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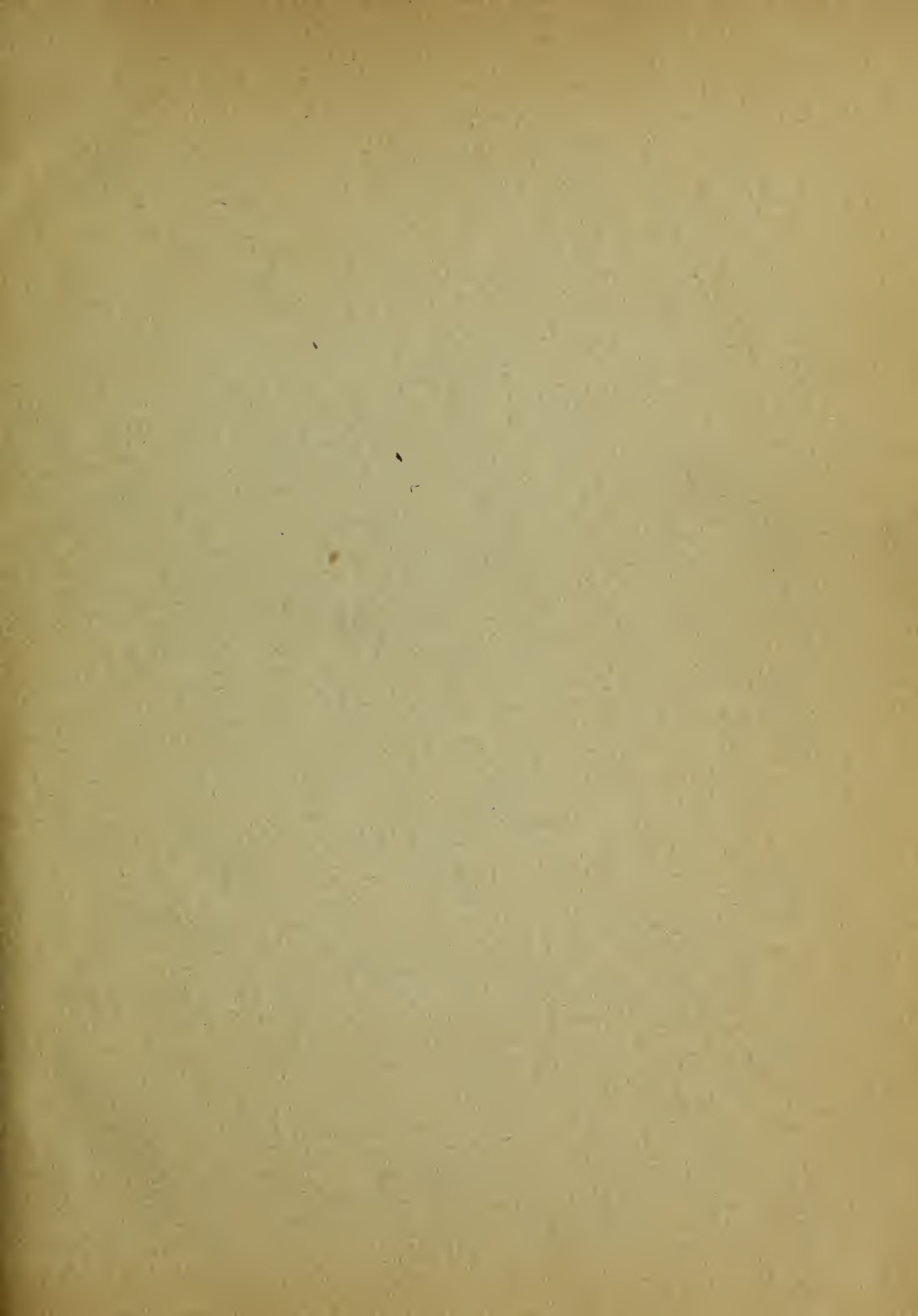


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M A C B E T H.

A

T R A G E D Y.

With all the

A L T E R A T I O N S,

A M E N D M E N T S,

A D D I T I O N S,

A N D

N E W S O N G S.

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412

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

RESEARCH REPORT

NO. 100

1950

Author's name

Title of report

Abstract

Summary of the report's content

The ARGUMENT.

Duncan, King of the Scots, had two principal Men, whom he employed in all Matters of Importance, Macbeth and Banquo. These two Travelling together through a Forest, were met by three Fairy Witches, (Weirds the Scots call them) whereof the first making Obedience unto Macbeth, saluted him, Thane (a Title unto which that of Earl afterwards succeeded) of Glamis, the second Thane of Cawdor, and the third King of Scotland: This is unequal dealing, saith Banquo, to give my Friend all the Honours, and none unto me: To which one of the Weirds made answer, That he indeed should not be a King, but out of his Loyns should come a Race of Kings, that should for ever rule the Scots; and having thus said, they all suddenly vanished. Upon their Arrival to the Court, Macbeth was immediately created Thane of Glamis; and not long after, some new Service of his requiring new Recompence, he was honoured with the Title of Thane of Cawdor. Seeing then how happily the Prediction of the three Weirds fell out in the former, he resolved not to be wanting to himself in fulfilling the third; and therefore first he killed the King, and after, by reason of his Command among the Soldiers and common People, he succeeded in his Throne. Being scarce warm in his Seat, he call'd to mind the Prediction given to his Companion Banquo: Whom hereupon suspecting as his Supplanter, he caused him to be killed, together with his Posterity: Flean, one of his Sons, escaped only, with no small Difficulty into Wales. Freed as he thought from all fear of Banquo and his Issue, he built Dunfinane Castle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards, on some new Fears, consulting with certain of his Wizards about his future Estate, was told by one of them that he should never be overcome, till Birnam Wood (being some Miles distant) came to Dunfinane Castle; and by another, that he should never be slain by any Man which was born of a Woman. Secure then, as he thought, from all future Dangers, he omitted no kind of libidinous Cruelty for the Space of 18 Years; for so long he Tyrannized over Scotland. But having then made up the Measure of his Iniquities, Macduff the Governor of Fife associating to himself some few Patriots (and being assisted with ten thousand English) equally hated by the Tyrant, and abhorring the Tyranny, met in Birnam Wood, and taking every one of them a Bough in his Hand (the better to keep them from Discovery) marched early in the Morning towards Dunfinane Castle, which they took by Scalado. Macbeth escaping, was pursu'd by Macduff, who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat; to whom the Tyrant, half in Scorn, returned this Answer; That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his Destiny never to be slain by any that was born of Woman. Now then, said Macduff, is thy fatal End drawing fast upon thee, for I was never born of Woman, but violently cut out of my Mother's Belly: Which Words so daunted the cruel Tyrant, though otherwise a valiant Man and of great Performances, that he was very easily slain; and Malcolm Conner, the true Heir, seated in his Throne.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

K ING of Scotland,	Mr. Keen.
Malcolm his Son, Prince of Cumberland,	Mr. Corey.
Donalbain,	Mr. Bullock, Jun.
Lenox,	Captain Griffin.
Macbeth,	Mr. Betterton.
Banquo,	Mr. Mills.
Macduff,	Mr. Wilks.
Seyward,	Mr. Husband.
Seyton,	Mr. Bickerstaffe.
Banquo's Son,	Mrs. B. Porter.
1 Murtherer,	Mr. Fairbank.
2 Murtherer,	Mr. Cross.

W O M E N.

Macbeth's Lady,	Mrs. Knight.
Macduff's Lady,	Mrs. Rogers.
Heccate,	Mr. Johnson.

A Waiting Gentlewoman, Witches, Servants, and Attendants.

M A C

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* **W**HEN shall we three meet again,
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Rain?

2. When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3. And that will be e'er set of Sun.

1. Where's the place?

2. Upon the Heath.

3. There we resolve to meet *Macbeth*—[*A shriek like an Owl.*

1. I come *Gray Malkin*.

All. Paddock calls!

To us fair Weather's foul, and foul is fair!

Come hover through the foggy, filthy Air—

[*Ex. flying.*

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain and Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting Seyton wounded.

King. What aged Man is that? if we may guess
His Message by his Looks, he can relate
The Issue of the Battel!

Malc. This is the valiant *Seyton*,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
To save my Liberty. Hail, worthy Friend,
Inform the King in what Condition you
Did leave the Battel?

Seyton. It was doubtful;
As two spent Swimmers, who together cling
And choak their Art: the merciless *Mackdonald*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Western Isles,
With Kernes and Gallowlasses was supply'd;
Whom Fortune with her Smiles oblig'd awhile:
But brave *Macbeth* (who well deserves that Name)

Did with his Frowns put all her Smiles to flight:
 And cut his Passage to the Rebel's Person:
 Then having Conquer'd him with single Force,
 He fixt his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! Worthy Gentleman!

Seyton. But then this Day-break of our Victory
 Serv'd but to light us into other Dangers;
 That Spring from whence our Hopes did seem to rise
 Produc'd our Hazard: for no sooner had
 The Justice of your Cause, Sir, (arm'd with Valour,)
 Compell'd these nimble Kernes to trust their Heels,
 But the *Norwegian* Lord, (having expected
 This Opportunity) with new Supplies
 Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Generals, *Macbeth*
 And *Banquo*?

Seyton. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles, or as Hares do Lions;
 As Flames are heighten'd by access of Fuel,
 So did their Valours gather Strength, by having
 Fresh Foes on whom to exercise their Swords:
 Whose Thunder still did drown the dying Groans
 Of those they slew, which else had been so great,
 Th' had frighted all the rest into Retreat.
 My Spirits faint: I would relate the Wounds
 Which their Swords made; but my own silence me.

King. So well thy Wounds become thee as thy Words;
 Th' are full of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons —

[*Ex. Cap. and Attendants.*]

Enter Macduff.

But who comes there?

Malc. Noble *Macduff*!

Lenox. What haste looks through his Eyes!

Donal. So should he look who comes to speak things strange.

Macd. Long live the King!

King. Whence com'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Macd. From *Fife*, Great King; where the *Norwegian* Banners
 Darkned the Air, and fann'd our People cold:
Norway himself, with infinite Supplies,
 (Assisted by that most disloyal *Thane*
 Of *Cawdor*) long maintain'd a dismal Conflict,
 Till brave *Macbeth* oppos'd his bloody Rage,
 And check'd his haughty Spirits, after which
 His Army fled: Thus shallow Streams may flow
 Forward with violence awhile; but when
 They are oppos'd, as fast run back agen.
 In brief, the Victory was ours.

King. Great Happiness!

Malc. And now the *Norway* King craves Composition.

We would not grant the burial of his Men,
 Until at *Colems-Inch* he had disburs'd
 Great heaps of Treasure to our Generals use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
 Our Confidence: pronounce his present Death;
 And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.
 He has deserv'd it.

Macd. Sir! I'll see it done.

King. What he has lost, Noble *Macbeth* has won—— *Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches flying.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, Sister?

