THE TRAGEDIE OF

MACBETH

*Act I, Scene 1*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

**Witch 1.** When shall we three meet againe?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

**Witch 2.** When the Hurley-burley's done,

When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

**Witch 3.** That will be ere the set of Sunne.

**Witch 1.** Where the place?

**Witch 2.** Upon the Heath.

**Witch 3.** There to meet with Macbeth*.*

**All.** Faire is foule, and foule is faire,

Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre.

*Exeunt.*

*Act I, Scene 2*

*Alarum within. Enter King, Malcom, Donalbain, Lennox, with attendants, meeting* *a bleeding Captain.*

**King.** What bloody man is that? he can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt

The newest state.

**Malcolm.** This is the Sergeant,

Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought

'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend;

Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,

As thou didst leave it.

**Captain.** Doubtfull it stood,

As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,

And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald

(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that

The multiplying Villanies of Nature

Do swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supply'd,

And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,

Show'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:

For brave Macbeth (well hee deserves that Name)

Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,

Which smoak'd with bloody execution

(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,

Till hee fac'd the Slave:

Which ne’er shooke hands, nor bade farwell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth'Chops,

And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

**King.** O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

**Captain.** As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,

Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders break:

So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,

No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,

But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,

With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,

Began a fresh assault.

**King.** Dismay'd not this

our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo?

**Captain.** Yes,

as Sparrowes, Eagles; Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,

So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell: but I am faint.

**King.** So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,

They smack of Honor both.

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

Who comes here?

**Malcolm.** The worthy Thane of Ross.

**Lennox.** What a haste lookes through his eyes?

So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

**Ross.** God save the King.

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

**Ross.** From Fiffe, great King,

Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Skie,

And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,

Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,

Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,

The Victorie fell on us.

**King.** Great happinesse.

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,

And with his former Title greet Macbeth.

**Ross.** I’lle see it done.

**King.** What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

*Exeunt.*

*Act I, Scene 3*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

**Witch 1.** A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,

And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Give me, quoth I.

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

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

But in a Sieve I’lle thither sayle,

And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile do, Ile do, and Ile do.

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:

Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day

Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:

He shall live a man forbid:

Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,

Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

*Drum within.*

**Witch 3.** A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

**All.** Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make up nine.

Peace, the Charme's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

**Macbeth.** So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

**Banquo.** How farre is't call'd to Forres?

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

**Witch 2.** All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.

**Witch 3.** All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.

**Banquo.** Good Sir, why do you start, and seeme to feare

Things that do sound so faire? i'th'name of truth

Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My Noble Partner

You greet with present Grace, and great prediction

Of Noble having, and of Royall hope,

That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.

If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,

And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,

Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare

Your favors, nor your hate.

**Witch 1.** Hayle.

**Witch 2.** Hayle.

**Witch 3.** Hayle.

**Witch 1.** Lesser then Macbeth, and greater.

**Witch 2.** Not so happy, yet much happyer.

**Witch 3.** Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

**Witch 1.** Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile.

**Macbeth.** Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:

By Sinells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,

But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,

No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange Intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way

With such Prophetique greeting? Speake, I charge you.

*Witches vanish.*

**Macbeth.** Would they had stay’d.

**Banquo.** Were such things here, as we do speake about?

Or have we eaten on the insane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

**Macbeth.** Your Children shall be Kings.

**Banquo.** You shall be King.

**Macbeth.** And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**Banquo.** Toth'selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

**Ross.** The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The newes of thy successe: and when he reades

Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,

He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,

Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make

Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale

Can post with post, and every one did beare

Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,

And powr'd them downe before him.

**Angus.** Wee are sent,

To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,

**Ross.** And for an earnest of a greater Honor,

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, haile most worthy Thane,

For it is thine.

**Banquo.** What, can the Devill speake true?

**Macbeth.** The Thane of Cawdor lives:

Why do you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

**Angus.** Who was the Thane, lives yet,

But under heavie judgement beares that Life,

Which he deserves to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,

Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,

And vantage; or that with both he labour'd

In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:

But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,

Have overthrowne him.

