

Hanmer 1744 'The Tragedy of Macbeth', in Thomas Hanmer (ed.), The works of Shakespear, vol. 5 (Oxford, 1744), 475--552.

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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
MACBETH.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.  
Malcolm,     )  
Donalbain,   ) Sons to the King.  
Macbeth,     )  
Banquo,      } Generals of the King's Army.  
Lenox,       )  
Macduff,     )  
Rosse,       )  
Menteth,     ) Noblemen of Scotland.  
Angus,       )  
Cathness,    )  
Fleance, Son to Banquo.  
**Siward**, General of the English Forces.  
Young **Siward** his Son.  
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.  
Son to Macduff.  
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.  
Lady Macduff.  
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.  
Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE in the end of the fourth act lyes in , through  
the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

Suppos'd to be true history; taken from Hector Boetius, and  
other Scotish Chroniclers.

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MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, **and** in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battel's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There I go to meet Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, I come,  
Grimalkin ----

2 Witch. Padocke calls ---- anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
Hover through fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

SCENE II.

The Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants,  
meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

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The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant, who  
Like a **right** good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,  
And choak their art: the merciless Macdonel  
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying **villainies** of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

With Kerns and Gallow-glasses was supply'd,  
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Shew'd like the rebel's whore. But all too weak:  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel  
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,  
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,  
'Till he had fac'd the slave,  
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,  
'Till he unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun gives his reflection,  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;  
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,  
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, brave Macbeth and Banquo?

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Cap. Yes,  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks,  
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell ----  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help ----

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:  
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes? so should he look,  
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself with numbers terrible,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;  
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmkil-isle  
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

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King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.  
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'th' Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do ---- I'll do ---- and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I my self have all the other,  
And the very points they blow,  
All the quarters that they know,  
I' th' ship-man's card ----  
I will drain him dry as hay;  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid;

Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

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Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.  
Peace, the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Foris ---- What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?  
That look not like inhabitants of earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question? you seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips ---- You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the witches.  
Which outwardly ye shew? my noble partner

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You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;  
All-hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;  
By Sinel's death I know I'm Thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosp'rous gentleman; and to be King  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetick greeting? ---- speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,  
Melted, as breath into the wind ----  
Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten of the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

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

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words; **but who is here?**

SCENE V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which **should** be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of, what thy self didst make,

Strange images of death. As thick as hail,  
Came post on post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!  
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives;  
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet,  
But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage; or with both  
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:  
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,

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Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! [Aside.  
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains. [To Angus.  
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings, [To Banquo.  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word I pray you. [To Rosse and Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told, [Aside.  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen ----  
This supernatural solliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good ---- If ill,  
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs

Against the use of nature? present feats  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My Thought, whose murther's yet but fantasy,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function  
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may crown  
me [Aside.

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him  
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,

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But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, [Aside.  
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registred where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them ---- let us tow'rd the King;  
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time, [To Banquo.  
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The Palace.

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

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

Mal. My Liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance; nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,



To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An abs'lute trust.

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Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O my most worthy cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude ev'n now  
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,  
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine: only I've left to say,  
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Shap'd tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, and Thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine  
On all deservers. ---- Hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

[To Macbeth.]

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;

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I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful  
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 down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.  
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires,  
Let **no** light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full of valour,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd  
by the perfectest report, they have more in them than  
mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further,  
they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood  
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd  
me Thane of Cawdor, by which title before these weird sisters sa-  
luted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail, King  
that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest  
partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing  
by being ignorant of what greatness 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 I fear thy nature;

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It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, ***This*** *thou must do if thou have it;*  
And **that's what** rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,  
[Exit Messenger.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

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Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!  
Where-ever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night!  
And pall thee in the dunnest smock of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [Embracing him.]  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh! never  
Shall sun that morrow see.  
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters: to beguile the time

Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:  
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE VIII.

