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# MACBETH,

A

## TRAGEDY:

With all the

ALTERATIONS;

AMENDMENTS,

ADDITIONS,

AND

NEW SONGS.

---

As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Hen. Herringman*, and are to be sold by  
*Jos. Knight* and *Fra. Saunders* at the *Blue Anchor* in  
the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1687.

MAGRETTA

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*Elizabeth Fund  
Feb. 4, 1921  
D*

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As it is now found in the original edition.

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LOVE

Printed for the Librarian, and are to be sold by  
J. P. Knight and Son, Stationers at the Bar, in  
the Lower Walk of the Strand, 1887.



# The Argument.

**D**uncan, King of the Scots, had two principal men, whom he imployed in all matters of importance, Macbeth and Banquo, these two travelling together thro' a Forest, were met by three Fayry Witches (Weirds the Scots call them) whereof the first making obeysance 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 Loins 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 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 called to mind the Prediction given to his Companion Banquo: Whom hereupon suspecting as his Supplanter, he caused 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 Dunsinan Castle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards on some new Fears, consulted 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 Dunsinan 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 Governour 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 :) marching early in the morning towards Dunsinan Castle, which they took by Scalado; Macbeth escaping was pursued by Macduff, who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat, to whom the Tyrant haif 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 Mothers 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.

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## The Persons Names.

King of Scotland,	Mr. Lee.
Malcolm his Son, Prince of } Cumberland, }	Mr. Norris.
Donalbain,	Mr. Cademan.
Lenox,	Mr. Medbourn.
Rofs,	
Angus,	
Macbeth,	Mr. Batterton.
Banquo,	Mr. Smith.
Macduff,	Mr. Harris.
Monteth,	
Cathnes,	
Seymor and his Son,	
Seyton,	
Doctor,	
Flean Son to Banquo,	
Porter, Old Man, two Murderers,	
Macbeth's Wife,	Mrs. Batterton.
Macduff's Wife,	Mrs. Long.
Her Son,	
Waiting Gentlewoman,	
Ghost of Banquo,	Mr. Sanford.
Hecate,	
Three Witches,	
Servants and Attendants.	

The Tragedy of 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 Battle's lost and won.

3. And that will be e're 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 Battle!

*Malc.* This is the Valiant *Seyton*;  
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought  
To save my liberty. Hail, Worthy Friend,  
Inform the King in what condition you  
Did leave the Battle?

*Seyton.* It was doubtful;  
As two spent swimmers, who together cling  
And choak their Art: the merciless *Maedonald*:  
(Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end  
The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Western Isles:

With

With Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supply'd.  
 Whom Fortune with her Smiles oblig'd a while;  
 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,  
 They'd 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:  
 They're 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 a while; 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 General's 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 hath 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 Chesnuts 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' Tygre,  
 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-sen-nights nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine.  
 Though his Bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet 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!

[A Drum within.

3. A Drum, a Drum:

*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 agen 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 Earths 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

You greet with present Grace,  
 And strange 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're be one.

So all hail *Macbeth* and *Banquo*-----

1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all Hail.-----

[*Exeunt.*

*Macbeth*. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;  
 By *Sinel'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.*

Ha! gone!-----

*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 personal 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 *Norwegian* 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 borrowed 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 over-thrown 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; twould 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  
 Clouded 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 leasure.

*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 w'have maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart  
 Our mutual judgments to each others breasts.

*Banq.* Let it be so.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come Friends----- [Exeunt.

*Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Attendants.*

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

*Malc.* They are not yet come back;  
 But I have spoke 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 'twere a worthless Trifle.

*King.* There's no Art  
To find the Minds Construction in the Face:  
He was a Gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute Trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Macduff,*  
O Worthy'st Cozen!

The Sin of my Ingratitude even now  
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That all the Wings of Recompence are slow  
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of Thanks and Payment  
Might have been mine: I've only left to say,  
That thou deserv'st more than I have to pay.

