THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. 1. Where shall we meet again?
    2. In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
    3. When the Hurlow-burrows done, When the Bristles foot, and promise.
2. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
3. Where the place?

2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with Macbeth.
4. I come, Great Makyn.
5. Paid. Bavek, calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire, Hourth through the fogge and litlebye ayre.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Macbeth, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As fainted by his plight, of the Renoulk The newest fate.

Mad. This is the Seriante, Who like a good and hardie Soullier fought, 'Gainst my Captane, Hallo bramie friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it sound, As two spain Swimmers, doe clong togeth, And choake the Air : The merellie Maconwold (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villaniies of Nature Doe warne vpon him) from the Wetherell Isles Of Kernes and Gallowsgroth is supplyd, And Fortune on his damned Quarry smilling.

Shewd like a Rebell Whore: but all's too weake: For bruske Macbeth (though he doen deferes that Name) Dissimyng Fortune, with his brandisht Steele, Which smakd d with bloody execution (Like Valors Minion) care d out his passeage, Till here he d the Slawe: Which nevr'sht thocke hinds, nor bad farwelle to him, Till he vnsawm d him from the Naue toth Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battelments.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne'z gins his reflection, Shipracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders: So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Whose minor fores in the King of Scotland, macke The course Inflige had, with Valour arm'd, Command'd thes skipping Kernes to truss their heele, But the Norwegian Lord, furieusing yntage, With turbulstt Armes, and new supplies of men, Began a freth assault.

King. Dimmy'd th not our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Spiernew, Eagles; Or the Hare, the Lyen;
If I say bothe, I must report they were As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks, So they doubly redoubld broakes upon the Foe: Except they meant to bathe in ricking Wounds, Or memorise another Gogoga,
I cannot tell: but I am fain, My Goddes cry for helpe.

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

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mad. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lenox. What a hafte lookest through his eyes? So should he looke, that seemes to speake things trauge.
Ross. God faste the King,
King. Whence canst thou, worthy Thane?
Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian Banners flowt the Sike, And fame our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers, Affricted by that moost dilloyal Traxtor,
The Thane of Cawood, began a dismal Confict; Till that Bellams Bridgemoone, loot in proofes, Confronted him with selfe-comparsions, Point against Point, rebellious Armes against Armes, Curbing his lustfull spirit; and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.
Ross. That now Sworn the Norwegian King, Crones compeisition: Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men, Till he disturbed, at Saint Colme such,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general vs.

King.
Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where halt thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister, where thou?
4. A Saylors Wife had Cheesnuts in her Lappe,
And mounch, & mounch, and mounch:
Give me, quoth I.

Arount thee, Witch, the timbrel fed Ronyon croyes,
Her Husband's to Allepo gone, Mafier o'th Tiger:
But in a Syrie Ile thither fayle,
And like a Rat without a style,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
1. Ile giv thee a Wind.
2. Thart kinde.
3. And I another.
4. I mysfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
Thu's Ship-man Card.
Ile dreynhe him drye as Hay;
Sleepeth neyther Night nor Day.
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seunights, nine times nine times,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loft,
Yet it shall be Tenper-tol.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.

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

Drum within.

A Drumme, a Drumme.

Macbeth doth come.

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

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So faire and faire a day I haue not seene,
Banquo. How faire is't call'd to Sors? What are these,
So whithered, and so wirke, in their arraye,
That look not like th' Inhabitants o' th' Earth,
And yet we are? Like you, or are you saught
That man may question? you seene to understand me,
Each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinnis lips: you should be Women,
Yet you Beards forbid me to interpret
You are so.

Macb. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile Macbeth, hail to thee, Lord of Cawdor.
3. All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King heretter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you thus, and by me to fear
Things that doe found so faire?'Tis some of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You give with prouident Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble being, and of Royall hope.
That he seemes wrapt withal; to me you speake not,
If you can looko into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your favor, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
4. Let fer ther Macbeth, and greater.
5. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

Ban. and Macbeth, all haile.

Macb. Stay you unperturbed Speakers, tell me more:
By Smells declared, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor linne
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then be can Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blaited Herath you ipour ower way
With thine Prophectic greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

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

Ban. Were fach things here, as we do speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the infinite Root,
That taketh the Reason Prisoner?

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

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

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

Enter Raff and Angus.

Raff. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reads
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend, 
Which should be thine, or his: silent'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o' the same day,
He finds thee in the flout Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy selfe did make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Taine
Can poath with poath, and every one did beard
Thy prayses in his Kingdome great defence,
And pow'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are fent,
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Raff. And for an earneft of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

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

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Macb. No such thing in Communion yet return'd.

Flour. My Liege, they are not yet come back.

But I have spoke with one that saw him die:

Who did report, that very frankly hee

Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highness Pardon,

And let forth a deep Repentence;

Nothing in his Life became him,

Like the leaing it. Hee dy'd:

As one that had been studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he o'er'd,

As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Arc.

To finde the Minde's confirnment in the Face:

He was a Gentleman, whom I built

An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Raffel, and Angus.

O worthyst Cousin,

The finne of my Ingratitude even now

Was haeic on me. Thou art so farre before,

That twelfth-Wing of Recompence is flow,

To outtake thee. Would thou hast deffer'd,

That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,

More is thy due, then more than all can pay.

Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,

In doing it, pays it selfe.

Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties;

And one Duty is to your Throne, and State,

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

By doing everything faire towards your Love

And Honor.

King. Welcome hither;

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquos,

That haft not leaffe defer'd, nor must be knowne.

No leaffe to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,

And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There is I grow,

The Harrest is your owne.

King. My plentiful Loyes,

Wanton in fulness, feele to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinclers, Thrones,

And you whose places are the neerest, know,

We will establish our Estate vpon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name heresafter,

The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must

Nor you accompanied, inuict him only,

But figures of Noblesse, like Starres, shall shine

On all defauers. From hence to Envernes,

And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Refit is Labor, which noe v'd for you:

He be my leffe the Herberinge, and make joyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:

So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland that is a step,

On which I must fall downe, or else o'er-lespe.

m m
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

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

King. Trust worthy Banquo; he is full to valiant, And in his commendations, I am fed: It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose case is gone before, to bid vs welcome: It is a preceleffe Kinsman. Florijnt. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths with alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of fuesso: and I have learned by the perfect report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I went to desire to question them further, they made themselves Arre, into which they vanish'd; whereas I stood rais in the wonder of it, came Maffines from the King, who all-hail me Thane of Cawdor, by which I live before, those eyeward Sifters faithed me, and refer'd me to the comming of us, with hate King that slath be. This hate I thought good to deliver thee (the dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and forward. Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be What thou art promis'd; yet do I fear thy Nature, It is too full o' th' Milk of humane kindness, To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great. Art not without Ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That would thou holily; wouldst not play faile, And yet wouldst wrongfully winne. Shouldst thou, great Glamys, that which cries, Thus thou must doe, if thou hast it; And that which rather thou dost not fear to doe, Then wilt thou should be undone. High thee utter, That I may praise my Spirit in thine Ear, And chaffife with the varie of my Tongue All that impedes thee from the Golden Round, Which Fate and Metaphysical yeve doth seeme To haue thee crown'd withall. Enter Messanger.