**Macbeth.** Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings,

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,

Promis'd no lesse to them.

**Banquo.**  That trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,

Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,

The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,

Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**Macbeth.** Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act

Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

This supernaturall solliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill?

Why hath it given me earnest of successe,

Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.

If good? why do I yeeld to that suggestion,

Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,

And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,

My Thought, whose Murder yet is but fantasticall,

Shakes so my single state of Man,

That Function is smother'd in surmise,

And nothing is, but what is not.

**Banquo.** Looke how our Partner's rapt.

**Macbeth.** If Chance will have me King, why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my stirre.

**Banquo.** New Honors come upon him

Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,

But with the aid of use.

**Macbeth.**  Come what come may,

Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

**Banquo.** Worthy Macbeth, wee stay vpon your leisure.

**Macbeth.** Give me your fauour:

My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.

Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,

Let us toward the King:

thinke vuon what hath chanc'd: and at more time,

The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speake

Our free Hearts each to other.

**Banquo.** Very gladly.

**Macbeth.** Till then enough:

Come friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Act I, Scene 4*

*Flourish. Enter King, Lennox, Malcolme,* *Donalbain, and Attendants.*

**King.** Is execution done on Cawdor?

Are not those in Commission yet return'd?

**Malcolm.** My Liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die: Who did report,

That very frankly hee confess'd his Treasons,

Implor'd your Highnesse Pardon, and set forth

A deepe Repentance: Nothing in his Life

Became him, like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,

As one that had beene studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

**King.** There's no Art,

To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:

He was a Gentleman, on whom I built

An absolute Trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.*

O worthyest Cousin,

The sinne of my Ingratitude e’en now

Was heavie on me. Thou art so farre before,

That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,

That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

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

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

**Macbeth.** The service, and the loyaltie I owe,

In doing it, payes it selfe. Your Highnesse part,

Is to receiue our Duties: And our Duties

Are to your Throne, and State, Children, and Servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

Safe toward your Love and Honor.

**King.** Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,

That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne

No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,

And hold thee to my Heart.

**Banquo.** There if I grow,

The Harvest is your owne.

**King.** Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes,*

And you whose places are the nearest, know,

We will establish our Estate vpon

Our eldest, Malcolme, whom we name hereafter,

The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must

Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,

But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine

On all deservers. From hence to Invernes,

**Macbeth.** I’lle be my selfe the Harbenger, and make joyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:

So humbly take my leave.

**King.** My worthy Cawdor.

**Macbeth.** The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,

On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

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

Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:

The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,

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

*Exit.*

**King.** True worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations, I am fed:

It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:

It is a peerelesse Kinsman.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Act I, Scene 5*

*Enter Lady Macbeth alone with a Letter.*

**Lady Macbeth.** They met me in the day of successe: and I have

learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then

mortall knowledge. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came

Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title

before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to

the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This

have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of

Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing

by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay

it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

What thou art promis'd: yet do I feare thy Nature,

It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,

To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,

Art not without Ambition, but without

The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,

That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,

And yet would'st wrongly winne.

Thould'st have, great Glamis, that which cryes,

Thus thou must do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost feare to do,

Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,

That I may poure my Spirits in thine Eare,

And chastise with the valour of my Tongue

All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,

Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme

To have thee crown'd withall.

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

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

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

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

One of my fellowes had the speed of him;

Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Then would make up his Message.

**Lady Macbeth.** Give him tending,

He brings great newes.

*Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,

That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*

Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

That tend on mortall thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full

Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,

Stop up th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene

Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,

And take my Milke for Gall, you murd'ring Ministers,

Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,

You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,

That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,

Nor Heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,

To cry, hold, hold.

*Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,

Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,

Thy Letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feele now

The future in the instant.

**Macbeth.** My dearest Loue,

Duncan comes here to Night.

