<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>
    </titleStmt>
    <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>
      <resp>publisher</resp>
    </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>
  </fileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<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 Sieftring</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>
  <funder>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.

<edtionStmt>
  <edition n="first">First publication edition. <date when="2014-04-23">23 April 2014</date></edtion>
</edtionStmt>

<publisher>
  <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian Libraries</orgName>,
  <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
</publisher>

</titleStmt>

<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services

Available for reuse, according to the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported.

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

London, England

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<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>


</bibl>

<msDesc>
    <msIdentifier>
        <country>United Kingdom</country>
        <settlement>Oxford</settlement>
        <institution>University of Oxford</institution>
        <repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
        <idno type="shelfmark">Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7</idno>
        <altIdentifier type="previous">
            <idno type="shelfmark">S 2.17 Art. [first Bodleian shelfmark, 1624-1664?]</idno>
        </altIdentifier>
        <altIdentifier type="previous">
            <idno type="shelfmark">Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1906-?]</idno>
        </altIdentifier>
    </msIdentifier>
    <msContents>
        <titlePage>
            <docTitle>
                <titlePart>Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, &amp; TRAGEDIES. Published according to the True Originall Copies.</titlePart>
            </docTitle>
        </titlePage>
    </msContents>
</msDesc>

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)

\[ 2C^2 - g^6 \times g^6 \times h^6 \times x^4 \times 1.2 \times [\text{para.}] - 2 \times [\text{para.}]^6 - 3 \times [\text{para.}]^1 - aa - ff^6 \]

\[ hh^6 \times kk - bbb^6 \]; 2. West: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A - 2B^6 \times 2C^2 - a - 'gg3.4' (\pm gg3') \times [\text{para.}] - 2 \times [\text{para.}]^6 \times 3 \times [\text{para.}]^1 - 2a - 2f^6 \times 2g^2 \times 2G^6 \times 2h^6 \]

\[ x^6 \times 2y - 3b^6. \]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; \(^3gg1\) mis-signed Gg; \(^nn1\)-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"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.
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>
</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

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 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 1635 catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
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>.

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
(Turbutt

For a full discussion of this copy and the
digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
<person xml:id="F-mac-mur.1">
  <persName type="standard">First Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">1. Murth.</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>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-mac-wit.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Witch</persName>
  <persName type="form">3</persName>
</person>

<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>
</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>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mac-lds">
  <persName type="standard">Lords</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lords.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-mcb">
  <persName type="standard">Macbeth, General of the King's army</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mab.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mac.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Macb.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Macb. and Lenox.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-mcd">
  <persName type="standard">Macduff, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
  <persName type="form">Macd.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-mal">
  <persName type="standard">Malcolm, Son of Duncan</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mal.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Malc.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-men">
  <persName type="standard">Menteith, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ment.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-mes">
  <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-mur">
  <persName type="standard">Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mur.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Murth.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-oma">
  <persName type="standard">Old Man</persName>
  <persName type="form">Old M.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Old man.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-por">
  <persName type="standard">Porter</persName>
  <persName type="form">Port.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Porter.</persName>
</person>

<persName xml:id="F-mac-ros">
  <persName type="standard">Ross, Nobleman of Scotland</persName>
</person>
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.
Enter three Witches.<span rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder and Lightning.</span>

1. When shall we three meet again? <br>
   In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine? <br>

2. When the Hurley-burley's done, <br>
   When the Battaille's lost, and wonne. <br>

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne. <br>

1. Where the place? <br>

2. Vpon the Heath. <br>

3. There to meet with <span rend="italic">Macbeth</span>. <br>

1. I come, <span rend="italic">Gray-Malkin</span>. <br>

All. <hi rend="italic">Padock</hi> calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire, <br>

Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. <br>

Exeunt. <br>

Scena Secunda. 

[Act 1, Scene 2]
King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King.

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

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

Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villanies of Nature Doe swarne vpon him) from the Westerne Isles Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd, And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling, Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake: For braue Macbeth (well hee deserues that Name)

Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele, Which smoak'd with bloody execution (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage, Till hee fac'd the Slaue: Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him, Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth'Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection, Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

mfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,

But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,

With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,

Began a fresh assault.

Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth

Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;

O r the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,

So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell: but I am faint.

My Gashes cry for helpe.

So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,

They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Who comes here?