What is your ridings?

Meff. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it. Is not thy Master with him? who's to's, Would I have inform'd for preparation? Messanger. So plesse you, it is true; our Thane is comming: One of my fellowes had the speed of him; Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Then would make vp his Messanger.

Lady. Give him tending, He brings great newes. Exit Messanger.

The Rasant humlelfe is hoarde, That crooks the farall entrance of Duncan Under my Battel martys. Come you Spiritis, That tend on morall thoughts, yndex me here, And fill me from the Crown to the toe, top full Of direct Cruelie; make thick my blood, Stop vp the accesse, and passinge to Remorse, That no companions vittimings of Nature. Shake my fell purpose, nor keeppe peace betweene Th'effeect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breifs, And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Ministers, Where-ever, in your fightleffe subiances, You wait on Natures Milchifie, Come thick Night, And pall thee in the duntred imoake of Hell, That my kynge Knife see not the Wound it makes, Nor Heauen peppe through the Blanket of the darke, To cry, hold, hold, Enter Macbeth, Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor, Greater then both, by the all-hale hereafter, Thy Letters haue transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feele now The future in the instant. Macb. My dearest Loue, Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposeth. Lady. O nooer, Shall Sinne that Morrow see. Your Face, my Thone, is as a Booke, where men May reade strange masteres, to beguile the time. Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye, Your Hand, your Tongue; looke like, Innocent flower, But be the Serpent under. Heath's that comming, Must be provded for: and you shall put This Nights great Bifieffe into my dispath, Which shall to all our Nights, and Daues to come, Giv e to live Uproeragne away, and Mafterdome. Macb. We will speake further, Lady. Oynly looke vp cleere: To alter fauer, eier to is raece; Leave all the rest to me. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hedges, and Torchers. Enter King Macksne, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macdui, Reij, Angus, and Assendants, King. This Castle hath a pleasant feat, The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it felle Into our gentle fences. Ban. This Guesl of Summer, The Temple-hauming Barlet does approve, By his loved Mounfery, that the Heauens breath Smells wooringly here; no lunny frieze, Buttiece, nor Couigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendand Bed, and procedent Crabled, Where they must breed, and haunt: I have obserued The ayre is delicate. Enter Lady. King. See, see, our honord Hifice; The Louie that followes vs, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thankes as Louie. Heren I teach you, How you shall bid God-syled vs for your paines, And thankes vs for your trouble. Lady. All our seruice, In every point twice done, and then done double, Were pone, and single Bifieffe, to contend Against those Honors deep, and broad, Wherewith your Maistref loads our House: For those of old, and the late Dignities, Heep'd vp to them, we refit your Ermite.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

We could have done you much honor, had a purpose
To the Purifying; But he is very wofull.
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
to his home before vs: Fare and Noble Hoftell
We are your guests to night.

Lo. Your Seruants euer,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in comp.,
To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure,
Still to return your owne, receiv'd.

King. Give me your hand.

Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.

By your Leau and Hoftell.

Scena Septima.

Ho-boys. Twelve.
Enter a Server, and dunders. Servants with Dishes and Scarlet over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: This Affirmation
Could trammel up the Consequence and catch
With his falsecput, Successeth that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Herein
But here, upon this Bankè and Schoole of time,
We'd impie the life to come. But in these Cases,
We'll have judgment heere, that we but reach
Bloody Instructions, which being tauched, remme
To plague th'innumer. This even-ended Justice
Commends th'Ingredience of our pow'dr'd Challice
to our owne lips. Here's heere in double truth:
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Manhere flint the doore,
Not bear the knee my selfe. Besides, this Dunsour
Hath borne his Faculties fo mecke, hath bin
So cleece in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will pleade like Angles. Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepest damamation of his taking off:
And Pfit, as a naked New-born babe,
Steding through the blotch, or Heavens Christen, hor'st
Upon the sightlee Carrieries of the Aire,
Shall blow the hope-deed in every eye,
That teares shall drown the wnde. I have no Spurre
to prick the fides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And fallses on th'other.

How now? What Newes?

L. He has almost finisht why hauet you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

L. Know you not, he's a?.

Macb. We will proceed no further in this Buffetice:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest plotts,
Not cast aside to foone.

L. Was the hope deuile
Wherein you dreff your fatte? Was it slept since?
And waske to know to look so green and pale,
At what it doth in deck? From this time,
Such an account thine. Art thou affaist'd
To be the same in dline owne's Aeth, and Valour,
As thou art in defire? Wouldst thou hate that
Which thou esteem't the Ornament of life;
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteem'd?
Letting I des or, see what I would,
Like the poore Cat's caddle.

Macb. Prythee peace.

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

L. What Beati was other where, than here?

That made you brake this entree to me?
When you drooke ini, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Not time, nor place
Did then aduance, and yet you would make borne:
They have made themselu's, and that their vinuty now
Do's vmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
A how tender tis to lose the blase that milkes me,
I would, while it was yning in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bone'de Gums
And daft the Brains out, had I to smow me.

As you have done this.

Macb. If we should faile?

L. We selve.

But screw your courage to the flicking place,
And we'll not faile: when Duncan is alive,
(Where to the rather shall his lyres hard London,
Soudly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine and Westle, and the waite,
That Mommor, the Warden of the Brains,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Mes,
A Lymbeck only: when in Swiffl's decease,
Their drunckes Naisses lies as in a Death, hence
What cannot you and I performe upon almost
All secure.

Thou guardes Duncan? What not put upon
His spigote Officers; who shall bear the guilt.

Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For the disavowed Merrie should compose,
Nothing but Males: Will it not be recei'd,
When we have mask'd with blood those sleepe two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs their very Daggers,
That they have don't.

L. Who dares accost it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor sore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am setteld, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fear.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face muff hide what the faire Heart doth kno.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Banq. How does the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moon is down, Boy, I have not heed the
Clock.

Banq. And she goes down at Twelve.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword.

There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

mm 2
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe;
Mercifull Powers, retraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature givs way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a Torch.

Gie me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And lest forth great Largegill to your Offices,
This Diamond he grettes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hoftesse,
And thus vp in measurecole content.

