

# THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The Tragedie of Macbeth

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2 *Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*  
 3 1. When shall we three meet againe?  
 4 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?  
 5 2. When the Hurley- burley's done,  
 6 When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.  
 7 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.  
 8 1. Where the place?  
 9 2. Vpon the Heath.  
 10 3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.  
 11 1. I come, *Gray- Malkin*.  
 12 *All. Paddock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,  
 13 Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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15 *Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donal-baine,*  
 16 *Lenox, with attendants, meeting*  
 17 *a bleeding Captaine.*  
 18 *King.* What bloody man is that? he can report,  
 19 As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt  
 20 The newest state.  
 21 *Mal.* This is the Serieant,  
 22 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought  
 23 'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;  
 24 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,  
 25 As thou didst leaue it.  
 26 *Cap.* Doubtfull it stood,  
 27 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,  
 28 And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*  
 29 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that  
 30 The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
 31 Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles  
 32 Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,  
 33 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,  
 34 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:  
 35 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)

36 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,  
 37 Which smoak'd with bloody execution  
 38 (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,  
 39 Till hee fac'd the Slaue:  
 40 Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,  
 41 Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,  
 42 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.  
 43 *King.* O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.  
 44 *Cap.* As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,  
 45 Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:  
 46 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
 47 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,  
 48 No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,  
 49 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,  
 50 But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,  
 51 With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,  
 52 Began a fresh assault.  
 53 *King.* Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and  
 54 *Banquoh*?  
 55 *Cap.* Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;  
 56 Or the Hare, the Lyon:  
 57 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 58 As Cannons ouer- charg'd with double Cracks,  
 59 So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:  
 60 Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,  
 61 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,  
 62 I cannot tell: but I am faint,  
 63 My Gashes cry for helpe.  
 64 *King.* So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,  
 65 They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.  
 66 *Enter Rosse and Angus.*  
 67 Who comes here?  
 68 *Mal.* The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.  
 69 *Lenox.* What a haste lookes through his eyes?  
 70 So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.  
 71 *Rosse.* God saue the King.  
 72 *King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?  
 73 *Rosse.* From Fiffe, great King,  
 74 Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,  
 75 And fanne our people cold.  
 76 *Norway* himselfe, with terrible numbers,  
 77 Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,  
 78 The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,  
 79 Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,  
 80 Confronted him with selfe- comparisons,  
 81 Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

82 Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,  
 83 The Victorie fell on vs.  
 84 *King.* Great happinesse.  
 85 *Rosse.* That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,  
 86 Craues composition:  
 87 Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,  
 88 Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,  
 89 Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse. [116v  
 90 *King.* No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue  
 91 Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,  
 92 And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.  
 93 *Rosse.* Ile see it done.  
 94 *King.* What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.  
 95 *Exeunt.*

---

***Scena Tertia.***

---

97 *Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.  
 98 1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?  
 99 2. Killing Swine.  
 100 3. Sister, where thou?  
 101 1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,  
 102 And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:  
 103 Giue me, quoth I.  
 104 Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe- fed Ronyon cryes.  
 105 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:  
 106 But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,  
 107 And like a Rat without a tayle,  
 108 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.  
 109 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.  
 110 1. Th'art kinde.  
 111 3. And I another.  
 112 1. I my selfe haue all the other,  
 113 And the very Ports they blow,  
 114 All the Quarters that they know,  
 115 I'th' Ship- mans Card.  
 116 Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:  
 117 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day  
 118 Hang vpon his Pent- house Lid:  
 119 He shall liue a man forbid:  
 120 Wearie Seu' nights, nine times nine,  
 121 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:  
 122 Though his Barke cannot be lost,  
 123 Yet it shall be Tempest- tost.

124 Looke what I haue.  
 125 2. Shew me, shew me.  
 126 1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,  
 127 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*  
 128 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:  
 129 *Macbeth* doth come.  
 130 *All.* The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,  
 131 Posters of the Sea and Land,  
 132 Thus doe goe, about, about,  
 133 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 134 And thrice againe, to make vp nine.  
 135 Peace, the Charme's wound vp.  
 136 *Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*  
 137 *Macb.* So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.  
 138 *Banquo.* How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,  
 139 So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,  
 140 That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,  
 141 And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught  
 142 That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,  
 143 By each at once her choppie finger laying  
 144 Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,  
 145 And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete  
 146 That you are so.  
 147 *Mac.* Speake if you can: what are you?  
 148 1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.  
 149 2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.  
 150 3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.  
 151 *Banq.* Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare  
 152 Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth  
 153 Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed  
 154 Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner  
 155 You greet with present Grace, and great prediction  
 156 Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,  
 157 That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.  
 158 If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,  
 159 And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,  
 160 Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare  
 161 Your fauors, nor your hate.  
 162 1. Hayle.  
 163 2. Hayle.  
 164 3. Hayle.  
 165 1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.  
 166 2. Not so happy, yet much happier.  
 167 3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:  
 168 So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.  
 169 1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.



170 *Macb.* Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:  
 171 By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,  
 172 But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues  
 173 A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,  
 174 Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,  
 175 No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
 176 You owe this strange Intelligence, or why  
 177 Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way  
 178 With such Prophetique greeting?  
 179 Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*  
 180 *Banq.* The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,  
 181 And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?  
 182 *Macb.* Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,  
 183 Melted, as breath into the Winde.  
 184 Would they had stay'd.  
 185 *Banq.* Were such things here, as we doe speake about?  
 186 Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,  
 187 That takes the Reason Prisoner?  
 188 *Macb.* Your Children shall be Kings.  
 189 *Banq.* You shall be King.  
 190 *Macb.* And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?  
 191 *Banq.* Toth' selfe- same tune and words: who's here?  
 192 *Enter Rosse and Angus.*  
 193 *Rosse.* The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,  
 194 The newes of thy successe: and when he reades  
 195 Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,  
 196 His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,  
 197 Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,  
 198 In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe- same day,  
 199 He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,  
 200 Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make  
 201 Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale  
 202 Can post with post, and euery one did beare  
 203 Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,  
 204 And powr'd them downe before him.  
 205 *Ang.* Wee are sent,  
 206 To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,  
 207 Onely to harrold thee into his sight,  
 208 Not pay thee.  
 209 *Rosse.* And for an earnest of a greater Honor,  
 210 He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor: [mm1  
 211 In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,  
 212 For it is thine.  
 213 *Banq.* What, can the Deuill speake true?  
 214 *Macb.* The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:  
 215 Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

216 *Ang.* Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,  
 217 But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,  
 218 Which he deserues to loose.  
 219 Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,  
 220 Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,  
 221 And vantage; or that with both he labour'd  
 222 In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:  
 223 But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,  
 224 Haue ouerthrowne him.  
 225 *Macb.* Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:  
 226 The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.  
 227 Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,  
 228 When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,  
 229 Promis'd no lesse to them.  
 230 *Banq.* That trusted home,  
 231 Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,  
 232 Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
 233 And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,  
 234 The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,  
 235 Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's  
 236 In deepest consequence.  
 237 Cousins, a word, I pray you.  
 238 *Macb.* Two Truths are told,  
 239 As happy Prologues to the swelling Act  
 240 Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:  
 241 This supernaturall solliciting  
 242 Cannot be ill; cannot be good.  
 243 If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,  
 244 Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.  
 245 If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,  
 246 Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,  
 247 And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,  
 248 Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares  
 249 Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:  
 250 My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,  
 251 Shakes so my single state of Man,  
 252 That Function is smother'd in surmise,  
 253 And nothing is, but what is not.  
 254 *Banq.* Looke how our Partner's rapt.  
 255 *Macb.* If Chance will haue me King,  
 256 Why Chance may Crowne me,  
 257 Without my stirre.  
 258 *Banq.* New Honors come vpon him  
 259 Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,  
 260 But with the aid of vse.  
 261 *Macb.* Come what come may,

262 Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.  
 263 *Banq.* Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-sure.  
 265 *Macb.* Giue me your fauour:  
 266 My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.  
 267 Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,  
 268 Where euery day I turne the Leafe,  
 269 To reade them.  
 270 Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon  
 271 What hath chanc'd: and at more time,  
 272 The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake  
 273 Our free Hearts each to other.  
 274 *Banq.* Very gladly.  
 275 *Macb.* Till then enough:  
 276 Come friends. *Exeunt.*

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***Scena Quarta.***

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278 *Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,*  
 279 *Donalbaine, and Attendants.*  
 280 *King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor*?  
 281 Or not those in Commission yet return'd?  
 282 *Mal.* My Liege, they are not yet come back.  
 283 But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:  
 284 Who did report, that very frankly hee  
 285 Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,  
 286 And set forth a deepe Repentance:  
 287 Nothing in his Life became him,  
 288 Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,  
 289 As one that had beene studied in his death,  
 290 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
 291 As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.  
 292 *King.* There's no Art,  
 293 To finde the Mindes construction in the Face.  
 294 He was a Gentleman, on whom I built  
 295 An absolute Trust.  
 296 *Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.*  
 297 O worthyest Cousin,  
 298 The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now  
 299 Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,  
 300 That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,  
 301 To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,  
 302 That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,  
 303 Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,  
 304 More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

305 *Macb.* The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,  
 306 In doing it, payes it selfe.  
 307 Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:  
 308 And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,  
 309 Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,  
 310 By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue  
 311 And Honor.  
 312 *King.* Welcome hither:  
 313 I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour  
 314 To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,  
 315 That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne  
 316 No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,  
 317 And hold thee to my Heart.  
 318 *Banq.* There if I grow,  
 319 The Haruest is your owne.  
 320 *King.* My plenteous Ioyes,  
 321 Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues  
 322 In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,  
 323 And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
 324 We will establish our Estate vpon  
 325 Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,  
 326 The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must  
 327 Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,  
 328 But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine  
 329 On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,  
 330 And binde vs further to you.  
 331 *Macb.* The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:  
 332 Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull  
 333 The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:  
 334 So humbly take my leaue.  
 335 *King.* My worthy *Cawdor*.  
 336 *Macb.* The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,  
 337 On which I must fall downe, or else o're- leape, [mm1 v  
 338 For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,  
 339 Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:  
 340 The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,  
 341 Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*  
 342 *King.* True worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,  
 343 And in his commendations, I am fed:  
 344 It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,  
 345 Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:  
 346 It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Quinta.*

---

348 *Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.*

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

361 Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
 362 What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,  
 363 It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,  
 364 To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,  
 365 Art not without Ambition, but without  
 366 The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,  
 367 That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,  
 368 And yet would'st wrongly winne.  
 369 Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,  
 370 Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;  
 371 And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,  
 372 Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,  
 373 That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,  
 374 And chastise with the valour of my Tongue  
 375 All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,  
 376 Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme  
 377 To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

378 What is your tidings?

379 *Mess.* The King comes here to Night.