The Castle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo,  
Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self  
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath  
Smells sweet and wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See! ø our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid Godild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well,

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And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To's home before us: fair and noble hostess,  
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 Highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes and service  
over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if th' assassination  
Could **tramell** up the consequence, and catch  
With its surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the Be-all and the End-all here,  
Here only, on this bank and **shoal** of time;  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague th' inventor: even-handed Justice  
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's 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 murth'rer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath born his **faculties** so meek, hath been

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So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against  
The deep damnation of his taking off:  
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe  
Striding the blast, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd  
Upon the sightless **coursers** of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. ---- I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,  
And falls on th' other **side**.

SCENE X.

Enter Lady **Macbeth**.

How now? what news?

Lady. He **hath** almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest your self? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? from this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem?  
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
Like the poor cat i' th' adage.

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Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were you would  
Be so much more **than** man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:  
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dasht the brains out, had I but so sworn  
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? ----

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
That memory (the warder of the brain)  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lye as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted metal should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

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That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,  
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up  
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO.

How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

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

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,  
Their candles are all out. ---- Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'rs!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword: Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.  
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent great largess to your officers;

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This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By th' name of most kind hostess, and's shut up  
In measureless content.

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

Ban. All's very well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;  
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [Exe. Banquo and Fleance.]

SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee ----  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw ----

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Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools 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 business which informs  
This to mine eyes ---- Now o'er one half the world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,  
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design  
Moves like a ghost ---- Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of **that we're about**,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it ---- Whilst I threat, he lives ---- /a  
[A bell rings.  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:  
What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night ---- he is about it ----  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their possets,

(a) ---- he lives,  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, &c.

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That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho! ----  
Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed

Confounds us ---- hark! ---- I laid their daggers ready,  
 He could not miss 'em. ---- Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I **had** done't ---- My husband!  
 Macb. I've done the deed ---- didst not thou hear a noise?  
 Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
 Did not you speak?  
 Macb. When?  
 Lady. Now.  
 Macb. As I descended?  
 Lady. Ay.  
 Macb. Hark! ---- who lyes i'th' second chamber?  
 Lady. Donalbain.  
 Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.  
 Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.  
 Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd, *Murther!*  
 They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;  
 But they did say their prayers, and addrest them  
 Again to sleep.  
 Lady. There are two lodg'd together.  
 Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other,  
 As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
 List'ning their fear, I could not say *Amen*,  
 When they did say, *God bless 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 on  
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

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Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*  
*Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep, /a*  
*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*  
*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,*  
*Chief nourisher in life's feast.*  
 Lady. What do you mean?  
 Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the house;  
*Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor*  
*Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!*  
 Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy Thane,  
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
 So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,  
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
 They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear  
 The sleepy grooms with blood.  
 Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.  
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?  
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather /b  
Make the green ocean red ----

(a) ---- innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of &c.

(b) ---- will rather  
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,

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Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [Knock.  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easie is it then? your constancy  
Hath left you unattended ---- hark, more knocking! [Knock.  
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. T' unknow my deed, 'twere best not know my self.  
Wake Duncan with this knocking: would thou couldst! [Exeunt. /a

Making the green one red.  
Enter Lady Macbeth. &c.

(a) ---- would thou couldst! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old  
turning the key. [Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub?  
here's a farmer, that hang'd himself in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have nap-  
kins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [Knock.] Knock, knock. Who's there in  
th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales  
against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate  
to heav'n: oh come in, equivocator. [Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?

'faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may **roast your** goose. [Knock.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock.] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lye so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars 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 into a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

SCENE, &c.

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#### SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox and Porter.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

---- Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

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've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

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

Macb. The labour we delight in physicks pain; This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,  
And **propheesyings** with accents terrible  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to th' woful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth  
Was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

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Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ----

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece,  
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life? ----

Len. Mean you his Majesty? ----

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak your selves: awake! awake! ----

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ø Ring the alarum-bell ---- murther! and treason! ----  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death it self ---- up, up, and see  
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Donalbain!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror. Ø

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,  
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.  
The repetition in a woman's ear  
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house? ----

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy self,  
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys; renown and grace **are** dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
**Are** left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found  
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;  
**As** no man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his goary blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murtherers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! ----

[Seeming to faint.]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

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

Don. What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on  
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look **there** to the Lady: [Lady Macbeth is carried out.  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:  
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easie. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,  
There's daggers in mens smiles; the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

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Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,  
Which steals it self when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

**Without the Castle.**

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time, I've seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

Thou seest the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A faulcon tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain!)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with man,

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.

