

Cotes 1632 Mr. William Shakespeares comedies,
histories, and tragedies, 2nd ed. (London, 1632).
"Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, for John Smethwick,
William Aspley, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and
Robert Allot, 1632." The second folio edition (STC
22274), copied page for page from the first.

151a

THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2 When the Hurley-burleys done,
When the Battailles lost and wonne.
3 That will be ere the set of Sunne,
1 Where the place?
2 Vpon the Heath.
3 There to meet with Macbeth.
1 I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. Padocke calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthy ayre. Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donal-
baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting
a bleeding Captaine.

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

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivity: Haile: **haile** brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse **Macdonnell**
(Worthy to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying **Villaines** of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westernne Isles

Of Kernes and Gallow glasses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but al's too weake:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth'Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

151b

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his restection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders breaking
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captaines, Macbeth and
Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled stroakes on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They smacke of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.
Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Lenox. What ø hast lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Bannars flowt the Sky,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us,

King. Great happinesse.

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

152a

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

Rose. Ile see it done.

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

Scæna Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 Killing Swine.

3 Sister, where thou?

1 A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her husbands to Aleppo gone, Master oth'Tiger:
But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2 Ile give thee a Wind.

1 Th'art kind.

3 And I another.

1 I my selfe have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know.
Ith' Ship-mans Card.
I'le dreyne him dry as Hay:
Sleepe shall neither Night nor day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall live a man forbid:

Weary Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Looke what I have.

2 Shew me, shew me.

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

Drum within.

3 A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

Banq. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'inhabitants oth'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Vpon her skinny Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

152b

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1 All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis

2 All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.

3 All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantastickall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, 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 neither begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 Hayle.

2 Hayle.

3 Hayle.

1 Lesser then Macbeth, and greater.

2 Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

1 Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of believe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you. Witches vanish.

Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them: **whether** are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had staid.

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

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: whos here

Enter Rosse, and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praises doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing **a feard** of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to **herrald** thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

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

Banq. What can the Devill speake true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives:

Why doe you dresse me in **his** borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet,
But under heavy judgement beares that life,
Which he deserves to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or **else** did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countryes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Have overthrowne him.

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

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betrays
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Acte
Of the imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my heire,
And make my seated Heart knocke at my Ribbes,
Against the use of nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastically,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partners rapt.

Mach. If chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my stirre.

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

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

Banq. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leysure.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.

Let us toward the King; thinke upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speake
Our free hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly,

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

153b

Scæna Quarta.

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

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Are not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come backe.
But I have spoke with one that saw him dye:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. Theres no Art,
To finde the mindes construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.
O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest **Wine** of Recompence is slow:

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it payes it selfe.
Your highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And honor,

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

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

King. My plenteous joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, **Kinsman**, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolme, whom we name heareafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him onely.
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Envernes,
And bind us further to you.

Mac. The Rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

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

134a <"134" r "154">

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my blacke and deepe desires:
The eye winke at the hand; yet let that be,
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. Lets after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. Ø Exeunt.

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfectst report, they have more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th'Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.
Thouldst have, great Glamis, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that **thee hinders** from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To have thee crown'd withall. Enter Messenger.
What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

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

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes. Exit Messenger.
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncane
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thicke my blood,
Stop up th'accesse and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

154b

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'**essect**, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thicke Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. Enter Macbeth.
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncane comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is as **ø** 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 **the** innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He thats comming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke up cleare:
To alter favor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

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

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

Vnto our gentle sences.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loued Mansonry, that the Heavens breath,
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
The ayre is delicate. Enter Lady.

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid god-eyld us for your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majesty loades our house:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermites.

155a

King. Wheres the Thane of Cawdor?
We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe at his Spurre) hath holpe him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse. Exeunt.

Scæna Septima.

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

Macb. If it were done, when tis done, then twer well,
It were done quickly: if th'Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,

But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'ld jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloudy instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague o th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hes here in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the Deed: then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncane
Hath borne **this** Faculties so meeke: hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked Newborne-babe,
Striding the blast, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

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

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

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

Lady. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

155b

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

Macb. Prethee peace:

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

Lady. What beast was't then

That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst doe it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Branes out, had I **but** so sworne
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not faile: when Duncan is a sleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,
That Memory, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason
A Lymbecke onely. when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures **lye** as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe upon
Th'unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spungy Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus **Secuudus**. Scæna Prima.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the

Clocke.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heaven,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

156a

A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleepe:

Mercifull Powers, restraints in me the cursed thoughts

That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: whos there?

Macb. A friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the Kings a bed.

He hath beene in unusuall pleasure.

And sent forth a great Largesse to your Offices.

This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,

By the name of most kind hostesse,

And shut it up in measurelesse content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Banq. Alls well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can intreat an houre to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,

If you would graunt the time.

Ban. At your kindest leysure.

Macb, If you shall cleave to my consent,

When tis, it shall make honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe

My bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,

I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. Exit Banquo.

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

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshalst me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine eyes. Now ore the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccates Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howles his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquins ravishing sides, towards his designe
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
A Bell rings.