Mac. Being unrepard,
Our will became the servant to deface,
Which else should free hau'e wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three wayward Siflers:
To you they hau'e fliewd some truth,

Macb. I think not of them.

Yet when we can entertain anourse to ferue,
We would fpend it in some words vpon that Buinesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind fare.

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

Banq. So I love none.

In seeking to augment it, but still keep.

My Boaine franchised, and Aigionce clear,
Shall be couenante.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir; the like to you.
Exit Banqus.

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

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me cluthe thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee thrice.
Art thou not Icel Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mindes falle Creation,
Proceeding from the heate-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshallst me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vise.

Myn Eyes are made the fooes of other Seences,
Or else worth all the rest: I feethee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Buinesse, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abufe
The Currant th'sleepe: Witches all celebrate
The Hecat Ouffinge: and wither'd Mother,
Alack! this Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose bowels is his Watch, thus with his stealthie pace,
With triumphing steps, eades, to his defigne
Money likea Gishte. Thou fowre and fame-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very bones pace of my where-about,
And take the prelent horror from the time,
Which now fowre with thy. Whilest you theoret, he lines:
Words to the heauie doo'd too cold breath giues.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell impletes me
Hearse it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Heare, peace it was the Owlle that striek'd,
The farall Bell-man, which giues the item not good-night,
He is about it, the Doorees are open:
And the surfeited Groomes doe mock their charge
With Sorres. I have drayg'd their Pouffers,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: that attemt, and not the deed,
Contended was her heare: I lay'd their Daughters ready,
He could not maffe'em. Had he not receibed
My Father as he slept, I had none,
My Husband?

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

Lady. I heard the Owlle shrueamme, and the Crickets cry,
Didst not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes 'tis second Chamber?

Lady. Doonecaster.

Mac. This is a forry sight.

Lady. A foolifh thought, to say a forry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other: I
I flood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And adrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with their Hangmans hands;
Lubbing their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God bleffe vs.

Lady. God bless you not so freely.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. Thise deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: fo it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce crye, Sleep no more:

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce crye, Sleep no more;

Macb. Much doth murth the sleepe, the innocent sleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the sadde g'd Sleeepe of Care,
The death of each daies Life, fore Labor Bath,
The blaine of hurt Mends, great Natures second Course,
Chiefes nourisher in Life's Feall.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry's, Sleep noe more to all the House:
In this hath murth'd thee Sleepe, and therefore Content
Shall sleepe noe more; Macbeth shall sleepe noe more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Those,
You doe bend your Noble strengte, to thinke
So braine-tickly of things: Go get some Water,
And waft this filthie Wretche from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggars from the place?
They mull lye there: goe carry them, and smears
The sleepie Groomes with blood.

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

Lady. Infrone of purpose:
Gue me the Daggars: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devil. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must necesse their Guilt.

Enter Macb.  
Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appals me?
What Hands are here? hush: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptune's Ocean waft this blood
Cleanse from my Hand; nor this my Hand will rather
The multidiminued Seas contentaine,
Making the Greenone Red.

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

Knock.

Lady. Here a knocking at the South entry:
Reyer we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How eafe is it then? You Constancie
Hath left you unattended.

Knock.

Have, more Knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And fore we vs to be Watchers: be not loth
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, Knock.
Twere bell not know my felice,
Woke Duncan with thy knocing;
I would thou couldst.


Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee shoulde have old turning the Key.

Who's there in th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on the expectation of Natalie: Come in in time, have Napkins esow about you, here you're sweet for't. Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there in th'oother Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could swatte in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who commited Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for flying out of a French Hole: Come in Taylor, here you may smite your Goose, Knock, Knock, Knock. Neter at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Demi-Porter is no further: I had thought to have lent in some of all Professions; that goe the Printed way to the everlasting Bonfire. Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock, Knock. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macb. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock;
And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macb. What three things does Drink especially provoke?

Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprookes it: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with
Lecherie: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it pervaides him, and disheartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleep, and giveth him the Lye, leaves
him.

Macb. I blesse Drink giaueth thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did Sir, I'll be very Throat on me: but I
required him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for
him, though he took vp my Legges some time, yet I
made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Is thy Mutter firing?

Our knocking ha's waft'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good merroir, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macb. Is the King firing, worthy Thanet?

Macb. Not yet.

Macb. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have a most flitp the house.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macb. I know this is a Joyfull trouble to you:

But yet its one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physickes paine:
This is the Doone.

Macb. Ile make to bold to call, for'tis my limited service.

Enter Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint fo.

Lenox. The Night he's been virtuallly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) laterninges heard 'twixt Ayre,
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Eues,
New hatch'd toth woffull time.
The obscure Bird clamond the line-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
And did shake.

Macb. This a rough Night.

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

Enter Macduff.

Macb. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue no Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee,

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now has made his Master-piece:
Molu sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and boll that scence
The Life o'th Building.

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

Lenox. Meane you his Master's life?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scene, and then speak your felse: awake, awake,
Exit Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbain: Make haste, awake,
Shake off this Downey sleep: Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and lee.
The great Doones Image: Macbeth, Banquo,
As from your Graces face vp, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Business?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parle,
The sleepers of the House? speak, speak.

Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speake:
The repitition in a Womans ear,
Would mutter as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd,
Lady, Wo ails:
What, in our House?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Deere Duffs, pray thee contradict thy selfe,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Raff.

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

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is flipt, the very Source of it is stoppt.
Your Royall Father's murther'd:

Macb. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Tho' of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all blos'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnswip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distract'd,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp're, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
The expidition of my violent Lute
Out run the Prowler, Restion. Here lay Duncan,
His Siluer skene, his d'ed with his Golden Blood,
And his gali'd Stobs, look'd like a Brach in Nature,
For Rinnis wallfalle entrance: there the Murherers
Screech'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breeth'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lad. Help me hence, hoa.

Macb. Look to the Lady.

Macb. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That can't may clamour this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spokencore here,

Where our Fate hid in an augurte hole,
May ruth, and seife vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brewe'd.

Macb. 'Nor our strong Sorrow,
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Ban. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples take vs
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vnivulg'd pretence, I fight.

Of Treaforous Mallice.

Macb. And to do I,
All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readiness,
And meet, it's Hall toghter.
All. Well contended.

Excet.

Macb. What will you doe?
Let's not conform with them:
To shew an vnseft Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falle man do's easie.
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I
Our leperated forme shall keep vs both the later:
Where we are, there's Daggers in men's Smiles;
The meer in blood, the meer bloody.

Macb. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horfes,
And let vs not be daintie of leave-taking,
But stepp away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which fleedes it selfe, when there's no more left.

Exit.

Sceua Quarta.

