```xml
<?xml version="1.0" encoding="UTF-8"?>
<TEI xmlns="http://www.tei-c.org/ns/1.0">
  <teiHeader>
    <fileDesc>
      <titleStmt>
        <title type="statement">The Tragedy of Macbeth from Mr. William
Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
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        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
        </respStmt>
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```xml
        <respStmt xml:id="PW">
            <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
            <resp>project management</resp>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
            <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JS">
            <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="ES">
            <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="JC">
            <persName>James Cummings</persName>
            <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <funder>
            <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
            Crowdfunding</funder>
        <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
    </titleStmt>
    <editionStmt>
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April
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        </edition>
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            <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian
Libraries</orgName>,
            <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
        </publisher>
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              <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
              <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
              <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
            </address>
            <availability>
                <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
            </availability>
            <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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            <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
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            <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
            <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies</title>
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              <settlement>London</settlement>, <country>England</country>
            </pubPlace>:
            <publisher>
              <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
                Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
            </publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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            <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
            <note type="citation">ESTC, S111228</note>
            <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
            <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
            <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
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            <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
               descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
               Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
               With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
               1999), p.1-19</note>
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         <msDesc>
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               <altIdentifier type="previous">
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                     1624-1664?]</idno>
               </altIdentifier>
               <altIdentifier type="previous">
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               <titlePage>
                  <docTitle>
                     <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                        <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                        <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
                     <titlePart>Publiſhed according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>

                  </docTitle>

                  <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                     of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                     <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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  <dimensions>
    <height unit="mm">349</height>
    <width unit="mm">323</width>
  </dimensions>
</support>
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  <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
  <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB²], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ gg² Gg⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ ²g⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>
  <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
  <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
```

reader".

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the

mount

towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of

some the

Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait

and the

central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact

Rare

Books.\</condition\>

\</supportDesc\>
\<layoutDesc\>
  \<layout\>
    \<p\>Predominantly printed in double columns.\</p\>
    \<p\>Text within simple lined frame.\</p\>
    \<p\>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

      Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".\</p\>
    \<p\>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.\</p\>

  \</layout\>

\</layoutDesc\>
\</objectDesc\>
\<decoDesc\>
  \<decoNote\>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.\</decoNote\>
  \<decoNote\>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

    Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

earlier

    state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier

shading,

    especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly

with the

    jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies

have the plate

    in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that

the earlier

    state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
  \</decoNote\>
\</decoDesc\>
\<additions\>
  \<p\>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
    unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

    2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

    (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

```xml
                    annotations on
                    leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
added after
                    leaving the Library.</p>
                </additions>
                <bindingDesc>
                    <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf.
Bound for the
                    Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
cloth ties, red
                    sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head
                    of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
spine.
                    Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
Gibson in
                    Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
sent out
                    on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from
                    a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between
                    1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod.
                    Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
                </bindingDesc>
            </physDesc>
            <history>
                <origin>
                    <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
                    printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:
Oxford, 1963.
                    </p>
                </origin>
                <acquisition>
                    <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
                    was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
                    Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at
                    shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
                    of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>,
replaced by the
                    newer <bibl>
                        <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
                    to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
```

```xml
                        "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                        bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                    <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                        the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                        Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                        family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                        reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                        raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                        purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                        Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                        Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                    <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                        digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                        Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
                </acquisition>
            </history>
            <additional>
                <surrogates>
                    <listBibl>
                        <bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available
at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
/bibl>
                    </listBibl>
                </surrogates>
            </additional>
        </msDesc>
    </sourceDesc>
</fileDesc>
<profileDesc>
 <particDesc>
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      <persName type="form">1</persName>
      <persName type="form">1.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-mac-app.1">
      <persName type="standard">First Apparition</persName>
      <persName type="form">1 Appar.</persName>
    </person>
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```xml
<person xml:id="F-mac-mur.1">
  <persName type="standard">First Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">1. Murth.</persName>
  <persName type="form">1</persName>
  <persName type="form">1.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-wit.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Witch</persName>
  <persName type="form">2</persName>
  <persName type="form">2.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-app.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Apparition</persName>
  <persName type="form">2 Appar.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-mur.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">2. Murth</persName>
  <persName type="form">2. Murth.</persName>
  <persName type="form">2</persName>
  <persName type="form">2.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Third Witch</persName>
  <persName type="form">3</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-mac-app.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Apparition</persName>
  <persName type="form">3 Appar.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-mur.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">3.</persName>
  <persName type="form">3</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-all">
  <persName type="standard">All</persName>
  <persName type="form">All.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-ang">
  <persName type="standard">Angus, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ang.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-ban">
  <persName type="standard">Banquo, General of the King's
army</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ban.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Banq.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Banquo</persName>
  <persName type="form">Banquo.</persName>
```

```xml
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-sgt">
        <persName type="standard">Captain (Sergeant)</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cap.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-cai">
        <persName type="standard">Caithness, Nobleman of
Scotland</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cath.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-doc">
        <persName type="standard">Doctor</persName>
        <persName type="form">Doct.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-don">
        <persName type="standard">Donalbain, Son of Duncan</persName>
        <persName type="form">Don.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Donal.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-fle">
        <persName type="standard">Fleance, Son to Banquo</persName>
        <persName type="form">Fleance.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-gen">
        <persName type="standard">Gentlewoman</persName>
        <persName type="form">Gent.</persName>
      </person>
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        <persName type="standard">Hecate</persName>
        <persName type="form">Hec.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-dun">
        <persName type="standard">Duncan, King of Scotland</persName>
        <persName type="form">King.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-lam">
        <persName type="standard">Lady Macbeth</persName>
        <persName type="form">La.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lad.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-len">
        <persName type="standard">Lennox, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
        <persName type="form">Len.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lenox.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Macb. and Lenox.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-mac-lor">
        <persName type="standard">Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lord.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-lds">
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          <persName type="form">Lords.</persName>
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army</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Mac.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Macb.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Macb. and Lenox.</persName>
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Scotland</persName>
          <persName type="form">Macd.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-mal">
          <persName type="standard">Malcolm, Son of Duncan</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mal.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Malc.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-men">
          <persName type="standard">Menteith, Nobleman of
Scotland</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ment.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-mes">
          <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-mur">
          <persName type="standard">Murderer</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mur.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Murth.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-oma">
          <persName type="standard">Old Man</persName>
          <persName type="form">Old M.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Old man.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-por">
          <persName type="standard">Porter</persName>
          <persName type="form">Port.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Porter.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mac-ros">
          <persName type="standard">Ross, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
```

```xml
            <persName type="form">Ro.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ross.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Rosse.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-ser">
            <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Seruant.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-siw">
            <persName type="standard">Siward, Earl of Northumberland, general of
English forces</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sey.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Syew.Seyw.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Syw.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-sey">
            <persName type="standard">Seyton, An officer attending on
Macduff</persName>
            <persName type="form">Seyt.</persName>
             <persName type="form">Sey.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-sls">
            <persName type="standard">Soldiers</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sold.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-smf">
            <persName type="standard">Son, Macduff's son</persName>
            <persName type="form">Son.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-lmf">
            <persName type="standard">Lady Macduff</persName>
            <persName type="form">Wife.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-mac-yse">
            <persName type="standard">Young Siward, Siward's son</persName>
            <persName type="form">Y. Sey.</persName>
          </person>
        </listPerson>
      </particDesc>
    </profileDesc>
  </teiHeader>
  <text type="play" xml:id="F-mac">
      <body>

        <div type="play" n="31">
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0741-0.jpg" n="131"/>
          <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF
            <lb/>MACBETH.</head>
          <div type="act" n="1">
```

```xml
<div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
<cb n="1"/>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder and Lightning.
Enter three Witches.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1.</speaker>
            <l>
<c rend="decoratedCapital">W</c>hen shall we three meet
againe?</l>
            <l>In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
            <speaker>2.</speaker>
            <l>When the Hurley-burley's done,</l>
            <l>When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
            <speaker>3.</speaker>
            <l>That will be ere the set of Sunne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1.</speaker>
            <l>Where the place?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
            <speaker>2.</speaker>
            <l>Vpon the Heath.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
            <speaker>3.</speaker>
            <l>There to meet with <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1.</speaker>
            <l>I come, <hi rend="italic">Gray-Malkin</hi>.</l>
</sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>
<hi rend="italic">Padock</hi> calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is
faire,</l>
            <l>Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum within. Enter
King Malcome, Donal-
<lb/>baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting
<lb/>a bleeding Captaine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>What bloody man is that? he can report,</l>
<l>As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt</l>
<l>The newest state</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
<speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
<l>This is the Serieant,</l>
<l>Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought</l>
<l>'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;</l>
<l>Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,</l>
<l>As thou didst leaue it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-sgt">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
<l>Doubtfull it stood,</l>
<l>As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,</l>
<l>And choake their Art: The mercilesse <hi
rend="italic">Macdonwald</hi>
</l>
<l>(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that</l>
<l>The multiplying Villanies of Nature</l>
<l>Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles</l>
<l>Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,</l>
<l>And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,</l>
<l>Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:</l>
<l>For braue <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> (well hee deserues
that Name)</l>
<l>Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,</l>
<l>Which smoak'd with bloody execution</l>
<l>(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,</l>
<l>Till hee fac'd the Slaue:</l>
<l>Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,</l>
<l>Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth'Chops,</l>
<l>And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-sgt">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
<l>As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,</l>
<l>Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:</l>
```

```xml
        <l>So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,</l>
        <l>
<gap extent="4"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="hole"
    resp="#ES"/>mfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,</l>
        <l>
<gap extent="1"
    unit="words"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="stain"
    resp="#ES"/>sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,</l>
        <l>Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,</l>
        <l>But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,</l>
        <l>With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,</l>
        <l>Began a fresh assault.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>Dismay'd not this our Captaines, <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> and
            <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Banquoh</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-sgt">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
        <l>Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;</l>
        <l>Or the Hare, the Lyon:</l>
        <l>If I say sooth, I must report they were</l>
        <l>As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,</l>
        <l>So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:</l>
        <l>Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,</l>
        <l>Or memorize another <hi rend="italic">Golgotha</hi>,</l>
        <l>I cannot tell: but I am faint,</l>
        <l>My Gashes cry for helpe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,</l>
        <l>They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosse and
Angus.</stage>
        <l>Who comes here?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <l>The worthy <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Rosse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-len">
```