156b

I goe, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Heare it not, Duncane, for it is a Knell.
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunke, hath made me | bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mocke their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
That death and Nature doe contend a bout them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Whos there? what hoa?

Lady. Alacke, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us: hearke: I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not misse em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

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

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes ith'second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. Theres one did laugh ins sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: but they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us.

Lady. Consider 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 us mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, sleepe no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent sleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd **sleeve** of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in lifes feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleepe no more to all the house:
Glamis hath murther'd sleepe, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lad. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

157a sig 2o

And wash this filthy Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare

The sleepy Groomes with blood.

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

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Divell. If he doe bleed,
Ile guilde the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. Exit.

Knocke within.

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

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a heart so white. Knocke.
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you unattended, Knocke.
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, lest occasion call us,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, Knocke.
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Heere's a knocking indeed: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
Key. Knocke. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselke on th' expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have
Napkins enough about you, here you'le sweat for't. Knock.
Knock, Knock. Who's there in th' other Devils Name?
Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both

the Scales, against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. Knock. Knock, Knock, Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. Knock. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

157b

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it Provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Le-
chery: it makes him and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens
him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves
him.

Macd. I beleeeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

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

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

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

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.
Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's beene vnruly:
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 **Combustions** and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd toth'wofull time.
The **obscure** Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
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 conceive, nor name thee,

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th'Building.

Macb. What is't you say? the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

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

158a

See, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downy sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on death it selfe: up, up, and see
The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Banquo,
As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake,

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,

Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo_ Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare Duff, I prythee **contract** thy selfe,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

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

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:

The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt; the very Source of it is stopt,

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal_ Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out run the pawser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa,

Macd. Looke to the Lady,

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

Donal. What should be spoken here,

158b

Where our Fate hid **within** an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foote of Motion,

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

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

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

All. Well contented. Exeunt.

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

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Mac1. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to **House**,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

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

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest _he heavens, as troubled with mans Act,

Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe:
Ist Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light **shall** kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis unnaturall,
Even like the deed that's done: on Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd

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

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

Rosse. They did so:

159a

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

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and **Donolbaine** the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven **upon**
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and **gons** to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncans body?

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

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither:

Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu
Lest our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you **sir**, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Women promis'd, and Ifeare
Thou plaid'st most **fouly** for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

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

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had beene as a gap in our great Feast,
And **all-things** unbecomming.

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

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

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

159b

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall we shall have cause of State,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes Fleance with you?

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

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

Farwell. Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
Till seaven at Night, to make society
The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords.

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

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in Banquo sticke deepe,
And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by Cæsar, He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayld him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For Banquo's Issue have I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings:
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

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

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now have you consider'd of my speeches?

160a

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had beene our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Murth. You made it knowne to us.

Macb. I did so:

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

1. Murth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhoundes, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

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

To spight the World.

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

Macd. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

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

2. Murth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command us.

1. Murth. Though our Lives ----

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

160b

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is nolesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selves apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolute, my Lord.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

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

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,

For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
Butlet the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our **place**, have sent to peace:
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie:
Duncane is in his Grave:
After Lives fitfull Fever, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, forraine Levie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Ioviall'**mong** your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance **still** apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that we must lave
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb, O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his **Feans** lives.

161a

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

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to blacke Heccats summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,

Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee goe with me. Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. Macbeth.

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.

1. Then stand with us.

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the **latest** Traveller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.

2. Then 'tis hee:

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

1. His Horses goe about.

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

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye **godd** Fleans, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

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

2. We have lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

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

Exeunt.

161b

Scæna Quarta.

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

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

Lords. Thankes to your Majesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in **the** best time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are even: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

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

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

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

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

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

Macb. Thankes for that,

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selves againe. Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis \emptyset making:
Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

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

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

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present:
Who may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
Then pittie for Mischance.

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

162a

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

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

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is **momentany**, upon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and starts

(Imposters to true feare) would well become
A womans story at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.

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

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb, Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times **have** beene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And push us 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 have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

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

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

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

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

162b

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I **inhabit**, then protest me
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow, **Exit.**
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

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

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

Rosse. What **signes**, my Lord?

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

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

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

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

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

Macb. How sayst thou that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

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

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

Macb. Come, weel to sleepe; My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young indeed. **Exeunt.**

Scæna Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

163a

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath beene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie,
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone.
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall **rise** such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

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

163b

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncane
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the English Court, and is receyv'd
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of these (with him above
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

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

Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lrrd. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedges Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
- 1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

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

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

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th darke:
Liver of Blaspheming Iew.
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moones Ecclipse:

164a

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:

Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the **Grwell** thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a **Tigars** Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience 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 firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

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

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

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

Enter Macbeth.

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

All_ A deed without a name.

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

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

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

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

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: **Greace** that's sweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

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

Thunder.

1. Apparation, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me thou unknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismissee me. Enough.

He Descends.

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

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

Thunder

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

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

2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, and resolute:

164b

Laugh to scorne

The power of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth.

Descends.

Mac. Then live Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make assurance, double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in sight of Thunder.

Thunder.

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

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Soveraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him.

Descend:

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue ever

Reigne in this Kingdome?

All_ Seeke to know no more.