Enter Raff, with an Old man.

Old man. Three core and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen
Hores deadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath tryed former knowings.

Raff. Ha, good Father,
Thou feell the Heavens, as troubled with mans As,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night franges the travailing Lamps:
'Is Nights predominance, or the Dayes Share,
That Darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kifie it?

Raff. His unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday lat,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowing Owle hawked as, and kill'd.

Raff. And Duncan Horses,
(A thing moore strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their hells, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warrre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Raff. They did so:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

To th'admantly of mine eyes that look'd vp'n't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

He goes the world Sire, now?

Mac. Why fee you not?

Ralf. I'st know, who did this more then bloody deed?

Mac. Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

Ralf. As the days,

What good could they pretend?

Mac. They were horreable,

Malcolm, and Donalbain the kings two sons

Are borne away and fled, which puts upon them

Suffsion of the Scots.

Ralf. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thistle's Ambition, that will raven vp

Thine owne life's meanes : Then 'tis most like,

TheSoueraignty will fall upo'n Macbeth.

Mac. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be install'd.

Ralf. Where is Duncan's body?

Mac. Carried its Coldinghill,

The Sacred Store-houle of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Ralf. Will you to Scone?

Mac. No Cofin, lie to Face.

Ralf. Well, I will thirter.

Mac. Will my say things well done there? Adieu

Leift our old Rouses safter then our new.

Ralf. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyfon go with you, and with those

That would make good of b'a' and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haist it now, King, Cowdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard! Woenen promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst it most fowly for't; yet it was fai'd
I would not stand in thy Pedantry.

But that my fete should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why the vertues on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And let me vp in hope. But huff, no more.

Sweat founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lewx, Banq, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chiefes Gueft.

La. If she haead beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Seast,
And all thinge vanishing.

Mac. Tonight we hold a solemn Supper fit,
And he request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble eye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Banq. 1, my good Lord.

Mac. We should have elice destr'd your good advice

(Which still hath beene both grave, and prosperous)

In this days Counsell : but wee'le take to morrow.

Is't fare you ride?

Banq. As fare, my Lord, as will set vp the time

'Twixt this, and Supper. Geo not my Horfie the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke hour, or twaine.

Macb. Fare not our Feall.

Banq. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cozens are bellow'd

In England, and in Ireland, not concealing

Their cruel Parricide, filling their bellies

With strange invention. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we shull have cause of State,

Creating vs in unity. Hye you to Horfie:

Adieu, till you returne at Night,

Does Pleasance with you?

Banq. 1, my good Lord: our time does call vp n't.

Banq. 1 with your Horfes swift, and fur of foot?

And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farwell. Exeunt Banqo.

Let every man be master of his time,

Till leen at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our felle till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords.

Sirius, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Serrant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace.

Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs. Exeunt Seruants.

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

Our feares in Banqo Hicke deepe,

And in his Royallty of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dreads,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Mindes.

He hath a Widosome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in faeties. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe fear: and under him,

My Genus is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthonies was by Casar. He chid the Sifters,

When first they put the Name of King upon me,

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

They baw'd him Father to a Line of Kings,

Upon my Head they place'd a frustllese Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,

No Sonte of mine succeeding: it's be so,

For Banqo's issue have I fild my Mide,

For them, the gracious Duncan have I morter'd,

Put Rancours in the Vellff of my Peace

Onely for them; and mine eternall Jewell

Given to the common Enemies of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banqo Kings,

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyf,

And champion me to th'vterrance.

Who's there?

Enter Serrants, and two Misthurbers.

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

Exeunt Serrants.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Serrath. It was, to please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now have you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent self,
That it made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft:
The Instrumets: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To half a Soule, and to a Notton craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Marib. You made it knowne to vs.
Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.

Do ye finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that ye can let this goe?
Are you to Goffeld, to pray for this good man,
And for his life, whose bane is hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begg'd
Your's for ever?

1. Marib. We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Shyghege, Water-Rags, and Denny-Wolves are cleft
All by the Name of Dogges: the valuted slep
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the heavy.
The House-keepers, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a filation in the file,
Not 'th worst rate of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Banifie in your Bottomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemies off,
Grapples you to the heart: and looe of ye,
Who were our Health but likly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Marib. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowses and Buffets of the World
Hath so incensed, that I am reckkeful, what I doe,
To plight the World.

1. Aberb. And in another,
So weane with Draffers, rugged with Fortune;
That it would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

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

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thuds,
Against my nect't of Life: and though I could
With bare and d power weep him from my sight,
And bid my will enowch it: yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe flank downe: and thence it is,
That to your assent does make love,
Masking the Banifie from the common Eye:
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. Marib. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command vs.

Macb. Though our Lives-
Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this house, at morn,
I will advise you where to plant your Feltes,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for not must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: always thought,
That I requiere a clearness; and with him,
To loose the Cubs nor Bcrches in the Work:
Flunk his Sonne, that keeps his company,
Whose absence is no lesse material to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the faire
Of that dark houre: resolue your feltes apart,
He come to you anon.

Marib. We are releue'd, my Lord.
Macb. Ille call upon you thoughts in aside within,
It is concluded: Banquo thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it our to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?
Servent. 1, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his lecture.
For a few words.
Servent. Madame, I will.
Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our defile is got with content:
To faire, be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in double joy.
Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of forryef fancies your Companions making,
Viling those Thoughts, which should indeed issue d'y
With them they thinke on things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,

Macb. We have search'd the Snake, not kill'd it.
She's cleafe, and be her self, whilest our Poor Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-joint,
Both the Worlds seeter,
Ere we will caste our Meathe in fere, and sleepe
In the affright of those terrible Dreams,
That blaze vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gyane our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reflife extraile.

Duncan is in his Graue;
After Life's futfall Feuer, he sleepe's well,
Trenton he's done his worke: nor Steele, nor Poylon,
Mallice domelike, foraire Leaine, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gente my Lord, flecke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and loiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loe, and so I pray you be:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Prevent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unfaile the while, that we must lade
Our Honors in these flattering Firearme,
And make our Faces Vivards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. Of full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleure live.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

Enter three Marthers.

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

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are affaileable,
Then be thou sound: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyfer'd flight, ere to black Eneas summons
The hard-born Beetle, with his drowifie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, desert Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeing Night,
Shake vp the tender Eye of pitchfull Day,
And with thy bloodie and insuffitable Hand
Cancel and teaze to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepest me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing tooth' Rookie Woods;
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agens to their Prey's doct rowies.
Thou manuell it at my words: but holde thy thill,
Things bad began, make strong themselfies by ill:
So pyrthie goe with me.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a Torch.

Scena Tertia.

But who did bid thee loyne with vs?