380 *Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

381 Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,

382 Would haue inform'd for preparation.

383 *Mess.* So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:

384 One of my fellowes had the speed of him;

385 Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

386 Then would make vp his Message.

387 *Lady.* Giue him tending,

388 He brings great newes, *Exit Messenger.*

389 The Rauens himselfe is hoarse,

390 That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*

391 Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

392 That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,  
 393 And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top- full  
 394 Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,  
 395 Stop vp th' accesse, and passage to Remorse,  
 396 That no compunctious visitings of Nature  
 397 Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene  
 398 Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,  
 399 And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,  
 400 Where- euer, in your sightlesse substances,  
 401 You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,  
 402 And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,  
 403 That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,  
 404 Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,  
 405 To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*  
 406 Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,  
 407 Greater then both, by the all- haile hereafter,  
 408 Thy Letters haue transported me beyond  
 409 This ignorant present, and I feele now  
 410 The future in the instant.  
 411 *Macb.* My dearest Loue,  
 412 *Duncan* comes here to Night.  
 413 *Lady.* And when goes hence?  
 414 *Macb.* To morrow, as he purposes.  
 415 *Lady.* O neuer,  
 416 Shall Sunne that Morrow see.  
 417 Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men  
 418 May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.  
 419 Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,  
 420 Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,  
 421 But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,  
 422 Must be prouided for: and you shall put  
 423 This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,  
 424 Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,  
 425 Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.  
 426 *Macb.* We will speake further,  
 427 *Lady.* Onely looke vp cleare:  
 428 To alter fauor, euer is to feare:  
 429 Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

---

***Scena Sexta.***

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431 *Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,*  
 432 *Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,*  
 433 *Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

434 *King.* This Castle hath a pleasant seat,  
 435 The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe  
 436 Vnto our gentle sences.  
 437 *Banq.* This Guest of Summer,  
 438 The Temple- haunting Barlet does approue,  
 439 By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath  
 440 Smells wooingly here: no luttie frieze,  
 441 Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird  
 442 Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,  
 443 Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd  
 444 The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*  
 445 *King.* See, see our honor'd Hostesse:  
 446 The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,  
 447 Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,  
 448 How you shall bid God- eyld vs for your paines,  
 449 And thanke vs for your trouble.  
 450 *Lady.* All our seruice,  
 451 In euery point twice done, and then done double,  
 452 Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend  
 453 Against those Honors deepe, and broad,  
 454 Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:  
 455 For those of old, and the late Dignities,  
 456 Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites. [mm2  
 457 *King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
 458 We courtst him at the heeles, and had a purpose  
 459 To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,  
 460 And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him  
 461 To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse  
 462 We are your guest to night.  
 463 *La.* Your Seruants euer,  
 464 Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,  
 465 To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,  
 466 Still to returne your owne.  
 467 *King.* Giue me your hand:  
 468 Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,  
 469 And shall continue, our Graces towards him.  
 470 By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt*

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### *Scena Septima.*

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472 *Ho-boyes. Torches.*  
 473 *Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice*  
 474 *ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*  
 475 *Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,

476 It were done quickly: If th' Assassination  
 477 Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch  
 478 With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow  
 479 Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,  
 480 But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,  
 481 Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,  
 482 We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach  
 483 Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne  
 484 To plague th' Inuenter, this euen- handed Iustice  
 485 Commends th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice  
 486 To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;  
 487 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,  
 488 Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
 489 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,  
 490 Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*  
 491 Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin  
 492 So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues  
 493 Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet- tongu'd against  
 494 The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
 495 And Pitty, like a naked New- borne- Babe,  
 496 Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd  
 497 Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,  
 498 Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
 499 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre  
 500 To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely  
 501 Vaulting Ambition, which ore- leapes it selfe,  
 502 And falles on th' other. *Enter Lady.*  
 503 How now? What Newes?  
 504 *La.* He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?  
 505 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?  
 506 *La.* Know you not, he ha's?  
 507 *Mac.* We will proceed no further in this Businesse:  
 508 He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
 509 Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
 510 Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
 511 Not cast aside so soone.  
 512 *La.* Was the hope drunke,  
 513 Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
 514 And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
 515 At what it did so freely? From this time,  
 516 Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
 517 To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
 518 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that  
 519 Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,  
 520 And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?  
 521 Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,



522 Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.  
 523 *Macb.* Prythee peace:  
 524 I dare do all that may become a man,  
 525 Who dares do more, is none.  
 526 *La.* What Beast was't then  
 527 That made you breake this enterprize to me?  
 528 When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
 529 And to be more then what you were, you would  
 530 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
 531 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
 532 They haue made themselues, and that their fitnessse now  
 533 Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know [   
 534 How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,  
 535 I would, while it was smyling in my Face,  
 536 Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,  
 537 And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne  
 538 As you haue done to this.  
 539 *Macb.* If we should faile?  
 540 *Lady.* We faile?  
 541 But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
 542 And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,  
 543 (Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney  
 544 Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines  
 545 Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,  
 546 That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,  
 547 Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason  
 548 A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,  
 549 Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,  
 550 What cannot you and I performe vpon  
 551 Th' vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon  
 552 His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt  
 553 Of our great quell.  
 554 *Macb.* Bring forth Men- Children onely:  
 555 For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose  
 556 Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,  
 557 When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepeie two  
 558 Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,  
 559 That they haue don't?  
 560 *Lady.* Who dares receiue it other,  
 561 As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,  
 562 Vpon his Death?  
 563 *Macb.* I am settled, and bend vp  
 564 Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.  
 565 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
 566 False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.  
 567 *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*


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569 *Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch*  
570 *before him.*  
571 *Banq.* How goes the Night, Boy?  
572 *Fleance.* The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the  
573 Clock.  
574 *Banq.* And she goes downe at Twelue.  
575 *Fleance.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir.  
576 *Banq.* Hold, take my Sword:  
577 There's Husbandry in Heauen,  
578 Their Candles are all out: take thee that too. [mm2v  
579 A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,  
580 And yet I would not sleepe:  
581 Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts  
582 That Nature giues way to in repose.  
583 *Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.*  
584 Giue me my Sword: who's there?  
585 *Macb.* A Friend.  
586 *Banq.* What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.  
587 He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,  
588 And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.  
589 This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,  
590 By the name of most kind Hostesse,  
591 And shut vp in measurelesse content.  
592 *Mac.* Being vnprepar'd,  
593 Our will became the seruant to defect,  
594 Which else should free haue wrought.  
595 *Banq.* All's well.  
596 I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:  
597 To you they haue shew'd some truth.  
598 *Macb.* I thinke not of them:  
599 Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,  
600 We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,  
601 If you would graunt the time.  
602 *Banq.* At your kind'st leysure.  
603 *Macb.* If you shall cleaue to my consent,  
604 When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.  
605 *Banq.* So I lose none,  
606 In seeking to augment it, but still keepe  
607 My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,  
608 I shall be counsail'd.  
609 *Macb.* Good repose the while.

610 *Banq.* Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*  
 611 *Macb.* Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,  
 612 She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*  
 613 Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
 614 The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
 615 I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 616 Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible  
 617 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
 618 A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,  
 619 Proceeding from the heat- oppressed Braine?  
 620 I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
 621 As this which now I draw.  
 622 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
 623 And such an Instrument I was to vse.  
 624 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Sences,  
 625 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
 626 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
 627 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
 628 It is the bloody Businesse, which informes  
 629 Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World  
 630 Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse  
 631 The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates  
 632 Pale *Heccats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,  
 633 Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,  
 634 Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 635 With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his designe  
 636 Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme- set Earth  
 637 Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare  
 638 Thy very stones prate of my where- about,  
 639 And take the present horror from the time,  
 640 Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:  
 641 Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.  
 642 *A Bell rings.*  
 643 I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.  
 644 Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,  
 645 That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

---

### *Scena Secunda.*

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647 *Enter Lady.*  
 648 *La.* That which hath made the[m] drunk, hath made me bold:  
 649 What hath quenched them, hath giuen me fire.  
 650 Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,  
 651 The fatall Bell- man, which giues the stern'st good- night.

652 He is about it, the Doores are open:  
653 And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge  
654 With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,  
655 That Death and Nature doe contend about them,  
656 Whether they liue, or dye.  
657 *Enter Macbeth.*  
658 *Macb.* Who's there? what hoa?  
659 *Lady.* Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,  
660 And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,  
661 Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,  
662 He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled  
663 My Father as he slept, I had don't.  
664 My Husband?  
665 *Macb.* I haue done the deed:  
666 Didst thou not heare a noyse?  
667 *Lady.* I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.  
668 Did not you speake?  
669 *Macb.* When?  
670 *Lady.* Now.  
671 *Macb.* As I descended?  
672 *Lady.* I.  
673 *Macb.* Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?  
674 *Lady.* *Donalbaine.*  
675 *Mac.* This is a sorry sight.  
676 *Lady.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.  
677 *Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleepe,  
678 And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:  
679 I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,  
680 And addrest them againe to sleepe.  
681 *Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.  
682 *Macb.* One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,  
683 As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:  
684 Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,  
685 When they did say God blesse vs.  
686 *Lady.* Consider it not so deepely.  
687 *Mac.* But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
688 I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.  
689 *Lady.* These deeds must not be thought  
690 After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.  
691 *Macb.* Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:  
692 *Macbeth* does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,  
693 Sleepe that knits vp the rael'd Sleeue of Care,  
694 The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,  
695 Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,  
696 Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.  
697 *Lady.* What doe you meane?