2. Killing Swine!

3. Sister; where thou?

1. A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd and mounch'd; give me, quoth I;
 Anoint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cry'd.
 Her Husband's to the *Baltick* gone, Master o'th' *Tyger*,
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And like a Rat without a Tail
 I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.

2. I'll give thee a wind.

1. Thou art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I my self have all the other.

And then from every Port they blow;
 From all the points that Sea-men know.
 I will drain him dry as Hay;
 Sleep shall neither Night nor Day
 Hang upon his Pent-house lid;
 My Charms shall his Repose forbid,
 Weary ten-nights nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine.
 Though his Bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toft.

Look what I have.

2. Shew me, shew me,——

1. Here I have a Pilot's thumb

Wrack'd, as homeward he did come!

3. A Drum, a Drum:

[*A Drum within.*

Macbeth does come.

1. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the Sea and Land,
 Thus do go about, about
 Thrice to thine,

2. And Thrice to mine;

3. And Thrice again to make up nine.

2. Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo with Attendants.

Macb. Command, they make a halt upon the Heath. —
So fair and foul a day I have not seen!

Banq. How far is't now to *Soris*? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire;
That look not like the Earth's Inhabitants,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you things
Crept hither from the lower World, to fright
Th' Inhabitants of this? You seem to know me,
By laying all at once your choppy fingers
Upon your skinny Lips; you shou'd be Women,
And yet your Looks forbid me to interpret
So well of you. —

Macb. Speak, if you can, what are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane of Glamis*.

2. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane of Cawdor*.

3. All hail, *Macbeth*, who shall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, what makes you start, and seem to dread
Events which sound so fair? I'th' name of Truth
Are you fantastical? or that indeed
Which outwardly you shew? My noble Partner,
You greet with present Grace, and strang Prediction
Of noble Fortune, and of Royal hope;
With which he seems surpriz'd: To me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of Time,
And tell which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me; who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate——

1. Hail!

2. Hail!

3. Hail!

1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, thou shalt ne'er be one.

So all Hail *Macbeth* and *Banquo*. —

1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all Hail——

[*Going*.]

Macb. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;
By *Sinclair's* death I know I am *Thane of Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*, whilst that *Thane* yet lives?
And, for your promise, that I shall be King,
'Tis not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*: Say from whence
You have this strange Intelligence: or why
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish*.]

Banq.

Banq. The Earth has Bubbles like the Water,
And these are some of them: How soon they are vanish'd!

Macb. Th' are turn'd to Air; what seem'd Corporeal
Is melted into nothing; would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here as we discours'd of now?
Or have we tasted some infectious Herb
That captivates our Reason?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

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

Banq. Just to that very tune! who's here?

Enter Macduff.

Macd. *Macbeth*, the King has happily receiv'd
The news of your success: And when he reads
Your pers'nal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonder and his Praises then contend
Which shall exceed: when he reviews your worth,
He finds you in the stout *Norweyan* Ranks,
Not starting at the Images of Death
Made by your self: each Messenger which came
Being loaden with the Praises of your Valour,
Seem'd proud to speak your Glories to the King;
Who, for an earnest of a greater Honour,
Bad me, from him, to call you *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, Hail, most Noble *Thane*!

Banq. What, can the Devil speak true?

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

Macd. 'Tis true, Sir; He, who was the *Thane*, lives yet;

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he in justice is condemn'd to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*,
Or did assist the Rebel privately;
Or whether he concurr'd with both, to cause
His Country's danger, Sir, I cannot tell:
But, Treasons Capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis* and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!

The greatest is behind. My noble Partner!
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?
When those who gave to me the *Thane* of *Cawdor*
Promis'd no less to them.

Banq. If all be true,

You have a Title to a Crown, as well
As to the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. It seems strange;
But many times, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darkness tell us Truths,
And tempt us with low trifles, that they may

Betray us in the things of high concern:

Macb. Th' have told me Truth as to the name of *Cawdor*, [*Aside.*
That may be Prologue to the name of King.
Less Titles shou'd the greater still fore-run,
The Morning Star doth usher in the Sun.
This strange Prediction in as strange a manner
Deliver'd, neither can be good nor ill:
If ill; 'twou'd give no earnest of success,
Beginning in a truth: I'm *Thane of Cawdor*;
If good? why am I then perplext with doubt?
My future Bliss causes my present Fears,
Fortune, methinks, which rains down Honour on me,
Seems to rain Blood too: *Duncan* does appear
Clowded by my increasing Glories: but
These are but dreams.

Banq. Look how my Partner's rap'd!

Macb. If Chance will have me King; Chance may bestow
A Crown without my stir.

Banq. His Honours are surprizes, and resemble
New Garments, which but seldom fit Men well,
Unless by help of use.

Macb. Come, what come may;
Patience and Time run through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*! we wait upon your leisure.

Macb. I was reflecting upon past Transactions;
Worthy *Macduff*; your pains are registred
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's hasten to the King: we'll think upon
These accidents at more convenient time.
When we've maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
Our mutual judgments to each others breasts.

Banq. Let it be so.

Macb. Till then enough. Come Frinds——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbain, Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or are they not return'd, who were employ'd
In doing it?

Malc. They are not yet come back;
But I have spake with one who saw him die,
And did report that very frankly, he
Confess'd his Treasons, and implor'd your Pardon
With signs of a sincere and deep Repentance.
He told me, nothing in his life became him
So well, as did his leaving it. He dy'd
As one who had been study'd in his Death,
Quitting the dearest thing he ever had,
As't were a worthless trifle.

King. There's no Art

For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,
 Let no Light see my black and deep desires.
 The strange Idea of a bloody act
 Does into doubt all my Resolves distract.
 My Eye shall at my Hand connive, the Sun
 Himself should wink when such a deed is done —

[Exit.

King. True, Noble *Banquo*, he is full of worth;
 And with his Commendations I am fed;
 It is a feast to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 He is a matchless Kinsman —

[Exeunt.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and Lady Macduff: Lady Macbeth
 having a Letter in her hand.*

La. Macb. Madam, I have observ'd since you came hither,
 You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,
 Are you in perfect health?

La. Macd. Alas! how can I?
 My Lord, when Honour call'd him to the War,
 Took with him half of my divided Soul,
 Which lodging in his bosom, lik'd so well
 The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.

La. Macb. Methinks
 That should not disorder you, for no doubt
 The brave *Macduff* left half his Soul behind him,
 To make up the defect of yours.

La. Macd. Alas!
 The part transplanted from his Breast to mine,
 (As 'twere by Sympathy) still bore a share
 In all the hazards which the other half
 Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.

La. Macb. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he is safe.

La. Macd. Ah, Madam, dangers which have long prevail'd
 Upon the fancy, even when they are dead,
 Live in the memory awhile,

La. Macb. Although his safety has not power to put
 Your doubts to flight, yet the bright Glories which
 He gain'd in Battel might dispel those Clouds.

La. Macd. The World mistakes the Glories gain'd in war,
 Thinking their Lustre true: alas, they are
 But Comets, Vapours! by some men exhal'd
 From others Bloud, and kindl'd in the Region
 Of popular applause, in which they live
 Awhile, then vanish: and the very Breath
 Which first inflam'd them, blows them out again.

La. Macb. I willingly would read this Letter, but
 Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.
 If you are ill, Repose may do you good;
 You'd best retire; and try if you can sleep.

La. Macd

La. Macd. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking.
Madam, I'll take your Counsel. — [*Ex. La. Macd.*]

La. Macb. Now I have leisure to peruse this Letter.
His last brought some imperfect news of things
Which in the shape of Women greeted him
In a strange manner. This perhaps may give
More full Intelligence.

Reads. *They met me in the day of Success; and I have been told they have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I desir'd to question them further, they made themselves Air. While I entertained my self with the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who call'd me Thane of Cawdor: by which Title these weyward Sisters had saluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of time; with, Hail King that shall be. This have I imparted to thee, (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose thy right of rejoicing by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet I fear thy Nature
Has too much of the milk of human kindness
To take the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Thou dost not want Ambition, but the Ill
Which should attend it: what thou highly covet'st
Thou covet'st holily: Alas! thou art
Loth to play false; and yet would'st wrongly win!
Oh how irregular are thy Desires?
Thou willingly, Great *Glamis*, would'st enjoy
The end without the means! Oh haste thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thy ear:
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
Thy too effeminate desires of that
Which supernatural assistance seems
To Crown thee with. What may be your news?

Enter Servant:

Serv. The King comes hither to night.

La. Macb. Th'art mad to say it:
Is not thy Master with him? were this true,
He would give notice for the preparation.

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

La. Macb. See him well look'd to: he brings welcome news.
There would be Musick in a Raven's voice,
Which should but croke the Entrance of the King
Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits

That wait on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 Empty my Nature of Humanity,
 And fill it up with Cruelty: make thick
 My Blood, and stop all passage to remorse;
 That no relapses into Mercy may
 Shake my design, nor make it fall before
 'Tis ripen'd to effect; you murdering Spirits,
 (Where-e'er in sightless substances you wait
 On Nature's mischief) come, and fill my Breasts
 With gail instead of milk; make haste, dark night,
 And hide me in a Smoak as black as Hell;
 That my keen steel see not the wound it makes:
 Nor Heav'n peep through the curtains of the dark,
 To cry, hold! hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-Hail hereafter;
 Thy Letters have transported me beyond
 My present posture; I already feel
 The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest Love,

Duncan comes here to night.

La. Macb. When goes he hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

La. Macb. O never!

Never may any Sun that morrow see.

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where Men
 May read strange matters to beguile the time.
 Be cheerful, Sir; bear welcome in your Eye,
 Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like the innocent flower,
 But be the Serpent under't: He that's coming
 Must be provided for: And you shall put
 This night's great bus'ness into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our future nights and days
 Give sovereign Command: we will withdraw,
 And talk on't further: Let your looks be clear,
 Your change of Count'nance does betoken fear.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox,
 Macduff, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle has a very pleasant seat;
 The Air does sweetly recommend it self
 To our delighted Senses.

Banq. The Guest of Summer,
 The Temple-haunting *Martin*, by his choice
 Of this place for his Mansion, seems to tell us,
 That here Heav'n's breath smells pleasantly. No window,
 Buttrice, nor place of vantage, but this Bird
 Has made his pendent bed and cradle, where

He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the Air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see our honoured Hostels!
By loving us, some persons cause our trouble;
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you should bid us welcome for your pains,
And thank you for your trouble.

La. Macb. All our services
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And single Gratitude, if weigh'd with these
Obliging Honours, which
Your Majesty confers upon our House;
For Dignities of old and later date
(Being too poor to pay.) we must be still
Your humble Debtors.

Macd. Madam we are all jointly, to Night, your Trouble;
But I am your Trespasser upon another score.
My Wife, I understand, has in my Absence
Retir'd to you.

La. Macb. I must thank her: for whilst she came to me,
Seeking a Cure for her own Solitude,
She brought a Remedy to mine: Her Fears
For you have somewhat indispos'd her, Sir,
She's now withdrawn, to try if she can sleep: |
When she shall wake, I doubt not but your Presence
Will perfectly restore her Health.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We cours'd him at the Heels, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great Love (sharp as his Spur) has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and Noble Lady,
We are your Guests to Night.