The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Who is here?
<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>
</sp>

<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 ynch,\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>\</l>
    <l>Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vs.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-dun">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
</sp>
No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceiue

Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,

And with his former Title greet Macbeth.

Ile see it done.

What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

Where hast thou beene, Sister?

Killing Swine.

Sister, where thou?

A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,

And mouncht, mouncht, and mouncht:

Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.

Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th'Tiger:

But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,

And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

Ile giue thee a Winde.
Th'art kinde.

And I another.

I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th'Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I haue.

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

Drum within.

A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

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

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

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these, So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre, That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth, And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught? hat man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,

each at once her choppie finger laying

on her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,

d yet your Beards forbid me to interprete

you are so.

Speake if you can: what are you?
<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-ban">
  <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
  <l>Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare? i'th name of truth</l>
  <l>Are ye fantastical, 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>Your fauors, nor your hate.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-wit.1">
  <speaker>1.</speaker>
  <l>Lesser than Macbeth, 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">
Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

Who owes this strange Intelligence, or why upon this blasted Heath you stop our way with such Prophetique greeting?

Witches vanish.

The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,

And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,

Melted, as breath into the Wind.

Would they had stay'd.

Were such things here, as we doe speake about?

Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Your Children shall be Kings.
<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>
<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-ban">
  <speaker rend="italic">Banq.</speaker>
  <l>Toth'selfe-same tune and words: who's here?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mac-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosse.</speaker>
  <l>The King hath happily receiu'd, <hi>
    <hi>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>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0743-133.jpg" n="133"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Macbeth.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
In which addition, haile most worthy Thane,
For it is thine.
Thane, for it is thine.

What, can the Deuill speake true?
The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Who was the Thane, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,

Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.

That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth?
I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the use of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Looke how our Partner's rapt.
New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

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

Worthy Macbeth, wee stay upon your sure.

Giue me your favours:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The <hi rend="italic">Interim</hi> hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Very gladly.

Till then enough:
Come friends.

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

Is execution done on <hi rend="italic">Cawdor</hi>?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

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

There's no Art,
To finde th\'e Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built.
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now.
Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

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

There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne.

My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, 
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, whom we name
hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes, and binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you: Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull The hearing of my Wife, with your approach: So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy Cawdor. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step, on which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape, For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires, Let not Light see my black and deepe desires: The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee, Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,

Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,

Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.

Exit.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 1, Scene 5]

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

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

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

The King comes here to Night.

The Lady.

Thou'rt mad to say it.

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

So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.

Giue him tending,
He brings great newes.
Exit Messenger.

The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncan.

Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
<l>And when goes hence?
</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 Thane, 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 Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,</l>
<l>But be the Serpent ynder'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 type="italic rightJustified" 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>
</div>

<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"/>
This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loued Mansorny, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate.

Enter Lady.
All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

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

Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
Who = "#F-mac-dun">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

> Giue me your hand:<l>
> Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,<l>
> And shall continue, our Graces towards him.<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 Servants with Dishes and Seruice

<lb/>ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">

<speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>

> If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,<l>
> It were done quickly: If th'Assassination<l>
> Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch<l>
> With his surecease, Sucessse: that but this blow<l>
> Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,<l>
> But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,<l>
> Wee'l jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,<l>
> We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach<l>
> Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne<l>
> To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Justice<l>
> Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice<l>
> To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;<l>
> First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,<l>
> Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,<l>
> Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,<l>
> Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this <hi rend="italic">Duncane</hi>

</l>

> Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin<l>
> So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues<l>
> Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against<l>
> The deepe damnation of his taking off:<l>
> And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,<l>
> Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd<l>
> Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,<l>
> Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,<l>
> That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre<l>
> To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely<l>
> Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,<l>
> And falles on th'other.</l>
Lady.<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter

<l>How now? What Newes?</l><sp>
</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>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mac.</speaker>
  <l>Hath he ask'd for me?</l><c rend="italic">?</c><c n="2"/>
</sp>

<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>

<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>

<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>

<l>What Beast was't then</l><sp>
</sp>

<l>That made you breake this enterprize to me?</l>
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know

How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you have done to this.

If we should faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when Duncan is

(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journee)
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded Duncan? What not put
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd wit blood those sleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

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

I am settled, and bend vp each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show.