**Lady Macbeth.** And when goes hence?

**Macbeth.** To morrow, as he purposes.

**Lady Macbeth.** O never,

Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane*,* is as a Booke, where men

May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.

Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,

But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,

Must be provided for: and you shall put

This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,

Give solely sovereigne sway, and Masterdome.

**Macbeth.** We will speake further.

**Lady Macbeth.** Onely looke up cleare:

To alter favor, ever is to feare:

Leave all the rest to me.

*Exeunt.*

*Act I, Scene 6*

*Enter King, Malcolme,*

*Donalbaine, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,*

*Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

**King.** This Castle hath a pleasant seat, the ayre

Nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:

**Lady Macbeth.** All our service,

In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend

Against those Honors deepe, and broad, wherewith

Your Majestie loades our House:

**King.** Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose

To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,

And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him

To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse

We are your guest to night.

**Lady Macbeth.** Your Servants ever,

Still to returne your owne.

**King.**  Give me your hand:

Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,

And shall continue, our Graces towards him.

By your leave Hostesse.

*Exeunt*

*Act I, Scene 7*

*Enter Macbeth.*

**Macbeth.** If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,

It were done quickly: If th'Assassination

Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch

With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow

Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,

But heere, upon this Banke and Shoal of time,

We’d jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,

We still have judgement heere, that we but teach

Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne

To plague th'Inventer. This even-handed Justice

Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice

To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;

First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,

Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,

Who should against his Murderer shut the doore,

Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncane

Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath been

So cleere in his great Office, that his Virtues

Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against

The deepe damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,

Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd

Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre

To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely

Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,

And falles on th'other.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now? What Newes?

**Lady Macbeth.** He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

**Macbeth.** Hath he ask'd for me?

**Lady Macbeth.** Know you not, he has?

**Macbeth.** We will proceed no further in this Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought

Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,

Not cast aside so soone.

**Lady Macbeth.** Was the hope drunke,

Wherein you dressed your selfe? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,

At what it did so freely? From this time,

Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd

To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,

As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,

And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?

Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,

Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

**Macbeth.** Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more, is none.

**Lady Macbeth.** What Beast was't then

That made you breake this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man:

And to be more then what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitnesse now

Does unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know

How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,

I would, while it was smyling in my Face,

Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,

And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne

As you have done to this.

**Macbeth.** If we should faile?

**Lady Macbeth.** We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And wee'le not fayle: when Duncan is asleepe,

(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey

Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines

Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,

That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,

Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason

A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,

Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,

What cannot you and I performe upon

Th'unguarded Duncan? What not put upon

His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt

Of our great quell.

**Macbeth.** Will it not be receiv'd,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepie two

Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,

That they have don't?

**Lady Macbeth.** Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,

Upon his Death?

**Macbeth.** I am settled, and bend up

Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show,

False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

*Exeunt.*

*Act II, Scene I*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance.*

**Banquo.** How goes the Night, Boy?

**Fleance.** The Moone is downe: I have not heard the

Clock.

**Banquo.** And she goes downe at Twelve.

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

**Banquo.** There's Husbandry in Heaven,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heavie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,

And yet I would not sleepe: Mercifull Powers,

Restraine in me the cursed thoughts That Nature

Gives way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth and Gentlewoman.*

**Banquo.** What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.

He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure,

This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,

By the name of most kind Hostesse, and shut up

In measurelesse content.

**Macbeth.** Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

**Banquo.** All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weird Sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

**Macbeth.**  I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,

It shall make Honor for you.

**Banquo.** So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe

My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,

I shall be counsail'd.

**Macbeth.** Good repose the while.

**Banquo.** Thankes Sir: the like to you.

*Exit Banquo.*

**Macbeth.** Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,

She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.

*Exit Gentlewoman.*

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,

The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

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

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?