698 *Macb.* Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:  
 699 *Glamis* hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*  
 700 Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.  
 701 *Lady.* Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,  
 702 You doe vnbind your Noble strength, to thinke  
 703 So braine- sickly of things: Goe get some Water, [mm3  
 704 And wash this filthie Witnessse from your Hand.  
 705 Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?  
 706 They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare  
 707 The sleepeie Groomes with blood.  
 708 *Macb.* Ile goe no more:  
 709 I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:  
 710 Looke on't againe, I dare not.  
 711 *Lady.* Infirme of purpose:  
 712 Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,  
 713 Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,  
 714 That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,  
 715 Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,  
 716 For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*  
 717 *Knocke within.*  
 718 *Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
 719 How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?  
 720 What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.  
 721 Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood  
 722 Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather  
 723 The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,  
 724 Making the Greene one, Red.  
 725 *Enter Lady.*  
 726 *Lady.* My Hands are of your colour: but I shame  
 727 To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*  
 728 I heare a knocking at the South entry:  
 729 Retyre we to our Chamber:  
 730 A little Water cleares vs of this deed.  
 731 How easie is it then? your Constancie  
 732 Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*  
 733 Hearke, more knocking.  
 734 Get on your Night- Gowne, least occasion call vs,  
 735 And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost  
 736 So poorely in your thoughts.  
 737 *Macb.* To know my deed, *Knocke.*  
 738 'Twere best not know my selfe.  
 739 Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:  
 740 I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Tertia.*

---

742 *Enter a Porter.*

743 *Knocking within.*

744 *Porter.* Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were  
 745 Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the  
 746 Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there  
 747 i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd  
 748 himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue  
 749 Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.*  
 750 Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?  
 751 Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both  
 752 the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason  
 753 enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-uen:  
 754 oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,  
 755 Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English  
 756 Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:  
 757 Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.*  
 758 Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this  
 759 place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill- Porter it no further:  
 760 I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that  
 761 goe the Primrose way to th' euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock.*  
 762 Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

763 *Enter Macduff, and Lenox.*

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

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

768 *Macd.* What three things does Drinke especially  
 769 prouoke?

770 *Port.* Marry, Sir, Nose- painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.  
 771 Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes  
 772 the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore  
 773 much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-cherie:  
 774 it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,  
 775 and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis- heartens  
 776 him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-sion,  
 777 equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,  
 778 leaues him.

779 *Macd.* I beleeeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.

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

784 *Enter Macbeth.*

785 *Macd.* Is thy Master stirring?

786 Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.  
 787 *Lenox.* Good morrow, Noble Sir.  
 788 *Macb.* Good morrow both.  
 789 *Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?  
 790 *Macb.* Not yet.  
 791 *Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him,  
 792 I haue almost slipt the houre.  
 793 *Macb.* Ile bring you to him.  
 794 *Macd.* I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:  
 795 But yet 'tis one.  
 796 *Macb.* The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:  
 797 This is the Doore.  
 798 *Macd.* Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited  
 799 seruice. *Exit Macduffe.*  
 800 *Lenox.* Goes the King hence to day?  
 801 *Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.  
 802 *Lenox.* The Night ha's been vnruely:  
 803 Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,  
 804 And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;  
 805 Strange Schreemes of Death,  
 806 And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,  
 807 Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euent,  
 808 New hatch'd toth' wofull time.  
 809 The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue- long Night.  
 810 Some say, the Earth was Feuorous,  
 811 And did shake.  
 812 *Macb.* 'Twas a rough Night.  
 813 *Lenox.* My young remembrance cannot paralell  
 814 A fellow to it.  
 815 *Enter Macduff.*  
 816 *Macd.* O horror, horror, horror,  
 817 Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.  
 818 *Macb. and Lenox.* What's the matter?  
 819 *Macd.* Confusion now hath made his Master- peece:  
 820 Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope  
 821 The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence  
 822 The Life o'th' Building.  
 823 *Macb.* What is't you say, the Life?  
 824 *Lenox.* Meane you his Maiestie?  
 825 *Macd.* Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight  
 826 With a new *Gorgon.* Doe not bid me speake: [mm3v  
 827 See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,  
 828 *Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*  
 829 Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,  
 830 *Banquo,* and *Donalbaine:* *Malcolme* awake,  
 831 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,

832 And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see  
 833 The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme, Banquo,*  
 834 As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,  
 835 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.  
 836 *Bell rings. Enter Lady.*  
 837 *Lady.* What's the Businesse?  
 838 That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley  
 839 The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.  
 840 *Macd.* O gentle Lady,  
 841 'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:  
 842 The repetition in a Womans eare,  
 843 Would murther as it fell.  
 844 *Enter Banquo.*  
 845 O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royall Master's murther'd.  
 846 *Lady.* Woe, alas:  
 847 What, in our House?  
 848 *Ban.* Too cruell, any where.  
 849 Deare *Duff,* I prythee contradict thy selfe,  
 850 And say, it is not so.  
 851 *Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.*  
 852 *Macb.* Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,  
 853 I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,  
 854 There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:  
 855 All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,  
 856 The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees  
 857 Is left this Vault, to brag of.  
 858 *Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.*  
 859 *Donal.* What is amisse?  
 860 *Macb.* You are, and doe not know't:  
 861 The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood  
 862 Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.  
 863 *Macd.* Your Royall Father's murther'd.  
 864 *Mal.* Oh, by whom?  
 865 *Lenox.* Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:  
 866 Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,  
 867 So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found  
 868 Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,  
 869 No mans Life was to be trusted with them.  
 870 *Macb.* O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,  
 871 That I did kill them.  
 872 *Macd.* Wherefore did you so?  
 873 *Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,  
 874 Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:  
 875 Th' expedition of my violent Loue  
 876 Out- run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*  
 877 His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,



878 And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,  
879 For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,  
880 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers  
881 Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,  
882 That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,  
883 Courage, to make's loue knowne?  
884 *Lady.* Helpe me hence, hoa.  
885 *Macd.* Looke to the Lady.  
886 *Mal.* Why doe we hold our tongues,  
887 That most may clayme this argument for ours?  
888 *Donal.* What should be spoken here,  
889 Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,  
890 May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,  
891 Our Teares are not yet brew'd.  
892 *Mal.* Nor our strong Sorrow  
893 Vpon the foot of Motion.  
894 *Banq.* Looke to the Lady:  
895 And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,  
896 That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,  
897 And question this most bloody piece of worke,  
898 To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:  
899 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,  
900 Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight  
901 Of Treasonous Mallice.  
902 *Macd.* And so doe I.  
903 *All.* So all.  
904 *Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,  
905 And meet i'th' Hall together.  
906 *All.* Well contented. *Exeunt.*  
907 *Malc.* What will you doe?  
908 Let's not consort with them:  
909 To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office  
910 Which the false man do's easie.  
911 Ile to England.  
912 *Don.* To Ireland, I:  
913 Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:  
914 Where we are, there's Daggers in mens smiles;  
915 The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.  
916 *Malc.* This murtherous Shaft that's shot,  
917 Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,  
918 Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,  
919 And let vs not be daintie of leaue- taking,  
920 But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,  
921 Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.  
922 *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Quarta.*

---

924 *Enter Rosse, with an Old man.*  
 925 *Old man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
 926 Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene  
 927 Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night  
 928 Hath trifled former knowings.  
 929 *Rosse.* Ha, good Father,  
 930 Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,  
 931 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,  
 932 And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:  
 933 Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,  
 934 That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,  
 935 When liuing Light should kisse it?  
 936 *Old man.* 'Tis vnnaturall,  
 937 Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,  
 938 A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,  
 939 Was by a Mowsing Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.  
 940 *Rosse.* And *Duncans* Horses,  
 941 (A thing most strange, and certaine)  
 942 Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,  
 943 Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,  
 944 Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would  
 945 Make Warre with Mankinde.  
 946 *Old man.* 'Tis said, they eate each other.  
 947 *Rosse.* They did so: [mm4  
 948 To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.  
 949 *Enter Macduffe.*  
 950 Heere comes the good *Macduffe.*  
 951 How goes the world Sir, now?  
 952 *Macd.* Why see you not?  
 953 *Ross.* Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?  
 954 *Macd.* Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.  
 955 *Ross.* Alas the day,  
 956 What good could they pretend?  
 957 *Macd.* They were suborned,  
 958 *Malcolme*, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes  
 959 Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them  
 960 Suspition of the deed.  
 961 *Rosse.* 'Gainst Nature still,  
 962 Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauē vp  
 963 Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,  
 964 The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth.*  
 965 *Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone  
 966 To be inuested.  
 967 *Rosse.* Where is *Duncans* body?

968 *Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,  
 969 The Sacred Store- house of his Predecessors,  
 970 And Guardian of their Bones.  
 971 *Rosse.* Will you to Scone?  
 972 *Macd.* No Cosin, Ile to Fife.  
 973 *Rosse.* Well, I will thither.  
 974 *Macd.* Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu  
 975 Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.  
 976 *Rosse.* Farewell, Father.  
 977 *Old M.* Gods benyson go with you, and with those  
 978 That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.  
 979 *Exeunt omnes*

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***Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.***

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981 *Enter Banquo.*  
 982 *Banq.* Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
 983 As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare  
 984 Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide  
 985 It should not stand in thy Posterity,  
 986 But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father  
 987 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,  
 988 As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,  
 989 Why by the verities on thee made good,  
 990 May they not be my Oracles as well,  
 991 And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.  
 992 *Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,*  
 993 *Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*  
 994 *Macb.* Heere's our chiefe Guest.  
 995 *La.* If he had beene forgotten,  
 996 It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,  
 997 And all- thing vnbecomming.  
 998 *Macb.* To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,  
 999 And Ile request your presence.  
 1000 *Banq.* Let your Highnesse  
 1001 Command vpon me, to the which my duties  
 1002 Are with a most indissoluble tye  
 1003 For euer knit.  
 1004 *Macb.* Ride you this afternoone?  
 1005 *Ban.* I, my good Lord.  
 1006 *Macb.* We should haue else desir'd your good aduice [  
 1007 (Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)  
 1008 In this dayes Councill: but wee'le take to morrow.  
 1009 Is't farre you ride?