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            <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
            <l>What a haste lookes through his eyes?</l>
            <l>So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>God saue the King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Whence cam'st thou, worthy <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>From Fiffe, great King,</l>
            <l>Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,</l>
            <l>And fanne our people cold.</l>
            <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Norway</hi> himselfe, with terrible numbers,</l>
            <l>Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,</l>
            <l>The <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor, began a dismall
Conflict,</l>
            <l>Till that <hi rend="italic">Bellona's</hi> Bridegroome, lapt in
proofe,</l>
            <l>Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,</l>
            <l>Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,</l>
            <l>Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,</l>
            <l>The Victorie fell on vs.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Great happinesse.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>That now <hi rend="italic">Sweno</hi>, the Norwayes
King,</l>
            <l>Craues composition:</l>
            <l>Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,</l>
            <l>Till he disbursed, at Saint <hi rend="italic">Colmes</hi>
ynch,</l>
            <l>Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.</l>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">King.</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0742-0.jpg" n="132"/>
        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
```

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                    <l>No more that <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor shall deceiue</l>
                    <l>Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,</l>
                    <l>And with his former Title greet <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile see it done.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l>What he hath lost, Noble <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> hath wonne.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="3">
                <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
                <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder. Enter the three Witches.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                    <speaker>1.</speaker>
                    <l>Where hast thou beene, Sister?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                    <speaker>2.</speaker>
                    <l>Killing Swine.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
                    <speaker>3.</speaker>
                    <l>Sister, where thou?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                    <speaker>1.</speaker>
                    <l>A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,</l>
                    <l>And mouncht, &amp; mouncht, and mouncht:</l>
                    <l>Giue me, quoth I.</l>
                    <l>Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.</l>
                    <l>Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th'<hi rend="italic">Tiger:</hi>
                    </l>
                    <l>But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,</l>
                    <l>And like a Rat without a tayle,</l>
                    <l>Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                    <speaker>2.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile giue thee a Winde.</l>
```

```xml
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
          <speaker>1.</speaker>
          <l>Th'art kinde.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
          <speaker>3.</speaker>
          <l>And I another.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
          <speaker>1.</speaker>
          <l>I my selfe haue all the other,</l>
          <l>And the very Ports they blow,</l>
          <l>All the Quarters that they know,</l>
          <l>I'th'Ship-mans Card.</l>
          <l>Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:</l>
          <l>Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day</l>
          <l>Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:</l>
          <l>He shall liue a man forbid:</l>
          <l>Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,</l>
          <l>Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:</l>
          <l>Though his Barke cannot be lost,</l>
          <l>Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.</l>
          <l>Looke what I haue.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
          <speaker>2.</speaker>
          <l>Shew me, shew me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
          <speaker>1.</speaker>
          <l>Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,</l>
          <l>Wrackt, as homeward he did come.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drum
within.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
          <speaker>3.</speaker>
          <l>A Drumme, a Drumme:</l>
          <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> doth come.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <l>The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,</l>
          <l>Posters of the Sea and Land,</l>
          <l>Thus doe goe, about, about,</l>
          <l>Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,</l>
          <l>And thrice againe, to make vp nine.</l>
          <l>Peace, the Charme's wound vp.</l>
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            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth and
Banquo.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
               <speaker rend="italic">Banquo.</speaker>
               <l>How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,</l>
               <l>So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,</l>
               <l>That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,</l>
               <l>And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught</l>
               <l>
         <gap extent="1"
            unit="chars"
            reason="absent"
            agent="torn"
            resp="#ES"/>hat man may question? you seeme to vnderstand
me,</l>

               <l>
         <gap extent="1"
            unit="words"
            reason="absent"
            agent="torn"
            resp="#ES"/> each at once her choppie finger laying</l>
               <l>
         <gap extent="2"
            unit="chars"
            reason="absent"
            agent="torn"
            resp="#ES"/>on her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,</l>
               <l>
         <gap extent="2"
            unit="chars"
            reason="absent"
            agent="torn"
            resp="#ES"/>d yet your Beards forbid me to interprete</l>
               <l>
         <gap extent="1"
            unit="words"
            reason="absent"
            agent="torn"
            resp="#ES"/>you are so.</l>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
               <l>Speake if you can: what are you?</l>
            </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
   <l>All haile <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, haile to thee <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Glamis.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
   <speaker>2.</speaker>
   <l>All haile <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, haile to thee <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>All haile <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, that shalt be King
hereafter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
   <l>Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare</l>
   <l>Things that doe sound so faire? i'th'name of truth</l>
   <l>Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed</l>
   <l>Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner</l>
   <l>You greet with present Grace, and great prediction</l>
   <l>Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,</l>
   <l>That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.</l>
   <l>If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,</l>
   <l>And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,</l>
   <l>Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare</l>
   <l>Your fauors, nor your hate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
   <l>Hayle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
   <speaker>2.</speaker>
   <l>Hayle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>Hayle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
   <l>Lesser than <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, and greater.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
   <speaker>2.</speaker>
   <l>Not so happy, yet much happyer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
```

