeede.

Mal. What shoulde he be?

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

That when they shal 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 confessele harness.

Mal. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Dauell more damnd' in
Evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Falle, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no botome, none
In my Voluptuouesesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cesterns of my Lust, and my Desir
All contynent Impediments woulde o're-bear.
That did oppose my will. Better Macduff,
Then fuch an one to reigne.

Mal. Boundfesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Tivnitely empynge of the happy Thron,
And fall of many Kinges. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Convey our pleafures in sypsicious plenty,
And yet feeme cold. The time you may to hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,
Finding fit to inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchelle Avarice, that were I King,
I shoulde cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others Houle,
And my more-hauing, woulde be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I shoulde forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good & Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Mal. This Avarice
sticke deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-leaing Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foylions, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are porabale,
With other Graces weight'd.

Mal. But I haue none, The King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stability,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relifh of them, but aboud'
In the diuision of each feuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I shoulde
Pourre the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound'
All vniety on earth.

Mal. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.
Mal. Fit to gouern? No not to live, O Natiō miserabile!
With an uninvited Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shal thou fee thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the treach'fliue of thy Thron
By his owne Interdiction stands accift,
And de'st blafpheme his breed? Thy Royal Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Ofiener vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she h'ld. Fare the well.

These

These Euils thou repeat'f vpon thy selfe,
Hath banis'd me from Scotland. O my Breff,
Thy hope ends here.

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. Diuellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power: and modeft Wifelode pluckes me
From outer-creduleous hau: but God aboue
Deale betwenee thee and me; For euen now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnpeake mine owne derraction. Heere abiuere
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my felie,
For strangers to my NATURE. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scasiflye haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, woulde not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lefe in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this vpon my felie. What I am truly
Is shinc, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they haue approa.h
Old Seward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now woulc together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Mal. Such welcome, and vniwelcom things at once
Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. I Sit: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That haue his Cure: their malady conuinceth
The great affay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctify haue Heaven giuen his hand,
They preffetly amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Mal. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most miraculouse worke in this good King,
Which often since my heire remaine in England,
I haue feene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but stranglely viſted people
All swolnēd Vlcerous, pitiful to the eye.
The meree dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden flamme about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and tis spoken
To the succeeding Royaltie he leauses
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly gift of Prophetic,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rafe.

Mal. See who comes here.

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

Mal. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

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

Rafe. Sir, Amen.

Mal. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rafe. Alas poore Country,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once scene to smile:
Where fighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, nor mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Modene catastro: 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.

Mal. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest griefe?

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

Mal. How do's my Wife?

Rafe. Why well.

Mal. And all my Children?

Rafe. Well too.

Mal. The Tyrant ha's not batte'd d' at their peace?

Rafe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leue 'em
Mal. Be not a niggard of your speech: How go's t?

Rafe. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue hauely borne, there ran a Rumour

Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was my beleue witness the rather.

For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of helpe: you eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our men fight,
To doffe their dire distrefles.

Mal. Bee't their comfort.

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none

That Christendome giues out.

Rafe. 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 shoulde not latch them.

Mal. What concerne they,
The generall caufe, or is it Fec-griefe

Due to some fingle breff?

Rafe. No minde that's honest

But in it haues forme woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Mal. If it be mine

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

Rafe. Let not your eares dispite my tongue for euer,
Which shal possesse them with the heauieſt found
That euer yet they heard.

Mal. Hum! I gueſſe at it.

Rafe. Your Cattle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauageley slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere

To addle the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Gue forrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,

Whispers the e-ſtraught hearts, and bids it breake.

Mal. My Children too?

Mal. Wife, Children, Segants, all that could be found.
Mal. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rafe. I haue fad.

Mal. Be comforted.

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

To cure this deadly griefe.

Mal. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you fay all? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fel swoape?

Mal. Dispute it like a man!

Mal. I fahl doſo:

But I must also feel 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
Fall slaughter on their foulies: Heaven rest them now.

Mac. Be this the Whetstone of thy sword, let grieve
Coniect to anger: blunt not the heart, enraged it.

Med. 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 let him, if he scape
Heauen forgive him too.