1010 *Ban.* As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time  
 1011 'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,  
 1012 I must become a borrower of the Night,  
 1013 For a darke houre, or twaine.  
 1014 *Macb.* Faile not our Feast.  
 1015 *Ban.* My Lord, I will not.  
 1016 *Macb.* We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd  
 1017 In England, and in Ireland, not confessing  
 1018 Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers  
 1019 With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,  
 1020 When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,  
 1021 Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:  
 1022 Adieu, till you returne at Night.  
 1023 Goes *Fleance* with you?  
 1024 *Ban.* I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.  
 1025 *Macb.* I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:  
 1026 And so I doe commend you to their backs.  
 1027 Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*  
 1028 Let euery man be master of his time,  
 1029 Till seuen at Night, to make societie  
 1030 The sweeter welcome:  
 1031 We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:  
 1032 While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*  
 1033 Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men  
 1034 Our pleasure?  
 1035 *Seruant.* They are, my Lord, without the Pallace  
 1036 Gate.  
 1037 *Macb.* Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*  
 1038 To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus  
 1039 Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,  
 1040 And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that  
 1041 Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
 1042 And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,  
 1043 He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,  
 1044 To act in safetie. There is none but he,  
 1045 Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,  
 1046 My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said  
 1047 *Mark Anthonies* was by *Caesar*. He chid the Sisters,  
 1048 When first they put the Name of King vpon me,  
 1049 And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet- like,  
 1050 They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.  
 1051 Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,  
 1052 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,  
 1053 Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,  
 1054 No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,  
 1055 For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,

1056 For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,  
 1057 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace  
 1058 Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell  
 1059 Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,  
 1060 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.  
 1061 Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,  
 1062 And champion me to th' vtterance.  
 1063 Who's there?  
 1064 *Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.*  
 1065 Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.  
 1066 *Exit Seruant.*  
 1067 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?  
 1068 *Murth.* It was, so please your Highnesse.  
 1069 *Macb.* Well then,  
 1070 Now haue you consider'd of my speeches: [mm4v  
 1071 Know, that it was he, in the times past,  
 1072 Which held you so vnder fortune,  
 1073 Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.  
 1074 This I made good to you, in our last conference,  
 1075 Past in probation with you:  
 1076 How you were borne in hand, how crost:  
 1077 The Instruments: who wrought with them:  
 1078 And all things else, that might  
 1079 To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,  
 1080 Say, Thus did *Banquo*.  
 1081 1.*Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.  
 1082 *Macb.* I did so:  
 1083 And went further, which is now  
 1084 Our point of second meeting.  
 1085 Doe you finde your patience so predominant,  
 1086 In your nature, that you can let this goe?  
 1087 Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,  
 1088 And for his Issue, whose heaue hand  
 1089 Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd  
 1090 Yours for euer?  
 1091 1.*Murth.* We are men, my Liege.  
 1092 *Macb.* I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,  
 1093 As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curses,  
 1094 Showghes, Water- Rugs, and Demy- Wolues are clipt  
 1095 All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file  
 1096 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
 1097 The House- keeper, the Hunter, euery one  
 1098 According to the gift, which bounteous Nature  
 1099 Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue  
 1100 Particular addition, from the Bill,  
 1101 That writes them all alike: and so of men.

1102 Now, if you haue a station in the file,  
 1103 Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,  
 1104 And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,  
 1105 Whose execution takes your Enemie off,  
 1106 Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,  
 1107 Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,  
 1108 Which in his Death were perfect.  
 1109 *2.Murth.* I am one, my Liege,  
 1110 Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World  
 1111 Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,  
 1112 To spight the World.  
 1113 *1.Murth.* And I another,  
 1114 So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,  
 1115 That I would set my Life on any Chance,  
 1116 To mend it, or be rid on't.  
 1117 *Macb.* Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.  
 1118 *Murth.* True, my Lord.  
 1119 *Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
 1120 That euery minute of his being, thrusts  
 1121 Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could  
 1122 With bare- fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,  
 1123 And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,  
 1124 For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,  
 1125 Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,  
 1126 Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,  
 1127 That I to your assistance doe make loue,  
 1128 Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,  
 1129 For sundry weightie Reasons.  
 1130 *2.Murth.* We shall, my Lord,  
 1131 Performe what you command vs.  
 1132 *1.Murth.* Though our Liues—  
 1133 *Macb.* Your Spirits shine through you.  
 1134 Within this houre, at most,  
 1135 I will aduise you where to plant your selues,  
 1136 Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,  
 1137 The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,  
 1138 And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,  
 1139 That I require a clearenesse; and with him,  
 1140 To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:  
 1141 *Fleane*, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,  
 1142 Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,  
 1143 Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate  
 1144 Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,  
 1145 Ile come to you anon.  
 1146 *Murth.* We are resolute, my Lord.  
 1147 *Macb.* Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,

1148 It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,  
 1149 If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

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***Scena Secunda.***

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1151 *Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.*  
 1152 *Lady.* Is *Banquo* gone from Court?  
 1153 *Seruant.* I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.  
 1154 *Lady.* Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,  
 1155 For a few words.  
 1156 *Seruant.* Madame, I will. *Exit.*  
 1157 *Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent.  
 1158 Where our desire is got without content:  
 1159 'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,  
 1160 Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.  
 1161 *Enter Macbeth.*  
 1162 How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?  
 1163 Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,  
 1164 Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd  
 1165 With them they thinke on: things without all remedie  
 1166 Should be without regard: what's done, is done.  
 1167 *Macb.* We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:  
 1168 Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice  
 1169 Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.  
 1170 But let the frame of things dis- ioynt,  
 1171 Both the Worlds suffer,  
 1172 Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe  
 1173 In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,  
 1174 That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,  
 1175 Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,  
 1176 Then on the torture of the Minde to lye  
 1177 In restlesse extasie.  
 1178 *Duncane* is in his Graue:  
 1179 After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,  
 1180 Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,  
 1181 Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,  
 1182 Can touch him further.  
 1183 *Lady.* Come on:  
 1184 Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,  
 1185 Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.  
 1186 *Macb.* So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:  
 1187 Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,  
 1188 Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:  
 1189 Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue

1190 Our Honors in these flattering streames,  
 1191 And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,  
 1192 Disguising what they are.  
 1193 *Lady.* You must leaue this.  
 1194 *Macb.* O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:  
 1195 Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleas* liues. [mm5  
 1196 *Lady.* But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.  
 1197 *Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,  
 1198 Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne  
 1199 His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons  
 1200 The shard- borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,  
 1201 Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,  
 1202 There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.  
 1203 *Lady.* What's to be done?  
 1204 *Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,  
 1205 Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,  
 1206 Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,  
 1207 And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand  
 1208 Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,  
 1209 Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,  
 1210 And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:  
 1211 Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,  
 1212 Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.  
 1213 Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,  
 1214 Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:  
 1215 So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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1217 *Enter three Murtherers.*  
 1218 1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?  
 1219 3. *Macbeth.*  
 1220 2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers  
 1221 Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,  
 1222 To the direction iust.  
 1223 1. Then stand with vs:  
 1224 The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.  
 1225 Now spures the lated Traueller apace,  
 1226 To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches  
 1227 The subiect of our Watch.  
 1228 3. Hearke, I heare Horses.  
 1229 *Banquo within.* Giue vs a Light there, hoa.  
 1230 2. Then 'tis hee:  
 1231 The rest, that are within the note of expectation,



1232 Alreadie are i'th' Court.  
 1233 1. His Horses goe about.  
 1234 3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,  
 1235 So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate  
 1236 Make it their Walke.  
 1237 *Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.*  
 1238 2. A Light, a Light.  
 1239 3. 'Tis hee.  
 1240 1. Stand too't.  
 1241 *Ban.* It will be Rayne to Night.  
 1242 1. Let it come downe.  
 1243 *Ban.* O, Trecherie!  
 1244 Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,  
 1245 Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!  
 1246 3. Who did strike out the Light?  
 1247 1. Was't not the way?  
 1248 3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.  
 1249 2. We haue lost  
 1250 Best halfe of our Affaire.  
 1251 1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.  
 1252 *Exeunt.* [

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### *Scaena Quarta.*

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1254 *Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,*  
 1255 *Lords, and Attendants.*  
 1256 *Macb.* You know your owne degrees, sit downe:  
 1257 At first and last, the hearty welcome.  
 1258 *Lords.* Thankes to your Maiesty.  
 1259 *Macb.* Our selfe will mingle with Society,  
 1260 And play the humble Host:  
 1261 Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time  
 1262 We will require her welcome.  
 1263 *La.* Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,  
 1264 For my heart speakes, they are welcome.  
 1265 *Enter first Murtherer.*  
 1266 *Macb.* See they encounter thee with their harts thanks  
 1267 Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,  
 1268 Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure  
 1269 The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.  
 1270 *Mur.* 'Tis *Banquo's* then.  
 1271 *Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, then he within.  
 1272 Is he dispatch'd?  
 1273 *Mur.* My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

1274 *Mac.* Thou art the best o'th' Cut- throats,  
 1275 Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:  
 1276 If thou did'st it, thou art the Non- pareill.  
 1277 *Mur.* Most Royall Sir  
 1278 *Fleans* is scap'd.  
 1279 *Macb.* Then comes my Fit againe:  
 1280 I had else beene perfect;  
 1281 Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,  
 1282 As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:  
 1283 But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in  
 1284 To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo*'s safe?  
 1285 *Mur.* I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
 1286 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
 1287 The least a Death to Nature.  
 1288 *Macb.* Thanks for that:  
 1289 There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled  
 1290 Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,  
 1291 No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow  
 1292 Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*  
 1293 *Lady.* My Royall Lord,  
 1294 You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold  
 1295 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:  
 1296 'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:  
 1297 From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,  
 1298 Meeting were bare without it.  
 1299 *Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.*  
 1300 *Macb.* Sweet Remembrancer:  
 1301 Now good digestion waite on Appetite,  
 1302 And health on both.  
 1303 *Lenox.* May't please your Highnesse sit.  
 1304 *Macb.* Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,  
 1305 Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:  
 1306 Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,  
 1307 Then pitty for Mischance.  
 1308 *Rosse.* His absence (Sir)  
 1309 Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse  
 1310 To grace vs with your Royall Company? [mm5v  
 1311 *Macb.* The Table's full.  
 1312 *Lenox.* Heere is a place reseru'd Sir.  
 1313 *Macb.* Where?  
 1314 *Lenox.* Heere my good Lord.  
 1315 What is't that moues your Highnesse?  
 1316 *Macb.* Which of you haue done this?  
 1317 *Lords.* What, my good Lord?  
 1318 *Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake  
 1319 Thy goary lockes at me.