La. Macb. Your Servants
Should make their Audit at your Pleasure, Sir,
And still return it as their Debt.

King. Give me your Hand.
Conduct me to *Macbeth*: we love him highly,
And shall continue our Affection to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were well when done, then it were well
It were done quickly; if his Death might be
Without the Death of Nature in my self,
And killing my own Rest, it wou'd suffice;
But deeds of this Complexion still return
To plague the Doer, and destroy his Peace:
Yet let me think; he's here in double Trust.
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,

Strong both against the Deed: then as his Host,
 Who should against his Murderer shut the Door,
 Not bear the Sword my self. Besides, this *Duncan*
 Has born his Faculties so meek, and been
 So clear in his great Office; that his Virtues,
 Like Angels, plead against so black a deed;
 Vaulting Ambition! thou o'er-leap'st thy self
 To fall upon another: now, what News?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. H' has almost supp'd: why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Has he enquir'd for me?

La. Macb. You know he has!

Macb. We will proceed no further in this Business:
 H' has honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of People,
 Which should be worn now in their newest Glos,
 Not cast aside so soon.

La. Macb. Was the Hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd your self? has it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so pale and fearful
 At what it wish'd so freely? Can you fear
 To be the same in your own Act and Valour,
 As in Desire you are? would you enjoy
 What you repute the Ornament of Life,
 And live a Coward in your own Esteem?
 You dare not venture on the thing you wish:
 But still wou'd be in tame expectation of it.

Macb. I prithee peace: I dare do all that may
 Become a man; he who dares more, is none.

La. Macb. What Beast then made you break this Enterprize
 To me? when you did that, you were a Man:
 Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the Man. Nor Time nor Place
 Did then adhere; and yet you wish'd for both;
 And now th' have made themselves, how you betray
 Your Cowardize? I've given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my Face,
 Have pluck'd my Nipple from his boneless Gums,
 And dash'd the Brains out, had I so resolv'd,
 As you have done for this.

Macb. If we should fail.——

La. Macb. How, fail!——

Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,
 And we'll not fail; when *Duncan* is a-sleep,
 (To which the pains of this day's journey will
 Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
 I will with wine and wassel so conyince,

That Memory (the centry of the Brain)
 Shall be a fume; and the receipt of Reason,
 A Limbeck only: When in swinish Sleep
 Their Natures shall lie drench'd, as in their Death;
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 His spongy Officers? we'll make them bear
 The guilt of our black Deed.

Macb. Bring forth Men-children only;
 For thy undaunted temper should produce
 Nothing but Males: But yet when we have mark'd
 Those of his Chamber (while they are a-sleep)
 With *Duncan's* blood, and us'd their very daggers;
 I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd
 That they have don't.

La. Macb. Who dares believe it otherwise,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamours loud
 After his death?

Macb. I'm fet'd, and will stretch up
 Each fainting Sinew to this bloody act.
 Come, let's delude the time with fairest show,
 Feign'd Looks must hide what the false Heart does know.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banq. HOW goes the Night, Boy?

Flean. I have not heard the Clock,
 But the Moon is down.

Banq. And she goes down at twelve.

Flean. I take't 'tis late, Sir.

[*Ex. Flean.*]

Banq. An heavy Summons lies like lead upon me;
 Nature wou'd have me sleep, and yet I fain wou'd wake:
 Merciful pow'rs restrain me in these cursed Thoughts
 That thus disturb my rest.

Enter Macbeth and Servant.

Who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed;
 He has been to night in an unusual pleasure:
 He to your Servants has been bountiful,
 And with this Diamond he greets your Wife
 By the obliging name of most kind Hostess.

Macb. The King taking us unprepar'd, restrain'd our power
 Of serving him; which else should have wrought more free.

Banq.

Banq. All's well.

I dream'd last Night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shewn some Truth.

Macb. I think not of them;

Yet, when we can intreat an Hour or two,
We'll spend it in some Words upon that business.

Banq. At your kind st Leisure.

Macb. If when the Prophecy begins to look like Truth
You will adhere to me, it shall make Honour for you.

Banq. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still
Keeping my Bosom free, and my Allegiances dear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while,

Banq. The like to you, Sir.

[*Ex. Banquo.*]

Macb. Go bid your Mistress, when she is undrest,
To strike the Closet-bell, and I'll go to bed.

Is this a Dagger which I see before me?

The Hilt draws towards my hand; come, let me grasp thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still;

Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or, art thou but

A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation
Proceeding from the Brain, oppress'd with Heat.

My Eyes are made the Fools of th'other Senses;

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,

And on thy Blade are stains of reeking Blood.

It is the bloody Business that thus

Informs my eye-sight; now, to half the World

Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams infect

The Health of Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates

Pale *Heccate's* Offerings; now Murder is

Alarm'd by his Nights Centinel, the Wolf,

Whose howling seems the Watch-word to the dead:

But whilst I talk, he lives: hark, I am summon'd;

O *Duncan*, hear it not, for 'tis a Bell

That rings my Coronation, and thy Knell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La Macb. That which hath made them drunk, has made me bold;
What has quench'd them, hath given new Fire to me.

Heark; oh, it was the Owl that shriek'd;

The fatal Bell-Man, that oft bids good night

To dying Men, he is about it; the Doors are open,

And whilst the surfeited Grooms neglect their Charges for sleep,

Nature and Death are now contending in them.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?

La Macb. Alas, I am afraid they are awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt without the Deed

Would

Would ruin us. I laid the Daggers ready,
 He could not miss them; and had he not resembl'd
 My Father, as he slept, I would have don't.
 My Husband.

Macb. I have done the Deed, didst thou not hear a Noise?

La. Macb. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macd. When?

La. Macb. Now.

Macb. Who lies i'th' Anti-Chamber?

La. Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a dismal Sight.

La. Macb. A foolish Thought to say a dismal Sight.

Macb. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,
 And one cry'd Murder, that they wak'd each other.
 I stood and heard them; but they said their Prayers,
 And then address themselves to Sleep again.

La. Macb. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, Heav'n bless us, the other said, *Amen*;
 As they had seen me with these Hang-mans Hands.
 Silenc'd with fear, I cou'd not say *Amen*,
 When they did say Heav'n bless us.

La. Macb. Consider it not so deeply,

Macb. But, wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen*?
 I had most need of Blessing, and *Amen*
 Stuck in my Throat.

La. Macb. These Deeds shou'd be forgot as soon as done,
 Lest they distract the Doer.

Macb. Methoughts I heard a Noise cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth has murder'd Sleep, the innocent Sleep;
 Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;
 The Death of each Day's Life; tir'd Labours bath;
 Balm of hurt Minds; great Nature's second Course;
 Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

La. Macb. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House.
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
 Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

La. Macb. Why do you dream thus? go, get some Water,
 And cleanse this filthy witness from your Hands.
 Why did you bring the Daggers from the place?
 They must be there, go carry them, and stain
 The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done.

What then, with looking on it, shall I do?

La. Macb. Give me the Daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as Pictures; 'tis the eye of Childhood

That fears a painted Devil: with his Blood
I'll stain the faces of the Grooms; by that
It will appear their Guilt.

[*Ex. La. Macbeth.*

[*Knock within.*

Macb. What knocking's that?
How is't with me, when ev'ry Noise affrights me?
What Hands are here! can the Sea afford
Water enough to wash away these Stains?
No, they would sooner add a Tincture to
The Sea, and turn the green into a red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. My Hands are of your Colour; but I scorn
To wear an Heart so white. Heark,
I hear a knocking at the Gate: to your Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this Deed.
Your Fear has left you unman'd; heark, more knocking.
Get on your Gown, lest occasions call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your Thoughts.

[*Knock,*

Macb. Disguis'd in Blood, I scarce can find my Way.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking, wou'd thou could'st. [*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Lenox and Macbeth's Servant.

Lenox. You sleep soundly, that so much knocking
Could not wake you.

Serv. Labour by Day causes Rest by Night.

Enter Macduff.

Len. See the Noble *Macduff*!

Good morrow, my Lord, have you observ'd
How great a Mist does now possess the Air?
It makes me Doubt whether't be Day or Night.

Macd. Rising this Morning early, I went to look out of my
Window, and I cou'd scarce see farther than my Breath:
The Darknes of the Night brought but few Objects
To our Eyes, but too many to our Ears.
Strange Claps and creekings of the Doors were heard;
The *Screech-Owl* with his screams seem'd to foretel
Some deed more black than Night.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is the King stirring?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to attend him early;
I have almost slip'd the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to you.

Macb. The Labour we delight in gives Ease to it self.
That Door will bring you to him

Macd. I'll make bold to call; for 'tis my limited Service. [*Ex. Macd.*

Len. Goes the King hence to Day?

Macb. So he designs.

Len.

Len. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down;
And, as they say, terrible groanings were heard i'th' Air:
Strange screams of Death, which seem'd to prophesie
More strange Events, fill'd divers Ears:
Some say the Earth shook.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young Remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror!
Which no Heart can conceive, nor Tongue can utter.

Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Horror has done its worst:
Most sacrilegious Murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' Building.

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

Len. Meaning his Majesty.

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and behold a fight
Enough to turn Spectators into stone.

I cannot speak; see, and then speak your selves:

Ring the Alarum-bell. Awake, awake,

Murder! Treason! *Banquo, Malcolm, and Donalbain,*

Shake off your downy Sleep, Death's counterfeit;

And look on Death it self; up, up, and see,

As from your Graves, rise up, and walk like Spirits

To countenance this horror: Ring the Bell.

[*Ex. Macb. and Len.*]

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. What's the business, that at this dead of night
You alarm us from our rest?

Macd. O, Madam!

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition in a Woman's ear

Would do another Murder.

Enter Banquo.

Oh *Banquo, Banquo*, our Royal Master's murder'd!

La. Macb. Ah me! in our house?

Banq. The deed's too cruel any where. *Macduff,*

Oh, that you could but contradict your self,

And say it is not true.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing in it worth a good Man's care;
All is but toys, Renown and Grace are dead.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donal. What is amiss?

Mach. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stop'd; the very Source of it is stop'd

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Malc. Murder'd! by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all stain'd with Blood:
So were their Daggers, which we found unwip'd,
Upon their Pillows. Why was the Life of one,
So much above the best of Men, entrusted
To the Hands of two, so much below
The worst of Beasts.

Mach. Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd 'em.

Macd. Why did you so?

Mach. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together;
Loyal and neutral in a Moment? no Man.
Th' Expedition of my violent Love
Out-ran my pausing Reason: I saw *Duncan*,
Whose gaping Wounds look'd like a Breach in Nature,
Where ruin enter'd there. I saw the Murderers
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers,
Being yet unwip'd, seem'd to own the Deed,
And call for Vengeance; who could then refrain,
That had an Heart to love; and in that Heart
Courage to manifest his Affection.