I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an Instrument I was to use.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Senses,

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

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing:

It is the bloody Businesse, which informes

Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one halfe World

Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse

The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecates Offrings: and wither'd Murder,

Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquins ravishing sides, towards his designe

Moves like a Ghost. Thou sure and firme-set Earth

Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.

*A Bell rings.*

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.

Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,

That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

*Exit.*

*Act II, Scene 2.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

**Lady Macbeth.** That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hearke, peace:

It was the Owle that shriek'd, The fatall Bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it,

The Doores are open: And the surfeted Groomes

Do mock their charge with Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,

That Death and Nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or dye.

**Macbeth.** *[Within]* Who's there? what hoa?

**Lady Macbeth.** Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,

He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled

My Father as he slept, I had don't.

*Enter Macbeth.*

My Husband?

**Macbeth.** I have done the deed:

Didst thou not heare a noise?

**Lady Macbeth.** I heard the Owle screame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you speake?

**Macbeth.** When?

**Lady Macbeth.** Now.

**Macbeth.** As I descended?

**Lady Macbeth.** Ay.

**Macbeth.** Hearke, who lies i'th'second Chamber?

**Lady Macbeth.** Donalbaine.

**Macbeth.** This is a sorry sight.

**Lady Macbeth.** A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**Macbeth.** There's one did laugh in's sleepe, and one cry'd Murder,

That they did wake each other: I stood, and heard them:

But they did say their Prayers, and addrest them

Againe to sleepe.

**Lady Macbeth.** There are two lodg'd together.

**Macbeth.** One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,

As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:

Listening their feare, I could not say Amen,

When they did say God blesse us.

**Lady Macbeth.** Consider it not so deepely.

**Macbeth.** But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

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

**Lady Macbeth.** These deeds must not be thought

After these wayes: so, it will make us mad.

**Macbeth.** Me thought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,

Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,

The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,

Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,

Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

**Lady Macbeth.**  What do you meane?

**Macbeth.** Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:

Glamis hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

**Lady Macbeth.** Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,

You do unbend your Noble strength, to thinke

So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.

Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?

They must lie there: goe carry them, and smeare

The sleepie Groomes with blood.

**Macbeth.** I’lle goe no more:

I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:

Looke on't againe, I dare not.

**Lady Macbeth.** Infirme of purpose:

Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,

That feares a painted Devil. If he do bleed,

I’lle guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,

For it must seeme their Guilt.

*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

*Knocke within.*

**Macbeth.** Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.

Will all great Neptunes Ocean wash this blood

Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather

The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,

Making the Greene one, Red.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

**Lady Macbeth.** My Hands are of your colour: but I shame

To weare a Heart so white.

*Knocke.*

I heare a knocking

At the South entry: Retire we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares us of this deed.

**Macbeth.** To know my deed, 'twere best not know my selfe.

Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking: I would thou could'st.

*Exeunt.*

*Act II, Scene 3*

*Enter a Porter.*

*Knocking within.*

**Porter.** Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were

Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the

Key.

*Knock.*

Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th'name of Belzebub?

Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie:

Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'le sweat for't.

*Knock.*

Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name?

Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both

the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason

enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven:

oh come in, Equivocator.

*Knock.*

Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this

place is too cold for Hell. I’lle Devill-Porter it no further:

I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that

goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire.

*Knock.*

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lennox.*

**Macduff.** Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,

That you do lie so late?

**Porter.** Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:

And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

**Macduff.** What three things does Drinke especially provoke?

**Porter.** Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine. Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lie, leaves him.

**Macduff.** I believe, Drinke gave thee the Lie last Night.

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

*Enter Macbeth.*

**Macduff.** Is thy Master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.

**Lennox.** Good morrow, Noble Sir.

**Macbeth.** Good morrow both.

**Macduff.** Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

**Macbeth.** Not yet.

**Macduff.** I’lle make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted

service.