1320 *Rosse.* Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.  
 1321 *Lady.* Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,  
 1322 And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,  
 1323 The fit is momentary, vpon a thought  
 1324 He will againe be well. If much you note him  
 1325 You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,  
 1326 Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?  
 1327 *Macb.* I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that  
 1328 Which might appall the Diuell.  
 1329 *La.* O proper stuffe:  
 1330 This is the very painting of your feare:  
 1331 This is the Ayre- drawne- Dagger which you said  
 1332 Led you to *Duncan.* O, these flawes and starts  
 1333 (Impostors to true feare) would well become  
 1334 A womans story, at a Winters fire  
 1335 Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,  
 1336 Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
 1337 You looke but on a stoole.  
 1338 *Macb.* Prythee see there:  
 1339 Behold, looke, loe, how say you:  
 1340 Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.  
 1341 If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send  
 1342 Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments  
 1343 Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.  
 1344 *La.* What? quite vnmann'd in folly.  
 1345 *Macb.* If I stand heere, I saw him.  
 1346 *La.* Fie for shame.  
 1347 *Macb.* Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time  
 1348 Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:  
 1349 I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd  
 1350 Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,  
 1351 That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,  
 1352 And there an end: But now they rise againe  
 1353 With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,  
 1354 And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange  
 1355 Then such a murther is.  
 1356 *La.* My worthy Lord  
 1357 Your Noble Friends do lacke you.  
 1358 *Macb.* I do forget:  
 1359 Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,  
 1360 I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
 1361 To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,  
 1362 Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:  
 1363 *Enter Ghost.*  
 1364 I drinke to th' generall ioy o'th' whole Table,  
 1365 And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

1366 Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,  
 1367 And all to all.  
 1368 *Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.  
 1369 *Mac.* Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:  
 1370 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:  
 1371 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 1372 Which thou dost glare with.  
 1373 *La.* Thinke of this good Peeres  
 1374 But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,  
 1375 Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.  
 1376 *Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
 1377 Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,  
 1378 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,  
 1379 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues  
 1380 Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliuie againe,  
 1381 And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:  
 1382 If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee  
 1383 The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,  
 1384 Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone  
 1385 I am a man againe: pray you sit still.  
 1386 *La.* You haue displac'd the mirth,  
 1387 Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.  
 1388 *Macb.* Can such things be,  
 1389 And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,  
 1390 Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange  
 1391 Euen to the disposition that I owe,  
 1392 When now I thinke you can behold such sights,  
 1393 And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,  
 1394 When mine is blanch'd with feare.  
 1395 *Rosse.* What sights, my Lord?  
 1396 *La.* I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse  
 1397 Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.  
 1398 Stand not vpon the order of your going,  
 1399 But go at once.  
 1400 *Len.* Good night, and better health  
 1401 Attend his Maiesty.  
 1402 *La.* A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*  
 1403 *Macb.* It will haue blood they say:  
 1404 Blood will haue Blood:  
 1405 Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:  
 1406 Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue  
 1407 By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth  
 1408 The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?  
 1409 *La.* Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.  
 1410 *Macb.* How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person  
 1411 At our great bidding.

1412 *La.* Did you send to him Sir?  
 1413 *Macb.* I heare it by the way: But I will send:  
 1414 There's not a one of them but in his house  
 1415 I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow  
 1416 (And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.  
 1417 More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know  
 1418 By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,  
 1419 All causes shall giue way. I am in blood  
 1420 Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,  
 1421 Returning were as tedious as go ore:  
 1422 Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,  
 1423 Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.  
 1424 *La.* You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.  
 1425 *Macb.* Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self- abuse  
 1426 Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:  
 1427 We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.* [

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### *Scena Quinta.*

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1429 *Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting*  
 1430 *Hecat.*  
 1431 1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?  
 1432 *Hec.* Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?  
 1433 Sawcy, and ouer- bold, how did you dare  
 1434 To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,  
 1435 In Riddles, and Affaires of death; [mm6  
 1436 And I the Mistris of your Charmes,  
 1437 The close contriuer of all harmes,  
 1438 Was neuer call'd to beare my part,  
 1439 Or shew the glory of our Art?  
 1440 And which is worse, all you haue done  
 1441 Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,  
 1442 Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)  
 1443 Loues for his owne ends, not for you.  
 1444 But make amends now: Get you gon,  
 1445 And at the pit of Acheron  
 1446 Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he  
 1447 Will come, to know his Destinie.  
 1448 Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,  
 1449 Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;  
 1450 I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend  
 1451 Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.  
 1452 Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.  
 1453 Vpon the Corner of the Moone  
 1454 There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

1455 Ile catch it ere it come to ground;  
 1456 And that distill'd by Magicke slights,  
 1457 Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,  
 1458 As by the strength of their illusion,  
 1459 Shall draw him on to his Confusion.  
 1460 He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare  
 1461 His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:  
 1462 And you all know, Security  
 1463 Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.  
 1464 *Musicke, and a Song.*  
 1465 Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see  
 1466 Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.  
 1467 *Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*  
 1468 I Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be  
 1469 Backe againe. *Exeunt.* [

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***Scaena Sexta.***

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1471 *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*  
 1472 *Lenox.* My former Speeches,  
 1473 Haue but hit your Thoughts  
 1474 Which can interpret farther: Onely I say  
 1475 Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*  
 1476 Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:  
 1477 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,  
 1478 Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,  
 1479 For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.  
 1480 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
 1481 It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*  
 1482 To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,  
 1483 How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight  
 1484 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,  
 1485 That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?  
 1486 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:  
 1487 For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue  
 1488 To heare the men deny't. So that I say,  
 1489 He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,  
 1490 That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,  
 1491 (As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde  
 1492 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.  
 1493 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd  
 1494 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare  
 1495 *Macduffe* liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
 1496 Where he bestowes himselfe?  
 1497 *Lord.* The Sonnes of *Duncane*

1498 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)  
 1499 Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd  
 1500 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,  
 1501 That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing  
 1502 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*  
 1503 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd  
 1504 To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,  
 1505 That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)  
 1506 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe  
 1507 Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:  
 1508 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;  
 1509 Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,  
 1510 All which we pine for now. And this report  
 1511 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee  
 1512 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.  
 1513 *Len.* Sent he to *Macduffe*?  
 1514 *Lord.* He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I  
 1515 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,  
 1516 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time  
 1517 That clogges me with this Answer.  
 1518 *Lenox.* And that well might  
 1519 Aduise him to a Caution, t' hold what distance  
 1520 His wisdom can prouide. Some holy Angell  
 1521 Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold  
 1522 His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
 1523 May soone returne to this our suffering Country,  
 1524 Vnder a hand accurs'd.  
 1525 *Lord.* Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

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***Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.***

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1527 *Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.  
 1528 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.  
 1529 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge- Pigge whin'd.  
 1530 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.  
 1531 1 Round about the Caldron go:  
 1532 In the poysond Entrailes throw  
 1533 Toad, that vnder cold stone,  
 1534 Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:  
 1535 Sweltred Venom sleeping got,  
 1536 Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.  
 1537 *All.* Double, double, toile and trouble;  
 1538 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.  
 1539 2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

1540 In the Cauldron boyle and bake:  
 1541 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,  
 1542 Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:  
 1543 Adders Forke, and Blinde- wormes Sting,  
 1544 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:  
 1545 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,  
 1546 Like a Hell- broth, boyle and bubble.  
 1547 *All.* Double, double, toyle and trouble,  
 1548 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.  
 1549 3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,  
 1550 Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe  
 1551 Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:  
 1552 Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:  
 1553 Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,  
 1554 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,  
 1555 Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipse: [mm6v  
 1556 Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:  
 1557 Finger of Birth- strangled Babe,  
 1558 Ditch- deliuer'd by a Drab,  
 1559 Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.  
 1560 Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,  
 1561 For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.  
 1562 *All.* Double, double, toyle and trouble,  
 1563 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.  
 1564 2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,  
 1565 Then the Charme is firme and good. [1566 *Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.*  
 1567 *Hec.* O well done: I commend your paines,  
 1568 And euery one shall share i'th' gaines:  
 1569 And now about the Cauldron sing  
 1570 Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,  
 1571 Inchanting all that you put in.  
 1572 *Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.* [1573 2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,  
 1574 Something wicked this way comes:  
 1575 Open Lockes, who euer knockes.  
 1576 *Enter Macbeth.*  
 1577 *Macb.* How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?  
 1578 What is't you do?  
 1579 *All.* A deed without a name.  
 1580 *Macb.* I coniure you, by that which you Professe,  
 1581 (How ere you come to know it) answer me:  
 1582 Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight  
 1583 Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues  
 1584 Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:  
 1585 Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,  
 1586 Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:  
 1587 Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope



1588 Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure  
 1589 Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,  
 1590 Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me  
 1591 To what I aske you.  
 1592 1 Speake.  
 1593 2 Demand.  
 1594 3 Wee'l answer.  
 1595 1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,  
 1596 Or from our Masters.  
 1597 *Macb.* Call 'em: let me see 'em.  
 1598 1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten  
 1599 Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten  
 1600 From the Murderers Gibbet, throw  
 1601 Into the Flame.  
 1602 *All.* Come high or low:  
 1603 Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. *Thunder.*  
 1604 1. *Apparation, an Armed Head.*  
 1605 *Macb.* Tell me, thou vnknowne power.  
 1606 1 He knowes thy thought:  
 1607 Heare his speech, but say thou nought.  
 1608 1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*  
 1609 Beware *Macduffe*,  
 1610 Beware the Thane of Fife: dismissee me. Enough.  
 1611 *He Descends.*  
 1612 *Macb.* What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks  
 1613 Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.  
 1614 1 He will not be commanded: heere's another  
 1615 More potent then the first. *Thunder.*  
 1616 2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*  
 1617 2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*  
 1618 *Macb.* Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.  
 1619 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & resolute:  
 1620 Laugh to scorne  
 1621 The powre of man: For none of woman borne  
 1622 Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Descends.*  
 1623 *Mac.* Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?  
 1624 But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,  
 1625 And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,  
 1626 That I may tell pale- hearted Feare, it lies;  
 1627 And sleepe in spight of Thunder. *Thunder*  
 1628 3 *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*  
 1629 What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,  
 1630 And weares vpon his Baby- brow, the round  
 1631 And top of Soueraignty?  
 1632 *All.* Listen, but speake not too't.  
 1633 3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