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Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.  
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!  
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;  
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the King's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;  
Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up  
Its own life's means. Why then it is most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmkil,  
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well! may you see things well done there! adieu.  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.



Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [Exeunt.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all  
The weird women promis'd; and I fear  
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that my self should be the root, 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.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,  
Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tye  
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd  
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave  
And prosperous) in this day's council; but

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We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:  
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[Exit Banquo.]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time

'Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep our self

'Till supper time alone: 'till then, God be with you!

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]

## SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us ---- To be thus, is nothing;

[Exit Servant.]

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,

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He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is said  
Antony's was by Cæsar's. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bad them speak to him; then prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind:  
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,  
To make them Kings; the seed of Banquo Kings:  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance! ---- who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call. [Exit Servant.  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now  
You have consider'd of my speeches? know  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self; this I made good to you  
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:  
How you were born in hand, how crost; the instruments,  
Who wrought with them: and all things else that might  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, *Thus did Banquo*.

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

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Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are **clep'd**  
All by the name of dogs; 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,  
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put the business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

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Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life; and though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall  
Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives ----

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant your selves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,  
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace: (always thought  
That I require a clearness) and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
Fleance his son that keeps him company,  
(Whose absence is no less material to me,  
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a-part,  
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd. ø

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
It is concluded; Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

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

Ser. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd  
With them they think on? things without  $\emptyset$  remedy  
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have **scotch'd** the snake, not kill'd it,  
She'll close, and be her self; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly, Better be with the dead,  
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)  
Than on the torture of the mind to lye  
In restless ecstasie. ---- Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

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Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,  
Be bright and jovial '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:  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces  
Vizards t'our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecat's summons  
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, **seeling** night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So pr'ythee go with me.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.

A Park, the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not **our** mistrust, since he delivers

[Speaking to the first.]

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give **ø** light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' th' Court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile:

But he does usually, so all men do,

From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down. [They assault Banquo.

Ban. Oh treachery! Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly,  
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [Dies. Fleance escapes.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

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1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down: the son  
Is fled.

2 Mur. We've lost best half of our affair.

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

SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

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

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:  
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host:  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome. [They sit.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.  
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks.  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst;  
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round ---- There's blood upon thy face.  
[To the Murtherer aside at the door.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

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

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

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the non-pareil.

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Mur. Most royal Sir,  
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:  
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawcy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe? ----

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

Macb. Thanks for that;  
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow  
We'll hear **thee** our selves again. [Exit Murtherer.

Lady. My royal Lord,  
You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,  
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were best at home;  
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony,  
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ----  
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

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Len. Here, my good Lord.  
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?



Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.  
The fit is momentary, on a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? [To Macbeth aside.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. Proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear; [Aside.  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said  
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts  
(Impostors of true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! ----  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done  
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!  
Behold! look! lo! how say you? [Pointing to the Ghost.  
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury, back; our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost vanishes.

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,  
Ere **human** statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd

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Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools; this is more strange  
Than such a murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot ----  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Love and health to all!  
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full ----  
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss,  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [The Ghost rises again.

Macb. **Avant**, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other,  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow,  
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why so, ---- be gone ----

[The Ghost vanishes.

I am a man again: pray you sit still.

[The Lords rise.

518

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting  
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,  
And over-come us like a summer's cloud  
Without our special wonder? you make me strange  
Ev'n **at** the disposition that I owe,  
**Now when** I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your **cheek**,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and worse,  
Question enrages him: at once, good-night.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

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

Lady. Good-night to all. [Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood, they say blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
**Augurs** that understood relations have  
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

**There's not a Thane** of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow

(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters.