False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

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

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not hea
clock

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

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

Banq. Hold, take my Sword: There's Husbandry in Heauen,

There's Husbandry in Heauen,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,

And yet I would not sleepe:

Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts

That Nature giue s way to in repose.

Enter Banquo, and a Servant with a Torch.
"Giue me my Sword: who's there?"

"A Friend."

"What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed."
"He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,"
"And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices."
"This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,"
"By the name of most kind Hostesse,"
"And shut vp in measurelesse content."

"All's well."
"I dreamt last Night of the three weyard Sisters:"
"To you they haue shew'd some truth."

"I thinke not of them:"
"Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,"
"We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,"
"If you would graunt the time."

"At your kind'st leysure."
"If you shall cleaue to my consent,"
"When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you."

"So I lose none,"
Macb.<br/>&lt;speaker rend="italic">Good repose the while.&lt;/l&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

Banq.&lt;speaker rend="italic">Thankes Sir: the like to you.&lt;/l&gt;&lt;/sp&gt;

Exit

Macb.&lt;speaker rend="italic">Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.&lt;/l&gt;&lt;/stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.&lt;/stage&gt;&lt;/sp who="#F-mac-mcb"&gt;

Murth.<br/>&lt;l&gt;Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe;&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;With &lt;hi rend="italic">Tarquins &lt;/hi&gt; rauishing sides, towards his designe&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Thy very stones prate of my where-about.&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;And take the present horror from the time,&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues;&lt;/l&gt;&lt;l&gt;Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.&lt;/l&gt;&lt;/stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Bell rings.&lt;/stage&gt;&lt;cb n="2"/&gt;&lt;l&gt;I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.&lt;/l&gt;
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

My Husband?

Who's there? what hoa?

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

I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

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

I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
<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>1.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
   <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
   <l>Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-lam">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
   <hi rend="italic">Donalbaine</hi>.
</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>Listening their feare, I could not say Amen,</l>
   <l>When they did say God blesse vs.</l>
</sp>
Consider it not so deeply.

But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

These deeds must not be thought After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor shall sleepe no more.

Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

You doe vn bend your Noble strenght, to thinke

So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.

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

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

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

Exit.
Knocke within.

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash this blood

Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

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

Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,

Hath left you vnattended.

Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost.
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb.
To know my deed,

Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st.

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

Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th'name of Belzebub?
Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue old turning the Key.

Knock, Knock, Who's there in th'other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equiuocator.

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire.

Exeunt.

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

Knock. Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose.

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire.

Exeunt.

Enter Macduff, and
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 carowing 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</p>
  <lb>prouoke?</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
  <p>Marry, Sir, Nose‑painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.</p>
  <lb>Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes</lb>
  <lb>the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore</lb>
  <lb>much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le‑</lb>
  <lb>cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,</lb>
  <lb>and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis‑heartens</lb>
  <lb>him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu‑</lb>
  <lb>sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,</lb>
  <lb>leaues him.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <p>I beleue, 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</p>
  <lb>requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong</lb>
  <lb>for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I</lb>
  <lb>made a Shift to cast him.</lb>
</sp>

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>
<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, I haue almost slipt the houre.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</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: But yet 'tis one.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker>
  <l>The labour we delight in, Physicks paine: 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 limited service.</p>
</sp>

<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">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>He does: he did appoint so.</l>
</sp>
The Night has been vnruely:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth'wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feuorous,
And did shake.
'Twas a rough Night.
My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.
What's the matter?
Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th'Building.
What is't you say, the Life?
Meane you his Maiestie?

Enter Macduff.
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight. With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason, Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,

As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,

To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

What's the Businesse? speake, speake.

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

O gentle Lady,

'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:

The repetition in a Womans eare,

Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Donalbaine: Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Too cruell, any where.
Deare <hi rend="italic">Duff</hi>, I prythee contradict thy selfe,</l>

And say, it is not so.</l>

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mac-meb">
  <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>

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-meb">
  <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 stop't, the very Source of it is stop't.</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-meb">
  <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>
</sp>
Wherefore did you so?

Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,

Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:

Th'expedition of my violent Loue

Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay

His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,

And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murthers,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers

Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,

That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,

Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Helpe me hence, hoa.

Why doe we hold our tongues,

That most may clayme this argument for ours?

What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,

May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,

Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Nor our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue 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 shake vs.
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndiug'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

And so doe I.