*Exit Macduff.*

**Lennox.** Goes the King hence to day?

**Macbeth.** He does: he did appoint so.

*Lennox.* The Night ha's been vnruly: where we lay,

Our Chimneys were blowne downe, and (as they say)

Lamentings heard i'th'Ayre; strange Screames of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,

Of dire Combustion, and confus'd Events,

New hatch'd toth'woefull time. The obscure Bird

Clamor'd the live-long Night. Some say, the Earth

Was fevorous, and did shake.

**Macbeth.** 'Twas a rough Night.

**Lennox.** My young remembrance cannot paralell

A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

**Macduff.** O horror, horror, horror,

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

**Macbeth and Lennox.** What's the matter?

**Macduff.** Confusion now hath made his Master-piece:

Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope

The Lords anointed Temple, and stole thence

The Life o'th'Building.

**Macbeth.** What is't you say, the Life?

**Lennox.** Meane you his Majestie?

**Macduff.** Aproach the Chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speake:

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

*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murder, and Treason,

Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,

Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,

And looke on Death it selfe: up, up, and see

The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Banquo -

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

**Lady Macbeth.** What's the Businesse?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

**Macduff.** O gentle Lady,

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

The repetition in a Womans eare,

Would murder as it fell.

*Enter Banquo.*

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our Royall Master's murder'd.

**Lady Macbeth.** Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

**Banquo.** Too cruel, any where.

Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,

And say, it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.*

**Macbeth.** Had I but died an houre before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,

There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:

All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,

The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees

Is left this Vault, to brag of.

*Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.*

**Donalbaine.** What is amisse?

**Macbeth.** You are, and do not know't:

The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood

Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

**Macduff.** Your Royall Father's murder'd.

**Malcolm.** Oh, by whom?

**Lennox.** Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:

Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found.

**Macbeth.** O, yet I do repent me of my furie,

That I did kill them.

**Macduff.** Wherefore did you so?

**Macbeth.** Th'expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,

His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,

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

For Ruines wastefull entrance: there the Murderers,

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

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,

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

Courage, to make's love knowne?

**Lady Macbeth.** Helpe me hence, hoa.

**Macduff.** Looke to the Lady.

**Malcolm.** Why do we hold our tongues, that most may clayme

This argument for ours?

**Donalbain.** What should be spoken

Here, where our Fate hid in an augure hole,

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

Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

**Malcolm.** Nor our strong Sorrow

Upon the foot of Motion.

**Banquo.** Looke to the Lady:

And when we have our naked Frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure; let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of worke,

To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us:

In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight

Of Treasonous Mallice.

**Macduff.** And so do I.

**All.** So all.

*Exeunt.*

**Malcolm.** What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the false man does easie. I’lle to England.

**Donalbain.** To Ireland, I: Our seperated fortune

Shall keepe us both the safer: Where we are,

There's Daggers in mens Smiles; The neere in blood,

The neerer bloody.

**Malcolm.** This murderous Shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,

Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,

And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,

But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

*Exeunt.*

*Act II, Scene 4*

*Enter Rosse, with an Old Woman.*

**Old Woman.** Threescore and ten I can remember well,

Within the Volume of which Time, I have seene

Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night

Hath trifled former knowings.

**Ross.** Ha, good Mother,

Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans Act,

Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,

And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe:

Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,

That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,

When living Light should kisse it?

**Old Woman.** 'Tis vnnaturall,

Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,

A Falcon towring in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

**Ross.** And Duncans Horses, (a thing most strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,

Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would

Make Warre with Mankinde.

**Old Woman.** 'Tis said, they eate each other.

**Ross.** They did so: To th'amazement of mine eyes

That look'd upon't.

*Enter Macduff.*

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

**Macduff.** Why see you not?

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

**Macduff.** Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

**Ross.**  Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

**Macduff.** They were subborned,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings children

Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

**Ross.** 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven up

Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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

To be invested.

**Ross.** Will you to Scone?

**Macduff.** No Cosin, I’lle to Fife.

**Ross.** Well, I will thither.

**Macduff.** Well may you see things well done there: Adieu

Lest our old Robes sit easier than our new.