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          <speaker>3.</speaker>
          <l>Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:</l>
          <l>So all haile <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Banquo</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
          <speaker>1.</speaker>
          <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,
all haile.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:</l>
          <l>By <hi rend="italic">Sinells</hi> death, I know I am <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Glamis,</l>
          <l>But how, of Cawdor? the <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of
Cawdor liues</l>
          <l>A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,</l>
          <l>Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,</l>
          <l>No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence</l>
          <l>You owe this strange Intelligence, or why</l>
          <l>Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way</l>
          <l>With such Prophetique greeting?</l>
          <l>Speake, I charge you.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Witches
vanish.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
          <l>The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,</l>
          <l>And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,</l>
          <l>Melted, as breath into the Winde.</l>
          <l>Would they had stay'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
          <l>Were such things here, as we doe speake about?</l>
          <l>Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,</l>
          <l>That takes the Reason Prisoner?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Your Children shall be Kings.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
```

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        <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
        <l>You shall be King.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor too: went it not so?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
        <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
        <l>Toth'selfe-same tune and words: who's here?</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosse and <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="hole" resp="#ES"/>ngus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
        <l>The King hath happily receiu'd, <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,</l>
        <l>The newes of thy successe: and when he reades</l>
        <l>Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,</l>
        <l>His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,</l>
        <l>Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,</l>
        <l>In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,</l>
        <l>He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,</l>
        <l>Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make</l>
        <l>Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale</l>
        <l>Can post with post, and euery one did beare</l>
        <l>Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,</l>
        <l>And powr'd them downe before him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ang">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
        <l>Wee are sent,</l>
        <l>To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,</l>
        <l>Onely to harrold thee into his sight,</l>
        <l>Not pay thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
        <l>And for an earnest of a greater Honor,</l>
        <l>He bad me, from him, call thee <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor:</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0743-0.jpg" n="133"/>
        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
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            <l>In which addition, haile most worthy <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi>,</l>
            <l>For it is thine.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
            <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
            <l>What, can the Deuill speake true?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>The <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor liues:</l>
            <l>Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ang">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
            <l>Who was the <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi>, liues yet,</l>
            <l>But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,</l>
            <l>Which he deserues to loose.</l>
            <l>Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,</l>
            <l>Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,</l>
            <l>And vantage; or that with both he labour'd</l>
            <l>In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:</l>
            <l>But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,</l>
            <l>Haue ouerthrowne h<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="absent"
agent="hole"
resp="#ES"/>m.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>Glamys, and <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor:</l>
            <l>The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.</l>
            <l>Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,</l>
            <l>When those that gaue the <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of
Cawdor to me,</l>
            <l>Promis'd no lesse to them.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
            <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
            <l>That trusted home,</l>
            <l>Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,</l>
            <l>Besides the <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor. But 'tis
strange:</l>
            <l>And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,</l>
            <l>The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,</l>
            <l>Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's</l>
            <l>In deepest consequence.</l>
            <l>Cousins, a word, I pray you.</l>
         </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Two Truths are told,</l>
   <l>As happy Prologues to the swelling Act</l>
   <l>Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:</l>
   <l>This supernaturall solliciting</l>
   <l>Cannot be ill; cannot be good.</l>
   <l>If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,</l>
   <l>Commencing in a Truth<c rend="italic">?</c> I am <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi> of Cawdor.</l>
   <l>If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,</l>
   <l>Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,</l>
   <l>And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,</l>
   <l>Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares</l>
   <l>Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:</l>
   <l>My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,</l>
   <l>Shakes so my single state of Man,</l>
   <l>That Function is smother'd in surmise,</l>
   <l>And nothing is, but what is not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
   <l>Looke how our Partner's rapt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>If Chance will haue me King,</l>
   <l>Why Chance may Crowne me,</l>
   <l>Without my stirre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
   <l>New Honors come vpon him</l>
   <l>Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,</l>
   <l>But with the aid of vse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Come what come may,</l>
   <l>Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
   <p>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, wee stay vpon your
ley-<lb/>sure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Giue me your fauour:</l>
   <l>My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.</l>
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<l>Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,</l>
<l>Where euery day I turne the Leafe,</l>
<l>To reade them.</l>
<l>Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon</l>
<l>What hath chanc'd: and at more time,</l>
<l>The <hi rend="italic">Interim</hi> hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake</l>
<l>Our free Hearts each to other.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
<speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
<l>Very gladly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>Till then enough:</l>
<l>Come friends.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<cb n="2"/>
<div type="scene" n="4">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
<lb/>Donalbaine, and Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Is execution done on <hi rend="italic">Cawdor</hi>?</l>
<l>Or not those in Commission yet return'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
<speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
<l>My Liege, they are not yet come back.</l>
<l>But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:</l>
<l>Who did report, that very frankly hee</l>
<l>Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,</l>
<l>And set forth a deepe Repentance:</l>
<l>Nothing in his Life became him,</l>
<l>Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,</l>
<l>As one that had beene studied in his death,</l>
<l>To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,</l>
<l>As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>There's no Art,</l>
<l>To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:</l>
<l>He was a Gentleman, on whom I built</l>

<l>An absolute Trust.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.</stage>
<l>O worthyest Cousin,</l>
<l>The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now</l>
<l>Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,</l>
<l>That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,</l>
<l>To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,</l>
<l>That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,</l>
<l>Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,</l>
<l>More is thy due, then more then all can pay.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,</l>
<l>In doing it, payes it selfe.</l>
<l>Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:</l>
<l>And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,</l>
<l>Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,</l>
<l>By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue</l>
<l>And Honor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Welcome hither:</l>
<l>I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour</l>
<l>To make thee full of growing. Noble <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>,</l>
<l>That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne</l>
<l>No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,</l>
<l>And hold thee to my Heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
<speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
<l>There if I grow,</l>
<l>The Haruest is your owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>My plenteous Ioyes,</l>
<l>Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues</l>
<l>In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, <hi rend="italic">Thanes</hi>,</l>
<l>And you whose places are the nearest, know,</l>
<l>We will establish our Estate vpon</l>
<l>Our eldest, <hi rend="italic">Malcolme</hi>, whom we name hereafter,</l>
<l>The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must</l>
<l>Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,</l>
<l>But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine</l>

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    <l>On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,</l>
    <l>And binde vs further to you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:</l>
    <l>Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull</l>
    <l>The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:</l>
    <l>So humbly take my leaue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>My worthy <hi rend="italic">Cawdor</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,</l>
    <l>On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">mm</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0744-0.jpg" n="134"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,</l>
    <l>Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:</l>
    <l>The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,</l>
    <l>Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>True worthy <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>: he is full so
valiant,</l>
    <l>And in his commendations, I am fed:</l>
    <l>It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,</l>
    <l>Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:</l>
    <l>It is a peerelesse Kinsman.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Flourish.
Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeths Wife
alone with a Letter.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker>Lady.</speaker>
    <p>
<hi rend="italic">They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
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                    <lb/>learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them,
then
                    <lb/>mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question
them
                    <lb/>further, they made themselues Ayre, into which they
vanish'd.
                    <lb/>Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues
from
                    <lb/>the King, who all-hail'd me <hi
rend="roman">Thane</hi> of Cawdor, by which Title
                    <lb/>before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me
to
                    <lb/>the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be.
This
                    <lb/>haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
                    <lb/>Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of
reioycing
                    <lb/>by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee.
Lay
                    <lb/>it to thy heart and farewell.</hi>
            </p>
                    <l>Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be</l>
                    <l>What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,</l>
                    <l>It is too full o'th'Milke of humane kindnesse,</l>
                    <l>To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,</l>
                    <l>Art not without Ambition, but without</l>
                    <l>The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,</l>
                    <l>That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,</l>
                    <l>And yet would'st wrongly winne.</l>
                    <l>Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,</l>
                    <l>Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;</l>
                    <l>And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,</l>
                    <l>Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,</l>
                    <l>That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,</l>
                    <l>And chastise with the valour of my Tongue</l>
                    <l>All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,</l>
                    <l>Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme</l>
                    <l>To haue thee crown'd withall.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Messenger.</stage>
                    <l>What is your tidings?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                    <l>The King comes here to Night.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <l>Thou'rt mad to say it.</l>
                    <l>Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,</l>
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        <l>Would haue inform'd for preparation.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
        <l>So please you, it is true: our <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi> is comming:</l>
        <l>One of my fellowes had the speed of him;</l>
        <l>Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more</l>
        <l>Then would make vp his Message.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
        <l>Giue him tending,</l>
        <l>He brings great newes.</l>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Messenger.</stage>
        <l>The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,</l>
        <l>That croakes the fatall entrance of <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,</l>
        <l>That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,</l>
        <l>And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full</l>
        <l>Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,</l>
        <l>Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,</l>
        <l>That no compunctious visitings of Nature</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene</l>
        <l>Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,</l>
        <l>And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,</l>
        <l>Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,</l>
        <l>You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,</l>
        <l>And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,</l>
        <l>That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,</l>
        <l>Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,</l>
        <l>To cry, hold, hold.</l>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth.</stage>
        <l>Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,</l>
        <l>Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,</l>
        <l>Thy Letters haue transported me beyond</l>
        <l>This ignorant present, and I feele now</l>
        <l>The future in the instant.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>My dearest Loue,</l>
        <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi> comes here to Night.</l>
      </sp>
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            <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
               <l>And when goes hence<c rend="italic">?</c>
         </l>
            </l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>To morrow, as he purposes.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
               <l>O neuer,</l>
               <l>Shall Sunne that Morrow see.</l>
               <l>Your Face, my <hi rend="italic">Thane</hi>, is as a Booke,
where men</l>
               <l>May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.</l>
               <l>Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,</l>
               <l>Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,</l>
               <l>But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,</l>
               <l>Must be prouided for: and you shall put</l>
               <l>This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,</l>
               <l>Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,</l>
               <l>Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>We will speake further.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
               <l>Onely looke vp cleare:</l>
               <l>To alter fauor, euer is to feare:</l>
               <l>Leaue all the rest to me.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="6">
            <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>
         <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 6]</head>
               <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Hoboyes, and Torches.
Enter King, Malcolme,
               <lb/>Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
               <lb/>Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <l>This Castle hath a pleasant seat,</l>
               <l>The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe</l>
               <l>Vnto our gentle sences.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
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<speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
<l>This Guest of Summer,</l>
<l>The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,</l>
<l>By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath</l>
<l>Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,</l>
<l>Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird</l>
<l>Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,</l>
<l>Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd</l>
<l>The ayre is delicate.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Lady.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>See, see our honor'd Hostesse:</l>
   <l>The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,</l>
   <l>Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,</l>
   <l>How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,</l>
   <l>And thanke vs for your trouble.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
   <l>All our seruice,</l>
   <l>In euery point twice done, and then done double,</l>
   <l>Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend</l>
   <l>Against those Honors deepe, and broad,</l>
   <l>Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:</l>
   <l>For those of old, and the late Dignities,</l>
   <l>Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">King.</hi> Where's</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0745-0.jpg" n="135"/>
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>Where's the Thane of Cawdor?</l>
   <l>We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose</l>
   <l>To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,</l>
   <l>And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him</l>
   <l>To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse</l>
   <l>We are your guest to night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>Your Seruants euer,</l>
   <l>Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,</l>
   <l>To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,</l>
   <l>Still to returne your owne.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-dun">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>Giue me your hand:</l>
        <l>Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,</l>
        <l>And shall continue, our Graces towards him.</l>
        <l>By your leaue Hostesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 7]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Ho-boyes.
Torches.</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Sewer, and
diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice
    <lb/>ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,</l>
        <l>It were done quickly: If th'Assassination</l>
        <l>Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch</l>
        <l>With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow</l>
        <l>Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,</l>
        <l>But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,</l>
        <l>Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,</l>
        <l>We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach</l>
        <l>Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne</l>
        <l>To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iustice</l>
        <l>Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice</l>
        <l>To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;</l>
        <l>First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,</l>
        <l>Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,</l>
        <l>Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,</l>
        <l>Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this <hi
rend="italic">Duncane</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin</l>
        <l>So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues</l>
        <l>Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against</l>
        <l>The deepe damnation of his taking off:</l>
        <l>And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,</l>
        <l>Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd</l>
        <l>Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,</l>
        <l>Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,</l>
        <l>That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre</l>
        <l>To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely</l>
        <l>Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,</l>
        <l>And falles on th'other.</l>
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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Lady.</stage>
        <l>How now? What Newes?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
      <l>He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
      <l>Hath he ask'd for me<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
      <l>Know you not, he ha's?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
      <l>We will proceed no further in this Businesse:</l>
      <l>He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought</l>
      <l>Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,</l>
      <l>Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,</l>
      <l>Not cast aside so soone.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
      <l>Was the hope drunke,</l>
      <l>Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?</l>
      <l>And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,</l>
      <l>At what it did so freely? From this time,</l>
      <l>Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd</l>
      <l>To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,</l>
      <l>As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,</l>
      <l>And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?</l>
      <l>Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,</l>
      <l>Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>Prythee peace:</l>
      <l>I dare do all that may become a man,</l>
      <l>Who dares do more, is none.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
      <l>What Beast was't then</l>
      <l>That made you breake this enterprize to me?</l>
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    <l>When you durst do it, then you were a man:</l>
    <l>And to be more then what you were, you would</l>
    <l>Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place</l>
    <l>Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:</l>
    <l>They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now</l>
    <l>Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know</l>
    <l>How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,</l>
    <l>I would, while it was smyling in my Face,</l>
    <l>Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,</l>
    <l>And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne</l>
    <l>As you have done to this.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>If we should faile?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
    <l>We faile?</l>
    <l>But screw your courage to the sticking place,</l>
    <l>And wee'le not fayle: when <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi> is
asleepe,</l>
    <l>(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney</l>
    <l>Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines</l>
    <l>Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,</l>
    <l>That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,</l>
    <l>Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason</l>
    <l>A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,</l>
    <l>Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,</l>
    <l>What cannot you and I performe vpon</l>
    <l>Th'vnguarded <hi rend="italic">Duncan?</hi> What not put
vpon</l>
    <l>His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt</l>
    <l>Of our great quell.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Bring forth Men-Children onely:</l>
    <l>For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose</l>
    <l>Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,</l>
    <l>When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepie two</l>
    <l>Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,</l>
    <l>That they haue don't?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
    <l>Who dares receiue it other,</l>
    <l>As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,</l>
    <l>Vpon his Death?</l>
  </sp>
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        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>I am settled, and bend vp</l>
          <l>Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.</l>
          <l>Away, and mock the time with fairest show,</l>
          <l>False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      </div>
    <div type="act" n="2">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Banquo, and
Fleance, with a Torch
        <lb/>before him.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
          <l>How goes the Night, Boy?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-fle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fleance.</speaker>
          <l>The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
            <lb/>Clock</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
          <l>And she goes downe at Twelue.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-fle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Fleance.</speaker>
          <l>I take't, 'tis later, Sir.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
          <l>Hold, take my Sword:</l>
          <l>There's Husbandry in Heauen,</l>
          <l>Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.</l>
          <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">mm2</fw>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0746-0.jpg" n="136"/>
          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,</l>
          <l>And yet I would not sleepe:</l>
          <l>Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts</l>
          <l>That Nature giues way to in repose.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth, and a
Seruant with a Torch.</stage>
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    <l>Giue me my Sword: who's there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>A Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
    <l>What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.</l>
    <l>He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,</l>
    <l>And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.</l>
    <l>This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,</l>
    <l>By the name of most kind Hostesse,</l>
    <l>And shut vp in measurelesse content.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
    <l>Being vnprepar'd,</l>
    <l>Our will became the seruant to defect,</l>
    <l>Which else should free haue wrought.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
    <l>All's well.</l>
    <l>I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:</l>
    <l>To you they haue shew'd some truth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>I thinke not of them:</l>
    <l>Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,</l>
    <l>We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,</l>
    <l>If you would graunt the time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
    <l>At your kind'st leysure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>If you shall cleaue to my consent,</l>
    <l>When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
    <l>So I lose none,</l>
    <l>In seeking to augment it, but still keepe</l>
    <l>My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,</l>
    <l>I shall be counsail'd.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
  <l>Good repose the while.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
  <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
  <l>Thankes Sir: the like to you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Banquo.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
  <l>Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,</l>
  <l>She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <l>Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,</l>
  <l>The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:</l>
  <l>I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.</l>
  <l>Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible</l>
  <l>To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but</l>
  <l>A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,</l>
  <l>Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?</l>
  <l>I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,</l>
  <l>As this which now I draw.</l>
  <l>Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,</l>
  <l>And such an Instrument I was to vse.</l>
  <l>Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,</l>
  <l>Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;</l>
  <l>And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,</l>
  <l>Which was not so before. There's no such thing:</l>
  <l>It is the bloody Businesse, which informes</l>
  <l>Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World</l>
  <l>Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse</l>
  <l>The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates</l>
  <l>Pale <hi rend="italic">Heccats</hi> Offrings: and wither'd Murther,</l>
  <l>Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,</l>
  <l>Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,</l>
  <l>With <hi rend="italic">Tarquins</hi> rauishing sides, towards his designe</l>
  <l>Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth</l>
  <l>Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare</l>
  <l>Thy very stones prate of my where-about,</l>
  <l>And take the present horror from the time,</l>
  <l>Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:</l>
  <l>Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Bell rings.</stage>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.</l>
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        <l>Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,</l>
        <l>That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="2">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <l>That which hath made <choice>
  <abbr>thē</abbr>
  <expan>them</expan>
</choice> drunk, hath made me bold:</l>
        <l>What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.</l>
        <l>Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,</l>
        <l>The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.</l>
        <l>He is about it, the Doores are open:</l>
        <l>And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge</l>
        <l>With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,</l>
        <l>That Death and Nature doe contend about them,</l>
        <l>Whether they liue, or dye.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Macbeth.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Who's there? what hoa?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,</l>
          <l>And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,</l>
          <l>Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,</l>
          <l>He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled</l>
          <l>My Father as he slept, I had don't.</l>
          <l>My Husband?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>I haue done the deed:</l>
          <l>Didst thou not heare a noyse?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.</l>
          <l>Did not you speake?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>When?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>Now.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>As I descended?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>I.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>
  <hi rend="italic">Donalbaine</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
      <l>This is a sorry sight.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>There's one did laugh in's sleepe,</l>
      <l>And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:</l>
      <l>I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,</l>
      <l>And addrest them againe to sleepe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
      <l>There are two lodg'd together.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,</l>
      <l>As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:</l>
      <l>Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,</l>
      <l>When they did say God blesse vs.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Consider it not so deepely.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
          <l>But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?</l>
          <l>I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my
throat.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>These deeds must not be thought</l>
          <l>After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:</l>
          <l>Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,</l>
          <l>Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,</l>
          <l>The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,</l>
          <l>Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,</l>
          <l>Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>What doe you meane?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:</l>
          <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Glamis</hi> hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore
<hi rend="italic">Cawdor</hi>
          </l>
          <l>Shall sleepe no more: <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> shall
sleepe no more.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi>,</l>
          <l>You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke</l>
          <l>So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,</l>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0747-0.jpg" n="137"/>
          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.</l>
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                    <l>Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?</l>
                    <l>They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare</l>
                    <l>The sleepie Groomes with blood.</l>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile goe no more:</l>
                    <l>I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:</l>
                    <l>Looke on't againe, I dare not.</l>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <l>Infirme of purpose:</l>
                    <l>Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,</l>
                    <l>Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,</l>
                    <l>That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,</l>
                    <l>Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,</l>
                    <l>For it must seeme their Guilt.</l>
                 </sp>
                 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knocke
within.</stage>
                 <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Whence is that knocking?</l>
                    <l>How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?</l>
                    <l>What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.</l>
                    <l>Will all great <hi rend="italic">Neptunes</hi> Ocean wash
this blood</l>
                    <l>Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather</l>
                    <l>The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,</l>
                    <l>Making the Greene one, Red.</l>
                 </sp>
                 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady.</stage>
                 <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <l>My Hands are of your colour: but I shame</l>
                    <l>To weare a Heart so white.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Knocke.</stage>
                    <l>I heare a knocking at the South entry:</l>
                    <l>Retyre we to our Chamber:</l>
                    <l>A little Water cleares vs of this deed.</l>
                    <l>How easie is it then<c rend="italic">?</c> your
Constancie</l>
                    <l>Hath left you vnattended.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Knocke.</stage>
                    <l>Hearke, more knocking.</l>
                    <l>Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,</l>
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    <l>And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost</l>
    <l>So poorely in your thoughts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>To know my deed,</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knocke.</stage>
        <l>'Twere best not know my selfe.</l>
        <l>Wake <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi> with thy knocking:</l>
        <l>I would thou could'st.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Porter.</stage>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Knocking
within.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-por">
    <speaker rend="italic">Porter.</speaker>
    <p>Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
        <lb/>Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
        <lb/>Key.<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Knock.</stage> Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
        <lb/>i'th'name of <hi rend="italic">Belzebub?</hi> Here's a
Farmer, that hang'd
        <lb/>himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
        <lb/>Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't.<stage
rend="italic inline" type="business">Knock.</stage>
        <lb/>Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name?
        <lb/>Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both
        <lb/>the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
        <lb/>enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
        <lb/>uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. <stage rend="italic inline"
type="business">Knock</stage>. Knock,
        <lb/>Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English
        <lb/>Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:
        <lb/>Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. <stage
rend="italic inline" type="business">Knock.</stage>
        <lb/>Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this
        <lb/>place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
        <lb/>I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that
        <lb/>goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. <stage
rend="italic inline" type="business">Knock.</stage>
        <lb/>Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macduff, and
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Lenox.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
               <l>Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,</l>
               <l>That you doe lye so late?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-por">
               <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
               <l>Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:</l>
               <l>And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
               <p>What three things does Drinke especially
                  <lb/>prouoke?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-por">
               <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
               <p>Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
                  <lb/>Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
                  <lb/>the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
                  <lb/>much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-
                  <lb/>cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
                  <lb/>and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens
                  <lb/>him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-
                  <lb/>sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
                  <lb/>leaues him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
               <p>I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-por">
               <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
               <p>That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
                  <lb/>requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
                  <lb/>for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I
                  <lb/>made a Shift to cast him.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Macbeth.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
               <l>Is thy Master stirring?</l>
               <l>Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-len">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
               <l>Good morrow, Noble Sir.</l>
            </sp>

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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Good morrow both.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <l>Is the King stirring, worthy <hi
rend="italic">Thane</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Not yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <l>He did command me to call timely on him,</l>
   <l>I haue almost slipt the houre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ma<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>b.</speaker>
   <l>Ile bring you to him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <l>I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:</l>
   <l>But yet 'tis one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:</l>
   <l>This is the Doore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <p>Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted
      <lb/>seruice.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Macduffe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
   <l>Goes the King hence to day?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>He does: he did appoint so.</l>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-len">
             <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
             <l>The Night ha's been vnruly:</l>
             <l>Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,</l>
             <l>And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;</l>
             <l>Strange Schreemes of Death,</l>
             <l>And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,</l>
             <l>Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,</l>
             <l>New hatch'd toth'wofull time.</l>
             <l>The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.</l>
             <l>Some say, the Earth was feuorous,</l>
             <l>And did shake.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
             <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
             <l>'Twas a rough Night.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-len">
             <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
             <l>My young remembrance cannot paralell</l>
             <l>A fellow to it.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Macduff.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
             <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
             <l>O horror, horror, horror,</l>
             <l>Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb #F-mac-len">
             <speaker rend="italic">Macb. and Lenox.</speaker>
             <l>What's the matter?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
             <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
             <l>Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:</l>
             <l>Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope</l>
             <l>The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence</l>
             <l>The Life o'th'Building.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
             <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
             <l>What is't you say, the Life?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-len">
             <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
             <l>Meane you his Maiestie?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
```