More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;

All causes shall give way, I am in blood

Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as **going** o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

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Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We're yet but young **in deeds**.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To trade and traffick with Macbeth,

In riddles and affairs of death?

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a **wayward** son,

Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' th' morning: thither he

Will come, to know his destiny;

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon;

Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

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And that distill'd by magick slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [Musick and a Song.  
Hark, I am call'd: my little spirit, see,  
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

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

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only I say  
Things have been strangely born. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth ---- marry he was dead:  
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late.  
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
**You** cannot want the thought, how monstrous too  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father, damned fact!  
How did it grieve Macbeth? did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that I say  
He has born all things well, and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As **an't** please heav'n he shall not,) they should find

521 sig 3U

What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.  
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The **son** of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
**Lives** in the English Court, and **is** receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward, with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike **Siward**;  
That by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratifie the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasp'rated **the** King, that he  
Prepares for some attempt.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might  
Advise him to a care to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come! that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country,  
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my **prayers** with him.

[Exeunt.]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. **Twice** and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several in-  
gredients as for the preparation of their charm.  
Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights **hast**, thirty one,  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;  
Adder's fork, and **blind-worm's** sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:  
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf  
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark;

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Liver of blaspheming Jew:  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;  
Make the gruel thick, and slab.  
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,  
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i' th' gains:  
And now about the cauldron sing  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes:  
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight hags?  
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

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Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(How-e'er you come to know it) answer me.  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,  
Though castles topple on their warders heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of natures **germins** tumble all together,  
Ev'n 'till destruction sicken: answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

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

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten  
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:  
Thy self and office deftly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power ----

1 Witch. He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff! ----  
Beware the Thane of Fife ---- dismiss me ---- enough. [Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more ----

1 Witch. He will not be commanded; here's another  
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

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Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;  
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,  
That rises like the issue of a King,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill  
Great Birnam wood to Dunsinane's high hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!  
**Rebellion's head**, rise never, 'till the wood  
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The cauldron sinks into the ground.

526

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.



1 Witch. Shew!

2 Witch. Shew!

3 Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart.

[Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, the last holding  
a glass in his hand: with Banquo following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. ---- And thy hair  
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first ----  
A third is like the former, filthy hags!  
Why do you shew me this? ---- A fourth? Start eye! ----  
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom? ----  
Another yet? ---- A seventh! I'll see no more ----  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shews me many more; and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.  
Horrible sight! nay, 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 Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew the best of our delights;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round:  
That this great King may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay. [Musick.

[The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? gone? ---- Let this pernicious hour  
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.  
Come in, without there!

527

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

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

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,  
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,  
This deed I'll do before **the** purpose cool.  
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?  
Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

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L. Macd. He had none;  
His flight was madness; when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,  
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. Dearest cousin,  
I pray you school your self; but for your husband,  
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' th' time. I dare not speak much further,  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not **know't** ourselves: when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;  
'**T shall** not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before: My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once.

[Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,  
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, and so do they.

529 sig 3X

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set for.  
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith  
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

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

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars  
and swearers **enough** to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey: but how wilt thou do  
for a father?

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

L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.  
If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence with your little ones.  
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;  
To do **less**, to you were fell cruelty,

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Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?  
I've done no harm. But I remember now  
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I'ad done no harm? ---- what are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.  
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,  
Run away, pray you.

[Exit Lady Macduff crying murther; Murtherers pursue her.

SCENE IV.