So all.

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

Well contented.

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

This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
To auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Ile to England.

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

This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.
Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

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

Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

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

'Tis said, they eate each other.
To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.
Heere comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Why see you not?

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

Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

Alas the day, What good could they pretend?

They were subborned,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpion them

Suspition of the deed.

'Gainst Nature still, Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon Macbeth.

He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Where is Duncans body?

Carried to Colmekill.

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors.
And Guardian of their Bones.

Will you to Scone?

No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Farewell, Father.

Gods benyson go with you, and with those That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Enter Banquo.

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide It should not stand in thy Posterity, But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father Of many Kings. If there come truth from them, As vpon thee, their Speeches shine,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

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

Heere's our chiefe Guest.

If he had beene forgotten, It had bene as a gap in our great Feast, And all-thing vnbecomming.

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

Let your Highnesse Command vpon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indis soluble tye For euer knit.

We should haue else desir'd your good aduice (Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous) In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morro w. Is't farre you ride?

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

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes Fleance with you?

I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.
I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell.
Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you.
Exeunt Lords.

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

They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Bring them before vs.
Exit Seruant.
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in Banquo sticke deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

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

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthonies was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

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

They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,

For Banquo's Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternal Iewell

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Rather then so, come Fat e into the Lyst,

And champion me to th'vtterance.

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

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

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall jewell

Gien to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

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

For th'vtterance.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

It was, so please you Highnesse.

Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

The Tragedie of Macbeth.
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
You made it knowne to vs.
I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

We are men, my Liege.
I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th'worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
who="#F-mac-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Murth.</speaker><
    I am one, my Liege.<
    Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World<
    Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,<
    To spight the World.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker><
    And I another,<
    So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,<
    That I would set my Life on any Chance,<
    To mend it, or be rid on't.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker><
    Both of you know <hi rend="italic">Banquo</hi> was your Enemie.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mur">
    <speaker rend="italic">Murth.</speaker><
    True, my Lord.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker><
    So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,<
    That euery minute of his being, thrusts<br>
    Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could<br>
    With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,<br>
    And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,<br>
    For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,<br>
    Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,<br>
    Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,<br>
    That I to your assistance doe make loue,<br>
    Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,<br>
    For sundry weightie Reasons.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Murth</speaker><
    We shall, my Lord,<br>
    Performe what you command vs.<
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Murth.</speaker><
    Though our Liues--
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Macb.</speaker><
    Your Spirits shine through you.<
</sp>
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke;

Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke;

Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke;

Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke;

Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke;

Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Exit.

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

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?

Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis­‐ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraigne Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to

Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

You must leaue this.

But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black Heccats summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

What's to be done?

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

So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. Macbeth. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers Our Offices, and what we haue to doe, To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs: The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day. Now spurreth the lated Traueller apace, To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches The subject of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.

2. Then 'tis hee: The rest, that are within the note of expectation, Alreadie are i'th'Court.

1.
His Horses goe about.

Almost a mile: but he does vsually,

So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate

Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

A Light, a Light.

'Tis hee.

Stand too't.

It will be Rayne to Night.

Let it come downe.

O, Trecherie!

Flye good Fleans, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

Who did strike out the Light?

Was't not the way?

There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
We haue lost Best halfe of our Affaire.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

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

Thankes to your Maiesty.

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

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

See they encounter thee with their harts thanks! Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st, Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure! The Table round. There's blood vpon thy fac

'Tis Banquo's then.
"Tis better thee without, then he within.

Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats, Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleans is scap'd.

Then comes my Fit againe: I had else beene perfect; Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke, But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in;

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

Thankes for that: There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled

Thanks for that: There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled

Exit Murderer. 
My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold

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

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

Meeting were bare without it.

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

Sweet Remembrancer:

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

May't please your Highnesse sit.

Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,

Then pitty for Mischance.

His absence (Sir)

Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse;

Then pitty for Mischance.

His absence (Sir)

Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

The Table's full.

Heere is a place reseru'd Sir.
Macb.: Where?

Lenox.: Here my good Lord.

Macb.: Which of you have done this?

Lords.: What, my good Lord?

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

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

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

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

La.: O proper stuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said:
Led you to a Winters fire.
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a stoole.

Who = "#F-mac-mcb"

Macb.

Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too,

If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send,

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

Who = "#F-mac-lam"

La.

What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Who = "#F-mac-mcb"

Macb.

If I stand heere, I saw him.

Who = "#F-mac-lam"

La.

Fie for shame.

Who = "#F-mac-mcb"

Macb.

Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time,

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

Who = "#F-mac-lam"

La.

My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Who = "#F-mac-mcb"

Macb.

I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table, And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst, And all to all.

Lords.

Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit the Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still.
You haue displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Can such things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Euen to the disposition that I o we,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

What sights, my Lord?

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

Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiesty.

A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

It will haue blood they say:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue,
Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, Choughes, & Rookes brought
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?
Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding.

Did you send to him Sir?

I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

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

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

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

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting

Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?
Hec."<speaker rend="italic">Hec."</speaker>

Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?<c rend="italic">?
</c>

Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare?

To Trade, and Trafficie with <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>,.

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,

The close contriuer of all harmes,

Was neuer call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you haue done.

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,

Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;

I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend

Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Vpon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by Magicke slights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare

His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a

Song.<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke, and a</stage>

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see

Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Come away, come away, &amp;c.<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sing within.</stage>

Come, let's make hast, she'e soone be

Backe againe.
<sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</sp>

<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>/</l>
    <l>Haue but hit your Thoughts</l><l>/</l>
    <l>Which can interpret farther: Onely I say</l><l>/</l>
    <l>Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious <hi rend="italic">Duncan</hi>
    <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">Malcolm</hi> and for <hi rend="italic">Donalbane</hi>
    <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 alioe</l>
    <l>To heare the men deny't. So that I say,</l>
    <l>He ha's borne all things well, and I do thynke,</l>
    <l>That had he <hi rend="italic">Duncans</hi> liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
</div>
The Sonnes of Duncane (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth) Liues in the English Court, and is receu'd Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace, That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward That by the helpe of these (with him aboue) To ratifie the Worke) we may againe Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights: Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues; Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors, All which we pine for now. And this report Hath so exasperate their King, that hee Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Lenox. And that well might. Aduise him to a Caution, t hold what distance. His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell. Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon e returne to this our suffering Country, Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Ile send my Prayers with him.
<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>
</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 Jew,</l>
  <l>Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,</l>
  <l>Sluur'd in the Moones Eclipse,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Nose</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
  <l>Nose of Turk, and Tartars lips,</l>
  <l>Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,</l>
  <l>Ditch-deluer'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
How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
A deed without a name.
I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown
downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
Wee'l answer.
Call 'em: let me see 'em.
Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All.

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

Thunder.

1. Apparation, an Armed Head.

Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first.

He Descends.

He

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar.

He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Appar.

Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth,
Beware Macduffe,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He

Thunder.

2 Appar.

Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Had I three eares, I'll heare thee.

2 Appar.

Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorn:

The powre of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth.

Then liue Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance: double sure,

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

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

And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

Thunder

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

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

And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Soueraignty?

Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar.

Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill

Shall come against him.

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill

Shall come against him.
Macbeth

Shall lie the Lease 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 so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer

Reigne in this Kingdome?

Seeke to know no more.

I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinkes that Caldron? what noise is this?

Hoboyes

Shew.

Shew.

Shew.

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

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

Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo:

Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eighth appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?
I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke.
The Witches Dance, and vanish.

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

Enter Lenox.
What's your Graces will.

Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

No my Lord.
Macb.

Came they not by you?

Lenox.

No indeed my Lord.

Macb.

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

Lenox.

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

I, my good Lord.

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits: The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment, The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And euen now To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done: The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole, This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole, But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen? Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt
Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

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

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none: His flight was madness; when our Actions do not, Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

Wife. Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes, His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not, He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren (The most diminuitive of Birds) will fight, Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle; All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue; As little is the Wisedome, where the flight So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Cooz, I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband, He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further, But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor From what we feare, yet know not what we feare, But fioate vpon a wilde and violent Sea Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you: Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe: Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward, To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,

Blessing vpon you.
Father'd he is,
And yet he's Father-lesse.

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

Sirra, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

As Birds do Mother.