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          <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
          <l>Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight</l>
          <l>With a new <hi rend="italic">Gorgon</hi>. Doe not bid me speake:</l>
          <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">mm3</fw>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">See,</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0748-0.jpg" n="138"/>
          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.</stage>
          <l>Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,</l>
          <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Donalbaine: Malcolme</hi> awake,</l>
          <l>Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,</l>
          <l>And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see</l>
          <l>The great Doomes Image: <hi rend="italic">Malcolme</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>,</l>
          <l>As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,</l>
          <l>To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Bell rings. Enter Lady.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>What's the Businesse<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
          <l>That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley</l>
          <l>The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
          <l>O gentle Lady,</l>
          <l>'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:</l>
          <l>The repetition in a Womans eare,</l>
          <l>Would murther as it fell.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Banquo.</stage>
          <l>O <hi rend="italic">Banquo, Banquo</hi>, Our Royall Master's murther'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Woe, alas:</l>
          <l>What, in our House?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
          <l>Too cruell, any where.</l>
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      <l>Deare <hi rend="italic">Duff</hi>, I prythee contradict thy
selfe,</l>
      <l>And say, it is not so.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth, Lenox,
and Rosse.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
         <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
         <l>Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,</l>
         <l>I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,</l>
         <l>There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:</l>
         <l>All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,</l>
         <l>The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees</l>
         <l>Is left this Vault, to brag of.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Malcolme and
Donalbaine.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-mac-don">
            <speaker rend="italic">Donal.</speaker>
            <l>What is amisse?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>You are, and doe not know't:</l>
            <l>The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood</l>
            <l>Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>Your Royall Father's murther'd.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>Oh, by whom?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-len">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
            <l>Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:</l>
            <l>Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,</l>
            <l>So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found</l>
            <l>Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,</l>
            <l>No mans Life was to be trusted with them.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,</l>
            <l>That I did kill them.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
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      <l>Wherefore did you so?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, &amp; furious,</l>
   <l>Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:</l>
   <l>Th'expedition of my violent Loue</l>
   <l>Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay <hi
rend="italic">Duncan</hi>,</l>
      <l>His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,</l>
      <l>And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,</l>
      <l>For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,</l>
      <l>Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers</l>
      <l>Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,</l>
      <l>That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,</l>
      <l>Courage, to make's loue knowne?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
   <l>Helpe me hence, hoa.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <l>Looke to the Lady.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <l>Why doe we hold our tongues,</l>
   <l>That most may clayme this argument for ours?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-don">
   <speaker rend="italic">Donal.</speaker>
   <l>What should be spoken here,</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,</l>
   <l>May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,</l>
   <l>Our Teares are not yet brew'd.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <l>Nor our strong Sorrow</l>
   <l>Vpon the foot of Motion.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
   <l>Looke to the Lady:</l>
   <l>And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,</l>
   <l>That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,</l>
   <l>And question this most bloody piece of worke,</l>
   <l>To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:</l>
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      <l>In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,</l>
      <l>Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight</l>
      <l>Of Treasonous Mallice.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>And so doe I.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <l>So all.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
      <l>Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,</l>
      <l>And meet i'th'Hall together.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <l>Well contented.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>What will you doe?</l>
      <l>Let's not consort with them:</l>
      <l>To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office</l>
      <l>Which the false man do's easie.</l>
      <l>Ile to England.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-don">
      <speaker rend="italic">Don.</speaker>
      <l>To Ireland, I:</l>
      <l>Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:</l>
      <l>Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;</l>
      <l>The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>This murtherous Shaft that's shot,</l>
      <l>Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,</l>
      <l>Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,</l>
      <l>And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,</l>
      <l>But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,</l>
      <l>Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
```

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosse, with an Old man.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-oma">
<speaker rend="italic">Old man.</speaker>
<l>Threescore and ten I can remember well,</l>
<l>Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene</l>
<l>Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night</l>
<l>Hath trifled former knowings.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
<l>Ha, good Father,</l>
<l>Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,</l>
<l>Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,</l>
<l>And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:</l>
<l>Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,</l>
<l>That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,</l>
<l>When liuing Light should kisse it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-oma">
<speaker rend="italic">Old man.</speaker>
<l>'Tis vnnaturall,</l>
<l>Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,</l>
<l>A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,</l>
<l>Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Duncans</hi> Horses,</l>
<l>(A thing most strange, and certaine)</l>
<l>Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,</l>
<l>Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,</l>
<l>Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would</l>
<l>Make Warre with Mankinde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-oma">
<speaker rend="italic">Old man.</speaker>
<l>'Tis said, they eate each other.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
<l>They did so:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0749-0.jpg" n="139"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macduffe.</stage>

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    <l>Heere comes the good <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>.</l>
    <l>How goes the world Sir, now?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Why see you not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
    <l>Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Those that <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> hath slaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
    <l>Alas the day,</l>
    <l>What good could they pretend?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>They were subborned,</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Malcolme</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Donalbaine</hi> the Kings two Sonnes</l>
    <l>Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them</l>
    <l>Suspition of the deed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>'Gainst Nature still,</l>
    <l>Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp</l>
    <l>Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,</l>
    <l>The Soueraignty will fall vpon <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone</l>
    <l>To be inuested.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Duncans</hi> body?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Carried to Colmekill,</l>
    <l>The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,</l>
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            <l>And Guardian of their Bones.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>Will you to Scone?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>No Cosin, Ile to Fife.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>Well, I will thither.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu</l>
            <l>Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>Farewell, Father.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-oma">
            <speaker rend="italic">Old M.</speaker>
            <l>Gods benyson go with you, and with those</l>
            <l>That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
omnes</stage>
      </div>
      </div>
      <div type="act" n="3">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
           <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Banquo.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
           <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
           <l>Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,</l>
           <l>As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare</l>
           <l>Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide</l>
           <l>It should not stand in thy Posterity,</l>
           <l>But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father</l>
           <l>Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,</l>
           <l>As vpon thee <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>, their Speeches
shine,</l>
           <l>Why by the verities on thee made good,</l>
           <l>May they not be my Oracles as well,</l>
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    <l>And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Senit sounded. Enter
Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
    <lb/>Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Heere's our chiefe Guest.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>If he had beene forgotten,</l>
    <l>It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,</l>
    <l>And all-thing vnbecomming.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,</l>
    <l>And Ile request your presence.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
    <l>Let your Highnesse</l>
    <l>Command vpon me, to the which my duties</l>
    <l>Are with a most indissoluble tye</l>
    <l>For euer knit.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Ride you this afternoone<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
    <l>I, my good Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>We should haue else desir'd your good aduice</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)</l>
    <l>In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.</l>
    <l>Is't farre you ride?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
    <l>As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time</l>
    <l>'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,</l>
    <l>I must become a borrower of the Night,</l>
    <l>For a darke houre, or twaine.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Faile not our Feast.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord, I will not.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd</l>
          <l>In England, and in Ireland, not confessing</l>
          <l>Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers</l>
          <l>With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,</l>
          <l>When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,</l>
          <l>Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:</l>
          <l>Adieu, till you returne at Night.</l>
          <l>Goes <hi rend="italic">Fleance</hi> with you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
          <l>I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:</l>
          <l>And so I doe commend you to their backs.</l>
          <l>Farwell.</l>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit Banquo.</stage>
          <l>Let euery man be master of his time,</l>
          <l>Till seuen at Night, to make societie</l>
          <l>The sweeter welcome:</l>
          <l>We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:</l>
          <l>While then, God be with you.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
Lords.</stage>
          <l>Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men</l>
          <l>Our pleasure?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
          <speaker rend="italic">Seruant.</speaker>
          <l>They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
            <lb/>Gate.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Bring them before vs.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Seruant.</stage>
```