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

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicks, and a Waying
Gentlewoman.

Dott. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truthe in your report. When was it since last
walk'd?

Gen. Since his Maiestie went into the Field, I haue
seen her rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Closets, take fourt paper, fold it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Dott. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbray agitation, besides her walking, and other
actual performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
her say?

Gen. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Dott. You may to me, and tis most meet you shoule.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no wittesse
to confirm my speech. Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere comes: This is her very guise, and vp
on her fast sleepe comes: obserue her, hand close.

Dott. How came by thee light?

Gen. Why it stoo'd by her: she ha' light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Dott. You see her eyes are open.

Gen. I but their seale are slau.

Dott. What is it the do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gen. It is an accustom'd action wch her, to seeme
thus washinge her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Dott. Yet heere's a spott.

Dott. Hark, he speakes, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Le. Our clam'd spot: our Fay. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doot: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fe,
a Souldier, and afeard! what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

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

Dott. Do you marke that?

Le. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will thes hands ne'er be cleane? No more o'that: you marke all with this star-
ting.

Dott. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you shoule not.

Gen. She ha' spoke what shee shoule not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knows what shee ha' knowne.

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

Dott. What a figh is there? The herte is forely charg'd.

Gen. I would not haue such a herte in my boosome,
for the dignite of the whole body.

Dott. Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be fir.

Dott. This diseafe is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne thes who haue walke in their sleep, who haue
died holily in their beds.

Le. 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.

Dott. Even so?

Le. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, gue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be yndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Dott. Will she go now to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Dott. Fourt whiffrings are abroad: vnnaturalle deeds
Do breed vnnaturalle troubles; infected mindes
To their dese pillows will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physician:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mate, and amaz'd my sight;

I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gen. Good night good Doctor. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteith, Caithnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Gen. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,
His Uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.

Reuenger burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarne
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Dunfaine
Shall we meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbaine be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards Sonne,

And many yonge youths, that euen now
Protest their fift of Manhood.

Ang. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunfaine he strongly Forcifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

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

Ang. Now do's he feele

His secret Murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely Revolts vppraid 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 shal blame
His pester'd Senes to recoule, 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 we in the sickly Weale,
And with our poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Oro much as it needs,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnam. Exeunt marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Birnane wood remove to Dunfaine,
I cannot taint with Fears. What's the Boy Malcolm?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spittis that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Fears not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall haue power vpon thee. Then flye safe, Thanes,
And mingle with the English Pictures,
The minde I wavy by, and the heart I bear,
Shall neuer fasse with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where goest thou? that Goofe-looke.

Ser. There is ten shouland.

Macb. Geese Villain!

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-luer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thys Soule, thys Linnekin cheeke of thine
Are Counsellers 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, thin pufh

Will cheere me euer, or disfete me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life

Is faine into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which shoud accompany Old-Age,

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their field,

Curles, not lowd but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor 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. Ie fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackett.

Giue me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ie put it on.
Send our iude Hories, skirre the Country round,
Hang thole that talke of Fears. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Dott. Noro sicke my Lord,
As he is troubled with thicke-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her selfe.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can't thou not Minister to a minde diseased,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleane the stuffe bofome, of that perillous stiffe
Which weigeth vpon the heart?

Dott. Therein the Patient
Mutt minifl to him selfe.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, Ie none of it:
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'it Doctor, 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 shoud applaud againe. Pull' off I say,
What Rabbor, Cyme, or what Purgative druggie
Would cleare these English hence: he'lt flye of them?

Dott. I my good Lord: your Royal Preparation.
Mak's vs haue something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane.

Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunfaine.
Dott. Were I from Dunfaine away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Dram and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
Seyward's Sonne, Menteith, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.

Macb. Cosins, 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?

Macb. The wood of Birnane.
Macb. Let every Souldier hem downe a Bough,
And buss before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery
Ere in report of vs.

Sold. It shal be done.

Sey. We leare no other, but the confidant Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfaine, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Macb. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leffe haue giuen him the Revolt,
And none seru with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are abent too.