La Mach. Oh, oh, oh.

[*Faints.*]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Malc. Why are we silent now, that have so large
An Argument for Sorrow?

Donal. What should be spoken here, where our Fate may rush
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay
Hid in some Corner, make our Death succeed
The Ruin of our Father, e'er we are aware.

Macd. I find this Place too publick for true Sorrow:
Let us retire, and mourn: But first,
Guarded by Virtue, I'm resolv'd to find
The utmost of this Business.

Banq. And I.

Mach. And all.

Let all of us take manly Resolution;
And two Hours hence meet together in the Hall
To question this most bloody Fact.

Banq. We shall be ready, Sir.

[*Ex. all but Malc. and Donal.*]

Malc. What will you do?

Let's not comfort with them:
To shew an unfelt-Sorrow, is an Office
Which false Men do with ease.

I'll to *England*.

Donal. To *Ireland* I'm resolv'd to steer my Course;
Our separated Fortune may protect our Persons.
Where we are, Daggers lie hid under Mens Smiles,
And the nearer some Men are allied to our Blood,
The more, I fear, they seek to shed it.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the Aim: then let's to horse,
And use no Ceremony in taking leave of any.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Seaton. I can remember well,
Within the Compass of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this one Night
Has made that Knowledge void.

Len. Thou seest the Heav'ns, as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten'd this bloody Day: by th'Hour 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night does cover all the Sky,
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's shame,
Makes Darknes thus usurp the place of Light.

Seat. 'Tis strange and unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done; on *Tuesday* last,
A *Faulcon* tarring in her height of Pride,
Was by a mousing *Owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Len. And *Duncan's* Horses, which before were tame,
Did on a sudden change their gentle Natures,
And became wild; they broke out of their Stables,
As if they would make war with Mankind.

Seat. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Len. They did so,
To th' Amazement of those Eyes that saw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*:
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain, are most suspected.

Len. Alas, what good could they pretend?

Macd. It is suppos'd they were suborn'd.

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stoln away from Court,
Which puts upon them Suspicion of the Deed.

Len. Unnatural still.

Could their Ambition prompt them to destroy
The Means of their own Life?

Macd. You are free to judge
Of their Deportment as you please; but most

Men think 'em guilty.

Len. Then 'tis most like the Sov'raignty will fall
Upon *Macbeth*.

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

Len. Where's *Duncan's* Body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmehill*,
The sacred Store-house of his Predecessors.

Len. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fyfe*:
My Wife and Children, frighted at the Alarm
Of this sad News, have thither led the way,
And I'll follow them: May the King you go
To see invested, prove as great and good
As *Duncan* was; but I'm in doubt of it.
New Robes ne'er as the old so easie sit.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *An Heath.*

Enter Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant.

La. Macd. Art sure this is the Place my Lord appointed
Us to meet him?

Serv. This is the Entrance o'th' Heath; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the Chariot.

La. Macd. How fondly did my Lord conceive that we
Should shun the Place of danger, by our flight
From *Everness*? The darkness of the Day
Makes the Heath seem the gloomy Walks of Death.
We are in danger still: they who dare here
Trust Providence, may trust it any where.

Maid. But this Place, Madam, is more free from Terror:
Last Night methoughts I heard a dismal Noise
Of Shrieks and Groanings in the Air.

La. Macd. 'Tis true, this is a Place of greater Silence;
Not so much troubled with the Groans of those
That die; nor with the Out-cries of the living.

Maid. Yes, I have heard Stories, how some Men
Have in such lonely Places been affrighted
With dreadful Shapes and Noises

[*Macduff hollows.*]

La. Macd. But heark, my Lord sure hollows;
'Tis he; answer him quickly.

Serv. Illo, ho, ho, ho,

Enter Macduff.

La. Macd. Now I begin to see him: are you afoot,
My Lord?

Macd. Knowing the way to be both short and easie,
And that the Chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our Children?

La. Macd. They are securely sleeping in the Chariot.

First Song by Witches.

1 *Witch.* Speak, Sister, speak; is the deed done?

2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:

Above twelve Glasses since have run.

3 *Witch.* Ill Deeds are seldom slow;

Nor single: Following Crimes on former wait.

The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.

Many more Murders must this one ensue,

As if in Death were Propagation too.

2 *Witch.* He will.

1 *Witch.* He shall.

3 *Witch.* He must spill much more Blood;

And become worse, to make his Title good.

1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.

2 *Witch.* Agreed.

3 *Witch.* Agreed.

4 *Witch.* Agreed.

Chorus. We shou'd rejoyce when good Kings bleed.

When Cattel die, about we go,

What then, when Monarchs perish, should we do?

Macd. What can this be?

La. Macd. This is most strange: but why seem you affraid?

Can you be capable of Fears, who have

So often caus'd it in your Enemies?

Macd. It was an hellish Song: I cannot dread
Ought that is Mortal; but this is something more.

Second Song.

Let's have a Dance upon the Heath;

We gain more Life by Duncan's Death.

Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,

Having no Musick but our mew.

Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,

Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel.

To some old Saw, or Bardish Rhime,

Where still the Mill-Clack does keep Time.

Sometimes about an hollow Tree,

A round, a round, a round dance we.

Thither the chirping Cricket comes,

And Beetle, singing drowsie hums.

Sometimes we dance o'er Fens and Furs,

To Howls of Wolves, and Barks of Curs.

And when with none of those we meet,

We dance to th' Ecchoes of our Feet.

At the Night-Raven's dismal Voice,

Whilst others tremble, we rejoyce;

And nimbly, nimbly dance we still

To th' Ecchoes from an hollow Hill.

Macd.

Macd. I am glad you are not affraid.

La. Macd. I would not willingly to Fear submit:
None can fear ill, but those that merit it.

Macd. Am I made bold by her? how strong a Guard
Is Innocence? If any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Virtue both Courage is, and Safety too.

[*Dance of Witches.*

Enter two Witches.

Macd. These seem foul Spirits; I'll speak to 'em.
If you can any thing by more than Nature know,
You may in these prodigious times foretell
Some ill we may avoid.

1 *Witch.* Saving thy Blood will cause it to be shed;

2 *Witch.* He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 *Witch.* Thy Wife shall, shunning Danger, Dangers find,
And fatal be, to whom she most is kind.

[*Ex. Witches.*

La Macd. Why are you alter'd, Sir? be not so thoughtful:
Messengers of Darkness never spake
To Men, but to deceive them.

Macd. Their Words seem to foretell some dire Predictions.

La Macd. He that believes ill News from such as these,
Deserves to find it true. Their Words are like
Their Shape; nothing but Fiction.
Let's hasten to our Journey.

Macd. I'll take your Counsel; for to permit
Such Thoughts upon our Memories to dwell,
Will make our Minds the Registers of Hell.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. **T**Hou hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the three Sisters promis'd; but I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity;
But that my self should be the Root and Father
Of many Kings; they told thee Truth:
Why, since their Promise was made good to thee,
May they not be my Oracles as well.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Attendants.

Macd. Here's our chief Guest; if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of Musick to our Feast.
To Night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir;
And all request your Presence.

Banq. Your Majesty lays your Command on me,
To which my Duty is to obey.

Macd. Ride you this Afternoon?

Banq. Yes, Royal Sir.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good Advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this Day's Counsel ; but we'll take to Morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the Time
Twixt this and Supper ; and go not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I shall not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland* ; not confessing
Their cruel Parricide ; filling their Hearers
With strange Invention. But, of that to Morrow.
Goes your Son with you ?

Banq. He does ; and our time now calls upon us.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot.
Farewel.

[*Ex.* Banquo.]

Let every Man be Master of his Time ;
Till seven at Night, to make Society
The more welcome ; we will our selves withdraw,
And be alone till Supper.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Macduff departed frowningly, perhaps
He is grown jealous ; he and *Banquo* must
Embrace the same Fate.

Do those Men attend our Pleasure ?

Serv. They do ; and wait without.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Ex.* Servant.]

I am no King till I am safely so.

My Fears stick deep in *Banquo's* Successors ;
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much ;
And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour
To act in Safety. Under him

My Genius is rebuk'd : he chid the Sisters
When first they put the Name of King on me,
And bade them speak to him. Then, Prophet like,
They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings,
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Hand :
Thence to be wrested by anothers race ;
No Son of mine succeeding : If't be so ;
For *Banquo's* Issue, I have stain'd my Soul :
For them, the gracious *Duncan* I have murder'd :
Rather than so, I will attempt yet further,

And

And blot out, by their Blood, what-e'er
Is written of them in the Book of Fate.

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Wait you without, and stay there till we call.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

Was it not Yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murth. It was; so please your Highness.

Macb. And have you since consider'd what I told you?

How it was *Banquo*, who in former Times

Held you so much in Slavery;

Whilst you were guided to suspect my Innocence.

This I made good to you in our last Conference;

How you were born in hand; how cross't:

The Instruments, who wrought with them.

2 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and now let me reason with you.

Do you find your Patience so predominant

In your Nature,

As tamely to remit those Injuries?

Are you so Gospell'd to pray for this good Man,

And for his Issue; whose heavy Hand

Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and beggar'd

Yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue you go for Men;

As Hounds, and Grey-Hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,

Shoughs, Water-Rugs, and Demi-Wolves, are all

Call'd by the name of Dogs: the List of which

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtil,

The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one

According to the Gift which bounteous Nature

Hath bestow'd on him; and so of Men.

Now, if you have a Station in the List,

Nor i'th' worst Rank of Manhood; say't,

And I will put that Business in your Bosoms,

Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your Enemy,

And will endear you to the love of us.

2 Mur. I am one, my Liège,

Whom the vile Blows, and Malice of the Age

Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do

To spight the World.

1 Mur. And I another,

So weary with Disasters, and so inflict'd by Fortune,

That I would set my Life on any Chance,

To mend it, or to lose it.

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

2 Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and though I could

With open Power take him from my Sight,

And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not;
 For certain Friends, that are both his and mine,
 Whose Loves I may not hazard, would ill
 Resent a publick Procefs: and thence it is
 That I do your Assistance crave, to mask
 The Business from the common Eye.

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

1 *Mur.* Though our Lives—

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
 Within this Hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant your selves;
 For it must be done to Night:
 And something from the Palace; always remember'd,
 That you keep Secrecy with the prescribed Father.
Flean his Son too keeps him company,
 Whose Absence is no less material to me
 Than that of *Banquo's*; he too must embrace the Fate
 Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves apart.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my Liege.

Macb. I'll call upon you streight.

[*Ex. Murth.*]

Now, *Banquo*, if thy Soul can in her flight
 Find Heaven, thy Happiness begins to Night.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Macduff, and Lady Macduff.

Macd. It must be so. Great *Duncan's* bloody Death
 Can have no other Author but *Macbeth*.

His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;
 From *Duncan's* Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.

La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody Deed:
 May you be never by Ambition led:
 Forbid it Heav'n, that in Revenge you shou'd
 Follow a Copy that is writ in Blood.