Macb, I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noyse is this? Hoboyes

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Heart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

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

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

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

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

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

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

165a

Macb. Saw you the **Wizard Sihers?**

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?

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

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

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

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

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

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.

Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe does flye? He loves us not.
He wants the naturall touch. for the poore Wren
(The most **diminiuive** of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Coz,

I pray you schoole your selfe, But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be here againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,

And yet hee's Fatherlesse.

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

165b

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

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

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

Wife. Poore bird,
Thoud'st never Feare the Net, nor Line,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

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

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

Son. Nay how will you doe for a husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

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

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traytors, that doe so.

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

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

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

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

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

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

Son. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you knowne,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you neerely.

If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: hence with your little ones:
To fright you thus, Me thinkes I am to savage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger.

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

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

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

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Sor. Thou lyst thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He has killd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. Exit crying Murther.

166a

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

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

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

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

T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But Macbeth is.

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

Macd. I have lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and **Children?**
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,
What ever I shall thinke.

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

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

Macd. What should he be?

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

166b

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

Macd. Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

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

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
As will to **Greatntsse** dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Iewels, and this others House,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

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

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each severall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay had I power I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the universall peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

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

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands **accurst**,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

167a

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banisht me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous hast: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature, I am yet
Vnknowne to **women**, never was **forswore**,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The **Divell** to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my selfe. what I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before **thy** heere approach,
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth?
Now wee'll together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

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

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady convinces

The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

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

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes, **the meanes** that makes us strangers.

Rosse, Sir. Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

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

167b

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe?

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

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

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

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

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

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot,
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

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

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

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

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

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

Rosse. Let not your eares despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

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

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

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

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

Rosse. I have said.

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

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

At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

168a

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

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

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

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

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting
Gentlewoman.

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

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown up-
on her, unlocke her closset, take foorth paper, folde it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe,

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

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

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse

to confirme my speech. Enter Lady with a Taper.
Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and up-
on my life fast asleepe, observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

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

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speakes, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,
a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knows
it, when none can call our power to accompt: yet who

168b

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

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands **neere** be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with **stat=**
ting.

Doct. Go to, go to:
You have knowne what you should not.

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

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

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

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

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

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

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

Doct. Even so?

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

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

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

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenx, Souldiers.

Met. The English power is neere, led on by Malcolm,
His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burne in them: for their deere causes
Excite the mortified man.

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

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother?

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

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

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

269a <"269" r "169"> sig 2p

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

Ang. Now doe's he feelee
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in love: Now doe's he feelee his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a Dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, doe's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where tis truely ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him **powre** we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Soveraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds
Make we our March towards Birnam. Exeunt marching

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

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

Enter Servant.

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

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers sir.

Macb. Goe pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soule, those linnen cheekes of thine
Are **Counsailours** to feare. What Souldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sicke at heart,
When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or **disease** me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old Age,
As honour, love, obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to have: but in their **stead**,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honour, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. Whats your Gracious pleasure?

Mac. What newes more?

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

Mac. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh **is** hackt.

269b

Give me my Armour.

Sey. Tis not needed yet.

Mac. Ile put it on:

Send out moe horses, skirre the Countrey round,
Hang those that **stand in** feare. Give me mine Armor:
How doe's your Patient, Doctor?

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

Macb. Cure **her** of that:

Canst thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must Minister **unto** himselfe,

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armor on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and **pristine** Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, **Cany**, or what Purgative drug
Would scowre these English hence: hearst thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall preparation
Makes us heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till **Birnam** Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleare,
Profit againe should hardly draw me here. Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Mac-
duffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Souldiers Marching.

Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre
As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to **study** death. Out, out, briefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. Enter a Messenger
Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy story quickly.

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

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I look't toward **Byrnam**, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

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

Macb. If thou speak'st **false**,
Vpon the next tree **shalt** thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till **Byrnam Wood**
Doe come to **Dunsinane**, and now a Wood

270b

Comes toward **Dunsinane**. Arme, arme, and out,
If this which he avouches doe's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sunne,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon.
Ring the alarum Bell, blow Wind, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:

Your Leavy Screenes throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble sonne
Lead our first Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and we
Shall take upon's what else remaines to doe
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

Doe we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speake, give them all | breath,
Those clamourous Harbingers of blood, and death. Exeu.

Alarums continued.

Scæna Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

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

Enter **yong** Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a **hotter** name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y, Sey. The **Divell** himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou liest **thou** abhorred Tyrant, with my sword
Ile prove the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and **yong** Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou wast borne of Woman;
But swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noyse is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath againe undeeded. There thou should'st be,

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

271a

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

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

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

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. Exeunt. Alarum.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Doe better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

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

Macd. I have no words,
My voyce is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can give thee out. Fight, Alarum.

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

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

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

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'll have thee, as our Rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,

Here may you see the Tyrant.

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

271b

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.
Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.
Sey. Some must goe off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your noble Sonne.
Ross. Your sonne my Lord, ha's paid a Souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Rosse. I, and brought off the Field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before.
Rosse. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:
Had I as many sonnes, as I have haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head.
Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. Flourish.

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

FINIS.