*Macb.* The Service and the Loyalty I owe you,  
Is a sufficient payment for it self:  
Your Royal Part is to receive our Duties;  
Which Duties are, Sir, to your Throne and State,  
Children and Servants; and when we expose  
Our dearest Lives to save your Interest,  
We do but what we ought.

*King.* Y'are welcome hither;  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
Still to advance thy Growth: And Noble *Banquo*,  
(Who hast no less deserved; nor must partake  
Less of our Favour) let me here enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my Heart.

*Banq.* There if I grow,  
The Harvest is your own.

*King.* My Joys are now  
Wanton in fulness; and wou'd hide themselves  
In drops of Sorrow. Kinsmen, Sons, and *Thanes*;  
And you, whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our Estate upon  
Our Eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of *Cumberland*: nor must he wear  
His Honours unaccompany'd by others,  
But Marks of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine  
On all Deservers. Now we'll hasten hence

To *Enverness*: we'll be your Guest, *Macbeth*,  
And there contract a greater Debt than that  
Which I already owe you.

*Macd.* That Honour, Sir,  
Out-speaks the best Expression of my Thanks:  
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and bless  
My Wife with the glad News of your Approach.  
I humbly take my Leave. — { *Macb. going out, stops, & speaks*

*King.* My Worthy *Cawdor*---- { *whilst the K. talks with Ban. &c.*

*Macb.* The Prince of *Cumberland*! That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap;  
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 welcom:  
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,

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 a-while.

*La. Macb.* Although his Safety has not power enough 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  
A-while; then vanish: and the very Breath  
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out agen.

*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;  
Y'had best retire; and try if you can sleep.

*L. 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. [She reads.

*Reads.* They met me in the day of success; and I have been told they  
have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I desired to que-  
stion them further; they made themselves Air. Whilst I entertain'd  
myself with the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who  
call'd me Thane of Cawdor: by which Title, these weyward Si-  
sters 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  
Rights 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 Humane Kindness;

To take the nearest way: thou wouldst 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 wouldst wrongly win!  
 Oh how irregular are thy Desires?  
 Thou willingly, Great *Glamis*, wouldst enjoy  
 The End without the Means! Oh haste thee thither,  
 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.*

*Macb. Ser.* The King comes hither to night.

*La. Macb.* Thou'rt mad to say it:  
 Is not thy Master with him? Were this true,  
 He would give notice for the preparation.

*Macb. Ser.* 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 croak 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 Bloud, 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 fightless Substances you wait  
 On Nature's mischief) come, and fill my Breasts  
 With Gall 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*

*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 welcom 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 Nights great Business into my Dispatch ;  
Which shall to 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, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox,  
Macduff, 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 Heavens Breath smells pleasantly, No Window,  
Buttrice, nor place of Vantage ; but this Bird  
Has made his pendant Bed and Cradle where  
He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the Air,  
'Tis delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*King.* See, see our honoured Hostess,  
By loving us, some Persons cause our Trouble ;  
Which still we thank as Love : herein I teach

You

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 this 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're-leap'st thy self  
 To fall upon another : now, what news ?

*Enter L. Macbeth.*

*L. Macb.* H'has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Has he enquir'd for me ?

*L. Macb.* You know he has !

*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in this business :  
 H'has honoured 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.

*L. 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 wisht 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 would be in tame expectance of it.

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

*L. 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, whilst it was smiling in my face,



Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dasht the brains out, had I so resolv'd,  
As you have done for this.

*Macb.* If we should fail : -----

*L. Macb.* How fail ! -----

Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,  
And we'll not fail ; when *Duncan* is asleep,  
(To which the pains of this days journey will  
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains  
I will with wine and wassel so convince ,  
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 spungy 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 (whilst they are asleep)  
With *Duncan's* Bloud, and us'd their very Daggers ;  
I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd  
That they have done't.

*La. Macb.* Who dares believe it otherwise,  
As we shall make our Griefs and Clamours loud  
After his Death?

*Macb.* I'm settled, 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.*

*Banquo.* **H**OW 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 would wake:  
Merciful Powers restrain me in these cursed Thoughts  
That thus disturb my Rest.