Macd. From *Duncan's* Grave, methinks, I hear a Groan
 That call's aloud for Justice.

La. Macd. If the Throne
 Was by *Macbeth* ill gained, Heav'ns may,
 Without your Sword, sufficient Vengeance pay.
 Usurpers Lives have but a short extent,
 Nothing lives long in a strange Element.

Macd. My Country's Dangers call for my Defence
 Against the bloody Tyrant's Violence

La. Macd. I am afraid you have some other end,
 Than meerly *Scotland's* Freedom to defend.
 You'd raise your self, whilst you wou'd him dethrone;
 And shake his Greatness, to confirm your own.
 That purpose will appear, when rightly scan'd,
 But Usurpation at the second Hand.

Good Sir, recall your Thoughts.

Macd. What if I shou'd

Assume the Scepter for my Country's good?
 Is that an Usurpation? can it be
 Ambition to procure the Liberty
 Of this sad Realm; which does by Treason bleed?
 That which provokes, will justify the Deed.

La. Macd. If the Design should prosper, the Event
 May make us safe, but not you Innocent:
 For whilst, to set our Fellow-Subjects free
 From present Death, or future Slavery,
 You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,
 Defence in them, is an Offence in you;
 That Deed's unlawful though it cost no Blood,
 In which you'll be at best unjustly Good.
 You, by your Pity, which for us you plead,
 Weave but Ambition of a finer Thread.

Macd. Ambition do's the height of Power affect,
 My Aim is not to govern, but protect:
 And he is not ambitious, that declares
 He nothing seeks of Scepters but their Cares.

La. Macd. Can you so patiently your self molest,
 And lose your own, to give your Country Rest!
 In Plagues, what sound Physician wou'd endure
 To be infected for another's Cure.

Macd. If by my Troubles I cou'd yours release,
 My Love wou'd turn those Torments to my Ease;
 I shou'd at once be sick and healthy too,
 Though sickly in my self, yet well in you.

La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,
 Which you by your aspiring wou'd incur.
 From Fortune's Pinnacle you will too late
 Look down, when you are giddy with your Height:
 Whilst you with Fortune play to win a Crown,
 The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.

Macd. In hopes to have the common Ills redrest,
 Who wou'd not venture single Interest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentleman, just now arriv'd
 From Court, has brought a Message from the King.

Macd. One sent from him, can no good Tidings bring?

La. Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?

Macd. Go, I will hear

The News, though it a dismal Accent bear;
 Those who expect and do not fear their Doom,
 May hear a Message though from Hell it come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

La. Macb. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Ser. Yes, Madam, but returns again to Night.

La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leisure
 For a few Words.

[*Exit Ser.*

Where our Desire is got without Content,
 Alas, it is not Gain, but Punishment!
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than by Destruction live in doubtful Joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now my Lord, why do you keep alone?
 Making the worst of Fancy your Companions,
 Conversing with those Thoughts which shou'd have dy'd
 With those they think on: Things without redress
 Shou'd be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it,
 She'll close and be her self, whilst our poor Malice
 Remains in danger of her former Sting.
 But let the Frame of all things be disjoyn't
 E'er we will eat our Bread in Fear, and sleep
 In the Affliction of those horrid Dreams
 That shake us nightly! Better be with him
 Whom we, to gain the Crown, have sent to Peace;
 Than on the Torture of the Mind to lye
 In restless Agony. *Duncan* is dead;
 He, after Life's short Feaver, now sleeps well:
 Treason has done its worst; nor Steel, nor Poison,
 Nor Foreign Force, nor yet Domestick Malice,
 Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, smoothyour rough Brow:
 Be free and merry with your Guests to Night.

Macb. I shall, and so I pray be you; but still
 Remember to apply your self to *Banquo*,
 Present him Kindness with your Eye and Tongue.
 In how unsafe a Posture are our Honour
 That we must have recourse to Flattery,
 And make our Faces Vizors to our Hearts?

La. Macb. You must leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my Mind? Dear Wife
 Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Flean* lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's Comfort yet in that.

Macb. Be merry then, for e'er the *Bat* has flown
 His Cloyster'd flight; e'er to black *Heccate's* Summons,
 The sharp brow'd Beetle with his drowsie hums,
 Has rung Night's second Peal;
 There shall be done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,
 Till thou applaud the Deed. Come, dismal Night,
 Close up the eye of the quick-sighted Day
 With thy invisible and bloody Hand.
 The Crow makes wing to the thick shady Grove,
 Good things of Day grow dark and overcast,

Whilst Night's black Agents to their Preys make haste,
Thou wonder'st at my Language, wonder still,
Things ill begun, strengthen themselves by ill.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* The time is almost come,
The *West* yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now the benighted Traveller spurs on,
To gain the timely Inn.

2 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horses, and saw some Body alight
At the Park-gate.

3 *Mur.* Then tis he; the rest
That are expected are i'th' Court already.

1 *Mur.* His Horses go about almost a Mile,
And Men from hence to th' *Palace* make it their usual Walk. [Ex.]

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banquo. It will be Rain to night.

Flean. We must make haste.

Banq. Our haste concerns us more than being wet.
The King expects me at his Feast to Night,
To which he did invite me with a Kindness,
Greater than he was wont to express. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Murderers with drawn Swords.

1 *Mur.* *Banquo*, thou little think'st what bloody Feast
Is now preparing for thee.

2 *Mur.* Nor to what Shades the darkness of this night
Shall lead thy wondring Spirit. [Exeunt after Banquo.]

[Clashing of Swords is heard from within.]

Re-enter Flean pursued by one of the Murderers.

Flean Murther, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [Exe. running.]

SCENE opens, a Banquet prepar'd.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth Seaton, Lenox, Lords, Attendants.

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down.

Seat. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will keep you Company,
And play the humble Host to entertain you:
Our Lady keeps her State; but you shall have her welcome too.

La. Macb. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. Both sides are even; be free in Mirth, anon
We'll drink a measure about the Table.

There's Blood upon thy Face. [To the Murderer.]

Mur. Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. Is he dispatch'd?

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

Macb. Thou art the best of Cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for *Flean*.

Mur. Most Royal Sir he 'scap'd.

Macb.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again, I had else been perfect,
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock!
As unconfin'd as the free spreading Air.
But now I'm check'd with sawcy Doubts and Fears,
But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping Wounds upon his Head,
The least of which was mortal.

Macb. There the ground Serpent lies; the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.
Though at present it wants a Sting, to morrow,
To morrow you shall hear further. [Exit *Mur.*]

La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,
The Sauce to Meat is Chearfulness.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Let good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May it please your Highness to sit.

Macb. Had we but here our Country's Honour;
Were the grac'd Person of our *Banquo* present,
Whom we may justly challenge for Unkindness.

Seat. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise; please your Highness
To grace us with your Company?

Macb. Yes I'll sit down. The Table's full.

Len. Here is a Place reserv'd, Sir:

Macb. Where, Sir?

Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. Done what?

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

Seat. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

La. Macb. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his Youth: Pray keep your Seats,
The fit is ever sudden, if you take notice of it,
You shall offend him, and provoke his passion;
In a moment he'll be well again.

Are you a Man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on that
Which wou'd distract the Devil.

La. Macb. O proper stuff:
This is the very painting of our fear:
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O these Fits and Starts,
(Impostors to true Fear) wou'd well become
A Woman's story, authoriz'd by her Grandam;
Why do you stare thus? when all's done
You look but on a Chair.

Macb. Prethee see there, how say you now!
Why, what care I, if thou canst nod; speak too.
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of Kites.

La. Macb. What, quite unman'd in Folly? [The Ghost descends.

Macb. If I stand here, I saw it.

La. Macb. Fye for Shame.

Macb. Tis not the first of Murders; Blood was shed
E'er human Law decreed it for a Sin.

Ay, and since Murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for th' Ear. The times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the Man wou'd dye,
And there lye still; but now they rise again,
And thrust us from our Seats.

La Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. Wonder not at me, my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange Infirmary; tis nothing
To those that know me. Give me some Wine,
Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss,
Wou'd he were: to all, and him, we drink.

Lords. Our Duties are to pledge it. [The Ghost of Banq. rises at his feet.

Macb. Let the Earth hide thee; thy Blood is cold,
Thou hast no use now of thy glaring Eyes.

La. Macb. Think of this, good my Lords, but as a thing
Of Custom; 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the Pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man can dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The Arm'd *Rhinoceros*, or the *Hircanian* Tigre:
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble; Or revive a while,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword,
If any Sinew shrink, proclaim me then
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow.
So, now I am a Man again: pray you sit still.

[Ex. Ghost.

La. Macb. You have disturb'd the Mirth;
Broke the glad Meeting with your wild Disorder.

Macb. Can such things be without Astonishment?
You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such Sights,
And keep the Natural Colour of your Cheeks,
Whilst mine grew pale with Fear.

Seat. What Sights?

La. Macb. I pray you speak not, he'll grow worse and worse;

Questions enrage him: At once good night ;
Stand not upon the Order of your going.

Len. Good night, and better Health attend his Majesty.

La. Macb. A kind good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. It will have Blood, they say. Blood will have Blood.
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak.

Augures well read in Languages of Birds,
By *Mazpyes*, *Rooks* and *Dawes*, have reveal'd
The secret Murther. How goes the Night?

La. Macb. Almost at odds with Morning, which is which.

Macb. Why did *Macduff*, after a solemn Invitation,
Deny his Presence at our Feast?

La. Macb. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I did; but I'll send again:
There's not one great *Thane* in all *Scotland*,
But in his House I keep a Servant:
He and *Banquo* must embrace the same Fate.
I will to morrow to the *Weyward Sisters*,
They shall tell me more; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst Means, the worst that can befall me:
All Causes shall give way; I am in Blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as bad, as to go o're.

La. Macb. You lack the season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Well, I'll in
And rest; if sleeping I repose can have,
When the Dead rise, and want it in the Grave. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macduff and his Lady.

La. Macd. Are you resolv'd then to be gone?

Macd. I am:
I know my Answer cannot but inflame
The Tyrant's fury to pronounce my Death,
My Life will soon be blasted by his Breath.

La. Macd. But why so far as *England* must you fly?

Macd. The farthest part of *Scotland* is too nigh.

La. Macd. Can you leave me, your Daughter and young Son,
To perish by that Tempest which you shun?
When Birds of stronger Wing are fled away,
The Rav'nous *Kite* do's on the weaker prey.

Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be
Possess'd with such unmanly Cruelty:
You will your Safety to your Weakness owe,
As Grass escapes the Scyth by being low.
Together we shall be too slow to fly:
Single we may outride the Enemy.
I'll from the *English* King such Succours crave,
As shall revenge the Dead, and Living save.

My greater Misery is to remove
With all the wings of haste from what I love.

La. Macd. If to be gone seems Misery to you,
Good Sir, let us be miserable too.

Macd. Your Sex, which here is your security,
Will by the toys of flight your Danger be. [Enter Messenger.]
What fatal News do's bring thee out of breath?