<l>To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:</l>
<l>Our feares in <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> sticke deepe,</l>
<l>And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that</l>
<l>Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,</l>
<l>And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,</l>
<l>He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,</l>
<l>To act in safetie. There is none but he,</l>
<l>Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,</l>
<l>My <hi rend="italic">Genius</hi> is rebuk'd, as it is said</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Mark Anthonies</hi> was by <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. He chid the Sisters,</l>
<l>When first they put the Name of King vpon me,</l>
<l>And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,</l>
<l>They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.</l>
<l>Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,</l>
<l>And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,</l>
<l>Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,</l>
<l>No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Banquo's</hi> Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,</l>
<l>For them, the gracious <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi> haue I murther'd,</l>
<l>Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace</l>
<l>Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell</l>
<l>Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,</l>
<l>To make them Kings, the Seedes of <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> Kings.</l>
<l>Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,</l>
<l>And champion me to th'vtterance.</l>
<l>Who's there?</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.</stage>
<l>Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Seruant.</stage>
<l>Was it not yesterday we spoke together?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
<speaker rend="italic">Murth.</speaker>
<l>It was, so please your Highnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>Well then,</l>
<l>Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Know,</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0750-0.jpg" n="140"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<l>Know, that it was he, in the times past,</l>
<l>Which held you so vnder fortune,</l>
<l>Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.</l>
<l>This I made good to you, in our last conference,</l>
<l>Past in probation with you:</l>
<l>How you were borne in hand, how crost:</l>
<l>The Instruments: who wrought with them:</l>
<l>And all things else, that might</l>
<l>To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,</l>
<l>Say, Thus did <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker>
<l>You made it knowne to vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>I did so:</l>
<l>And went further, which is now</l>
<l>Our point of second meeting.</l>
<l>Doe you finde your patience so predominant,</l>
<l>In your nature, that you can let this goe?</l>
<l>Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,</l>
<l>And for his Issue, whose heauie hand</l>
<l>Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd</l>
<l>Yours for euer?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker>
<l>We are men, my Liege.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,</l>
<l>As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,</l>
<l>Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt</l>
<l>All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file</l>
<l>Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,</l>
<l>The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one</l>
<l>According to the gift, which bounteous Nature</l>
<l>Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue</l>
<l>Particular addition, from the Bill,</l>
<l>That writes them all alike: and so of men.</l>
<l>Now, if you haue a station in the file,</l>
<l>Not i'th'worst ranke of Manhood, say't,</l>
<l>And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,</l>
<l>Whose execution takes your Enemie off,</l>
<l>Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,</l>
<l>Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,</l>
<l>Which in his Death were perfect.</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Murth.</speaker>
   <l>I am one, my Liege,</l>
   <l>Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World</l>
   <l>Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,</l>
   <l>To spight the World.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker>
   <l>And I another,</l>
   <l>So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,</l>
   <l>That I would set my Life on any Chance,</l>
   <l>To mend it, or be rid on't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Both of you know <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> was your
Enemie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Murth.</speaker>
   <l>True, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,</l>
   <l>That euery minute of his being, thrusts</l>
   <l>Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could</l>
   <l>With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,</l>
   <l>And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,</l>
   <l>For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,</l>
   <l>Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,</l>
   <l>Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,</l>
   <l>That I to your assistance doe make loue,</l>
   <l>Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,</l>
   <l>For sundry weightie Reasons.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Murth</speaker>
   <l>We shall, my Lord,</l>
   <l>Performe what you command vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker>
   <l>Though our Liues--</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Your Spirits shine through you.</l>
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            <l>Within this houre, at most,</l>
            <l>I will aduise you where to plant your selues,</l>
            <l>Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,</l>
            <l>And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,</l>
            <l>That I require a clearenesse; and with him,</l>
            <l>To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:</l>
            <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Fleans</hi>, his Sonne, that keepes him
companie,</l>
            <l>Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,</l>
            <l>Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate</l>
            <l>Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart,</l>
            <l>Ile come to you anon.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mur">
            <speaker rend="italic">Murth.</speaker>
            <l>We are resolu'd, my Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,</l>
            <l>It is concluded: <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>, thy Soules
flight,</l>
            <l>If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
         <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeths
Lady, and a Seruant.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
            <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> gone from Court?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seruant.</speaker>
            <l>I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
            <l>Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,</l>
            <l>For a few words.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seruant.</speaker>
            <l>Madame, I will.</l>
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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Nought's had, all's spent,</l>
          <l>Where our desire is got without content:</l>
          <l>'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,</l>
          <l>Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth.</stage>
          <l>How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone<c rend="italic">?</c>
          </l>
          <l>Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,</l>
          <l>Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd</l>
          <l>With them they thinke on: things without all remedie</l>
          <l>Should be without regard: what's done, is done.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:</l>
          <l>Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice</l>
          <l>Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.</l>
          <l>But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,</l>
          <l>Both the Worlds suffer,</l>
          <l>Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe</l>
          <l>In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,</l>
          <l>That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,</l>
          <l>Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,</l>
          <l>Then on the torture of the Minde to lye</l>
          <l>In restlesse extasie.</l>
          <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Duncane</hi> is in his Graue:</l>
          <l>After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,</l>
          <l>Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,</l>
          <l>Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,</l>
          <l>Can touch him further.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <l>Come on:</l>
          <l>Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,</l>
          <l>Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:</l>
          <l>Let your remembrance apply to <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>,</l>
          <l>Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:</l>
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    <l>Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue</l>
    <l>Our Honors in these flattering streames,</l>
    <l>And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,</l>
    <l>Disguising what they are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
    <l>You must leaue this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:</l>
    <l>Thou know'st, that <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> and his <hi
rend="italic">Fleans</hi> liues.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Lady.</hi> But</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0751-0.jpg" n="141"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
    <l>But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,</l>
    <l>Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne</l>
    <l>His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black <hi
rend="italic">Heccats</hi> summons</l>
    <l>The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,</l>
    <l>Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,</l>
    <l>There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
    <l>What's to be done?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,</l>
    <l>Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,</l>
    <l>Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,</l>
    <l>And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand</l>
    <l>Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,</l>
    <l>Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,</l>
    <l>And the Crow makes Wing toth'Rookie Wood:</l>
    <l>Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,</l>
    <l>Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.</l>
    <l>Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,</l>
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    <l>Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:</l>
    <l>So prythee goe with me.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three
Murtherers.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
        <speaker>3.</speaker>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
        <speaker>2.</speaker>
        <l>He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers</l>
        <l>Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,</l>
        <l>To the direction iust.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>Then stand with vs:</l>
        <l>The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.</l>
        <l>Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,</l>
        <l>To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches</l>
        <l>The subiect of our Watch.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
        <speaker>3.</speaker>
        <l>Hearke, I heare Horses.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-ban">
        <speaker rend="italic">Banquo</speaker>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> within.</stage>
        <l>Giue vs a Light there, hoa.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
        <speaker>2.</speaker>
        <l>Then 'tis hee:</l>
        <l>The rest, that are within the note of expectation,</l>
        <l>Alreadie are i'th'Court.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
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      <l>His Horses goe about.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>Almost a mile: but he does vsually,</l>
   <l>So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate</l>
   <l>Make it their Walke.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Banquo and
Fleans, with a Torch.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
   <speaker>2.</speaker>
   <l>A Light, a Light.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis hee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
   <l>Stand too't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
   <l>It will be Rayne to Night.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
<speaker>1.</speaker>
<l>Let it come downe.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ban">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ban.</speaker>
   <l>O, Trecherie!</l>
   <l>Flye good <hi rend="italic">Fleans</hi>, flye, flye, flye,</l>
   <l>Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>Who did strike out the Light?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
   <speaker>1.</speaker>
   <l>Was't not the way?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.3">
   <speaker>3.</speaker>
   <l>There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
   <speaker>2.</speaker>
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        <l>We haue lost</l>
        <l>Best halfe of our Affaire.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>Well, let's away, and say how much is done.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <cb n="2"/>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4">
      <head rend="italic center">Scæna Quarta.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Banquet prepar'd.
Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,
            <lb/>Lords, and Attendants.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>You know your owne degrees, sit downe:</l>
          <l>At first and last, the hearty welcome.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lds">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
          <l>Thankes to your Maiesty.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Our selfe will mingle with Society,</l>
          <l>And play the humble Host:</l>
          <l>Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time</l>
          <l>We will require her welcome.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
          <l>Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,</l>
          <l>For my heart speakes, they are welcome.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter first
Murtherer.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>See they encounter thee with their harts thanks</l>
          <l>Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,</l>
          <l>Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure</l>
          <l>The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mur">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
          <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Banquo's</hi> then.</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis better thee without, then he within.</l>
   <l>Is he dispatch'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
   <l>Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,</l>
   <l>Yet hee's good that did the like for <hi rend="italic">Fleans</hi>:</l>
   <l>If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
   <l>Most Royall Sir</l>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Fleans</hi> is scap'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Then comes my Fit againe:</l>
   <l>I had else beene perfect;</l>
   <l>Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,</l>
   <l>As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:</l>
   <l>But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in</l>
   <l>To sawcy doubts, and feares. But <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>'s safe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
   <l>I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,</l>
   <l>With twenty trenched gashes on his head;</l>
   <l>The least a Death to Nature.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Thankes for that:</l>
   <l>There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled</l>
   <l>Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,</l>
   <l>No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow</l>
   <l>Wee'l heare our selues againe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Murderer.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
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    <l>My Royall Lord,</l>
    <l>You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold</l>
    <l>That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:</l>
    <l>'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:</l>
    <l>From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,</l>
    <l>Meeting were bare without it.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter the Ghost of
Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Sweet Remembrancer:</l>
    <l>Now good digestion waite on Appetite,</l>
    <l>And health on both.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
    <l>May't please your Highnesse sit.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,</l>
    <l>Were the grac'd person of our <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>
present:</l>
    <l>Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,</l>
    <l>Then pitty for Mischance.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>His absence (Sir)</l>
    <l>Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse</l>
    <l>To grace vs with your Royall Company?</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
<choice>
  <orig>Mcab.</orig>
  <corr>Macb.</corr>
</choice>
</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0752-0.jpg" n="142"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>The Table's full.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
    <l>Heere is a place reseru'd Sir.</l>
  </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Where?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
   <l>Heere my good Lord.</l>
   <l>What is't that moues your Highnesse<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Which of you haue done this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lds">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
   <l>What, my good Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake</l>
   <l>Thy goary lockes at me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
   <l>Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,</l>
   <l>And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,</l>
   <l>The fit is momentary, vpon a thought</l>
   <l>He will againe be well. If much you note him</l>
   <l>You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,</l>
   <l>Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that</l>
   <l>Which might appall the Diuell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>O proper stuffe:</l>
   <l>This is the very painting of your feare:</l>
   <l>This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said</l>
   <l>Led you to <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi>. O, these flawes
and starts</l>

   <l>(Impostors to true feare) would well become</l>
   <l>A womans story, at a Winters fire</l>
```

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    <l>Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,</l>
    <l>Why do you make such faces? When all's done</l>
    <l>You looke but on a stoole.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Prythee see there:</l>
    <l>Behold, looke, loe, how say you:</l>
    <l>Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.</l>
    <l>If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send</l>
    <l>Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments</l>
    <l>Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>What? quite vnmann'd in folly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>If I stand heere, I saw him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>Fie for shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time</l>
    <l>Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:</l>
    <l>I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd</l>
    <l>Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,</l>
    <l>That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,</l>
    <l>And there an end: But now they rise againe</l>
    <l>With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,</l>
    <l>And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange</l>
    <l>Then such a murther is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>My worthy Lord</l>
    <l>Your Noble Friends do lacke you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>I do forget:</l>
    <l>Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,</l>
    <l>I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing</l>
    <l>To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,</l>
    <l>Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ghost.</stage>
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        <l>I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,</l>
        <l>And to our deere Friend <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>,
whom we misse:</l>
        <l>Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,</l>
        <l>And all to all.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lds">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
        <l>Our duties, and the pledge.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
        <l>
    <gap extent="1"
      unit="words"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="bleedthrough"
      resp="#ES"/> let the earth hide thee:</l>
        <l>Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:</l>
        <l>Thou hast no speculation in those eyes</l>
        <l>Which thou dost glare with.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <l>Thinke of this good Peeres</l>
        <l>But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,</l>
        <l>
    <gap extent="2"
      unit="words"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="bleedthrough"
      resp="#ES"/>spoyles the pleasure of the time.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>What man dare, I dare:</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,</l>
        <l>The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,</l>
        <l>Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues</l>
        <l>Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,</l>
        <l>And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:</l>
        <l>If trembling I inhabit the<gap extent="1"
      unit="chars"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="inkBlot"
      resp="#ES"/>, protest mee</l>
        <l>The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,</l>
        <l>Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone</l>
        <l>I am a man againe: pray you sit still.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>You haue displac'd the mirth,</l>
   <l>Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Can such things be,</l>
   <l>And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,</l>
   <l>Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange</l>
   <l>Euen to the disposition that I owe,</l>
   <l>When now I thinke you can behold such sights,</l>
   <l>And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,</l>
   <l>When mine is blanch'd with feare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>What sights, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>I pray you speake not: he growes worse &amp; worse</l>
   <l>Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.</l>
   <l>Stand not vpon the order of your going,</l>
   <l>But go at once.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Len.</speaker>
   <l>Good night, and better health</l>
   <l>Attend his Maiesty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>A kinde goodnight to all.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>It will haue blood they say:</l>
   <l>Blood will haue Blood:</l>
   <l>Stones haue beene knowne to moue, &amp; Trees to
speake:</l>

   <l>Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue</l>
   <l>By Maggot Pyes, &amp; Choughes, &amp; Rookes brought
forth</l>

   <l>The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
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        <l>Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>How say'st thou that <hi rend="italic">Macduff</hi> denies his person</l>
        <l>At our great bidding.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <l>Did you send to him Sir?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>I heare it by the way: But I will send:</l>
        <l>There's not a one of them but in his house</l>
        <l>I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow</l>
        <l>(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.</l>
        <l>More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know</l>
        <l>By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,</l>
        <l>All causes shall giue way. I am in blood</l>
        <l>Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,</l>
        <l>Returning were as tedious as go ore:</l>
        <l>Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,</l>
        <l>Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <l>You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
        <l>Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange &amp; self-abuse</l>
        <l>Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:</l>
        <l>We are yet but yong indeed.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
        <lb/>Hecat.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
        <speaker>1.</speaker>
        <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Hecat</hi>, you looke angerly?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-hec">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Hec.</speaker>
            <l>Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are<c rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
            <l>Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare</l>
            <l>To Trade, and Trafficke with <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,</l>
            <l>In Riddles, and Affaires of death;</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0753-0.jpg" n="143"/>
            <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>And I the Mistris of your Charmes,</l>
            <l>The close contriuer of all harmes,</l>
            <l>Was neuer call'd to beare my part,</l>
            <l>Or shew the glory of our Art?</l>
            <l>And which is worse, all you haue done</l>
            <l>Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,</l>
            <l>Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)</l>
            <l>Loues for his owne ends, not for you.</l>
            <l>But make amends now: Get you gon,</l>
            <l>And at the pit of Acheron</l>
            <l>Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he</l>
            <l>Will come, to know his Destinie.</l>
            <l>Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,</l>
            <l>Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;</l>
            <l>I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend</l>
            <l>Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.</l>
            <l>Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.</l>
            <l>Vpon the Corner of the Moone</l>
            <l>There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,</l>
            <l>Ile catch it ere it come to ground;</l>
            <l>And that distill'd by Magicke slights,</l>
            <l>Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,</l>
            <l>As by the strength of their illusion,</l>
            <l>Shall draw him on to his Confusion.</l>
            <l>He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare</l>
            <l>His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:</l>
            <l>And you all know, Security</l>
            <l>Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke, and a
Song.</stage>
            <l>Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see</l>
            <l>Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.</l>
      </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sing within.
Come away, come away, &amp;c.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be</l>
            <l>Backe againe.</l>
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                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
              </div>
              <div type="scene" n="6">
                <head rend="italic center">Scæna Sexta.</head>
              <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
                  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lenox, and
another Lord.</stage>
                  <sp who="#F-mac-len">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
                    <l>My former Speeches,</l>
                    <l>Haue but hit your Thoughts</l>
                    <l>Which can interpret farther: Onely I say</l>
                    <l>Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious <hi
rend="italic">Duncan</hi>
            </l>
                    <l>Was pittied of <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>: marry he was
dead:</l>
                    <l>And the right valiant <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> walk'd
too late,</l>
                    <l>Whom you may say (if't please you) <hi
rend="italic">Fleans</hi> kill'd,</l>
                    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Fleans</hi> fled: Men must not walke
too late.</l>
                    <l>Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous</l>
                    <l>It was for <hi rend="italic">Malcolme</hi>, and for <hi
rend="italic">Donalbane</hi>
            </l>
                    <l>To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,</l>
                    <l>How it did greeue <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>? Did he
not straight</l>
                    <l>In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,</l>
                    <l>That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?</l>
                    <l>Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:</l>
                    <l>For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue</l>
                    <l>To heare the men deny't. So that I say,</l>
                    <l>He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,</l>
                    <l>That had he <hi rend="italic">Duncans</hi> Sonnes vnder his
Key,</l>
                    <l>(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde</l>
                    <l>What 'twere to kill a Father: So should <hi
rend="italic">Fleans</hi>.</l>
                    <l>But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd</l>
                    <l>His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare</l>
                    <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi> liues in disgrace. Sir, can you
tell</l>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <l>Where he bestowes himselfe?</l>
                  </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-mac-lor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
    <l>The Sonnes of <hi rend="italic">Duncane</hi>
</l>
    <l>(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)</l>
    <l>Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd</l>
    <l>Of the most Pious <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, with such grace,</l>
    <l>That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing</l>
    <l>Takes from his high respect. Thither <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>
</l>
    <l>Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd</l>
    <l>To wake Northumberland, and warlike <hi rend="italic">Seyward</hi>,</l>
    <l>That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)</l>
    <l>To ratifie the Worke) we may againe</l>
    <l>Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:</l>
    <l>Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;</l>
    <l>Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,</l>
    <l>All which we pine for now. And this report</l>
    <l>Hath so exasperate their King, that hee</l>
    <l>Prepares for some attempt of Warre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Len.</speaker>
    <l>Sent he to <hi rend="italic">Macduffe?</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
    <l>He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I</l>
    <l>The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,</l>
    <l>And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time</l>
    <l>That clogges me with this Answer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
    <l>And that well might</l>
    <l>Aduise him to a Caution, t hold what distance</l>
    <l>His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell</l>
    <l>Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold</l>
    <l>His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing</l>
    <l>May soone returne to this our suffering Country,</l>
    <l>Vnder a hand accurs'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
    <l>Ile send my Prayers with him.</l>
</sp>
```