1634 Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:  
 1635 *Macbeth* shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill  
 1636 Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill  
 1637 Shall come against him. *Descend.*  
 1638 *Macb.* That will neuer bee:  
 1639 Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree  
 1640 Vnfixe his earth- bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:  
 1641 Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood  
 1642 Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*  
 1643 Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath  
 1644 To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart  
 1645 Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art  
 1646 Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue euer  
 1647 Reigne in this Kingdome?  
 1648 *All.* Seeke to know no more.  
 1649 *Macb.* I will be satisfied. Deny me this,  
 1650 And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.  
 1651 Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes*  
 1652 1 Shew.  
 1653 2 Shew.  
 1654 3 Shew.  
 1655 *All.* Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,  
 1656 Come like shadowes, so depart.  
 1657 *A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse*  
 1658 *in his hand.*  
 1659 *Macb.* Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:  
 1660 Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye- bals. And thy haire  
 1661 Thou other Gold- bound- brow, is like the first:  
 1662 A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,  
 1663 Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!  
 1664 What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?  
 1665 Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:  
 1666 And yet the eighth appeares, who beares a glasse,  
 1667 Which shewes me many more: and some I see,  
 1668 That two- fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.  
 1669 Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,  
 1670 For the Blood- bolter'd *Banquo* smiles vpon me,  
 1671 And points at them for his. What? is this so? [1672 1 I Sir, all this is so. But why  
 1673 Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?  
 1674 Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,  
 1675 And shew the best of our delights.  
 1676 Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,  
 1677 While you performe your Antique round:  
 1678 That this great King may kindly say,  
 1679 Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musicke.*  
 1680 *The Witches Dance, and vanish.* [1681 *Macb.* Where are they? Gone?

1682 Let this pernicious houre,  
 1683 Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.  
 1684 Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*  
 1685 *Lenox.* What's your Graces will. [nn1  
 1686 *Macb.* Saw you the Weyard Sisters?  
 1687 *Lenox.* No my Lord.  
 1688 *Macb.* Came they not by you?  
 1689 *Lenox.* No indeed my Lord.  
 1690 *Macb.* Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,  
 1691 And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare  
 1692 The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?  
 1693 *Len.* 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:  
 1694 *Macduff* is fled to England.  
 1695 *Macb.* Fled to England?  
 1696 *Len.* I, my good Lord.  
 1697 *Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
 1698 The flighty purpose neuer is o're- tooke  
 1699 Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,  
 1700 The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
 1701 The firstlings of my hand. And euen now  
 1702 To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:  
 1703 The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize.  
 1704 Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th' Sword  
 1705 His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules  
 1706 That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,  
 1707 This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,  
 1708 But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?  
 1709 Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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1711 *Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.*  
 1712 *Wife.* What had he done, to make him fly the Land?  
 1713 *Rosse.* You must haue patience Madam.  
 1714 *Wife.* He had none:  
 1715 His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,  
 1716 Our feares do make vs Traitors.  
 1717 *Rosse.* You know not  
 1718 Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.  
 1719 *Wife.* Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,  
 1720 His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place  
 1721 From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,  
 1722 He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren  
 1723 (The most diminitue of Birds) will fight,

1724 Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:  
1725 All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;  
1726 As little is the Wisedome, where the flight  
1727 So runnes against all reason.  
1728 *Rosse.* My deerest Cooz,  
1729 I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,  
1730 He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes  
1731 The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,  
1732 But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors  
1733 And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor  
1734 From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,  
1735 But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea  
1736 Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:  
1737 Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:  
1738 Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,  
1739 To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,  
1740 Blessing vpon you.  
1741 *Wife.* Father'd he is,  
1742 And yet hee's Father- lesse.  
1743 *Rosse.* I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer  
1744 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.  
1745 I take my leaue at once. *Exit Rosse.*  
1746 *Wife.* Sirra, your Fathers dead,  
1747 And what will you do now? How will you liue?  
1748 *Son.* As Birds do Mother.  
1749 *Wife.* What with Wormes, and Flyes?  
1750 *Son.* With what I get I meane, and so do they.  
1751 *Wife.* Poore Bird,  
1752 Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,  
1753 The Pitfall, nor the Gin.  
1754 *Son.* Why should I Mother?  
1755 Poore Birds they are not set for:  
1756 My Father is not dead for all your saying.  
1757 *Wife.* Yes, he is dead:  
1758 How wilt thou do for a Father?  
1759 *Son.* Nay how will you do for a Husband?  
1760 *Wife.* Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.  
1761 *Son.* Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.  
1762 *Wife.* Thou speak'st withall thy wit,  
1763 And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.  
1764 *Son.* Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?  
1765 *Wife.* I, that he was.  
1766 *Son.* What is a Traitor?  
1767 *Wife.* Why one that swears, and lyes.  
1768 *Son.* And be all Traitors, that do so.  
1769 *Wife.* Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,

1770 And must be hang'd.  
 1771 *Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?  
 1772 *Wife.* Euery one.  
 1773 *Son.* Who must hang them?  
 1774 *Wife.* Why, the honest men.  
 1775 *Son.* Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there  
 1776 are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,  
 1777 and hang vp them.  
 1778 *Wife.* Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:  
 1779 But how wilt thou do for a Father?  
 1780 *Son.* If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you  
 1781 would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly  
 1782 haue a new Father.  
 1783 *Wife.* Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?  
 1784 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 1785 *Mes.* Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,  
 1786 Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;  
 1787 I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.  
 1788 If you will take a homely mans aduice,  
 1789 Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones  
 1790 To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:  
 1791 To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,  
 1792 Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,  
 1793 I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*  
 1794 *Wife.* Whether should I flye?  
 1795 I haue done no harme. But I remember now  
 1796 I am in this earthly world: where to do harme  
 1797 Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
 1798 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)  
 1799 Do I put vp that womanly defence,  
 1800 To say I haue done no harme?  
 1801 What are these faces?  
 1802 *Enter Murtherers.*  
 1803 *Mur.* Where is your Husband?  
 1804 *Wife.* I hope in no place so vnsanctified,  
 1805 Where such as thou may'st finde him.  
 1806 *Mur.* He's a Traitor.  
 1807 *Son.* Thou ly'st thou shagge- ear'd Villaine.  
 1808 *Mur.* What you Egge?  
 1809 Yong fry of Treachery?  
 1810 *Son.* He ha's kill'd me Mother,  
 1811 Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.* [nn1v

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*Scaena Tertia.*

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1813 *Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.*  
 1814 *Mal.* Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there  
 1815 Weepe our sad bosomes empty.  
 1816 *Macd.* Let vs rather  
 1817 Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,  
 1818 Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,  
 1819 New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes  
 1820 Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds  
 1821 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
 1822 Like Syllable of Dolour.  
 1823 *Mal.* What I beleeeue, Ile waile;  
 1824 What know, beleeeue; and what I can redresse,  
 1825 As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.  
 1826 What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.  
 1827 This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
 1828 Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,  
 1829 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something  
 1830 You may discerne of him through me, and wisdome  
 1831 To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe  
 1832 T' appease an angry God.  
 1833 *Macd.* I am not treacherous.  
 1834 *Malc.* But *Macbeth* is.  
 1835 A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle  
 1836 In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:  
 1837 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;  
 1838 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.  
 1839 Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace  
 1840 Yet Grace must still looke so.  
 1841 *Macd.* I haue lost my Hopes.  
 1842 *Malc.* Perchance euen there  
 1843 Where I did finde my doubts.  
 1844 Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?  
 1845 Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,  
 1846 Without leaue- taking. I pray you,  
 1847 Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,  
 1848 But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,  
 1849 What euer I shall thinke.  
 1850 *Macd.* Bleed, bleed poore Country,  
 1851 Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
 1852 For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,  
 1853 The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,  
 1854 I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,  
 1855 For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,  
 1856 And the rich East to boot.

1857 *Mal.* Be not offended:  
 1858 I speake not as in absolute feare of you:  
 1859 I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,  
 1860 It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
 1861 Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,  
 1862 There would be hands vplifted in my right:  
 1863 And heere from gracious England haue I offer  
 1864 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,  
 1865 When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,  
 1866 Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country  
 1867 Shall haue more vices then it had before,  
 1868 More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,  
 1869 By him that shall succede.  
 1870 *Macd.* What should he be?  
 1871 *Mal.* It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know  
 1872 All the particulars of Vice so grafted,  
 1873 That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*  
 1874 Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State  
 1875 Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd  
 1876 With my confinelesse harmes.  
 1877 *Macd.* Not in the Legions  
 1878 Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd  
 1879 In euils, to top *Macbeth*.  
 1880 *Mal.* I grant him Bloody,  
 1881 Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,  
 1882 Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne  
 1883 That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none  
 1884 In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,  
 1885 Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp  
 1886 The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire  
 1887 All continent Impediments would ore- beare  
 1888 That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,  
 1889 Then such an one to reigne.  
 1890 *Macd.* Boundlesse intemperance  
 1891 In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene  
 1892 Th' vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,  
 1893 And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet  
 1894 To take vpon you what is yours: you may  
 1895 Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
 1896 And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:  
 1897 We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be  
 1898 That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many  
 1899 As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,  
 1900 Finding it so inclinde.  
 1901 *Mal.* With this, there growes  
 1902 In my most ill- composd Affection, such

1903 A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,  
 1904 I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,  
 1905 Desire his Iewels, and this others House,  
 1906 And my more- hauing, would be as a Sawce  
 1907 To make me hunger more, that I should forge  
 1908 Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,  
 1909 Destroying them for wealth.  
 1910 *Macd.* This Auarice  
 1911 stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote  
 1912 Then Summer- seeming Lust: and it hath bin  
 1913 The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,  
 1914 Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will  
 1915 Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,  
 1916 With other Graces weigh'd.  
 1917 *Mal.* But I haue none. The King- becoming Graces,  
 1918 As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,  
 1919 Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,  
 1920 Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,  
 1921 I haue no rellish of them, but abound  
 1922 In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,  
 1923 Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should  
 1924 Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,  
 1925 Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound  
 1926 All vnity on earth.  
 1927 *Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland.  
 1928 *Mal.* If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:  
 1929 I am as I haue spoken.  
 1930 *Mac.* Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natio[n] miserable!  
 1931 With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,  
 1932 When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?  
 1933 Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne  
 1934 By his owne Interdiction stands accust,  
 1935 And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father  
 1936 Was a most Sainted- King: the Queene that bore thee,  
 1937 Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,  
 1938 Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well, [nn2  
 1939 These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,  
 1940 Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,  
 1941 Thy hope ends heere.  
 1942 *Mal.* *Macduff*, this Noble passion  
 1943 Childe of integrity, hath from my soule  
 1944 Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
 1945 To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish *Macbeth*,  
 1946 By many of these traines, hath sought to win me  
 1947 Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me  
 1948 From ouer- credulous hast: but God aboue