*Exeunt omnes*

*Act III, Scene 1.*

*Enter Banquo.*

**Banquo.** Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird Women promis'd, and I feare

Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was saide

It should not stand in thy Posterity,

But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

*Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lennox,*

*Ross, Lords, and Attendants.*

**Macbeth.** To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,

And I’lle request your presence.

**Banquo.** Let your Highnesse

Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.

**Macbeth.** Ride you this afternoone?

**Banquo.**Aye, my good Lord.

**Macbeth.** We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)

In this dayes Council: but wee'le take to morrow.

Is't farre you ride?

**Banquo.** I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke houre, or twaine.

**Macbeth.** Faile not our Feast.

**Banquo.** My Lord, I will not.

**Macbeth.** We heare 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,

When therewithall, we shall have cause of State.

Goes Fleance with you?

**Banquo.** Aye, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

**Macbeth.** Farewell.

*Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time,

Till seven at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome: We will keepe our selfe

Till Supper time alone: While then, God be with you.

*Exeunt Lords.*

Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

**Gentlewoman.** They are, my Lord, without the Palace

Gate.

**Macbeth.** Bring them before us.

*Exit Servant.*

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

Our feares in Banquo sticke deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

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

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I do feare: and under him,

My *Genius* is rebuk'd*.* He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King upon me,

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

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

Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,

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

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

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

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell

Given to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Rather then so, come Fate into the List,

And champion me to th'utterance. Who's there?

*Enter two Murderers.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**1st Murderer.**  It was, so please your Highnesse.

**Macbeth.** Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches: Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been

Our innocent selfe. This I made good to you,

In our last conference, Do you finde

Your patience so predominant, in your nature,

That you can let this goe?

**1st Murderer.** We are men, my Liege.

**Macbeth.** Aye, in the Catalogue ye go for men,

Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,

And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,

Whose execution takes your Enemie off,

Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,

Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,

Which in his Death were perfect.

**2nd Murderer.** I am one, my Liege,

Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World

Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what

I do, to spite the World.

**1st Murderer.** And I another,

So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,

That I would set my Life on any Chance,

To mend it, or be rid on't.

**Macbeth.** Both of you

Know Banquo was your Enemie.

**Murderers.** True, my Lord.

**Macbeth.** So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being, thrusts

Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,

And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,

For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but waile his fall,

Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love,

Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,

**2nd Murderer.** We shall, my Lord, performe what you command us.

**Macbeth.** Your Spirits shine through you.

Within this houre, at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,

Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,

And something from the Palace: alwayes thought,

That I require a clearenesse; and with him,

To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

Fleance, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,

Whose absence is no lesse material to me,

Than is his Fathers, must embrace the fate

Of that darke houre.

**Muderers.** We are resolv'd, my Lord.

**Macbeth.** I’lle call upon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,

If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

*Exeunt.*

*Act III, Scene 2*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

**Lady Macbeth.** Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,

Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

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

**Macbeth.** We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Malice

Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,

That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gaine our peace, have sent to peace,

Then on the torture of the Minde to lie

In restlesse ecstasie. Duncane is in his Grave:

After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepes well,

Treason has done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poison,

Malice domestic, foreign Levie, nothing,

Can touch him further.

**Lady Macbeth.** Come on: Gentle my Lord,

Sleeke o're your rugged Lookes, be bright and jovial

Among your Guests to Night.

**Macbeth.** O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:

Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

**Lady Macbeth.** But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

**Macbeth.** There's comfort yet, they are assailable,

Then be thou jocund: There shall be done

A deed of dreadfull note.

**Lady Macbeth.** What's to be done?

**Macbeth.** Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,

Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,

And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand

Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,

Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:

So prithee go with me.

*Exeunt.*

*Act III, Scene 3*

*Enter three Murderers.*

**1st Murderer.** But who did bid thee ioyne with us?

**3rd Murderer.** Macbeth.

**2nd Murderer.** He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our Offices, and what we have to do,

To the direction just.