[*Enter Macb. and Servant.*

Who's there?

*Macbeth.* 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.* 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 Wood upon that Business.

*Banq.* At your kindest 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 *Hecate's* Offerings; now Murder is  
 Allarm'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 made them drunk, has made me bold;  
 What has quenched them, hath given new Fire to me.  
 Hark; 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; the Attempt without the Deed  
 Would ruine 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?

*Macb.* 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

And then addrest themselves to sleep again.

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

*Macb.* One cry'd, Heaven bless us, the other said, *Amen* :  
As they had seen me with these Hang-man's Hands,  
Silenc'd with Fear, I could not say *Amen*,  
When they did say, Heaven 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 days Life ; tir'd Labour's Bath ;  
Balm of Hurt ; Minds great Natures 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 every Noise affrights me ?  
What Hands are here ! Can the Sea afford  
Water enough to wash away the Stains ?

No,

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 a Heart so white. Hark, [Knock.  
I hear a Knocking at the Gate: to your Chamber;  
A little Water clears us of this Deed.  
Your Fear has left you unmann'd; Hark, more Knocking.  
Get on your Gown, lest Occasions call us,  
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost  
So poorly in your Thoughts. [Exit.

*Macb.* Disguis'd in Bloud, I scarce can find my way.  
Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking, wou'd thou could'st. [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 *Skriech-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;  
That door will bring you to him.

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

*Len.* Goes the King hence to day?

*Macb.*

*Macb.* So he designs.

*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,  
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 the sight,  
Enough to turn Spectators into Stone.  
I cannot speak, see, and then speak your selves:  
Ring the Alarm-bell. Awake, awake, [*Ex. Macb. and Len.*  
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. [*Bell rings.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*La. Macb.* What's the business, that at this dead of night  
You alar'm 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,

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't worth a good Man's Care ;  
All is but Toys, Renown and Grace are dead.

*Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.*

*Donal.* What is amiss ?

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

*Macd.* Your Royal Father's murther'd.

*Malc.* Murther'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, intrusted  
To the Hands of two, so much below  
The worst of Beasts ?

*Macb.* Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd 'em.

*Macd.* Why did you so ?

*Macb.* Who can be prudent and amaz'd together ;  
Loyal and neutral in a moment ? No Man.

Th'Expedition of my violent Love  
Out-run my pausing Reason : I saw *Duncan*,  
Whose gaping Wounds look'd like a Breach in Nature,  
Where Ruine enter'd there. I saw the Murtherers  
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. Macb.* Oh, Oh, Oh ! [Faints.]

*Macd.* Look to the Lady.

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

*Don.* 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 Ruine 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 Vertue, I am resolv'd to find  
The utmost of this Business.

*Banq.* And I.

*Macb.* 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 consort 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 the Fourth.

*Enter Lenox and Seyton.*

*Seyton.* 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 see'st the Heavens, as troubled with Man's Act,  
Threaten'd this bloody day : by th'hour 'tis day,  
And yet dark night does cover all the Skie,  
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.  
It's night's Predominance, or the day's Shame  
Makes Darkness thus usurp the place of Light.

*Seyt.* 'Tis strange and unnatural,  
Even like the Deed that's done ; on *Tuesday* last,



A *Faulcon* towring 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.

*Seyt.* '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 Sovereignty 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 Storehouse of his Predecessors.

*Len.* Will you to *Scone*?

*Macd.* No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*:  
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

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 dye; 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 hark, 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 a-foot,  
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 Bloud;  
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 should rejoyce when good Kings bleed.  
When Cattle dye 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 afraid?  
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' Echoes of our Feet.*  
*At the Night-Raven's dismal Voice,*  
*Whilst others tremble, we rejoyce;*  
*And nimbly, nimbly dance we still*  
*To th' Echoes from an Hollow Hill.*

*Macd.* I am glad you are not afraid.

*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;  
Vertue both Courage is, and Safety too. [*A 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 fore-tell  
Some ill we may avoid.

1. *Witch.* Saving thy Bloud, 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:  
The Messengers of Darkness never spake  
To Men, but to deceive them.