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          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="4">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder. Enter the
three Witches.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-wit.3">
            <speaker>3</speaker>
            <l>Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Round about the Caldron go:</l>
            <l>In the poysond Entrailes throw</l>
            <l>Toad, that vnder cold stone,</l>
            <l>Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:</l>
            <l>Sweltred Venom sleeping got,</l>
            <l>Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>Double, double, toile and trouble;</l>
            <l>Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Fillet of a Fenny Snake,</l>
            <l>In the Cauldron boyle and bake:</l>
            <l>Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,</l>
            <l>Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:</l>
            <l>Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,</l>
            <l>Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:</l>
            <l>For a Charme of powrefull trouble,</l>
            <l>Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>Double, double, toyle and trouble,</l>
            <l>Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.</l>
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                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.3">
                          <speaker>3</speaker>
                          <l>Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,</l>
                          <l>Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe</l>
                          <l>Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:</l>
                          <l>Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:</l>
                          <l>Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,</l>
                          <l>Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,</l>
                          <l>Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipse:</l>
                          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Nose</fw>
                          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0754-0.jpg" n="144"/>
                          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
                          <cb n="1"/>
                          <l>Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:</l>
                          <l>Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,</l>
                          <l>Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,</l>
                          <l>Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.</l>
                          <l>Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,</l>
                          <l>For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-mac-all">
                          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                          <l>Double, double, toyle and trouble,</l>
                          <l>Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                          <speaker>2</speaker>
                          <l>Coole it with a Baboones blood,</l>
                          <l>Then the Charme is firme and good.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hecat, and the
other three Witches.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-mac-hec">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Hec.</speaker>
                          <l>O well done: I commend your paines,</l>
                          <l>And euery one shall share i'th'gaines:</l>
                          <l>And now about the Cauldron sing</l>
                          <l>Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,</l>
                          <l>Inchanting all that you put in.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke and
a Song. Blacke Spirits, &amp;c.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                          <speaker>2</speaker>
                          <l>By the pricking of my Thumbes,</l>
                          <l>Something wicked this way comes:</l>
                          <l>Open Lockes, who euer knockes.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
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Macbeth.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                      <l>How now you secret, black, &amp; midnight Hags?</l>
                      <l>What is't you do?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-all">
                      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                      <l>A deed without a name.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                      <l>I coniure you, by that which you Professe,</l>
                      <l>(How ere you come to know it) answer me:</l>
                      <l>Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight</l>
                      <l>Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues</l>
                      <l>Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:</l>
                      <l>Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, &amp; Trees blown
downe,</l>

                      <l>Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:</l>
                      <l>Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope</l>
                      <l>Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure</l>
                      <l>Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,</l>
                      <l>Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me</l>
                      <l>To what I aske you.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                      <speaker>1</speaker>
                      <l>Speake.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                      <speaker>2</speaker>
                      <l>Demand.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-wit.3">
                      <speaker>3</speaker>
                      <l>Wee'l answer.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                      <speaker>1</speaker>
                      <l>Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,</l>
                      <l>Or from our Masters.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                      <l>Call 'em: let me see 'em.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                      <speaker>1</speaker>
                      <l>Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten</l>
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    <l>Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten</l>
    <l>From the Murderers Gibbet, throw</l>
    <l>Into the Flame.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Come high or low:</l>
    <l>Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Thunder.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">1. Apparation, an Armed Head.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Tell me, thou vnknowne power.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>He knowes thy thought:</l>
    <l>Heare his speech, but say thou nought.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-app.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1 Appar.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:</l>
    <l>Beware <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>,</l>
    <l>Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He Descends.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks</l>
    <l>Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>He will not be commanded: heere's another</l>
    <l>More potent then the first.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Thunder.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-app.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2 Appar.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
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                  <l>Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-app.2">
               <speaker rend="italic">2 Appar.</speaker>
               <l>Be bloody, bold, &amp; resolute:</l>
               <cb n="2"/>
               <l>Laugh to scorne</l>
               <l>The powre of man: For none of woman borne</l>
               <l>Shall harme <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Descends.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
               <l>Then liue <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>: what need I feare
of thee?</l>
               <l>But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,</l>
               <l>And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,</l>
               <l>That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;</l>
               <l>And sleepe in spight of Thunder.</l>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Thunder</stage>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">3 Apparation, a
Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.</stage>
               <l>What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,</l>
               <l>And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round</l>
               <l>And top of Soueraignty?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-all">
               <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
               <l>Listen, but speake not too't.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-app.3">
               <speaker rend="italic">3 Appar.</speaker>
               <l>Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:</l>
               <l>Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:</l>
               <l>
         <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill</l>
               <l>Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill</l>
               <l>Shall come against him.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Descend.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>That will neuer bee:</l>
               <l>Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree</l>
               <l>Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:</l>
               <l>Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood</l>
               <l>Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd <hi
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rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>
                </l>
                        <l>Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath</l>
                        <l>To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart</l>
                        <l>Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art</l>
                        <l>Can tell so much: Shall <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>'s issue
euer</l>
                        <l>Reigne in this Kingdome?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-all">
                    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                    <l>Seeke to know no more.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>I will be satisfied. Deny me this,</l>
                    <l>And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.</l>
                    <l>Why sinkes that Caldron? &amp; what noise is this?</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Hoboyes</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
                    <speaker>1</speaker>
                    <l>Shew.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.2">
                    <speaker>2</speaker>
                    <l>Shew.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-wit.3">
                    <speaker>3</speaker>
                    <l>Shew.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-all">
                    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                    <l>Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,</l>
                    <l>Come like shadowes, so depart.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A shew of
eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
                        <lb/>in his hand.</stage>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Thou art too like the Spirit of <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi>:
Down:</l>
                        <l>Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire</l>
                        <l>Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:</l>
                        <l>A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,</l>
                        <l>Why do you shew me this?   A fourth? Start eyes!</l>
                        <l>What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?</l>
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    <l>Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:</l>
    <l>And yet the eighth appeares, who beares a glasse,</l>
    <l>Which shewes me many more: and some I see,</l>
    <l>That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.</l>
    <l>Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,</l>
    <l>For the Blood-bolter'd <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> smiles vpon me,</l>
    <l>And points at them for his. What? is this so?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>I Sir, all this is so. But why</l>
    <l>Stands <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> thus amazedly?</l>
    <l>Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,</l>
    <l>And shew the best of our delights.</l>
    <l>Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,</l>
    <l>While you performe your Antique round:</l>
    <l>That this great King may kindly say,</l>
    <l>Our duties, did his welcome pay.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">The Witches Dance, and vanish.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Where are they? Gone?</l>
    <l>Let this pernitious houre,</l>
    <l>Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.</l>
    <l>Come in, without there.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Lenox.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
    <l>What's your Graces will.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Macb.</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0755-0.jpg" n="145"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
    <l>Saw you the Weyard Sisters?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-len">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
    <l>No my Lord.</l>
  </sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Came they not by you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
   <l>No indeed my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,</l>
   <l>And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare</l>
   <l>The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Len.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:</l>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Macduff</hi> is fled to England.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Fled to England?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Len.</speaker>
   <l>I, my good Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:</l>
   <l>The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke</l>
   <l>Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,</l>
   <l>The very firstlings of my heart shall be</l>
   <l>The firstlings of my hand. And euen now</l>
   <l>To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght &amp;
done:</l>
   <l>The Castle of <hi rend="italic">Macduff</hi>, I will
surprize,</l>
   <l>Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword</l>
   <l>His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules</l>
   <l>That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,</l>
   <l>This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,</l>
   <l>But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?</l>
   <l>Come bring me where they are.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
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<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macduffes
Wife, her Son, and Rosse.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>What had he done, to make him fly the Land?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>You must haue patience Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>He had none:</l>
   <l>His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,</l>
   <l>Our feares do make vs Traitors.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>You know not</l>
   <l>Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,</l>
   <l>His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place</l>
   <l>From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,</l>
   <l>He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren</l>
   <l>(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,</l>
   <l>Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:</l>
   <l>All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;</l>
   <l>As little is the Wisedome, where the flight</l>
   <l>So runnes against all reason.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>My deerest Cooz,</l>
   <l>I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,</l>
   <l>He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes</l>
   <l>The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,</l>
   <l>But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors</l>
   <l>And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor</l>
   <l>From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,</l>
   <l>But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea</l>
   <l>Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:</l>
   <l>Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:</l>
   <l>Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,</l>
   <l>To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,</l>
   <l>Blessing vpon you.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>Father'd he is,</l>
   <l>And yet hee's Father-lesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
   <l>I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer</l>
   <l>It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.</l>
   <l>I take my leaue at once.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Rosse.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>Sirra, your Fathers dead,</l>
   <l>And what will you do now? How will you liue<c
rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
   <l>As Birds do Mother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>What with Wormes, and Flyes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
   <l>With what I get I meane, and so do they.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>Poore Bird,</l>
   <l>Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,</l>
   <l>The Pitfall, nor the Gin.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
   <l>Why should I Mother?</l>
   <l>Poore Birds they are not set for:</l>
   <l>My Father is not dead for all your saying.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
   <l>Yes, he is dead:</l>
   <l>How wilt thou do for a Father?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
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  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>Nay how will you do for a Husband?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Thou speak'st withall thy wit,</l>
  <l>And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>I, that he was.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>What is a Traitor?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Why one that sweares, and lyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>And be all Traitors, that do so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,</l>
  <l>And must be hang'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
  <l>And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Euery one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
    <l>Who must hang them?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
    <l>Why, the honest men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
    <p>Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
        <lb/>are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
        <lb/>and hang vp them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
    <l>Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:</l>
    <l>But how wilt thou do for a Father?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-smf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
    <p>If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you
        <lb/>would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely
        <lb/>haue a new Father.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
    <l>Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,</l>
    <l>Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;</l>
    <l>I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.</l>
    <l>If you will take a homely mans aduice,</l>
    <l>Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones</l>
    <l>To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:</l>
    <l>To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,</l>
    <l>Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,</l>
    <l>I dare abide no longer.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Messenger</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
    <l>Whether should I flye?</l>
    <l>I haue done no harme. But I remember now</l>
    <l>I am in this earthly world: where to do harme</l>
    <l>Is often laudable, to do good sometime</l>
```

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            <l>Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)</l>
            <l>Do I put vp that womanly defence,</l>
            <l>To say I haue done no harme?</l>
            <l>What are these faces?</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Murtherers.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mur">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
                <l>Where is your Husband?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
                <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
                <l>I hope in no place so vnsanctified,</l>
                <l>Where such as thou may'st finde him.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mur">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
                <l>He's a Traitor.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-smf">
                <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
                <l>Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mur">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
                <l>What you Egge?</l>
                <l>Yong fry of Treachery<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-smf">
                <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
                <l>He ha's kill'd me Mother,</l>
                <l>Run away I pray you.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit crying
Murther.</stage>
                <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Nn</fw>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Scena</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0756-0.jpg" n="146"/>
            <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            </div>
        <div type="scene" n="3">
        <head rend="italic center">Sc<gap/>na Tertia.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Malcolme and
Macduffe.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, &amp; there</l>
    <l>Weepe our sad bosomes empty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Let vs rather</l>
    <l>Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,</l>
    <l>Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,</l>
    <l>New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes</l>
    <l>Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds</l>
    <l>As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out</l>
    <l>Like Syllable of Dolour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>What I beleeue, Ile waile;</l>
    <l>What know, beleeue; and what I can redresse,</l>
    <l>As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.</l>
    <l>What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.</l>
    <l>This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,</l>
    <l>Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,</l>
    <l>He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something</l>
    <l>You may discerne of him through me, and wisedome</l>
    <l>To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe</l>
    <l>T'appease an angry God.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>I am not treacherous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
    <l>But <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi> is.</l>
    <l>A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle</l>
    <l>In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:</l>
    <l>That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;</l>
    <l>Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.</l>
    <l>Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace</l>
    <l>Yet Grace must still looke so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>I haue lost my Hopes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
    <l>Perchance euen there</l>
    <l>Where I did finde my doubts.</l>
    <l>Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?</l>
    <l>Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,</l>
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    <l>Without leaue-taking. I pray you,</l>
    <l>Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,</l>
    <l>But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,</l>
    <l>What euer I shall thinke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Bleed, bleed poore Country,</l>
    <l>Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,</l>
    <l>For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> thy wrongs,</l>
    <l>The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,</l>
    <l>I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,</l>
    <l>For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,</l>
    <l>And the rich East to boot.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>Be not offended:</l>
    <l>I speake not as in absolute feare of you:</l>
    <l>I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,</l>
    <l>It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash</l>
    <l>Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,</l>
    <l>There would be hands vplifted in my right:</l>
    <l>And heere from gracious England haue I offer</l>
    <l>Of goodly thousands. But for all this,</l>
    <l>When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,</l>
    <l>Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country</l>
<note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
    <l>Shall haue more vices then it had before,</l>
    <l>More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,</l>
<note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
    <l>By him that shall succeede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>What should he be?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know</l>
    <l>All the particulars of Vice so grafted,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>That when they shall be open'd, blacke <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>
        </l>
    <l>Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State</l>
    <l>Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd</l>
    <l>With my confinelesse harmes.</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>Not in the Legions</l>
  <l>Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd</l>
  <l>In euils, to top <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <l>I grant him Bloody,</l>
  <l>Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,</l>
  <l>Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne</l>
  <l>That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none</l>
  <l>In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,</l>
  <l>Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp</l>
  <l>The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire</l>
  <l>All continent Impediments would ore-beare</l>
  <l>That did oppose my will. Better <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,</l>
  <l>Then such an one to reigne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>Boundlesse intemperance</l>
  <l>In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene</l>
  <l>Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,</l>
  <l>And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet</l>
  <l>To take vpon you what is yours: you may</l>
  <l>Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,</l>
  <l>And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:</l>
  <l>We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be</l>
  <l>That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many</l>
  <l>As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,</l>
  <l>Finding it so inclinde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <l>With this, there growes</l>
  <l>In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such</l>
  <l>A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,</l>
  <l>I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,</l>
  <l>Desire his Iewels, and this others House,</l>
  <l>And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce</l>
  <l>To make me hunger more, that I should forge</l>
  <l>Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,</l>
  <l>Destroying them for wealth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>This Auarice</l>
  <l>stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote</l>
```