Mess. Sir, *Banquo's* kill'd.

Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.
Farewell; our Safety, Us, a while must sever:

La. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.

Macd. Flying from Death, I am to Life unkind,
For leaving you, I leave my Life behind. [Exit.]

La. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find, now thou art gone,
I am more Valiant when unsafe alone.

My Heart feels Manhood, it does Death despise,
Yet I am still a Woman in my eyes.

And of my Tears thy Absence is the cause,
So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further; Only I say
Things have been strangely carry'd.

Duncan was pity'd, but he first was dead.
And the right Valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late:
Men must not walk so late: Who can want Sense
To know how monstrous it was in Nature,
For *Malcolme* and *Donalbain*, to kill
Their Royal Father; horrid Fact! how did
It grieve *Macbeth*, did he not straightl,
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents kill
That were the slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep.
Was not that nobly done?

Seat. Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal Heart
To hear the Men deny it.

Len. So that I say he has born all things well:
And I do think that had he *Duncan's* Sons
Under his power (as may please Heav'n he shall not)
They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.
So shou'd *Flean*: But peace; I hear *Macduffe*
Deny'd his Presence at the Feast: For which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himself?

Seat. I hear that *Malcolme* lives i'th' *English* Court,
And is receiv'd of the most Pious *Edward*,
With such Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune
Take nothing from his high Respect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's

Kind Aid, to wake *Northumberland*
And Warlike *Scyward*, and by the help of these,
To finish what they have so well begun.

This Report

Do's so exasperate the King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Scar. He did, his absolute Command.

Len. Some Angel fly to th' *English* Court, and tell
His Message e'er he come; that some quick Blessing
To this afflicted Country may arrive,
Whilst those that merit it are yet alive.

[*Exeunt.*]

Thunder, Enter three Witches meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* How, *Hecate*, you look angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason, *Beldams*?

Why did you all Traffick with *Macbeth*
'Bout Riddles and Affairs of Death,
And call'd not me? All you have done
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:
Make some amends now; get you gone,
And at the Pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i'th' Morning: Thither he
Will come to know his Destiny.

Dire business will be wrought e'er Noon,
For on a corner of the Moon

A drop my Spectacles have found,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground;
And that, distill'd, shall yet e'er night
Raise from the Center such a Spright,
As, by the strength of his Illusion,
Shall draw *Macbeth* to his Confusion

Musick and Song.

H*ecate, Hecate, Hecate!* Oh come away:

Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within.

[*Machine descends.*]

Come away *Hecate, Hecate!* Oh come away:

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.

Where's *Stadling*?

2 *Witch.* Here.

Hec. Where's *Puckle*?

3 *Witch.* Here, and *Hopper* too, and *Helway* too.

1 *Witch.* We want but you, we want but you:

Come away, make up the Count.

Hec. I will but Noint, and then I mount,
I will but, &c.

1 *Witch.* Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiss,
A Cull, a sip of Blood.
And why thou staist so long, I muse,
Since th' Air's so sweet and good.

2 *Witch.* O art thou come; What News?
All goes fair for our Delight,
Either come, or else refuse,
Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.
Now I go, and now I fly,
Making, my sweet Spirit, and I.

3 *Witch.* O what a dainty Pleasure's this,
To sail i'th' Air
While the Moon shines fair;
To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiss,
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;
Over Hills, and misty Fountains;
Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets;
We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.
No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,
No howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;
No, nor the noise of Waters breach,
Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.

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

2 *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy Air,
Let's to the Cave, and our dire Charms prepare.

ACT V. SCENE I.

1 *Witch.* **T**HRI**C**E the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the Hede-Pig whin'd,
Shutting his Eyes against the Wind.

3 *Witch.* *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Then round about the Cauldron go,
And poison'd Entrails throw.
This Toad, which under Mossy Stone
Has days and nights lain thirty one,
And swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
We'l boyl in the Inchanted Pot.

All. Double double, toyl and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* The Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
Of Scuttle Fish the vomit black,

The Eye of New't, and Toe of Frog,
 The Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog.
 An Adder's Fork, and blind Worm's Sting,
 A Lizzard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
 Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, &c.

3 *Witch.* The Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
 A Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulf
 Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,
 The root of Hemlock digg'd i'th' dark.
 The Liver of blaspheming *Jew*,
 With gall of Goats, and slips of Yew,
 Pluckt when the *Moon* was in Eclipse,
 With a *Turk's* Nose, and *Tartar's* Lips
 The Finger of a strangl'd Babe
 Born of a Ditch-deliver'd Drab,
 Shall make the Greuel thick and slab,
 Adding thereto a fat *Dutchman's* Chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, &c.

2 *Witch.* I'll cool it with a Babboon's Blood,
 And so the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccate and the other three Witches.

Hec. Oh well done, I commend your Pains,
 And every one shall share the Gains.
 And now about the Cauldron sing,
 Like Elves and Fairies in a ring.

Musick and Song.

Hec. **B**lack Spirits, and white,
 Red Spirits and gray;
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.

1 *Witch.* *Tiffin, Tiffin*, keep it stiff in,
 Fire drake *Puckey*, make it lucky:
 Lye *Robin*, you must bob in.

Chor. A round, a round, about, about,
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 *Witch.* Here's the Blood of a Bat!

Hec. O put in that, put in that.

2 *Witch.* Here's Lizards Brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

1 *Witch.* Here's Juice of Toad, here's Oyl of Adder
 That will make the Charm grow madder.

2. *Witch.* Put in all these, 'twill raise the stanch;

Hec. Nay here's three ounces of a red-hair'd *Wench*.

Chor. A round, a round, &c.

2 *Witch.* I, by the pricking of my Thumbs,
Know something Wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black and midnight Hags,
What are you doing?

All. A Deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess,
How e'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you let loose the raging Winds to shake whole Towns,
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Though Castles tumble on their Warders heads;
Though Palaces and towering Pyramids
Are swallowed up in Earth-quakes; Answer me.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Pronounce.

3 *Witch.* Demand.

4 *Witch.* I'll answer thee.

Macb. What Destiny's appointed for my Fate?

Hec. Thou double *Thane* and King, beware *Macduff*:
Avoiding him, *Macbeth* is safe enough.

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy kind Caution, Thanks.

Hec. Be bold and bloody, and Man's Hatred scorn,
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of Women born.

Macb. Then live *Macduff*; what need I fear thy Power:
But none can be too sure, thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of Thunder.

Hec. Be Confident, be Proud, and take no care
Who wages War, or where Conspirers are,
Macbeth shall like a lucky Monarch Reign,
Till *Birnam* Wood shall come to *Dunsinain*.

Macb. Can Forests move? the Prophecy is good,
If I shall never fall till the great Wood
Of *Birnam* rise; thou mayst presume, *Macbeth*,
To live out Nature's Lease, and pay thy Breath
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Longs for more Knowledge: Tell me, if your Art
Extends so far, shall *Banquo's* Issue o'er
This Kingdom reign?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will not be deny'd. Ha!

[*Cauldron sinks.*]

An eternal Curse fall on you: let me know
Why sinks that Cauldron, and what noise is this.

1 *Witch.* Appear. 2. Appear. 3. Appear.
Wound, through his Eyes, his harden'd Heart,
Like Shadows come, and strait depart.

[*A Shadow of eight Kings, and Banquo's Ghost after them, pass by.*

Macb.

Macb. Thy Crown offends my sight. A second too like the first:
A third resembles him: a fourth too like the former:
Ye filthy Hags, will they succeed
Each other still till Dooms-day?

Another yet; a seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears.

Hal the bloody *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And by his smiling on me, seems to say
That they are all Successors of his Race.

Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is so: but why,
Macbeth, stand'st thou amazedly:
Come Sisters, let us cheer his heart,
And shew the pleasures of our Art;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your Antick Round.

—[*Musick. The Witches Dance and Vanish. The Cave sinks.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour stand
Accurs'd to all Eternity. Without there.

Enter Seaton

Seat. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wayward Sisters?

Seat. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Seat. By me, Sir?

Macb. Infected be the Earth in which they sunk,
And Damn'd all those that trust 'em. Just now
I heard the galloping of Horse; who was't came by?

Seat. A Messenger from the *English* Court, who
Brings word *Macduff* is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Seat. Ay my Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st all my Designs.
Our Purposes seldom succeed, unless
Our Deeds go with them.
My Thoughts shall henceforth into Actions rise,
The Witches made me cruel, but not wise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macduff's Wife and Lenox.

La. Macd. I then was frighted with the sad Alarm
Of *Banquo's* Death, when I did counsel him
To fly; but now, alas! I much repent it.
What had he done to leave the Land? *Macbeth*
Did know him Innocent.

Len. You must have Patience, Madam.

La. Macd. He had none.
His Flight was Madness. When our Actions do not,
Our Fears oft make us Traitors.

Len. You know not whether it was his Wisdom or his Fear.

La. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place

The most diminutive of Birds, will with
The Ravenous Owl, fight stoutly for her young ones.

Len. Your Husband, Madam,
Is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the Times; when we are Traitors,
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor,
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent Sea.
Each way, and more, I take my way of you:
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before. Heav'n protect you.

La. Macd. Farewell Sir.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. Madam, a Gentleman in haste desires
To speak with you.

La. Macd. A Gentleman, admit him.

Enter Seyton,

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The Lord *Macduff*, which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you, be not found here,
Fly with your little one; Heav'n preserve you,
I dare stay no longer.

[*Exit Seyton.*]

La. Macd. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?
I've done no harm; But I remember now
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often prosperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly; why do I then
Make use of this so womanly defence?
Till boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:
What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Macd. In these close Shades of Birnam Wood let us
Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Malc. You'll think my Fortunes desperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your Summons.

Macd. You should now
Take Arms to serve your Country. Each new day
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and still
Changes of sorrow reach attentive Heav'n.

Malc. This Tyrant, whose foul Name blisters our Tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have lov'd him well.
He has not toucht you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

And yet *Macduff* may be what I did always think him,
Just and good.

Macd. I've lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perhaps even there where I did find my Doubts ;
But let not Jealousies be your Dishonours,
But my own Safeties.

Macd. Bleed, Bleed, poor Country.
Great Tyranny, lay thy Foundation sure,
Villains are safe when good Men are suspected.
I'll say no more. Fare thee well young Prince,
I would not be that Traitor which thou think'st me
For twice *Macbeth's* Reward of Treachery.

Malc. Be not offended :

I speak not as in absolute fear of you :
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withall
That many hands would in my Cause be active.
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly Thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword, yet my poor Country
Will suffer under greater Tyranny
Than what it suffers now.

Macd. It cannot be.

Malc. Alas I find my Nature so inclin'd
To Vice, that foul *Macbeth*, when I shall rule,
Will seem as white as Snow.

Macd. There cannot in all ransackt Hell be found
A Devil equal to *Macbeth*.