*Macd.* Their Words seem to fore-tell 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 omnes.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Banquo.*

*Banq.* **T**Hou hast it now, King, *Camdor, Glamis*, all,  
As the three Sisters promis'd; but I fear  
Thou play'dst 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*

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* 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.

*Macb.* Ride you this Afternoon?

*Banq.* Yes, Royal Sir.

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

*Banq.* As far, Great Sir, as will take up the time:  
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. Banq.*

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

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 upon me,  
 And bad 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 another's 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 blot out, by their Bloud, whate'er  
 Is written of them in the Book of Fate.

*Enter* Servant, and two Murtherers.

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 your last Conference;

How you were born in hand; how crost:

The Instruments who wrought with them.

2. *Murth.* 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. *Murth.* We are Men, my Liege!

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

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

Shoughs,

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 subtle,  
 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,  
 No 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 Liege,  
 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 inflicted 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 process; 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 calls aloud for justice.

*La. Macd.* If the Throne  
Was by *Macbeth* ill gain'd, Heavens may  
Without your Sword, sufficient vengeance pay.  
Usurpers lives have but a short extent,  
Nothing lives long in a strange Element.

*Macd.* My Countreys dangers call for my defence,  
Against the bloody Tyrant's violence.

*La. Macd.* I am afraid you have some other end,  
Than méerly *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 scann'd,  
But Usurpation at the second hand.  
Good Sir, recall your thoughts.

*Macd.* What if I should  
Assume the Scepter for my Countreys 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 justifie 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 does 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 Countrey 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.*

*Ser.* 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 Macbeth's Lady and 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.

[*Ex. Ser.*  
 Where

Where our desire is got without content,  
 Alas, it is not gain, but punishment?  
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
 Then 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 ha' 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're we will eat our bread in fear; and sleep  
 In the affliction of those horrid Dreams  
 That shake us mightily! Better be with him  
 Whom we, to gain the Crown, have sent to peace?  
 Then on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless Agony. *Duncan* is dead;  
 He, after life's short feaver, now sleeps; Well,  
 Treason has done its worst; nor Steel, nor Poyson,  
 Nor Foreign force, nor yet Domestick Malice,  
 Can touch him further.

*La. Macb.* Come on, smooth your 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 honours  
 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're the *Bat* has flown  
 His Cloyster'd flight; e're to black *Heccate's* Summons,  
 The sharp-brow'd Beetle with his drow sie hums,  
 Has rung nights second Peal:

There

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 Nights 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 Murtherers.*

*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.*

*Banq.* 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 Murtherers 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 wandring Spirit. [Exeunt after Banquo.]

[Clashing of Swords is heard from within.]

*Re-enter Flean pursu'd by one of the Murtherers.*

*Flean.* Murther, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [Ex. 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.

*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 Murtherer.*

*Macb.* Both sides are even; be free in mirth, anon  
We'll drink a measure about the Table.  
There's Blood upon thy Face.

*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.* 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 on 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. [*Ex. Mur.*]

*La. Macb.* My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,  
The sawce 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 Countreys 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

*Macb.* Where, Sir ?

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

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.* Done what ?

*Macb.* Thou canst 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 would distract the Devil.

*La. Macb.* O proper stuff :

This is the very painting of your 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 Mouuments  
Shall be the maws of Kites.

*La. Macb.* What quite unmann'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're humane Law decree'd it for a sin.

Ay, and since Murthers too have been committed  
Too terrible for the Ear. The time has been,  
That when the brains were out, the man wou'd dye ;  
And there lie 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

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 here : to all, and him, we drink.

*Lords*. Our Duties are to pledge it. [*the Ghost of Ban. rises at his*  
*Macb.* Let the earth hide thee ; thy blood is cold, (feet  
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. [*Ex Ghost.*  
So, now I am a Man again : pray you sit still.

*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,  
Ev'n 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.

*Seal.* 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 *Magpies*, *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

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

*L. 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.

*L. 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 their Grave. [Exeunt.