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    <l>Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin</l>
    <l>The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,</l>
    <l>Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will</l>
    <l>Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,</l>
    <l>With other Graces weigh'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,</l>
    <l>As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,</l>
    <l>Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,</l>
    <l>Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,</l>
    <l>I haue no rellish of them, but abound</l>
    <l>In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,</l>
    <l>Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should</l>
    <l>Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,</l>
    <l>Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound</l>
    <l>All vnity on earth.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>O Scotland, Scotland.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:</l>
    <l>I am as I haue spoken.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
    <l>Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O <choice>
  <abbr>Natiō</abbr>
  <expan>Nation</expan>
</choice> miserable!</l>
    <l>With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,</l>
    <l>When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?</l>
    <l>Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne</l>
    <l>By his owne Interdiction stands accust,</l>
    <l>And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father</l>
    <l>Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,</l>
    <l>Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,</l>
    <l>Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">These</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0757-0.jpg" n="147"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,</l>
    <l>Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,</l>
    <l>Thy hope ends heere.</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <l>
<hi rend="italic">Macduff</hi>, this Noble passion</l>
  <l>Childe of integrity, hath from my soule</l>
  <l>Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts</l>
  <l>To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,</l>
  <l>By many of these traines, hath sought to win me</l>
  <l>Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me</l>
  <l>From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue</l>
  <l>Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now</l>
  <l>I put my selfe to thy Direction, and</l>
  <l>Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure</l>
  <l>The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,</l>
  <l>For strangers to my Nature. I am yet</l>
  <l>Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,</l>
  <l>Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne:</l>
  <l>At no time broke my Faith, would not betray</l>
  <l>The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight</l>
  <l>No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking</l>
  <l>Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly</l>
  <l>Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:</l>
  <l>Whither indeed, before they heere approach</l>
  <l>Old <hi rend="italic">Seyward</hi> with ten thousand
warlike men</l>
  <l>Already at a point, was setting foorth:</l>
  <l>Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse</l>
  <l>Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>Such welcome, and vnwelcom things <gap extent="1"
unit="words"
reason="illegible"
agent="inkBlot"
resp="#ES"/> once</l>
  <l>'Tis hard to reconcile.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Doctor.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
  <l>Well, more anon. Comes the King forth</l>
  <l>I pray you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-doc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
  <l>I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules</l>
  <l>That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces</l>
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    <l>The great assay of Art. But at his touch,</l>
    <l>Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,</l>
    <l>They presently amend.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke you Doctor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>What's the Disease he meanes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
    <l>Tis call'd the Euill.</l>
    <l>A most myraculous worke in this good King,</l>
    <l>Which often since my heere remaine in England,</l>
    <l>I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen</l>
    <l>Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people</l>
    <l>All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,</l>
    <l>The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,</l>
    <l>Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,</l>
    <l>Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken</l>
    <l>To the succeeding Royalty he leaues</l>
    <l>The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,</l>
    <l>He hath a heauenly guift of Prophesie,</l>
    <l>And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,</l>
    <l>That speake him full of Grace.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosse.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>See who comes heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
    <l>My Countryman: but yet I know him not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
    <l>I know him now. Good God betimes remoue</l>
    <l>The meanes that makes vs Strangers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
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    <l>Sir, Amen.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Stands Scotland where it did<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>Alas poore Countrey,</l>
    <l>Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot</l>
    <l>Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing</l>
    <l>But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:</l>
    <l>Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes</l>
    <l>A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,</l>
    <l>Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens liues</l>
    <l>Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,</l>
    <l>Dying, or ere they sicken.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
    <l>What's the newest griefe?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,</l>
    <l>Each minute teemes a new one.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>How do's my Wife?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>Why well.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
    <l>And all my Children?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
    <l>Well too.</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
  <l>No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
  <l>When I came hither to transport the Tydings</l>
  <l>Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour</l>
  <l>Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,</l>
  <l>Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,</l>
  <l>For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.</l>
  <l>Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland</l>
  <l>Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,</l>
  <l>To doffe their dire distresses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
  <l>Bee't their comfort</l>
  <l>We are comming thither: Gracious England hath</l>
  <l>Lent vs good <hi rend="italic">Seyward</hi>, and ten
thousand men,</l>
  <l>An older, and a better Souldier, none</l>
  <l>That Christendome giues out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
  <l>Would I could answer</l>
  <l>This comfort with the like. But I haue words</l>
  <l>That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,</l>
  <l>Where hearing should not latch them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>What concerne they,</l>
  <l>The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe</l>
  <l>Due to some single brest?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
  <l>No minde that's honest</l>
  <l>But in it shares some woe, though the maine part</l>
  <l>Pertaines to you alone.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>If it be mine</l>
      <l>Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
      <l>Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,</l>
      <l>Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound</l>
      <l>That euer yet they heard.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>Humh: I guesse at it.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
      <l>Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes</l>
      <l>Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner</l>
      <l>Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere</l>
      <l>To adde the death of you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>Mercifull Heauen:</l>
      <l>What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:</l>
      <l>Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,</l>
      <l>Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>My Children too?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
      <l>Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too<c
rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
      <l>I haue said.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
```

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      <l>Be comforted.</l>
      <l>Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,</l>
      <l>To cure this deadly greefe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?</l>
      <l>Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?</l>
      <l>What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme</l>
      <l>At one fell swoope?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>Dispute it like a man.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>I shall do so:</l>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Nn2</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0758-0.jpg" n="148"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <l>But I must also feele it as a man;</l>
      <l>I cannot but remember such things were</l>
      <l>That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,</l>
      <l>And would not take their part? Sinfull <hi
rend="italic">Macduff</hi>,</l>
      <l>They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,</l>
      <l>Not for their owne demerits, but for mine</l>
      <l>Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
      <l>Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe</l>
      <l>Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>O I could play the woman with mine eyes,</l>
      <l>And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,</l>
      <l>Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,</l>
      <l>Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe</l>
      <l>Within my Swords length set him, if he scape</l>
      <l>Heauen forgiue him too.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
      <l>This time goes manly:</l>
      <l>Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,</l>
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                <l>Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>
            </l>
                <l>Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue</l>
                <l>Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,</l>
                <l>The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
          </div>
          </div>
          <div type="act" n="5">
            <div type="scene" n="1">
              <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
              <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
              <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Doctor of
Physicke, and a Wayting
                <lb/>Gentlewoman.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
              <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
              <p>I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
                <lb/>perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last
                <lb/>walk'd<c rend="italic">?</c>
          </p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
              <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
              <p>Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue
                <lb/>seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-
                <lb/>pon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it,
                <lb/>write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
                <lb/>turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
                <p>A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at
                  <lb/>once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
                  <lb/>In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
                  <lb/>actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
                  <lb/>her say?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
                <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
                <l>That Sir, which I will not report after her.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
                <l>You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
                <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
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<p>Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse
    <lb/>to confirme my speech.</p>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Lady,
with a Taper.</stage>
            <p>Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-
                <lb/>on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <p>How came she by that light?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <p>Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-
                <lb/>tinually, 'tis her command.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <p>You see her eyes are open.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <p>I but their sense are shut.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <l>What is it she do's now?</l>
            <l>Looke how she rubbes her hands.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <p>It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
                <lb/>thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
                <lb/>this a quarter of an houre.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
            <l>Yet heere's a spot.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <p>Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes
                <lb/>from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more
strongly.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <p>Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
                <lb/>then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,
                <lb/>a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who

knowes

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                <lb/>it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who
                <cb n="2"/>
                <lb/>would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much
                <lb/>blood in him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <l>Do you marke that?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
            <p>The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
                <lb/>What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that
                <lb/>my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-
                <lb/>ting.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <l>Go too, go too:</l>
            <l>You haue knowne what you should not.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <p>She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
                <lb/>of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <p>Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-
                <lb/>fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.</p>
            <p>Oh, oh, oh.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <l>What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <p>I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,
                <lb/>for the dignity of the whole body.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
            <l>Well, well, well.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
            <l>Pray God it be sir.</l>
        </sp>
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        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <p>This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
            <lb/>knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue
            <lb/>dyed holily in their beds.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
          <p>Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
            <lb/>looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried;
            <lb/>he cannot come out on's graue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <l>Euen so?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-lam">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <p>To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
            <lb/>Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
            <lb/>done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lady.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <l>Will she go now to bed?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
          <l>Directly.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <l>Foule whisp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds</l>
          <l>Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes</l>
          <l>To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:</l>
          <l>More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:</l>
          <l>God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,</l>
          <l>Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,</l>
          <l>And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,</l>
          <l>My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.</l>
<note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
          <l>I thinke, but dare not speake.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-gen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
          <l>Good night good Doctor.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
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<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
<lb/>Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Ment.</speaker>
<l>The English powre is neere, led on by <hi rend="italic">Malcolm</hi>,</l>
<l>His Vnkle <hi rend="italic">Seyward</hi>, and the good <hi rend="italic">Macduff</hi>.</l>
<l>Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes</l>
<l>Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme</l>
<l>Excite the mortified man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ang">
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
<l>Neere Byrnan wood</l>
<l>Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cath.</speaker>
<l>Who knowes if <hi rend="italic">Donalbane</hi> be with his brother?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
<speaker rend="italic">Len.</speaker>
<l>For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File</l>
<l>Of all the Gentry; there is <hi rend="italic">Seywards</hi> Sonne,</l>
<l>And many vnruffe youths, that euen now</l>
<l>Protest their first of Manhood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Ment.</speaker>
<l>What do's the Tyrant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cath.</speaker>
<l>Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:</l>
<l>Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,</l>
<l>Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">He</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0759-0.jpg" n="149"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause</l>
<l>Within the belt of Rule.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-ang">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
   <l>Now do's he feele</l>
   <l>His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,</l>
   <l>Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:</l>
   <l>Those he commands, moue onely in command,</l>
   <l>Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title</l>
   <l>Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe</l>
   <l>Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ment.</speaker>
   <l>Who then shall blame</l>
   <l>His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,</l>
   <l>When all that is within him, do's condemne</l>
   <l>It selfe, for being there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-cai">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cath.</speaker>
   <l>Well, march we on,</l>
   <l>To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:</l>
   <l>Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,</l>
   <l>And with him poure we in our Countries purge,</l>
   <l>Each drop of vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-len">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
   <l>Or so much as it needes,</l>
   <l>To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:</l>
   <l>Make we our March towards Birnan.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt marching.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
   <head rend="italic center">Sc<gap/>na Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:</l>
   <l>Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,</l>
   <l>I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy <hi rend="italic">Malcolme?</hi>
</l>
   <l>Was he not borne of woman<c rend="italic">?</c> The Spirits that know</l>
   <l>All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:</l>
   <l>Feare not <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, no man that's
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borne of woman</l>
                    <l>Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,</l>
                    <l>And mingle with the English Epicures,</l>
                    <l>The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,</l>
                    <l>Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.</l>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>
                    <l>The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:</l>
                    <l>Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                    <l>There is ten thousand.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Geese Villaine<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                    <l>Souldiers Sir.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare</l>
                    <l>Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?</l>
                    <l>Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine</l>
                    <l>Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-ser">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                    <l>The English Force, so please you.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                    <l>Take thy face hence. <hi rend="italic">Seyton</hi>, I am sick
at hart,</l>
                    <l>When I behold: <hi rend="italic">Seyton</hi>, I say, this
push</l>
                    <l>Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.</l>
                    <l>I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life</l>
                    <l>Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,</l>
                    <l>And that which should accompany Old-Age,</l>
                    <l>As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,</l>
                    <l>I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,</l>
                    <l>Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath</l>
                    <l>Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.</l>
                    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Seyton</hi>?</l>
                </sp>

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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seyton.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-sey">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
   <l>What's your gracious pleasure?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>What Newes more?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-sey">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
   <l>All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Giue me my Armor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-sey">
   <speaker rend="italic">Seyt.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis not needed yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Ile put it on:</l>
   <l>Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,</l>
   <l>Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:</l>
   <l>How do's your Patient, Doctor?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-doc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
   <l>Not so sicke my Lord,</l>
   <l>As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies</l>
   <l>That keepe her from her rest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Cure of that:</l>
   <l>Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,</l>
   <l>Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,</l>
   <l>Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,</l>
   <l>And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote</l>
   <l>Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe</l>
   <l>Which weighes vpon the heart?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-doc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
   <l>Therein the Patient</l>
   <l>Must minister to himselfe.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.</l>
          <l>Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:</l>
          <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Seyton</hi>, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from
me:</l>
          <l>Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast</l>
          <l>The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,</l>
          <l>And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,</l>
          <l>I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,</l>
          <l>That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,</l>
          <l>What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge</l>
          <l>Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> of them?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <l>I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation</l>
          <l>Makes vs heare something.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
          <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
          <l>Bring it after me:</l>
          <l>I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,</l>
          <l>Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-doc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Doct.</speaker>
          <l>Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,</l>
          <l>Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="4">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Drum and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
          <lb/>Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
          <lb/>and Soldiers Marching.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
          <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
          <l>Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand</l>
          <l>That Chambers will be safe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ment.</speaker>
          <l>We doubt it nothing.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
      <speaker rend="italic">
  <choice>
    <orig>Syew.</orig>
    <corr>Seyw.</corr>
  </choice>
</speaker>
        <l>What wood is this before vs?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ment.</speaker>
      <l>The wood of Birnane.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,</l>
      <l>And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow</l>
      <l>The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery</l>
      <l>Erre in report of vs.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-sls">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sold.</speaker>
      <l>It shall be done.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
      <speaker rend="italic">Syw.</speaker>
      <l>We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant</l>
      <l>Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure</l>
      <l>Our setting downe befor't.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis his maine hope:</l>
      <l>For where there is aduantage to be giuen,</l>
      <l>Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,</l>
      <l>And none serue with him, but constrained things,</l>
      <l>Whose hearts are absent too.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
      <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
      <l>Let our iust Censures</l>
      <l>Attend the true euent, and put we on</l>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">nn3</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Industrious</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0760-0.jpg" n="150"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <l>Industrious Souldiership.</l>
    </sp>
```

```
            <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
               <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
               <l>The time approaches,</l>
               <l>That will with due decision make vs know</l>
               <l>What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:</l>
               <l>Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,</l>
               <l>But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,</l>
               <l>Towards which, aduance the warre.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
marching.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="5">
            <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
         <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth,
Seyton, &amp; Souldiers, with
                  <lb/>Drum and Colours.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,</l>
               <l>The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength</l>
               <l>Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,</l>
               <l>Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:</l>
               <l>Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,</l>
               <l>We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,</l>
               <l>And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Cry within
of Women.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mac-sey">
               <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
               <l>It is the cry of women, my good Lord.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
               <l>I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:</l>
               <l>The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd</l>
               <l>To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire</l>
               <l>Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre</l>
               <l>As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,</l>
               <l>Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts</l>
               <l>Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-sey">
               <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
               <l>The Queene (my Lord) is dead.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
               <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
```