Malc. I grant him bloody, false, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in some Sins too horrid to name ;
But there's no Bottom, no depths in my ill Appetite,
If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. O *Scotland, Scotland*, when shalt thou see day again ?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
Disclaims his Virtue, to avoid the Crown ?
Your Royal Father
Was a most Saint-like King ; the Queen that bore you,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banisht me from *Scotland*. O my breast !
Thy hope ends here.

Malc. *Macduff*, this Noble Passion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good Truth and Honour. *Macbeth*

By many of these Trains hath sought to win me
 Into his Power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste. But now
 I put my self to thy Direction, and
 Unspeak mine own Detraction. I abjure
 The Taunts and Blames I laid upon my self,
 For Strangers to my Nature. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poor Country's to command.
 The Gracious *Edward* has lent us *Seymour*,
 And ten thousand Men. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 Are Subjects for my Wonder, not my Speech;
 My Grief and Joy contesting in my Bosom,
 I find that I can scarce my Tongue command.
 When two Streams meet the Water's at a stand.

Malc. Assistance granted by that pious King
 Must be successful; he who by his touch
 Can cure our Bodies of a foul Disease,
 Can by just Force subdue a Traitor's Mind;
 Power supernatural is unconfin'd.

Macd. If his Compassion does on Men Diseas'd
 Effect such Cures; what Wonders will he do,
 When to Compassion he adds Justice too?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macbeth and Seaton.

Macb. *Seaton*, go bid the Army march.

Seat. The posture of Affairs requires your Presence.

Macb. But the Indisposition of my Wife
 Detains me here.

Seat. Th' Enemy is upon our Borders, *Scotland's* in danger.

Macb. So is my Wife, and I am doubly so.
 I am sick in her, and my Kingdom too.

Seaton.

Seat. Sir

Macb. The Spur of my Ambition prompts me to go
 And make my Kingdom safe; but Love, which softens me
 To pity her in her distress, curbs my Resolves.

Seat. He's strangely disorder'd

Macb. Yet why should Love, since confin'd, desire
 To controul Ambition, for whose spreading hopes
 The World's too narrow: It shall not. Great Fires
 Put out the Less. *Seaton*, go bid my Grooms
 Make ready; I'll not delay my going.

Seat. I go.

Macb. Stay *Seaton*, stay, Compassion calls me back.

Seaton. He looks and moves disorderly.

Macb. I'll not go yet.

Seat. Well Sir.

Macb. Is the Queen asleep?

{ *Enter a Servant who*
 { *whispers Macbeth.*

Seal. What makes 'em whisper, and his Countenance change?
Perhaps some new Design has had ill Successe.

Macb. Sealon, go see what posture our Affairs are in.

Seal. I shall, and give you notice, Sir.

[Exit Seal.]

Enter Lady Macbeth

Macb. How does my Gentle Love?

La. Macb. Duncan is dead.

Macb. No words of that.

La. Macb. And yet to me he lives.

His fatal Ghost is now my Shadow, and pursues me
Where-e'er I go.

Macb. It cannot be, my Dear,
Your Fears have mis-inform'd your Eyes.

La. Macb. See there; Believe your own.

Why do you follow me? I did not do it.

Macb. Methinks there's nothing.

La. Macb. If you have Valour force him hence.

Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look strangely.

Macb. 'Tis the strange Error of your Eyes.

La. Macb. But the strange Error of my Eyes
Proceeds from the strange Action of your Hands.

Distraction does by fits possess my Head,

Because a Crown unjustly covers it.

I stand so high that I am giddy grown.

A Mist does cover me, as Clouds the tops

Of Hills. Let us get down apace.

Macb. If by your high Ascent you giddy grow,
'Tis when you cast your Eyes on things belo w.

La. Macb. You may in Peace resign the ill-gain'd Crown.

Why should you labour still to be unjust?

There has been too much Blood already spilt:

Make not the Subjects Victims to your Guilt.

Macb. Can you think that a Crime, which you did once
Provoke me to commit? had not your Breath

Blown my Ambition up into a Flame,

Duncan had yet been living.

La. Macb. You were a Man,

And by the Charter of your Sex you shou'd
Have govern'd me; there was more Crime in you

When you obey'd my Counsels, than I contracted

By my giving it. Resign your Kingdom now,

And with your Crown put off your Guilt.

Macb. Resign the Crown, and with it both our Lives.
I must have better Counsellors.

La. Macb. What, your Witches?

Curse on your Messengers of Hell. Their Breath

Infect'd first my Breast: See me no more.
 As King your Crown sits heavy on your Head,
 But heavier on my Heart: I have had too much
 Of Kings already. See the Ghost again.

[Ghost appears.]

Macb. Now she relapses.

La. Macb. Speak to him, if thou canst.

Thou look'st on me, and shew'st thy wounded Breast.
 Shew it the Murderer.

Macb. Within there, Ho.

[Enter Women.]

La. Macb. Am I ta'ne Prisoner? then the Battel's lost:

[Exit Lady Macbeth led out by Women.]

Macb. She does from *Duncan's* Death to sickness grieve,
 And shall from *Malcom's* Death her Health receive.

When by a Viper bitten, nothing's good
 To cure the Venom but a Viper's Blood.

Enter Malcom, Macduff; and Lenox Meeting them.

Macd. See who comes here!

Malc. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever Gentle Cousin! Welcome.

Malc. I know him now.

Kind Heav'n remove the Means that makes us Strangers.

Len. Amen.

Macd. What Looks does *Scotland* bear?

Len. Alas poor Country, almost afraid to know it self.

It can't be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile?

Where Sighs, and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air,

Are made, not mark'd, where violent Sorrow seems

A modern Extasie: there Bells

Are always ringing, and no Man asks for whom;

There good Mens Lives expire e'er they sicken.

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

Malc. What's the newest Grief?

Len. That of an hour's age is out of date,
 Each Minute brings a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Len. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Len. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not quarrell'd at their peace?

Len. No, they were well at Peace when I left 'em.

Macd. Be not so sparing of your Speech. How goes't?

Len. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
 Of many Worthy Men that rose into a head,

Which

Which was to my Belief witness the rather,
 For that I saw the Tyrant's Power afoot.
 Now is the time of help; your Eye in *Scotland*
 Would create Soldiers, and make Women fight.

Malc. Be't their Comfort,

We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
 Lent us good *Seymour*, and ten thousand Men.

Len. Wou'd I cou'd answer this Comfort with the like;

But I have words,
 That should be utter'd in the desert Air,
 Where nō Man's Ear should hear 'em.

Macd. What concern they? the general cause,
 Or is't a Grief due to some single breast?

Len. All-honest Minds must share in't;

But the main part pertains to you.

Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me.

Len. Let not your Ears condemn my Tongue forever,
 When they shall possess them with the heaviest Sound
 That ever yet they heard,

Macd. At once I guess, yet am afraid to know.

Len. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Children
 Savagely Murder'd: to relate the Manner,
 Were to increase the Butchery of them,
 By adding to their fall the Death of You.

Malc. Merciful Heaven! Noble *Macduff*
 Give Sorrow words; the Grief that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'er-charg'd Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

Len. Your Wife, and both your Children.

Macd. And I not with them dead? Both, both my Children
 Did you say; my Two?

Len. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted;
 Let's make us Cordials of our great Revenges,
 To cure this deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children, nor can he feel
 A Father's Grief: Did you say all my Children?
 Oh hellish ravenous Kite! all three at one swoop!

Malc. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall.

But I must first too feel it as a Man.
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 And were most precious to me: Did Heav'n look on,
 And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
 They were all struck for thee; for thee they fell:
 Not for their own Offences; but for thine.

Malc. Let this give Edges to our Swords; let your Tears
Become Oyl to our kindled Rage.

Macd. Oh I could play the Woman with my Eyes,
And brag on't with my Tongue; kind Heav'n, bring this
Dire Friend of *Scotland*, and my self face to face,
And set him within the reach of my keen Sword;
And if he outlives that hour, may Heav'n, forgive
His Sins, and punish me for his escape.

Malc. Let's hasten to the Army, since *Macbeth*
Is ripe for fall.

Macd. Heav'n give our quarrel but as good Success
As it hath Justice in't: Kind Powers above
Grant Peace to us, whilst we take his away;
The Night is long that never finds a Day.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Seaton, and a Lady.

Lady. I Have seen her rise from her Bed, throw
Her Night-Gown on her, unlock her Closet,
Take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it,
Afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed,
Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Seat. 'Tis strange she should receive the Benefit
Of Sleep, and do the Effects of waking.
In this disorder what at any time have
You heard her say?

Lady. That, Sir, which I will not report of her.

Seat. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you shou'd.

Lady. Neither to you, nor any one living;
Having no witness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Seat here she comes: Observe her, and stand close.

Seat. You see her Eyes are open.

La. Ay, but her Sense is shut.

Seat. What is't she does now? look how she rubs her Hands

Lady. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem
Thus washing her Hands, I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

La. Macb. Yet out, out, here's a Spot.

Seat. Hark, she speaks.

La. Macb. Out, out, out I say. One, two: Nay then
'Tis time to do't: Fy my Lord, fy, a Soldier,

And

And affraid What need we fear who knows it?
There's none dares call our Power to account:
Yet who would have thought the old Man had
So much Blood in him.

Seat. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. Macduff had once a Wife; where is she now?
Will these Hands ne'er be clean? Fy my Lord,
You spoil all with this starting: Yet here's
A smell of Blood; not all the Perfumes of *Arabia*
Will sweeten this little Hand. Oh, Oh, Oh.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Donalbain and Flean, met by Lenox.

Len. Is not that *Donalbain*, and young *Flean*, *Banquo's* Son.

Don. Who is this my worthy Friend?

Len. I by your Presence feel my hopes full blown,
Which hitherto have been but in the Bud.
What happy gale has brought you here to see,
Your Father's Death reveng'd?

Don. Hearing of Aid sent by the *English* King,
To check the Tyrant's Insolence; I am come
From *Ireland*:

Flean. And I from *France*; we are but newly met.

Don. Where's my Brother?

Len. He and the good *Macduff* are with the Army
Behind the Wood.

Don. What do's the Tyrant now?

Len. He strongly Fortifies in *Dunsinane*;
Some say he is Mad, others, who Love him less,
Call it a Valiant Fury; but whate'er
The matter is, there is a Civil War
Within his Bosom; and he finds his Crown
Sit loose about him: His Power grows less,
His Fear grows greater still.

Don. Let's haste and meet my Brother,
My Interest is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.

Len. So may you both out-grow unlucky Chance,
And may the Tyrant's Fall that Groath advance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Seaton, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports: Let 'em flie all.
Till *Byrnam* Wood remove to *Dunsinane*

I cannot fear. What's the Boy *Malcom*? What
Are all the *English*? Are they not of Women
Born? And t'all such I am Invincible.

Then flie false *Thanes*,

By your Revolt you have inflam'd my Rage,
And now have borrowed *English* Blood to quench it.

Enter a Messenger.

Now Friend, what means thy change of Countenance?

Mess. There are Ten Thousand, Sir.

Macb. What, Ghosts?

Mess. No, Armed men.