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

Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
<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'll by 'em to sell againe.</l> </sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker> <l>Thou speake'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>
<speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>  
I> Who must hang them?  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
I> Why, the honest men.  
</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 who="#F-mac-lmf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
I> Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:  
I> But how wilt thou do for a Father?  
</I>

<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 quickly  
<lb/>haue a new Father.  
</p>

<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
I> Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?  
</I>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mac-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
I> Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,  
I> Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;  
I> I doubt some danger do's approach you meerely.  
I> If you will take a homely mans aduice,  
I> Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones  
I> To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:  
I> To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,  
I> Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,  
I> I dare abide no longer.  
</I>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Messenger</stage>

<sp who="#F-mac-lmf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
I> Whether should I flye?  
I> I haue done no harme. But I remember now  
I> I am in this earthly world: where to do harme  
I> Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. What you Egge?

Mur. Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you.

Exit crying

Enter Malcom and Macduffe.

Mal. The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena

[Act 4, Scene 3] Enter Malcom and Macduffe.
Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty.

Let us rather hold fast the mortal sword: and like good men, bestride our downfall birthdome: each new morn, new widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows strike heaven on the face, that it resounds as if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out like syllable of dolor.

What I believe, I will wail; what know, believe; and what I can redresse, as I shall finde the time to friend: I will. What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest: you haue loved him well: he hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something you may discerne of him through me, and wisedome to offer up a weake, poore innocent lamb to appease an angry God.

I am not treacherous.

But Macbeth is. A good and vertuous nature may recoyle in an imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: that which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose; angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace. Yet grace must still looke so.

I haue lost my Hopes.

Perchance eu'en there where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Child? Those precious motiues, those strong knots of loue,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,

Let not my jealousies, be your dishonors,

But mine owne safeties: you may be rightly just,

What euer I shall thinke.

Bleed, bleed poor country,

Great tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear ythys wrongs,

The title, is affear'd. Far thee well lord,

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,

For the whole space that's in the tyrants grasp,

And the rich east to boot.

Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you:

I thinke our country sinkes beneath the yoake,

It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,

There would be hands uplifted in my right:

And here from gracious england haue I offer

Of goodly thousands. But for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrants head,

Shall have more vices then it had before,

More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,

By him that shall succeede.

What should he be?

It is my selfe I meane: 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 poor state

Esteeme him as a lambe, being compar'd with my confinelesse harms.
Macd.:

Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd

In euils, to top

Macd.:

Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd

In euils, to top

Mal.:

I grant him Bloody,

Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,

Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne

That ha's a name. But there's no botome, none

In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,

Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp

The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire

That did oppose my will. Better

Mal.:

With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such

A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,

I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,

Desire his jewels, and this others House,

And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce

To make me hunger more, that I should forge

Quarrels vnjust against the Good and Loyall,

Destroying them for wealth.

Mal.:

Boundlesse intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene

Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,

And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet

To take vpon you what is yours: you may

Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,

And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:

We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be

That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many

As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,

Finding it so inclinde.

Mal.:

With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such

A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,

I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,

Desire his jewels, and this others House,

And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce

To make me hunger more, that I should forge

Quarrels vnjust against the Good and Loyall,

Destroying them for wealth.

Mal.:

With this, there growes
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no rellish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Pour the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.

O Scotland, Scotland.
If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,
These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.
Macduff, this Noble passion,
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule,
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts,
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me,
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me,
From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue,
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now,
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and,
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure,
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet,
Vnknownwe to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray,
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight,
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking,
Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command,
Whither indeed, before they heere approach,
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting foorth,
Now wee'el together, and the chance of goodnesse,
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Such welcome, and vnwelcom things
'Tis hard to reconcile.
'Tis hard to reconcile.
Enter a Doctor.
Doctor.
Well, more anon. Comes the King forth,
I pray you?
Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules that stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They presently amend.

Exit.

I thanke you Doctor.

What's the Disease he meanes?
Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Prophesie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

See who comes heere.
My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
<l>Sir, Amen.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-mcd">
  <speaker rend="italic">Macd.</speaker>
  <l>Stands Scotland where it did</l>
  <c rend="italic">?</c>
</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-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>Well too.</l>
</sp>
<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>
</sp>
If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
That euer yet they heard.

Humh: I guesse at it.

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

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

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

And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too
Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

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

Dispute it like a man.
I shall do so:

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

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day.

Exeunt

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

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

Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp pon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

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

That Sir, which I will not report after her.

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

That Sir, which I will not report after her.
Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

How came she by that light?