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<l>She should haue dy'de heereafter;</l>
<l>There would haue beene a time for such a word:</l>
<l>To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,</l>
<l>Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,</l>
<l>To the last Syllable of Recorded time:</l>
<l>And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles</l>
<l>The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,</l>
<l>Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,</l>
<l>That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,</l>
<l>And then is heard no more. It is a Tale</l>
<l>Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury</l>
<l>Signifying nothing.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<l>Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>Gracious my Lord,</l>
<l>I should report that which I say I saw,</l>
<l>But know not how to doo't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>Well, say sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill</l>
<l>I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought</l>
<l>The Wood began to moue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>Lyar, and Slaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:</l>
<l>Within this three Mile may you see it comming.</l>
<l>I say, a mouing Groue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
<l>If thou speak'st <choice>
<orig>fhlse</orig>
<corr>false</corr>
</choice>,</l>
<l>Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue</l>
<l>Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,</l>
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        <l>I care not if thou dost for me as much.</l>
        <l>I pull in Resolution, and begin</l>
        <l>To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,</l>
        <l>That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood</l>
        <l>Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,</l>
        <l>If this which he auouches, do's appeare,</l>
        <l>There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.</l>
        <l>I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,</l>
        <l>And wish th'estate o'th'world were now vndon.</l>
        <l>Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,</l>
        <l>At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="6">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drumme and
Colours.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Malcolme,
Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
        <lb/>with Boughes.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
        <l>Now neere enough:</l>
        <l>Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,</l>
        <l>And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)</l>
        <l>Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne</l>
        <l>Leade our first Battell. Worthy <hi
rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>, and wee</l>
        <l>Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,</l>
        <l>According to our order.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-sey">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
        <l>Fare you well:</l>
        <l>Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,</l>
        <l>Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
        <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
        <l>Make all our Trumpets speak, giue <choice>
    <abbr>thē</abbr>
    <expan>them</expan>
  </choice> all breath</l>
        <l>Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, &amp; Death.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
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                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarums
continued.</stage>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="7">
                    <head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 7]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Macbeth.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                        <l>They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,</l>
                        <l>But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he</l>
                        <l>That was not borne of Woman? Such a one</l>
                        <l>Am I to feare, or none.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter young
Seyward.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-yse">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Y. Sey.</speaker>
                        <l>What is thy name?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                        <l>Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-yse">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Y. Sey.</speaker>
                        <l>No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name</l>
                        <l>Then any is in hell.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                        <l>My name's <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-yse">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Y. Sey.</speaker>
                        <l>The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title</l>
                        <l>More hatefull to mine eare.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
                        <l>No: nor more fearefull.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mac-yse">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Y. Sey.</speaker>
                        <l>Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword</l>
                        <l>Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Fight, and
young Seyward slaine.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
  <l>Thou was't borne of woman;</l>
  <l>But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,</l>
  <l>Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarums. Enter
Macduffe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,</l>
  <l>If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,</l>
  <l>My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:</l>
  <l>I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes</l>
  <l>Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou <hi
rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,</l>
  <l>Or else my Sword with an vnbattered edge</l>
  <l>I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,</l>
  <l>By this great clatter, one of greatest note</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Seemes</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0761-0.jpg" n="151"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,</l>
  <l>And more I begge not.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Alarums.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Malcolme and
Seyward.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-siw">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
  <l>This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:</l>
  <l>The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,</l>
  <l>The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,</l>
  <l>The day almost it selfe professes yours,</l>
  <l>And little is to do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Malc.</speaker>
  <l>We haue met with Foes</l>
  <l>That strike beside vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-siw">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
  <l>Enter Sir, the Castle.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

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        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 8]</head>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macbeth.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye</l>
            <l>On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes</l>
            <l>Do better vpon them.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macduffe.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>Turne Hell-hound, turne.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:</l>
            <l>But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd</l>
            <l>With blood of thine already.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>I haue no words,</l>
            <l>My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine</l>
            <l>Then tearmes can giue thee out.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Fight: Alarum</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
            <l>Thou loosest labour,</l>
            <l>As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre</l>
            <l>With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:</l>
            <l>Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,</l>
            <l>I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld</l>
            <l>To one of woman borne.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>Dispaire thy Charme,</l>
            <l>And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd</l>
            <l>Tell thee, <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi> was from his Mothers womb</l>
            <l>Vntimely ript.</l>
          </sp>
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<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;</l>
   <l>For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:</l>
   <l>And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,</l>
   <l>That palter with vs in a double sence,</l>
   <l>That keepe the word of promise to our eare,</l>
   <l>And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
   <l>Then yeeld thee Coward,</l>
   <l>And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.</l>
   <l>Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are</l>
   <l>Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,</l>
   <l>Heere may you see the Tyrant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>I will not yeeld</l>
   <l>To kisse the ground before young <hi
rend="italic">Malcolmes</hi> feet,</l>
   <l>And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.</l>
   <l>Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,</l>
   <l>And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,</l>
   <l>Yet I will try the last. Before my body,</l>
   <l>I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on <hi
rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>,</l>
   <l>And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Exeunt fighting.
Alarums.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Fighting, and
Macbeth slaine.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Retreat, and Flourish.
Enter with Drumme and Colours,
   <lb/>Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, &amp;
Soldiers.</stage>
<note resp="#ES">Before the name "Seyward" in this stage
direction, a cross has been made in ink, and a note in the margin reads, "This Seyward
was Earl of Northumberland."</note>
<sp who="#F-mac-mal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
   <l>I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-siw">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
   <l>Some must go off: and yet by these I see,</l>
   <l>So great a day as this is cheaply bought.</l>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi> is missing, and your Noble
Sonne.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,</l>
            <l>He onely liu'd but till he was a man,</l>
            <l>The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd</l>
            <l>In the vnshrinking station where he fought,</l>
            <l>But like a man he dy'de.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
            <l>Then he is dead?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow</l>
            <l>Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then</l>
            <l>It hath no end.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
            <l>Had he his hurts before?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-ros">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
            <l>I, on the Front.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
            <l>Why then, Gods Soldier be he:</l>
            <l>Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,</l>
            <l>I would not wish them to a fairer death:</l>
            <l>And so his Knell is knoll'd.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>Hee's worth more sorrow,</l>
            <l>And that Ile spend for him.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mac-siw">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sey.</speaker>
            <l>He's worth no more,</l>
            <l>They say he parted well, and paid his score,</l>
            <l>And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.</l>
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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Macduffe, with
Macbeths head.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
            <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
            <l>Haile King, for so thou art.</l>
            <l>Behold where stands</l>
            <l>Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:</l>
            <l>I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,</l>
            <l>That speake my salutation in their minds:</l>
            <l>Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.</l>
            <l>Haile King of Scotland.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mac-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>Haile King of Scotland.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mac-mal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mal.</speaker>
            <l>We shall not spend a large expence of time,</l>
            <l>Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,</l>
            <l>And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen</l>
            <l>Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland</l>
            <l>In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,</l>
            <l>Which would be planted newly with the time,</l>
            <l>As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,</l>
            <l>That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,</l>
            <l>Producing forth the cruell Ministers</l>
            <l>Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;</l>
            <l>Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,</l>
            <l>Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else</l>
            <l>That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,</l>
            <l>We will performe in measure, time, and place:</l>
            <l>So thankes to all at once, and to each one,</l>
            <l>Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
omnes.</stage>
        <p>
    <add type="annotation" rend="manuscript"
hand="darkBrownInk">Macbeth usurp'd the Crown of Scotland about the Reign of
Edward <choice>
            <abbr>ẙ</abbr>
            <expan>the</expan>
        </choice> Confessor — 1042.</add>
    </p>
        </div>
```

```
            </div>
            <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
          </div>
        </body>
      </text>
  </TEI>
```