1949 Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now  
 1950 I put my selfe to thy Direction, and  
 1951 Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure  
 1952 The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,  
 1953 For strangers to my Nature. I am yet  
 1954 Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,  
 1955 Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne.  
 1956 At no time broke my Faith, would not betray  
 1957 The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight  
 1958 No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking  
 1959 Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly  
 1960 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:  
 1961 Whither indeed, before they heere approach  
 1962 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men  
 1963 Already at a point, was setting foorth:  
 1964 Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse  
 1965 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?  
 1966 *Macd.* Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once  
 1967 'Tis hard to reconcile.  
 1968 *Enter a Doctor.*  
 1969 *Mal.* Well, more anon. Comes the King forth  
 1970 I pray you?  
 1971 *Doct.* I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules  
 1972 That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces  
 1973 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,  
 1974 Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,  
 1975 They presently amend. *Exit.*  
 1976 *Mal.* I thanke you Doctor.  
 1977 *Macd.* What's the Disease he meanes?  
 1978 *Mal.* Tis call'd the Euill.  
 1979 A most myraculous worke in this good King,  
 1980 Which often since my heere remaine in England,  
 1981 I haue seene him do: How he solicates heauen  
 1982 Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people  
 1983 All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,  
 1984 The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,  
 1985 Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,  
 1986 Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken  
 1987 To the succeeding Royalty he leaues  
 1988 The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,  
 1989 He hath a heauenly giuft of Prophetie,  
 1990 And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,  
 1991 That speake him full of Grace.  
 1992 *Enter Rosse.*  
 1993 *Macd.* See who comes heere.  
 1994 *Malc.* My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

1995 *Macd.* My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.  
 1996 *Malc.* I know him now. Good God betimes remoue  
 1997 The meanes that makes vs Strangers.  
 1998 *Rosse.* Sir, Amen.  
 1999 *Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?  
 2000 *Rosse.* Alas poore Countrey,  
 2001 Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot  
 2002 Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing  
 2003 But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:  
 2004 Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre  
 2005 Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes  
 2006 A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,  
 2007 Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues  
 2008 Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,  
 2009 Dying, or ere they sicken.  
 2010 *Macd.* Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.  
 2011 *Malc.* What's the newest griefe?  
 2012 *Rosse.* That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,  
 2013 Each minute teemes a new one.  
 2014 *Macd.* How do's my Wife?  
 2015 *Rosse.* Why well.  
 2016 *Macd.* And all my Children?  
 2017 *Rosse.* Well too.  
 2018 *Macd.* The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?  
 2019 *Rosse.* No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em  
 2020 *Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?  
 2021 *Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the Tydings  
 2022 Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour  
 2023 Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,  
 2024 Which was to my beleefe witness the rather,  
 2025 For that I saw the Tyrants Power a- foot.  
 2026 Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland  
 2027 Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,  
 2028 To doffe their dire distresses.  
 2029 *Malc.* Bee't their comfort  
 2030 We are comming thither: Gracious England hath  
 2031 Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,  
 2032 An older, and a better Souldier, none  
 2033 That Christendome giues out.  
 2034 *Rosse.* Would I could answer  
 2035 This comfort with the like. But I haue words  
 2036 That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,  
 2037 Where hearing should not latch them.  
 2038 *Macd.* What concerne they,  
 2039 The generall cause, or is it a Fee- griefe  
 2040 Due to some single brest?

2041 *Rosse.* No minde that's honest  
 2042 But in it shares some woe, though the maine part  
 2043 Pertaines to you alone.  
 2044 *Macd.* If it be mine  
 2045 Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.  
 2046 *Rosse.* Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,  
 2047 Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound  
 2048 that euer yet they heard.  
 2049 *Macd.* Humh: I guesse at it.  
 2050 *Rosse.* Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes  
 2051 Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner  
 2052 Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere  
 2053 To adde the death of you.  
 2054 *Malc.* Mercifull Heauen:  
 2055 What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:  
 2056 Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,  
 2057 Whispers the o're- fraught heart, and bids it breake.  
 2058 *Macd.* My Children too?  
 2059 *Ro.* Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.  
 2060 *Macd.* And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?  
 2061 *Rosse.* I haue said.  
 2062 *Malc.* Be comforted.  
 2063 Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,  
 2064 To cure this deadly greefe.  
 2065 *Macd.* He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?  
 2066 Did you say All? Oh Hell- Kite! All?  
 2067 What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme  
 2068 At one fell swoope?  
 2069 *Malc.* Dispute it like a man.  
 2070 *Macd.* I shall do so: [nn2v  
 2071 But I must also feele it as a man;  
 2072 I cannot but remember such things were  
 2073 That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,  
 2074 And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,  
 2075 They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,  
 2076 Not for their owne demerits, but for mine  
 2077 Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now.  
 2078 *Mal.* Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe  
 2079 Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
 2080 *Macd.* O I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
 2081 And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,  
 2082 Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,  
 2083 Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe  
 2084 Within my Swords length set him, if he scape  
 2085 Heauen forgiue him too.  
 2086 *Mal.* This time goes manly:

2087 Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,  
 2088 Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*  
 2089 Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres about  
 2090 Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,  
 2091 The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

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*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

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2093 *Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting*  
 2094 *Gentlewoman.*  
 2095 *Doct.* I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can  
 2096 perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last  
 2097 walk'd?  
 2098 *Gent.* Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue  
 2099 seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night- Gown vp-pon  
 2100 her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it,  
 2101 write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-terne  
 2102 to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.  
 2103 *Doct.* A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at  
 2104 once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.  
 2105 In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other  
 2106 actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard  
 2107 her say?  
 2108 *Gent.* That Sir, which I will not report after her.  
 2109 *Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.  
 2110 *Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witsesse  
 2111 to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*  
 2112 Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-on  
 2113 my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.  
 2114 *Doct.* How came she by that light?  
 2115 *Gent.* Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-tinually,  
 2116 'tis her command.  
 2117 *Doct.* You see her eyes are open.  
 2118 *Gent.* I, but their sense are shut.  
 2119 *Doct.* What is it she do's now?  
 2120 Looke how she rubbes her hands.  
 2121 *Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme  
 2122 thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in  
 2123 this a quarter of an houre.  
 2124 *Lad.* Yet heere's a spot.  
 2125 *Doct.* Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes  
 2126 from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.  
 2127 *La.* Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why  
 2128 then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,

2129 a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes  
 2130 it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who  
 2131 would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much  
 2132 blood in him.

2133 *Doct.* Do you marke that?

2134 *Lad.* The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?  
 2135 What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that  
 2136 my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-ting.

2138 *Doct.* Go too, go too:

2139 You haue knowne what you should not.

2140 *Gent.* She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure  
 2141 of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

2142 *La.* Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-fumes  
 2143 of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

2144 Oh, oh, oh.

2145 *Doct.* What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

2146 *Gent.* I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,  
 2147 for the dignity of the whole body.

2148 *Doct.* Well, well, well.

2149 *Gent.* Pray God it be sir.

2150 *Doct.* This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue  
 2151 knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue  
 2152 dyed holily in their beds.

2153 *Lad.* Wash your hands, put on your Night- Gowne,  
 2154 looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried;  
 2155 he cannot come out on's graue.

2156 *Doct.* Euen so?

2157 *Lady.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:  
 2158 Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's  
 2159 done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

2160 *Exit Lady.*

2161 *Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

2162 *Gent.* Directly.

2163 *Doct.* Foule whisp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds  
 2164 Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes  
 2165 To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:  
 2166 More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:  
 2167 God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,  
 2168 Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,  
 2169 And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,  
 2170 My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.

2171 I thinke, but dare not speake.

2172 *Gent.* Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

---

2174 *Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,*  
 2175 *Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*  
 2176 *Ment.* The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm,*  
 2177 *His Vnkle Seyward,* and the good *Macduff.*  
 2178 Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes  
 2179 Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme  
 2180 Excite the mortified man.  
 2181 *Ang.* Neere Byrnan wood  
 2182 Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.  
 2183 *Cath.* Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?  
 2184 *Len.* For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File  
 2185 Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,  
 2186 And many vnruffe youths, that euen now  
 2187 Protest their first of Manhood.  
 2188 *Ment.* What do's the Tyrant.  
 2189 *Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:  
 2190 Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,  
 2191 Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine [nn3  
 2192 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
 2193 Within the belt of Rule.  
 2194 *Ang.* Now do's he feele  
 2195 His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,  
 2196 Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith- breach:  
 2197 Those he commands, moue onely in command,  
 2198 Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title  
 2199 Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe  
 2200 Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.  
 2201 *Ment.* Who then shall blame  
 2202 His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,  
 2203 When all that is within him, do's condemne  
 2204 It selfe, for being there.  
 2205 *Cath.* Well, march we on,  
 2206 To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:  
 2207 Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,  
 2208 And with him poure we in our Countries purge,  
 2209 Each drop of vs.  
 2210 *Lenox.* Or so much as it needes,  
 2211 To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:  
 2212 Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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2214 *Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*  
 2215 *Macb.* Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:  
 2216 Till Byrmane wood remoue to Dunsinane,  
 2217 I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?  
 2218 Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know  
 2219 All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:  
 2220 Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman  
 2221 Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,  
 2222 And mingle with the English Epicures,  
 2223 The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,  
 2224 Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.  
 2225 *Enter Seruant.*  
 2226 The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream- fac'd Loone:  
 2227 Where got'st thou that Goose- looke.  
 2228 *Ser.* There is ten thousand.  
 2229 *Macb.* Geese Villaine?  
 2230 *Ser.* Souldiers Sir.  
 2231 *Macb.* Go pricke thy face, and ouer- red thy feare  
 2232 Thou Lilly- liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?  
 2233 Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine  
 2234 Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay- face?  
 2235 *Ser.* The English Force, so please you.  
 2236 *Macb.* Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,  
 2237 When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push  
 2238 Will cheere me euer, or dis- eate me now.  
 2239 I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life  
 2240 Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,  
 2241 And that which should accompany Old- Age,  
 2242 As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,  
 2243 I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,  
 2244 Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth- honor, breath  
 2245 Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.  
 2246 *Seyton*?  
 2247 *Enter Seyton.*  
 2248 *Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?  
 2249 *Macb.* What Newes more?  
 2250 *Sey.* All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.  
 2251 *Macb.* Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.  
 2252 Giue me my Armor.  
 2253 *Seyt.* 'Tis not needed yet.  
 2254 *Macb.* Ile put it on:  
 2255 Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,  
 2256 Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:  
 2257 How do's your Patient, Doctor?