Macb. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivrs
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction luff.

Then stand with vs:
The Well yet glimmers with some fleakes of Day,
Now ipures the latest Traveller space,
To gayne the timely time; and neere approaches
The subiect of our Watch.

Hecke, I heare Horfes,
Banquo whisb. Giv'es vs a Light there, hos.
Then 's his hec:
The reft, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are 'b' Court.

His Horfes goe about.

Almof a mile: but he does visable,
So all men doe, from hence tooth' Pallace Gate
Make it the Walle,

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a Torch.

A Light, a Light.

Tis hee,

Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Ragnett's Night.

Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good Fleance, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'v revenge: O Shame!

Who did strike out the Light?

Was't not the way?

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

We haue lost
Beit halfe of our Affaire.

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

Enter Banquo.

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

Lords. Thankes to your Maiestie.

Macb. Our felse will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoft:
Our Hoffeske keeps her State, but inbells time
We will require her welcome.

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

Enter first Macbeth.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks,
Both fides are even: here Ile fee 'ch militlt,
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure.
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Meth. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispaied'st.

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

Meth. Thou art the beft o' th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou did it, thou art the Non-paartill.

Meth. Moit Royall Sir

Fleance is lchap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had elle bene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayres.
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in'
To fawcy doubts, and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Meth. I, my good Lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The leat a Deth to Nature.

Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent eyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venome breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow.
We'll heare our felves again.

Exit Macbeth.

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is fald
That is not often vouth'd, while 'tis a making
Tis given, with welcome: to feeede were belt at home:
From thence, the favve to meane is Ceremonie,
Meeting were bare withoutire.

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

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

Lords. May't please your Highnesse fere

Macb. Hence haue we now our Countries honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banqueting place:
Who, may I rather challenge for vehicle,
Then pity for Mischances.

Roffe. His absence (Sir)

Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?


Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the seven Witches, meeting.

Her. Have I not reason (Belsam) as you ask, Sawney, and over-bold, how did you dare To Trade, and To Rocke with Macbeth, In Riddles, and Affairs of death; And

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear, The arm’d Rhinoceros, or the Harian Tiger, Take any shape but that, and, if my name be Nerus Shall never tremble. Or be alive again, And darest to the Defart with thy sword, If trembling I inhabit thee, protect me. The Baby of a Gifte. Hence horrible shadow, Unravel mock’d by hence. Why so, being gone. I am a man again; pray you fit till. Let. You have displeas’d the mirth, Broke the good meeting, with most admig’d disorder. Macb. Can such things be, And overcom’d, as like a Summers Closed, Without our speciall wonders? You make me sitting Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, And keep the natural Ruife of your Checkers, When mine is blanched with fear. Buff. What fights, my Lord? Let. I pray you speake on, the groves swofe & waste. Question entreates him; at once, goodnight. Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health Attend his Majesty. Al. A good night to all. Exeunt Lords. Macb. It will have blood they say: Blood will have Blood; Stoness have been knowne to mowr, & Trers to speake: Auge’s, and under Blood Relations, have By Marget Pyes, & Choughes, & Rooke brought forth The seare man of Blood. What is the Night? Al. Altoft at oddes, with morning, which is which. Macb. How try’st thou that Marcelli denies his perfom At our great bidding. Let. Did you fend to him Sir? Macb. I heare it by the way. But I will send; There’s not one of them but in his house I keep a Servant Feed. I will to morrow (And besides I will) to the weyward Siffers, More shal, they speake; for now I am bent to know By the wordes, the word, for mine own good, All causes shall give way, I say in Blood Steep in so farre, that should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as to ore. Strange things I have in head, that will have hand; Which must be ased, ere they may be fand. Let. You lacke the feacon of all Nature, Sleep. Macb. Come, weel to speake. My strange & fell-abu Se the initiate fease; that wantd and vie. We are yet but young indeed. Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

And I the Mist is of your Charms,
The cloke contenier of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worst, all you have done
 Hath bene but for a wavyd Sonne,
Spightful, and wrathful, who (as others do)
 Loves for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the piet of Aderon
Meet me in the Morning; this is by him
Will come, to know his Deinition,
Your Vessells, and your Spells promise,
Your Charms, and every thing beside;
I am for thy Ayre: This night I'll spend
Vasto a dismall, and a Fastall end.

Great business must be wrought ere Noone.

Upon the Corner of the Moone
Ther hangs a vaporous drop profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicks flight,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprighi,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall ierne Fate, and hence Death, and bear
His hopes' bone Wifelome, Grace, and Fear,
And you all know, what is Mortals cheefest Enemy.

Macbeth, and a Song.

Heare, I am call'd: my little Spite free
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flayes for me.

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

Come, let us make h aft, fice I done be
Backe againe.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne.
The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: he marry was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (f'cept you) Flaneus kill'd,
For Flaneus flid: Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstros
It was for Malediction, and for Doombane.

To kill their gracious Father? Dammned Foes,
How is it donee Macbeth? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquent scarse,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thrallises of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have angered'd any heart alio
To beehe the men deny'd. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he Duncan Sonnes under his Key,
(As, &c, and please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What twere to kill a Father: So should Flaneus.
But peace, for from broad worlds, and caudle he sayl'd
His presence at the Tyants Feast, I hearre
Macbeth's lines in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he befores himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan
(From whom this Tyrant blesseh, and the due of Birth)
Lives in the English Court, and receyed
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
That the malvolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respoect. The blisse Macduff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his syd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seymerd,
That by the helpe of thefe (with him above)
To ratifie the Workes we may againe
Give to our Tables, and sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do fullfyl Homage, and receave free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath fso exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

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

Lenox. And that well might
Adulce him to a Caution, t hold what distant
His wisdome can proouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Courts of England, and unbold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May foono returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. He send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3. Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,

Round about the Cauldron go:
In the gymond Entred the show,
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dives and Nights, ha's thirty one
Swell'de Venom feeing pot,
Boyle thoufriff it's charmed pot.

Ast. Double, double, toyle and trouble:
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

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

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

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe.
Of the ran'd fair Sea starke:
Rootes of Hemlocke, digg'd & thin'der:
Lute of Blashpheming Jew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Slue'td in the Moones Eclips:

Note:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Laugh to forne
The powre of man: For none of woman born
Shall harme Macbeth.

Mac. Then line Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, he lies;
And sleepe in peace of Thunder.

Thunder

5 Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Litten, but speake not too it.

3 Appar. Be you metted, proud, and take no care:
Who chases, who frets, or where Confurpers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, or fall.

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmare Hill
Shall come against him.

All. Descend.