Macb. But such as shall be Ghosts e'er it be Night
Art thou turn'd Coward too, since I made thee Captain:
Go Blush away thy Paleness, I am sure
Thy Hands are of another Colour; thou hast Hands
Of Blood, but Looks of Milk.

Mess. The *English* Force, so please you——

Macb. Take thy Face hence.

He has Infected me with Fear:

I am sure to die by none of Wo man born,
And yet the *English* Drums beat an Alarm,
As fatal to my Life as are the Crokes
Of Ravens, when they Flutter about the Windows
Of departing Men.

My Hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear:
My Subjects cry out Curses on my Name,
Which like a North-wind seem to blast my Hopes.

Seat. That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Blood,

Enter Second Messenger.

What News more?

Mess. All's confirm'd, my Leige, that was Reported.

Macb. And my Resolves, in spite of Fate, shall be as firmly.
Send out more Horse; and scour the Country round.
How do's my Wife?

Seat. Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled
With disturbing Fancies, that keep her from her Rest.

Macb. And I, methinks, am sick of her Disease:
Seaton send out; Captain, the *Thanes* flie from thee:
Wou'd she were well, I'd quickly win the Field.
Stay *Seaton*, stay, I'll bear you company.
The *English* cannot long maintain the Fight;
They come not here to Kill, but to be Slain;
Send out our Scouts.

Seat. Sir, I am gone.

Aside] Not to Obey your Orders, but the Call of Justice.
I'll to the *English* Train, whose Hopes are built

Upon their Cause, and not on Witches Prophecies.

[Exit.

Macb. Poor *Thanes*, you vainly hope for Victory:
You'll find *Macbeth* Invincible; or if
He can be O'come, it must be then
By *Birnam* Oaks, and not by *English* Men.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Malcom, Donalbain, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox,
Flean, and Soldiers.

Malc. The Sun shall see us drain the Tyrant's Blood,
And dry up *Scotland's* Tears: How much we are
Oblig'd to *England*, which like a kind Neighbour
Lifts us up, when we were Fall'n below,
Our own Recovery.

Seym. What Wood is this before us?

Malc. The Wood of *Birnam*.

Seym. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him: by that we may
Keep the Number of our Force undiscover'd
By the Enemy.

Malc. It shall be done. We Learn no more than that
The Confident Tyrant keeps still in *Dunsinane*,
And will endure a Seige.

He is of late grown Conscious of his Guilt,
Which makes him make that City his Place of Refuge.

Macd. He'll find even there but little Safety;
His very Subjects will against him rise.
So Travellers fly to an Aged Barn
For Shelter from the Rain; when the next Shock
Of Wind throws down that Roof upon their Heads,
From which they hop'd for Succour.

Len. The wretched Kernes, which now like Boughs are ty'd
To forc'd Obedience, will, when our Swords
Have cut those Bonds, start from Obedience.

Malc. May the Event make good our Guess

Macd. It must, unless our Resolutions fail;
They'll kindle, Sir, their just Revenge at ours:
Which double Flame will Singe the Wings of all
The Tyrant's hopes; depriv'd of those Supports,
He'll quickly Fall.

Seym. Let's all retire to our Commnads; our Breath
Spent in Discourse does but defer his Death,
And but delays our Vengeance.

Macd. Come let's go;
The swiftest haste is for Revenge too slow,

[Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Macbeth, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our Banners proudly o'er the Wall,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castle's strength
Will laugh a Siege to Scorn: Here let them lie
Till Famine eat them up: Had *Seaton* still
Been ours, and others who now increase the Number
Of our Enemies, we might have met 'em
Face to Face.

[*Noise within.*]

What Noise is that?

Ser. It seems the Cry of Women. ;

Macb. I have almost forgot the Taste of Fears,
The time has been that Dangers have been my Familiars.
Wherefore was that Cry?

Ser. Great Sir, the Queen is Dead.

Macb. She should have Dy'd hereafter,
I brought Her here, to see my Victimes, not to Diet.
To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from Day to Day.
To the last Minute of Recorded Time:
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their Eternal Homes: Out, out, that Candle;
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player
That stunts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy Tongue: Thy Story quickly.

Mess. Let my Eyes speak what they have seen,
For my Tongue cannot.

Macb. Thy Eyes speak Terror, let thy Tongue expound
Their Language, or be for ever dumb.

Mess. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,
I look'd towards *Birnam*, and anon methoughts
The Wood began to move:

Macb. Lyar and Slave.

Mess. Let me endure your Wrath if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false, I'll send thy Soul
To th' other World to meet with moving Woods
And walking Forests;
There to possess what it but dreamt of here.
If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou do'st
The same for me. I now begin
To doubt th' Equivocation of the Fiends;
They bid me not to fear 'till *Birnam* Wood

Should come to *Dunfinane*: And now a Wood
Is on its March this way; Arm, Arm.
Since thus a Wood do's in a March appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the Sun,
And wish the World's great Glass of Life were run.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Malcome, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Fleance, Seaton, Donalbain,
and their Army with Boughs.*

Malc. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your Leafie Screens,
And shew like those you are. You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Brother and the Noble *Lenox*,
March in the Van; whilst Valiant *Seymour*
And my self make up the Gros of the Army,
And follow you with speed.

Sey. Fare well; the Monster has forsook his Hold, and comes
To offer Battel.

Macd. Let him come on; his Title now
Sits loose about him, like a Giant's Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 'Tis too Ignoble, and too base to flie;
Who's he that is not of a Woman Born?
For such a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter Lenox.

Len. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee. Have I found thee here?
Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* mayst thou owe thy just
Revenge to this sharp Sword, or this blest Minute.

Macb. Retire, fond Man, I wou'd not Kill thee.
Why should Faulcons prey on Flies?
It is below *Macbeth* to fight with Men.

Len. But not to murder Women.

Macb. *Lenox*, I pity thee, thy Arm's too weak.

Len. This Arm has hitherto found good Success
On your Ministers of Blood, who murder'd
Macduff's Lady, and brave *Banquo's*:
Art thou less Mortal than they were? Or more
Exempt from Punishment, because thou most
Deserv'st it? Have at thy Life.

Macb. Since then thou art in Love with Death, I will
Vouchsafe it thee.

[*They fight, Lenox falls.*
Thou

Thou art of Woman Born, I'm sure.

[Exit Macb.

Len. Oh my dear Country, pardon me, that I
Do, in a Cause so great, so quickly Die.

[Dies.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. This way the Noise is : Tyrant, shew thy Face.
If thou be'st Slain, and by no Hand of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me for't.
I cannot strike

At wretched Slaves, who sell their Lives for Pay
No, my Revenge shall seek a nobler Prey.
Through all the Paths of Death, I'll search him out :
Let me but find him, *Fortune.*

[Exit.

Enter Malcolm, and Seymour.

Sey. This way, Great Sir, the Tyrant's People Fight
With Fear, as great as is his Guilt.

Malc. See who Lies here; the Noble *Lenox* slain.
What Storm has brought this Blood over our
Rising Hopes ?

Sey. Restrain your Passion, Sir, let's to our Men.
Those who in Noble Causes fall, deserve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow.

I'll bid some Body bear the Body further hence.

[Exit.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* Fool, and fall,
On my own Sword, while I have living Foes
To Conquer? my Wounds shew better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-Hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men else, I have avoided thee;
But get thee back, my Soul is too much clog'd
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I'll have no Words, thy Villanies are worse
Then ever yet were punisht with a Curse.

Macb. Thou may'st as well attempt to wound the Air,
As me; my Destiny's reserv'd for some Immortal Power,
And I must fall by Miracle; I cannot Bleed.

Macd. Have thy black Deeds then turn'd thee to a Devil ?

Macb. Thou wouldst but share the Fate of *Lenox.*

Macb. Is *Lenox* slain? and by a Hand that would Damn all it kills,
But that their Cause preserves 'em.

Macb. I have a Prophecy secures my Life.

Macd. I have another, which tells me I shall have his Blood
Who first shed mine.

Macb. None of Woman Born can spill my Blood.

Macd. Then let the Devils tell thee, *Macduff*
Was from his Mother's Womb untimely Ript.

Macb.

Macb. Curst be that Tongue, that tells me so,
And double Damn'd be they, who with a double Sense
Make Promises to our Ears, and break at last
That Promise to our Sight: I will not Fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thy self a Pisoner, to be led about
The World, and gaz'd on as a Monster, a Monster
More Deform'd then ever Ambition fram'd,
Or Tyranny could shape.

Macb. I scorn to yield. I will, in spite of Enchantment,
Fight with thee. Though *Birnam* Wood be come
To *Dunfinane*,
And thou art of no Woman Born, I'll try,
If by a Man it be thy Fate to Die.

[*They Fight, Macbeth falls. They shout within.*]

Macd. This for my Royal Master *Duncan*,
This for my dearest Friend my Wife,
This for those Pledges of our Loves, my Children.
Hark, I hear a Noise; sure there are more
Reserves to Conquer.

[*Shout within.*]

I'll, as a Trophy, bear away his Sword,
To witness my Revenge.

[*Exit Macduff.*]

Macb. Farewell vain World, and what's most vain in it, Ambition.

[*Dies.*]

Enter Malcolm, Seymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seaton, and Soldiers

Malc. I wish *Macduff* were safe arriv'd, I am
In doubt for him; for *Lenox*, I'm in grief.

Seym. Consider *Lenox*, Sir, is nobly slain:
They who in Noble Causes fall, deserve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow. Look where the Tyrant is.

Seat. The Witches, Sir, with all the Power of Hell,
Could not preserve him from the Hand of Heav'n.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Sword.

Macd. Long live *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*, so you are;
And though I should not Boast, that one
Whom Guilt might easily weigh down, fell
By my Hand; here I present you with
The Tyrant's Sword, to shew that Heav'n appointed
Me to take Revenge for you, and all
That Suffered by his Power.

Malc. *Macduff*, we have more Ancient Records
Than this, of your Successful Courage.

Macd. Now *Scotland*, thou shalt see bright Days again,
That Cloud's remov'd that did Eclipse thy Sun,
And Rain down Blood upon thee. As your Arms
Did all contribute to this Victory;
So let your Voices all concur, to give
One joyful Acclamation.

Long live *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*.

Malc. We shall not make a large Expende of Time,
 Before we Reckon with your several Loves,
 And make us even with you: *Thanes* and Kinsmen,
 Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
 Saw Honour'd with that Title: And may they still Flourish
 On your Families; though, like the Laurels
 You have won to Day, they Spring from a Field of Blood.
 Drag his Body hence, and let it hang upon
 A Pinnacle in *Dunsinane*, to shew
 To shew to future Ages what to those is due,
 Who others Right, by Lawless Power, pursue.

Macd. So may kind Fortune Crown your Reign with Peace
 As it hath Crown'd your Armies with Success;
 And may the Peoples Prayers still wait on you,
 As all their Curses did *Macbeth* pursue;
 His Vice shall make your Virtue shine more Bright,
 As a Fair Day succeeds a Stormy Night.

F I N I S.

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