2258 *Doct.* Not so sicke my Lord,  
 2259 As she is troubled with thicke- comming Fancies  
 2260 That keepe her from her rest.  
 2261 *Macb.* Cure of that:  
 2262 Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,  
 2263 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
 2264 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
 2265 And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote  
 2266 Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe  
 2267 Which weighes vpon the heart?  
 2268 *Doct.* Therein the Patient  
 2269 Must minister to himselfe.  
 2270 *Macb.* Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.  
 2271 Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:  
 2272 *Seyton*, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:  
 2273 Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast  
 2274 The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,  
 2275 And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,  
 2276 I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,  
 2277 That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,  
 2278 What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge  
 2279 Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y of them?  
 2280 *Doct.* I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation  
 2281 Makes vs heare something.  
 2282 *Macb.* Bring it after me:  
 2283 I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,  
 2284 Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.  
 2285 *Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,  
 2286 Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Quarta.***

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2288 *Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,*  
 2289 *Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,*  
 2290 *and Soldiers Marching.*  
 2291 *Malc.* Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand  
 2292 That Chambers will be safe.  
 2293 *Ment.* We doubt it nothing.  
 2294 *Seyw.* What wood is this before vs?  
 2295 *Ment.* The wood of Birnane.  
 2296 *Malc.* Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,  
 2297 And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow  
 2298 The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery  
 2299 Erre in report of vs.



2300 *Sold.* It shall be done.  
 2301 *Syw.* We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant  
 2302 Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure  
 2303 Our setting downe befor't.  
 2304 *Malc.* 'Tis his maine hope:  
 2305 For where there is aduantage to be giuen,  
 2306 Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,  
 2307 And none serue with him, but constrained things,  
 2308 Whose hearts are absent too.  
 2309 *Macd.* Let our iust Censures  
 2310 Attend the true euent, and put we on [nn3v  
 2311 Industrious Souldiership.  
 2312 *Sey.* The time approaches,  
 2313 That will with due decision make vs know  
 2314 What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:  
 2315 Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,  
 2316 But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,  
 2317 Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

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### *Scena Quinta.*

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2319 *Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with*  
 2320 *Drum and Colours.*  
 2321 *Macb.* Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,  
 2322 The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength  
 2323 Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,  
 2324 Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:  
 2325 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
 2326 We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,  
 2327 And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?  
 2328 *A Cry within of Women.*  
 2329 *Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good Lord.  
 2330 *Macb.* I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:  
 2331 The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd  
 2332 To heare a Night- shrieke, and my Fell of haire  
 2333 Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre  
 2334 As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,  
 2335 Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
 2336 Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?  
 2337 *Sey.* The Queene (my Lord) is dead.  
 2338 *Macb.* She should haue dy'de heereafter;  
 2339 There would haue beene a time for such a word:  
 2340 To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,  
 2341 Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,

2342 To the last Syllable of Recorded time:  
 2343 And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles  
 2344 The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,  
 2345 Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,  
 2346 That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,  
 2347 And then is heard no more. It is a Tale  
 2348 Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury  
 2349 Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*  
 2350 Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.  
 2351 *Mes.* Gracious my Lord,  
 2352 I should report that which I say I saw,  
 2353 But know not how to doo't.  
 2354 *Macb.* Well, say sir.  
 2355 *Mes.* As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill  
 2356 I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought  
 2357 The Wood began to moue.  
 2358 *Macb.* Lyar, and Slaue.  
 2359 *Mes.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
 2360 Within this three Mile may you see it comming.  
 2361 I say, a mouing Groue.  
 2362 *Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
 2363 Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue  
 2364 Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,  
 2365 I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
 2366 I pull in Resolution, and begin  
 2367 To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,  
 2368 That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood  
 2369 Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood  
 2370 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,  
 2371 If this which he auouches, do's appeare,  
 2372 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
 2373 I 'ginne to be a- weary of the Sun,  
 2374 And wish th' estate o'th' world were now vndon.  
 2375 Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,  
 2376 At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Sexta.***

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2378 *Drumme and Colours.*  
 2379 *Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,*  
 2380 *with Boughes.*  
 2381 *Mal.* Now neere enough:  
 2382 Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,  
 2383 And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)

2384 Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne  
 2385 Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee  
 2386 Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,  
 2387 According to our order.  
 2388 *Sey*. Fare you well:  
 2389 Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,  
 2390 Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.  
 2391 *Macd.* Make all our Trumpets speak, giue the[m] all breath  
 2392 Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*  
 2393 *Alarums continued.*

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***Scena Septima.***

---

2395 *Enter Macbeth.*  
 2396 *Macb.* They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,  
 2397 But Beare- like I must fight the course. What's he  
 2398 That was not borne of Woman? Such a one  
 2399 Am I to feare, or none.  
 2400 *Enter young Seyward.*  
 2401 *Y.Sey.* What is thy name?  
 2402 *Macb.* Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.  
 2403 *Y.Sey.* No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name  
 2404 Then any is in hell.  
 2405 *Macb.* My name's *Macbeth*.  
 2406 *Y.Sey.* The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title  
 2407 More hatefull to mine eare.  
 2408 *Macb.* No: nor more fearefull.  
 2409 *Y.Sey.* Thou lvest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword  
 2410 Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.  
 2411 *Fight, and young Seyward slaine.*  
 2412 *Macb.* Thou was't borne of woman;  
 2413 But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,  
 2414 Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*  
 2415 *Alarums. Enter Macduffe.*  
 2416 *Macd.* That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,  
 2417 If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,  
 2418 My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:  
 2419 I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes  
 2420 Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,  
 2421 Or else my Sword with an vn battered edge  
 2422 I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,  
 2423 By this great clatter, one of greatest note [nn4  
 2424 Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,  
 2425 And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

2426 *Enter Malcolme and Seyward.*  
 2427 *Sey.* This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:  
 2428 The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,  
 2429 The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,  
 2430 The day almost it selfe professes yours,  
 2431 And little is to do.  
 2432 *Malc.* We haue met with Foes  
 2433 That strike beside vs.  
 2434 *Sey.* Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarum*  
 2435 *Enter Macbeth.*  
 2436 *Macb.* Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye  
 2437 On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes  
 2438 Do better vpon them.  
 2439 *Enter Macduffe.*  
 2440 *Macd.* Turne Hell- hound, turne.  
 2441 *Macb.* Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:  
 2442 But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd  
 2443 With blood of thine already.  
 2444 *Macd.* I haue no words,  
 2445 My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine  
 2446 Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*  
 2447 *Macb.* Thou loosest labour  
 2448 As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre  
 2449 With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:  
 2450 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,  
 2451 I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld  
 2452 To one of woman borne.  
 2453 *Macd.* Dispaire thy Charme,  
 2454 And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd  
 2455 Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb  
 2456 Vntimely ript.  
 2457 *Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;  
 2458 For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:  
 2459 And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,  
 2460 That palter with vs in a double sence,  
 2461 That keepe the word of promise to our eare,  
 2462 And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.  
 2463 *Macd.* Then yeeld thee Coward,  
 2464 And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.  
 2465 Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are  
 2466 Painted vpon a pole, and vnder- writ,  
 2467 Heere may you see the Tyrant.  
 2468 *Macb.* I will not yeeld  
 2469 To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,  
 2470 And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.  
 2471 Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,

2472 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,  
 2473 Yet I will try the last. Before my body,  
 2474 I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,  
 2475 And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.  
 2476 *Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*  
 2477 *Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.*  
 2478 *Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,*  
 2479 *Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*  
 2480 *Mal.* I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.  
 2481 *Sey.* Some must go off: and yet by these I see,  
 2482 So great a day as this is cheapely bought.  
 2483 *Mal.* *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.  
 2484 *Rosse.* Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,  
 2485 He onely liu'd but till he was a man,  
 2486 The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd  
 2487 In the vnshrinking station where he fought,  
 2488 But like a man he dy'de.  
 2489 *Sey.* Then he is dead?  
 2490 *Rosse.* I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
 2491 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
 2492 It hath no end.  
 2493 *Sey.* Had he his hurts before?  
 2494 *Rosse.* I, on the Front.  
 2495 *Sey.* Why then, Gods Soldier be he:  
 2496 Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,  
 2497 I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
 2498 And so his Knell is knoll'd.  
 2499 *Mal.* Hee's worth more sorrow,  
 2500 and that Ile spend for him.  
 2501 *Sey.* He's worth no more,  
 2502 They say he parted well, and paid his score,  
 2503 And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.  
 2504 *Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.*  
 2505 *Macd.* Haile King, for so thou art.  
 2506 Behold where stands  
 2507 Th' Vsurers cursed head: the time is free:  
 2508 I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,  
 2509 That speake my salutation in their minds:  
 2510 Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.  
 2511 Haile King of Scotland.  
 2512 *All.* Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*  
 2513 *Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
 2514 Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,  
 2515 And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen  
 2516 Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland  
 2517 In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,

2518 Which would be planted newly with the time,  
2519 As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,  
2520 That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,  
2521 Producing forth the cruell Ministers  
2522 Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend- like Queene;  
2523 Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,  
2524 Tooke off her life. This, and what need full else  
2525 That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,  
2526 We will performe in measure, time, and place:  
2527 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
2528 Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.  
2529 *Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.*

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**FINIS.**

**2531 THE TRAGEDIE OF  
MACBETH.**

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