Macb. Let our iust Censures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

nn 3

Industrious

Industrious Souldiership.
 Say. The time approaches,
 That will with due decision make vs know
 What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
 Thoughts speculative, their vnfuse hopes relate,
 But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,
 Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

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

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the o^uward walls,
 The Cry is fill, they come: our Caffles strength
 Will laugh a Sledge to scorne: Heere let them lyce,
 Till Famine and the Ague eat them vp:
 Were they not for'd with those that should be ours,
 We might haue met them daurfull, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

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

Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feates:
 The time ha's beene, my fenses would haue cool'd
 To heare a Night-shrike, and my Fell of haire
 Would as a dismal Treatise rowze, and fire
 As life were in't. I haue syp full with horrors,
 Diresse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
 Cannot once stert me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy'd heereafter:
 There would haue beeene a time for such a word:
 To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
 Creepes in this pety pace from day to day,
 To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
 And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fooles
 The way to dusky death. Out, out, breafe 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 Ideot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.
 Thou com'st to vise thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
 Mes. Gracious my Lord,
 I shoud 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 vpon the Hill
 I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
 The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lye, 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 moving Groue.

Macb. If thou speake'st halfe,
 Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliae
 Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou doft for me as much.
 I pull in Resolution, and begin
 To doubt th' Equinocation 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 appearre,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'ginn to be a-weary of the Sun,
 And with th'efteate o' th' world were now vndon,
 Ring the Alarm Bell, blow Wnde, come wracke,
 At least weel'dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
 with Bonges.

Mac. Now neere enough:
 Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
 And shew like those you are: You (worthy Wnkle)
 Shall with my Coffin your right Noble Sonne
 Leade our first Battell. Worthy Macduff, and wee
 Shall take vpon'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 speake, giue th' 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 muft fight the course. What's he
 That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
 Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Sey. What is thy name?
 Macb. Tho'lt be afraid to heare it.
 Sey. No: though thou call'ft thy selfe a hoter name
 Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
 More haefull to mine care.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

Sey. Thou lyefst abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
 Ile proue the lye thou speakest.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou wast borne of woman,
 But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
 Brandisht by man'st of a Woman borne. *Exit*

Alarums.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrants shew thy face,
 If thou beest flaine, and with no stroake of mine,
 My Wife and Children: Ghofts will haunce me still:
 I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
 Are hyrd to bear their Staves; either thow Macbeth,
 Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
 I sheath againe vndecked. There thou shouldest be,
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes

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

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

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

Mac. We haue met with Foes
 That strike befores vs.

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

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why shoul I play the Roman Foole, and dyde
 On mine owne sword? whiles, I fee liues, the gashes
 Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue ayoud 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 termes can giue the out. *Fight: Alarum*

Macb. Thou loefst labour,

As easie mayst thou the intrenchent Ayre
 With thy keene Sword imprefc, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blad on vulnerable Crefts,
 I bear a charmed Life, which must not yeld
 To one of woman borne.

Macd. Disprise thy Charme,

And let the Angell whom thou still haft seru'd
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb
 Vnimeley ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongat that tels mee so:

For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
 And be theis Iugling Fiends no more beleu'd,
 That palter with vs in a doubletence,
 That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
 And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeld thee Coward,
 And liue to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time.

We'll haue thee, as our rater Monfers are
 Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
 Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeld

To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
 And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.

Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunfinane,
 And thou oppo'st, being of no woman borne,
 Yet I will try the last: Before my body,
 I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduff,

And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slain.

Retreat, and Flouri. Enter with Drums and Colours,
 Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thane, & Soldier.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.
 Sey. Some must go off: and yet by thee I fee,
 So great a day as this is cheapeley bought.

Mal. Macduff is misfing, and your Noble Sonne.

Ross. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
 He onely li'd but till he was a man,

The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
 In the vnshirking stantion 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 hurs 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 to his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He'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 Macbeths head.

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

Th'vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
 I see thee compact with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
 That speake my falutation in their minds:
 Whose voyces I desire allow'd with mine.
 Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. *Fleuri.*
 Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
 Before we reckon with your feuerl loues,

And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
 Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer 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 Snates of watchfull Tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruell Minisfiers
 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's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
 We will performe in meafure, time, and place:
 So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Exeunt Omnes. *Flouri.*

FINIS.