*Enter Macduff and Lady Macduff.*

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

*Macd.* I am:

I know my Answer cannot but inflame  
The Tyrants fury to pronounce my death,  
My Life will soon be blasted by his Breath.

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

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

*L. 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 ravenous *Kite* does 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 Syth by being low.

Together we shall be too slow to fly:  
Single, we may out-ride the Enemy.

I'll from the *English* King such Succours crave,  
As shall revenge the Dead, and Living save.

My greatest Misery is to remove

With all the wings of haste from what I love,

*L. 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 toyls of flight your Danger be. [*Enter Messenger.*  
What fatal news does 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.

*L. 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.*

*L. Macd.* Oh my dear Lord, I find now thou art gone,  
I am more valiant when unsafe alone.

My heart feels Man-hood, 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 straight

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 Heaven he shall not)

They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.

So shou'd *Flean*: but peace; I hear *Macduff*

Deny'd his presence at the Feast: For which

He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell



Where he bestows himself?

*Seal.* 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  
Takes nothing from his high Respect; thither  
*Macduff* is gone to beg the Holy King's  
Kind aid, to wake *Northumberland*  
And Warlike *Seyward*, 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*?

*Seal.* He did, his absolute Command.

*Len.* Some Angel fly to th' *English* Court, and tell  
His Message e're 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 Hecat.*

*1 Witch.* How? *Hecat*, you look angrily.

*Hecat.* 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 gon,  
And at the pit of *Achæron*  
Meet me i'th' morning: Thither he  
Will come to know his Destiny.  
Dire business will be wrought e're Noon,  
For on a corner of the Moon,  
A drop my Spectacles have found,  
I'll catch it e're it come to ground.  
And that distill'd shall yet e're 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**eccate, *Heccate*, *Heccate*! O 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 *Heccate*, *Heccate*! Oh come away:

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

Where's *Stadling*?

2. Here.

*Hec.* Where's *Puckle*?

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

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

2. Oh 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. Oh 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. Come let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

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

*Finis Actus III.*

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*1 Witch.* **T**Hrice the brinded Cat hath Mew'd.  
 2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd,  
 Shutting his Eyes against the Wind.

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

1. Then round about the *Cauldron* go,  
 And poyson'd Entrals throw.

This Toad which under Mossie stone,

Has days and nights lain thirty one:

And swelter'd Venom sleeping got,

We'll boyl in the Incharnted Pot.

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

2. The Fillet of a Fenny Snake  
 Of Scuttle-Fish the vomit black.

The Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,

The Wool of Bat, and tongue of Dog.

An Addars fork, and blind Worms sting,

A Lizzard's leg, and Howlets wing,

Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double, &c.

3. The scale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,

A Witches Mummy: Maw and Gulf

Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,

The root of Hemlock dig'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 *Turks* nose, and *Tarters* lips;

The finger of a strangl'd Babe,

Born of a Ditch delivered Drab,

Shall make the Grewel thick and slab.

Adding thereto a fat *Dutchmans* Chawdron,

For the ingredients of our Cawdron.

*All.* Double, double, &c.

2. I'll cool it with the Baboons 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 luckey:  
*Liar Robin,* you must bob in.

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

1. Here's the blood of a Bat!

*Hec.* O put in that, put in that.

2. Here's Lizards brain.

*Hec.* Put in a grain.

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

2. 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. 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 mid-night Hagg,  
What are you doing?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you by that which you profess:  
Howe're 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 trowing Piramids  
Are swallowed up in Earth-quakes; Answer me.

1. Speak,

1. Speak.

2. Pronounce.

3. Demand.

4. I'll answer thee.

*Macb.* What Destinie's appointed for my Fate?

*Hec.* Thou double *Thane* and King; beware *Macduff*:

Avoiding him, *Macbeth* is safe enough.

*Macb.* What e're 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 Woman 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 *Dunsenain*.

*Macb.* Can Forests move? the Propheſie is good,  
If I shall never fall till the great Wood  
Of *Birnam* rise; thou may'st presume *Macbeth*,  
To live out Natures 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're  
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 this *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 straight depart.