Mac. That will never bee:
Who can impressee the Forrest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet bosomead, good:
Rebellious dead, rife never till the Wood

Be Byrnam rife, and his high plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the Leave of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell to much: Shall Banquo's issue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Why furnes that Caldon? & what noise is that? Heboges

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeke his Hart,
Come like old owers, so depart.

Ahow of eight Kings, and Banquo left, with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the fright:
A third, is like the former. Fibby Hagges,
Why do you thrue me this? ——A fourt? Staye eyes!
What will the Line frezech out of this cracke of Dooome?
Another yet? I feane he lie no more;
And yet the eight appears, who bears a glasse,
Which frethes me many more; and found I see,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight: Now I see'ts true,
For the Blood-boiler'd Banquo smilies upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazelly?
Come Sifters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And fiew the belft of your delights.
Ie Charme the Ayre to give a found,
While you performe your antique round.
That this great King may kindly lay,
Our duties, did his wellcome pay.

Macb. The Witche Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this penititious houre,
Stand aye accurst in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Grace will.

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters? 
Leno. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you? 
Leno. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infeeted be the Ayre wherein they ride, 
And damn’d with all thote that trust them. I did heare 
The gallopping of Horse. Who was’t came by? 
Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word;
Macduff is fled to England; 
Macb. Fled to England? 
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat’st my dread exploits; 
The flighty purpose neuer is o’er-tooke 
Vallethe the deed go with it. From this moment, 
The very firstling of my heart shall be 
The firstlings of my hand. And even now 
To Crown my thoughts with Act, be it thought & done: 
The Castle of Macduff I will surprize, 
Sette upon Fife, give to the edge of the Sword 
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunat’st Souls 
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole, 
This deed I do, before this purpose coole, 
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen? 
Come bring me where they are.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife for her Son, and Ruffe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ruffe. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none: 
His flight was madnese: when our Actions do not, 
Our fears do make vs Traitors,
Ruffe. You know not 
Whether it was his wiledome, or his fear.
Wife. Wife don’t to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes, 
His Mother, and his Traitors, to leaue his wife, 
From whence himselfe do’s flye? He loues not vs, 
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren 
The most dimittis of Birds) will fight, 
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle: 
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Lone; 
As little is the Wiledome, where the flight 
So runnes against all reason, 
Ruffe. My dearest Croos, 
I pray you schoole your felle. But for your Husband, 
He is Noble, Wife, Judaicious, and best knoues 
The fits of o’th Season. I dare not speake much further, 
But cruell are the times, we are Traitors, 
And do not know our fieues: when we hold Rumor 
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare, 
But floate upon a wilde and violente Sea: 
Each way and moue. I take my leau of you: 
Shall not be long but lie he beare againe; 
Things at the worst will cease or elle clime vprwaad, 
To what they were before. My pretty Cofine, 
Blesling vpon you, 
Wife. Father’s he is, 
And yet hee has Father-like; 
Ruffe. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer 
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort, 
I take my leau at once.
Exit Ruffe.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead, 
And what will you do now? How will you live? 
Son. As Birds do Mother. 
Wife. What with Worrimes, and Flyes? 
Son. What I get I meane, and so do they. 
Wife. Poore Bird, 
Thon’t ye feare the Net, nor Lame, 
The Pitchfall, nor the Gin. 
Son. Why should I Mother? 
Poore Birds they are not set for: 
My Father is not dead for all your saying, 
Wife. Yet he is dead: 
How will thou do for a Father? 
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband? 
Wife. Why can I buy me twenty at any Market, 
Son. Then you’ll by ’em to sell againe? 
Wife. Thou speak’st within thy wit, 
And yet I trust with witt enough for thee. 
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother? 
Wife. I, that he was. 
Son. What is a Traitor? 
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes. 
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so. 
Wife. Every one that do’s so, is a Traitor, 
And must be hang’d. 
Son. And must they all be hang’d, that swear and ly? 
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them? 
Wife. Why the honnest men. 
Son. Then the Liar’s and Sweares are Fools: for there 
Are Lyars and Sweares know, to beate the honnest men; 
And hang vp them. 
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie: 
But how wilt thou do for a Father? 
Son. If he were dead, you’d wepe for him: if you would not, it were a good figure, that I should quickly 
have a new Father. 
Wife. Poore prater, how thou talk’st? 
Enter a Meffinger.

Meff. Blest be you fair Dame: I am not to you known, 
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect; 
I doubt some danger do’s approach you crossely. 
If you will take a homely mans advice, 
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones 
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too saugue: 
To do worfe to you, were fell Crueltry, 
Which is too nio your person. Heauen preferre you, 
I dare abide no longer, 
Wife. Whether should I flye? 
I have done no harme. But I remember now 
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme, 
Is often laudable, to do good sometime. 
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas) 
Do I put vp that wmannly deffee, 
To say I have done no harme? 
What are these faces? 
Enter Montoverti. 
Mort. Where is your Husband? 
Wife. I hope in no place so unsacndifed, 
Where such as thou mayst finde him. 
Mort. He’s a Traitor. 
Son. Thou ly’st thou shagge-ear’d Villaine, 
Mort. What you Egge? 
Young fry of Trecthery! 
Son. He’s a kil’d me Mother, 
Run away I pray you. 
Exit crying Mortcher.

Scene.
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mac. Let vs secke out some delitiate bnde, & there Wepepe our fad bolome empty.

Macd. Let vs rather

Hold fat le the mortall Sword & like good men, Bithrnde our downfall Birthdome: eche new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new foreswyr
Strike hevene on the face, that it refounds
As it felt with Scotland, and yedd out;
Like Syllable of Doleur.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile;
What know, beleue; and what I can redrefse,
As I shal finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose fole name bliters our tongues,
Was once thought honeft: you haue loud him well,
He hath not coud such you yet. Is yong, but somet hone
You may difcreene of him through me, and wifedome
ddeff, and poore innocent Lambe
Tappepe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,
A good and versuus Nature may recyple
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfplate;
Angels are bright full, though the brightself feel.
Though all things foule, would wear the brous of grace
Yet Grace muft full looke fo.

Macd. I haue loft my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euery where
Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawneesse left you Wife, and Child?
Thofe precious Motiues, thofe strong knots of Lome,
Without leauoe-taking. I praye you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Difhonorus,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightely in, what ever I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, blende poore Country,
Great Tyranne, by thy thy breaths face,
For goodnefse dare not check thee: wear they wrongs,
The Title, is affed. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou thinke,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich Eafi to boot.

Mal. But offended:
I speake not as in absolute fear of you:
I thinke our Country fines beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a garg
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifed in my right:
And heere from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thoundants. But for all this,
When I shall creade upon the Tyrans head,
Or wear it on my Sword yet my poore Country?
Shall have more nices then it had before,
More suffer, and more lunday wayes then ever,
By him that shall fuccede.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is my felle I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Efeence him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confelleffe harmes.