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

You see her eyes are open.

I but their sense are shut.

What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Yet heere's a spot.

Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who
knowes

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

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

Euen so?

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

Foule whisp'ring are abroad: vnnaturall deeds Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets: More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian: God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her, Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance, And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight, My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I thinke, but dare not speake.

Good night good Doctor.

Good night good Doctor.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.

Exit Lady.
Enter Menteth, Cathnes,

Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff. Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme Excite the mortified man.

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

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother?

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

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

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

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of Rule.
<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 us.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mac-len">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lenox.</speaker>
  <l>Or so much as it n</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 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</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Malcolme?</hi>
  </sp>
  <l>Was he not borne of woman</l>
  <l>All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:</l>
  <l>Fear not</l>
</div>
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes, then mingle with the English Epicures. Shalt neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant. There is ten thousand. Geese Villaine? The English Force, so please you.

When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push:

Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.

at hart, Seyton, I am sick

Hau'd long enough: my way of life

Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe.

And that which should accompany Old-Age.

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends.

I must not looke to haue: but in their steed.

Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath.

Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton, I say, this push:

When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push:

Hau'd long enough: my way of life.

Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe.

And that which should accompany Old-Age.

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends.

I must not looke to haue: but in their steed.

Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath.

Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Enter Seyton.

Sey.

What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb.

I'll fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Give me my Armor.

'Tis not needed yet.

Macb.

I'll put it on:

Send out more Horses, skirre the Country round,

Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor:

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.
Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:

Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,

Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,

Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,

Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand

That Chambers will be safe.

We doubt it nothing.
<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 advantaige 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-med">
  <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>
The time approaches, That will with due decision make vs know What we shall say we haue, and what we owe Thoughts speculatiue, their vsure hopes relate, But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate, Towards which, aduance the warre.

Exeunt marching.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, &amp; Souldiers, with

Drum and Colours.

Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye, Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp: Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard, And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares: The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors, Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:

The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. Macb.

I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:

The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
She should haue dy'de heereafter;
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 last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.
Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

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

As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Lyar, and Slaue.
Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
I say, a mouing Groue.
If thou speak'st
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in Resolution, and begin To doubt th'Equiucation of the Fiend,

That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood

Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,

If this which he auouches, do's appeare,

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'ginne to be a- weary of the Sun,

And wish th'estate o'th'world were now vndon.

Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,

At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe.

Exeunt}

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drumme and Colours.</stage>

Enter Malc
olme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal.

Now neere enough: Your leauy Skreenes throw downe, And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)

Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Son

Leade our first Battell. Worthy <hi rend="italic">Macduffe</hi>, and wee

Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do, According to our order.

Fare you well:

Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,

Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Make all our Trumpets speak, giue <choice>

<abbr>thē</abbr>

them</div>

Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarums continued.</stage>
</div>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">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'jt.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Fight, and young Seyward slaine.</stage>
Macduff. 

Macd. 

That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face, 

If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine, 

My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still: 

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes 

Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou <hi rend="italic">Macbeth</hi>, 

Or else my Sword with an vnbattered edge 

I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be, 

By this great clatter, one of greatest note 

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune, 

And more I begge not. 

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune, 

And more I begge not. 

We haue met with Foes 

That strike beside vs. 

Enter Sir, the Castle. 

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

We haue met with Foes 

That strike beside vs. 

Enter Sir, the Castle.
Alarum

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye on mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee: But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd with blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words, My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine then tearmes can giue thee out.

Fight:

Alarum

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

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme, And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd Tell thee, Mothers womb was from his Mothertimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so; For it hath Cow'd my better part of man; And be these Jugling Fiends no more believed, That palter with us in a double sense, That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee Coward, and live to be the show, and gaze o'th'time. We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are Painted upon a pole, and under-writ, Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield to kiss the ground before young Malcolmes feet, And to be baited with the Rabble's curse. Though Byrnan wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the last. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe, and damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.


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."
Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a soldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

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

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeth's head.

Macd.

Haile King, for so thou art.

Behold where stands Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That speake my salutation in their minds:

Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All.

Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal.

We shall not spend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,

And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland

In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruell Ministers

Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;

Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else

That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe in measure, time, and place:

So thankes to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish.

Exeunt omnes.

Macbeth usurp'd the Crown of Scotland about the Reign of Edward

Confessor — 1042.