[A shadow of eight Kings, and *Ban-*  
*quo's* Ghost after them pass by.

*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.

Ha!

Ha! 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* stands 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 Graces 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 frightened with the sad alarm  
Of *Banquo's* Death, when I did counsel him  
To fly, but now alas! I must 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 Traytors.

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

*La. Macd.* Wisdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place  
From whence himself did fly; he loves us not.

He wants the natural touch: For the poor *Wren*  
(The most diminutive of Birds) will with  
The Ravenous *Owle*, 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 Traytors,  
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. Heaven 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. Heaven preserve you,  
I dare stay no longer. [ *Exit Seyton.*

*La. Macd.* Where shall I go, and wither 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?

I'll boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:

What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm? [ *Exit.*

{ *Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.* }  
{ *The Scene Birnam Wood.* }

*Macd.* In these close shades of *Birnam Wood* let us

Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

*Malcolm.* You'l think my Fortunes desperate,  
That I dare meet you here upon your summons.

*Macd.* You should now  
Take Arms to serve your Countrey. Each new day  
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and still  
Changes of sorrow reach attentive Heaven.

*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 Countrey.  
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 Traytor 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 withal  
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 Tyrants 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



*Macd.* There cannot in all ranfackt 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,  
Oftrner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,  
These evils thou repeat's upon thy self,  
Hath 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 Countreys 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 Traitors 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.

*Seat.* He looks and moves disorderly.

*Macb.* I'll not go yet.

[ *Enter a Servant, who  
whispers Macbeth.*

*Seat.* Well Sir.

*Macb.* Is the Queen asleep ?

*Seat.* What makes 'em whisper and his countenance change ?  
Perhaps some new design has had ill success.

*Macb.* *Seaton*, go see what posture our affairs are in.

*Seat.* I shall, and give you notice Sir.

[ *Exit Seaton.*

*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're 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 below.

*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 Councils, then 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

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 t'ane Prisoner? then the Battle's lost. [*Exit.*

[*Lady Macbeth led out by Women.*

*Macb.* She does from *Duncan's* death to sickness grieve,  
And shall from *Malcolm's* death her health receive.

When by a Viper bitten, nothings good  
To cure the Venom but a Viper's blood.

*Enter Malcom, Macduff, and Lenox meeting them.*

*Macd.* See who comes here!

*Malc.* My Countryman; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever Gentle Cousin! welcome.

*Malc.* I know him now.

Kind Heaven 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 modeen Extasie: there Bells  
Are always ringing, and no man asks for whom;  
There good mens lives expire e're they sicken.

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

*Malc.* What's the newest grief?

*Len.* That of an hours age is out of date,  
Each minute brings a new one.

*Macb.* How does my Wife?

*Len.* Why well.

*Macd.* And all my Children?

*Len.* Well too.

*Macd.* The Tyrant has not quarrel'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 was to my Belief; witness the rather,

For that I saw the Tyrants Power a foot.  
Now, is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*  
Would create Souldiers, 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 would be utter'd in the desert air,  
Where no mans 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 for ever,  
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 murdered: 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're-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.

*Malc.* 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 fathers 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 Heaven 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 Heavens 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 out-lives that hour, may Heaven forgive  
 His sins, and punish me for his escape.

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

*Macd.* Heaven 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*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

See here she comes: observe her, and stand close.

*Seal.* You see her eyes are open.

*Lady.* Ay, but her Sense is shut.

*Seal.* 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.

*Seal.* Hark, she speaks.

*La. Macb.* Out, out, out I say. One, two: Nay then

'Tis time to do't: Fie, my Lord, fy, a Souldier,

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 Bloud in him.

*Seal.* Do you mark that?

*La. Macb.* *Macduff* had once a Wife; where is she now?

Will these hands ne're be clean? Fie, my Lord,

You spoil all with this starting: Yet here's

A smell of bloud; 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 Fathers Death Reveng'd?