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

Mal. I grant him Bloodly,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Fale, Deceitfull,
Sodain, Malicious, smacking of every line
That's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousse: You Wines, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Celeftine of my Luf, and my Desire
All continent impediments would ore-beare.
That did oppofe my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundleffe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'extremely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But leare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Consider the Fates in a fippacio plenty,
And yet feme cold. The time you may condrewen:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour to many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it to incline.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compous Affection, such
A flindeffe Avarice; that were 1 King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Defie his Jewels, and this others Hoose,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vnufed against the Good and Loyall,
Destrufying them for wealth.

Mal. This Avarice
Hicke deeper growes with more peminious roote
Then Summer-fearing Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our lime Kings: yet doe not fear.
Scotland hath Fuyfons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weight'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Ifofce, Verity, Temple, Stableneffe,
Bounty, Perfeuerance, Mercy, Lowinneffe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortritude,
I have no relifh of them, but abord
In the diuision of each generall Crime,
Acting in many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Pour the sweet Milke of Concord into Hell,
Vpour the vivnefall peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mal. O Scotland, Scotland.

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

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to live. O Nation miserable!
With an untidly Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shall thou see thy whomof days again?
Since that the truell Flue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction flards accord,
And do's blaspheyme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted King; the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dye'd every day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent scornew fenes
A Moderne excute: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scaree ask'd for who, and good mens blus
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ficken.

Miss. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Male. What's the newest griefe?
Reff. That of an hours age, death hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Miss. How do's my Wife?
Reff. Why well.
Miss. All and all my Children?
Reff. Well too.
Miss. The Tyrant ha's not bater'd at their peace?
Reff. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em
Miss. Be not a jugger of your speech: How go's?
Reff. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Whiche I have bearely borne, ther ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleeue winnt the rather,
For that I saw the Tyants Power a-foot.

'Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire difficles.
Miss. Bee their comfort
We are coming hither: Gracious England hath
Lost vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An olduer, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriftentome gives out.
Reff. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be how'd out in the defeat, ayre,
Where hearing shou'd not latch them.
Miss. What concerne they,
The generall caufe, or is it a Foe-griefe
Due to some sangle bretz?
Reff. No mende that's honest
But in it thers some wes, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Miss. It's but mine
Keepes it not from me, quickly let me hau it.
Reff. Let not your carees dispuee my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauie find
That euer yet they heard.

Miss. Humh! I gauee at it.
Reff. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauageely slaughtred: To relate the manner
Were on the Querry of thefe number'd Deere.
To adde the daezes of you.

Miss. Mercifull heauen:
What man, me're pull your hat uppon your browes:
Gite forrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o'th-sprung heart, and bids it breathe.

Miss. My Children too?
Re. Wife, Children, Servants, all that cou'd be found.
Miss. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Reff. I hau' faith.
Miss. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly griefe.

Miss. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and those Damnes
At one fell swoopee?

Miss. Difficte is like a man:
Miss. I shall do so:

---

Nn 2 But.
But I must also feele it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were That were most precioust to me: Did heaven looke on, And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff, They were all stroake for thee: Naught that I am, Not for their owne detesteties, but for mine Fell slaughter on their Heads: Heaven left them now.

Mac. Be this the Worthy one of your sword, let grieve Convurt to anger; blisse not the heart, enrage it.

Mac. I could play the woman with mine eyes, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heaven, Cut thro of all intermission: Front to Front, Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my felle Within my Swords length let him, if he keepe Heaven forgive him too.

Mac. This time goes madly: Come goe we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lacke is nothing but our leisure. Macbeth Is ripe for slaking, and the Powres above Put on their Instrumets: Receive what cheerre you may, The Night is long, that never findes the Day. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Steynge Gentlewoman.

Doc. I blame too nightes watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it free left walk'd with you?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlooke her Cloath, take foorth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

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

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

Doc. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should. Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse to conferme my speach. Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Doc. Lo you, heres the comes: This is her very voice, and upon my life fast asleepe; obserue her, and finde.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it is light by her: the ha's light by her continually, tis her command.

Doc. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. But her fenye are shut.

Doc. What is it she do's now?

Look how she rubbes her hands.

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

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Heare, sir, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to fasten my remembrance the more strongly. L. Our slumber'd spot? exit I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doon't: Hell is murky. P'rse, my Lord, sir, a Souldier, and a lofe! what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.

Doc. Do you make that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will they hands, here be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that you marre all with this stinking.

Doc. Go too, go too.

You have knowne what I should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what the he is knowe.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doc. What a sight is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

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

Doc. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be so.

Doc. This disease is beyond my prudize: yet I have knowne those who have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holly in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gown, looke not to pale: I tell you yet against Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on his grave.

Doc. Even so?

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

Exit Lady.

Doc. Will the goe now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. What time is the West wind abated: vnatural deeds Do breed vnatural troubles: infected minds To their desse pillowes will discharge the Secret: More needs thee the Diana, then the Phisitian: God, God forgive us all. Look after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And full keepes eyes upon her: So goodnight, My minde is he's mated, and anniz'd my lights. I think, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Drums and Colours. Enter Montrose, Caubert, Argum, Lewis, Soldiers.

Mont. The English power is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vikele Seyward, and the good Macduff. Reuenge burns in them: for their deere cauder Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarum Execute the mortified man.

Arg. Neere Byram wood.

Shall we meet them, what way are they comming? Caub. Who knowes who Dounkowbe be with his brother? Len. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File of all the Gentry; there is Seyward's Sonne, And many vntrusty Youthes, that even now Proteet their frift of Manhood, Mont. What do's the Tyrant, Caub. Great Dunfinna he strongly Fortifies: Some say he's mad; others, that letter hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

He cannot buckler his desperate cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Macb. Now do's he feel His secret Murthers flickering on his hands,
Now minute Revulst vpbrad his Faith-breath:
Tis he commands, mov'd only in command,
Nothing in lown: Now do's he feel his Title
Hang looie about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Thrice.

Macb. Mont. Who then shall blame His peeter'd Senses to recolle, and flarr,
When all that is within him, do's condemnme
It felle, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To guev Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the fally Wesle,
And with him pure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Macb. Loues. Or so much as it needs,
To drow the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birman. Exit Marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remorse to Dunfinnesse.
I cannot taint with Fear: What's the Boy Macleome?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirit's that know
All mortall Confessiones, haue pronounce'd me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ever have power upon Thee. Then flye false:Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I heare,
Shall never fadge with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter Sergeant.