The King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men  
Bestride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

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Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,

As I shall find 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'm young, but something  
You may **deserve** of him through me; 'tis wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,  
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not **treacherous**.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and children,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,  
His title is **affeer'd**. Fare thee well, Lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

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I think our country sinks beneath the yolk,  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,  
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands. But **yet** for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know

All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,  
In ill to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of each sin  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet

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To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold: the time you may so hoodwink:  
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many,  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that were I King  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's 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 loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice  
**Strikes** deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than **summer-teeming** lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,  
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will  
Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,  
Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
**Sow'r** the sweet milk of concord into **hate**,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland! ----

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

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Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. Oh nation miserable!  
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurst,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,  
Of tner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh my breast!  
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste; but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put my self to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon my self,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to women, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon my self. What I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old **Siward**, with ten thousand warlike men

All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together, and our chance, in goodness

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Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?  
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?  
Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure; their malady convinces  
The great assay of art. But at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heav'n given his hand,  
They presently amend. [Exit.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.  
Macd. What's the disease he means?  
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,  
A most miraculous work in this good King,  
Which often since my here-remain in England  
I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!  
Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.  
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that **make** us strangers!  
Rosse. Sir, Amen.



Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor country,  
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? and good mens lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Relation, oh! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,  
Each minute teems 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 goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings  
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out,  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot;  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort  
We're coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;

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An older, and a better soldier, none  
That christendom 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 air,  
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? concern they  
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

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

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

Macd. Hum! I guess 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 deer  
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too! ----

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.

What, all my pretty ones? did you say all?

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What, all? /a

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall:

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on  
And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief  
Convert to wrath, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!  
Cut short all intermission: front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and my self;  
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,  
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:

Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

(a) ---- oh hell-kite! what, all?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?  
Mal. Endure it, &c.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

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 seen  
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock  
her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, after-  
wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most  
fast sleep.

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

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

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to con-  
firm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my  
life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually,  
'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus wash-

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ing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an  
hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her,  
to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out I say ---- one; two; why then 'tis time to do't ---- hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? ---- yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean? ---- no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes 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 bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ----

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale ---- I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit. Ø

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

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Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds  
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the Divine than the Physician.  
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her; so good-night.  
My mind she'as mated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle **Siward**, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file  
Of all the gentry; there is **Siward's** son,  
And many **unrough** youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;  
Some say he's mad: others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

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His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
It self, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the **med'cin** of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:  
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.* ---- Fly, false Thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures!  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

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Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown!  
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand ----

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence ---- Seyton! ---- I'm sick at heart,  
When I behold ---- Seyton, I say! ---- this push  
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have: but in their stead,  
Curses not loud but deep; mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

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

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh is hackt;  
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:  
Send out more horses, skirr the country round,  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

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That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to minds diseases'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it ----  
Come, put my armour on, give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out ---- Doctor, the Thanes fly 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 echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say ----  
What rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Aside. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth,  
Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

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Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry  
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt marching.

#### SCENE V.

Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,  
The cry is still, *They come*: our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:

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Were they not 'forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?  
[A cry within of Women.

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in't. I have **surfeited** with horrors,  
Direness familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts  
Cannot **now** start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen 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  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious Lord,  
I should report that which, I'd say, I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought

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The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive  
'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou do'st for me as much. ----  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane*, and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;  
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,  
And wish the state o' th' world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Before Dunsinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army,

with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,  
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)  
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battel. Brave Macduff and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:  
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,

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Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,  
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.  
[Alarums continued.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,  
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant, with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [Fight, and young Siward's slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and childrens ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched Kerns, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be ----  
By this great clatter one of greatest note

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Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and  
More I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,  
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war,  
The day almost it self professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,  
My voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest labour,  
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

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Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

Macb. I'll not yield  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.

[Exeunt fighting. Alarum.]

#### SCENE VIII.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm,  
**Siward**, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

**Siw.** Some must go off: and yet by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;  
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his **prowess** confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

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**Siw.** Then is he dead?

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

**Siw.** Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

**Siw.** Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;  
They say he parted well, and paid his score,  
So God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands  
Th' usurpers cursed head; the time is free:  
I see thee compast with thy kindgom's peers,  
That speak my salutation in their minds:  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail, King of Scotland! **hail!**

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,  
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;  
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;) this, and **what's** needful else

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That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven  
We will perform 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.

The End of the Fifth Volume.