*Don.* Hearing of Aid sent by the *English* King,

To check the Tyrants Insolence; I am come

From *Ireland*:

*Flea.* 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 *Dunsmine*;  
Some say he is Mad, others, who love him less,

Call it a Valiant Fury; but what e're  
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 Growth Advance. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Macbeth, Seat. and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more Reports: Let 'em fly all  
Till *Byrnam* Wood remove to *Dunsmine*  
I cannot fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme*? What  
Are all the *English*? Are they not of Women  
Born? And t'all such I am invincible;  
Then fly 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're 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 Woman 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



Which like a North-wind seems to blast my Hopes.

*Seat.* That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Bloud.

*Enter Second Messenger.*

What news more?

*2 Mess.* All's confirm'd, my Liege, that was Reported.

*Macb.* And my Resolves in spite of Fate shall be as firmly.  
Send out my 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'de 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 Prophesies.

[*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.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter Malcolm, Donalbain, Seymor, Macduff, Lenox,  
Flean, Souldiers.*

*Malc.* The Sun shall see us Drain the Tyrants Blood  
And Dry up *Scotlands* Tears: How much we are  
Oblig'd to *England*, which like a kind Neighbour  
Lifts us up when we were Faln below  
Our own Recovery.

*Seym.* What Wood is this before us?

*Malc.* The Wood of *Birnam*.

*Seym.* Let every Souldier 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 *Dunfinane*,  
And will endure a Siege.

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 flie 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 Tyrants hopes; depriv'd of those Supports,  
He'll quickly Fall.

*Seym.* Let's all retire to our Commands; 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 Macbeth, and Souldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our Banners proudly o're the Wall,  
The Cry is still, they Come: Our Castles 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 Di'd hereafter,  
I brought Her here, to see my Victimes, not to Die.

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 Struts 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 lookt toward *Birnam*, and anon me thoughts  
 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 False, I'll send thy Soul  
 To th' other World to meet with moving Woods,  
 And walking Forrests ;  
 There to Possess what it but Dreamt of here.  
 If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou doest  
 The same for me. I now begin  
 To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,  
 They bid me not to fear till *Birnam* Wood  
 Should come to *Dunsmine* : 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 Worlds great Glafs of Life were run.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE. VI.

Enter *Malcolme*, *Seymour*, *Macduff*, *Lenox*, *Flean*, *Seaton*,  
*Donalbain*, and their Army with Boughs.

*Malc.* Here we are near enough ; throw down  
 Your Leafie Skreens  
 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 :

*Seymour.*

*Sey.* Fare well ; the Monster has forsook his hold and comes  
To offer Battle.

*Macd.* Let him come on ; his Title now  
Sits Loose about him , like a Giants Robe  
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Enter *Macbeth.*

*Macb.* 'This 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 Heaven, 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 pittty 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* :  
Art thou less Mortal then 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 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 hunt 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'l search him out :

Let me but find him , *Fortune.*

[ *Exit.*

Enter *Malcolm* , and *Seymor.*

*Sey.* This way, Great Sir, the Tyrants 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 Pitty, not our Sorrow.

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

[*Exeunt*

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 mayst 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*.

*Macd.* 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 Mothers Womb untimely Ript.

*Macb.* Curst be that tongue that tells me so,  
And double Damn'd be they who with a double fence  
Make Promises to our Ears, and Break at last  
That Promise to our sight: I will not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yeild thy self a Prisoner 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.*

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

[ *Dies.*

Enter *Malcolme, Scymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seaton, and Souldiers.*

*Malc.* I wish *Macduff* were safe Arriv'd, I am  
In doubt for him; for *Lenox* I'me 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 Heaven.

Enter *Macduff* with *Macbeths* Sword.

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

*Malc.* *Macduff*, we have more Ancient Records  
Then this of your successful Courage.

*Macd.* Now, *Scotland*, thou shalt see bright Day 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 Malcolme, King of Scotland.*

*Malc.* We shall not make a large Expençe of time  
Before we Reckon with your several Loves,  
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and Kinsman,  
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 future Ages what to those is due,  
Who others Right, by Lawless Power pursue.

*Macd.* So may kind Fortune Crown your Raign with Peace,  
As it has 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.