The duell damnate thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where go'th thou that Goofe-lookye.

Ser. There is ten thousand:

Macb. Geefe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers sir.

Macb. Go prcke thy face, and out-red thy fear.
Thou Lilly-lined Boy, What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheokes of thine
Are Counsellers to fearre. What Souldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Serjeon, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: Serjeon, thy fait, this path
Will cheere me euer, or dissuete me now.
I haue li'd long enough: my way of life
Is false into the Sear, the yellow I eafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
At Honor, Lone, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their heed,
Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the pover heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Serjeon.

Enter Serjeon.

Ser. What's your greate pleasure?

Macb. What Nevves more?

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

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be back.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seaton, & Sadlers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is still, they come: our Coffers strengthen Will laugh a Stag to scorn; here let them lye, Till Fame and the Ague eaten them vp: Were they not for f’rd with those that should be ours, We might haue met them darefull, burn’d to beard, And beat them backward home. What is that noise? A Crying within of Women.

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the title of Fears; The time has beene, my lences would have cou’d To heare a Night-thrieker, and my Fell of haire Would at a dimsmall Teasie toweze, and flixe As life were in’t. I have fynp full with horrors, Direnest familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot once f’rt me. Wherefore was that cry? Sev. The Queen is (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy’d by her enemie: There would haue beene a time for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty pace from day to day, To the laft Syllable of Recorded time; And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief Candle, Life’s but a walking Shadow, a poore Playe, That strains and frets his house vpon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury Signifying nothing. Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to doe it.

Macb. Well, say so.

Mef. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill I look’d towards Byrnam, and anon I thought The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyt, and Stale.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, it’s better so: Within this three Mile may you see it comming; I say, a mooving Groan.

Macb. If thou speakes it false,

Upon the next Trell shall thou hang allue.

Till Fame cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,

I care not thou driv for me as much.

I pull in Revolution, and begin

To doubt that Emtiocation of the Fiend,

That lies like truth. Fear not till Byrnam Wood

Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood.

Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out,

If this which he avouches, do’s appear,

There is not flying hence, nor turrying here,

I gone to be a weary of the Sun,

And with the east of the world were now vndon.

Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,

At least weel dye with Harneffe on our backe. Excus.

Scena Sexta.

Dremme and Colours.

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

Mal. Now nere enough: Your leaye Shretemes throw downe,

And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vakle)

Shall with my Cofo your right Noble Soume

Lead our frill Battell. Worthy Macduff, and wee

Shall take vpon what else remains to do,

According to our order.

Sev. Fare you well: Do we but finde the Tyrant power to night,

Here in the even, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpeers speak, give the all breath


Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,

But Beare-like I must fight the courtie. What’s he

That was not borne of Womane? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

T. Sey. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it.

T. Sey. Not: though thou callst thy selfe a hotter name

Then any is in hell.

Macb. Myname’s Macbeth.

T. Sey. The dwell hitherto could not pronounce a Title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No: not more fearfull.

T. Sey. Thou lyest abhorr’d Tyrant, with my Sword

Ille prove the lyke thou speakest.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was borne of woman;

But Swords I admire at, Wapans laugh to scorn,

Brandish’d by man that’s of a Woman borne. Excus.

Alarums.

Enter Macduff.

Macdu. That way the Noble is; Tyrant Awei thy face,

If thou beest blaine, and with no frownce of mine,

My Wife and Childe and Ghosts will haunt thee still:

I cannot strike at wearied Kernes, whole armes

Are lyre’d to bear their Stares; either thou Macbeths,

Or else my Sword with an unbartered edge

I sleathe againe unheedly. There thou should’st be,

By this great elater, one of great note

Seemes.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scenes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. Enter. 

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Ser. This way my Lord; the Caiffes gently rendred
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight.
The Noble Thanes do brayly in the Warre,
The day almost it felle profytes yours,
And little is to do.

Mac. We haue met with pues that strike before vs.

Ser. Enter Sir, the Caiff. Exeunt. 

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sweete white, if I see liues, the gallies
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Mact. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Mac. Of all men else I hate anoyded thee;
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg’d.

Mact. With blood of thine already.

Mact. I have no words,

My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then straights can gue thee none.

Fight: Alarums.

Mact. Thou lostest labour.

As eafe may’t thou the intrepchant Ayre
With thy keen sword impress it, as make me bleed;
Let falde blade on voracious Creets,
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yeld
To one of woman borne.

Mact. Dispaire thy Chance;
And let the Angell whom thou hast faith serv’d
Tell thee. Macduff was from his Mothers womb
Vintimely tript.

Mac. Accursed be that tongue that tells mee so;
For it hath Cow’d my better part of man:
And be thee Juiling Friends no more beleued,
That pater with vs in a double fence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breaks it to our hope. Henot fight with thee.

Mac. Then yeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the flue, and gaze o’d time,
Wee’lhave thee, as our rarer Monyters are
Painted upon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heree may you fee the Tyrant.

Mac. I will not yeld.

To kiffe the ground before young, Malcolmes feet,
And to be baast with the Rabblies curte.
Though Bymane woode be come to Dunfmane,
And thou oppos’d, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the left. Before my body,
I throw my warlike shield: I lay on Macduff,
And dam’d be him, that first cries hold enought.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slain.

Retreats, and Plantiffs. Enter with Drummes and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miste, were late arriz’d.

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

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Some.

Ross. Your lea my Lord, he’s paid a doubters debt;
He only had but till he was a man
The which no sooner had his Prouesse confirm’d
In the unsinking station where he sought,
But like a man he dy’d.

Ser. Then he is dead.

Ross. I, and brought on the field: your caufe of sorrow
Must not be measure d by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Ser. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. I, on the Front.

Ser. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had as many Sontes, as I haue haires,
I would not with them to a fairer death:
And to his Knell is knell’d.

Mal. He’s worth more sorrow,

That he spend for him.

Ser. He’s worth no more,

They lay he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes never comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeths head.

Mal. Haile King, let fo thou art.

Behold where stands
Th’Vipers curzed head: the time is free:
I see thee compact with thy Kingdomes Peace,
That speake my satisfaction in their minds:
Whole vouers I desire alwed with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reck on with your feueral Ioues,
And make vs euen with you, My Thanes and Kinmen.

Hereon forth be Easles, the gift that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam’d: What’s more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exild Friends abroad,
That Bed the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Munifets
Of this dead Butcher, and his Friend-like Queene;
Who(as vs thought) by fellc and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This and what needfull else
That call’d upon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in mesure time, and place;
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we mituse, to see vs Crown’d at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

Macbeth escap’d the Crown of Scotland: about the Reign of Edward, 3d of Dragon. 1092.

FINIS.