**1st Murderer.** Then stand with us:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.

Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,

**Banquo.** *(within)* Give us a Light there, hoa.

**2nd Murderer.** Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,

Alreadie are i'th'Court.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance.*

**2nd Murderer.** A Light, a Light.

**3rd Murderer.** 'Tis hee.

**1st Murderer.** Stand to't.

**Banquo.** It will be Raine to Night.

**1st Murderer.** Let it come downe.

**Banquo.** O, Trecherie! Flye good Fleance*,* flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

**3rd Murderer.** Who did strike out the Light?

**1st Murderer.** Was't not the way?

**3rd Murderer.** There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

**2nd Murderer.** We have lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

**1st Murderer.** Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

*Exeunt.*

*Act III, Scene 4*

*Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lennox,*

*Lords, and Attendants.*

**Macbeth.** You know your owne degrees, sit downe: At first and last,

The hearty welcome.

**Lords.** Thankes to your Majesty.

**Macbeth.** Be large in mirth, anon we'll drinke a Measure

The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

**1st Murderer.** 'Tis Banquo's then.

**Macbeth.** 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

**1st Murderer.** My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

**Macbeth.** Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleance.

If thou did'st it, thou art the Nonpareill.

**1st Murderer.** Most Royall Sir Fleance is scap'd.

**Macbeth.** Then comes my Fit againe: I had else beene perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the casing Aire:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

**1st Murderer.** Aye, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a Death to Nature.

**Macbeth.** Thankes for that:

There the growne Serpent lies, the worme that's fled

Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,

No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow

Wee'll heare our selves againe.

*Exit Murderer.*

**Lady Macbeth.** My Royall Lord,

You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold

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

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

**Macbeth.** Sweet Remembrancer:

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

**Lennox.** May't please your Highnesse sit.

**Macbeth.** Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,

Then pity for Mischance.

Which of you have done this?

**Lord 1.** What, my good Lord?

**Macbeth.** Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory lockes at me.

**Ross.** Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

**Lady Macbeth.** Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,

And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,

The fit is momentary, upon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

**Macbeth.** Aye, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Devil.

**Lady Macbeth.** O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Aire-drawne-Dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan*.* O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to true feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

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

You looke but on a stoole.

**Macbeth.** Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kites.

**Lady Macbeth.** What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

**Macbeth.** If I stand heere, I saw him.

**Lady Macbeth.** Fie for shame.

**Macbeth.** Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

Aye, and since too, Murders have bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has been,

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

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murders on their crownes,

And push us from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

**Lady Macbeth.** My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

**Macbeth.** I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

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

Then I’lle sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

*Enter Ghost.*

I drinke to th'generall joy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend Banquo*,* whom we misse:

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

And all to all.

**Lords.** Our duties, and the pledge.

**Macbeth.** Avaunt, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with. What man dare, I dare:

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves

Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,

And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,

Unreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

**Lady Macbeth.** You have displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

**Macbeth.** Can such things be,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the natural Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

**Ross.** What sights, my Lord?

**Lady Macbeth.** I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

**Lennnox.** Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

**Lady Macbeth.** A kinde goodnight to all.

*Exit Lords.*

**Macbeth.** It will have blood they say: Blood will have Blood:

Stones have beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderstood Relations, have

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

**Lady Macbeth.** Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

**Macbeth.** How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person

At our great bidding.

**Lady Macbeth.** Did you send to him Sir?

**Macbeth.** I heare it by the way: But I will send:

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

I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weird Sisters.

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

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

All causes shall give way. I am in blood

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

Returning were as tedious as go o’er:

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

Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

**Lady Macbeth.** You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

**Macbeth.** Come, we'll to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:

We are yet but yong indeed.

*Exeunt.*

*Act III, Scene 6*

*Enter Lennox, Lord 2, Lord 3.*

**Lennox.** My former Speeches, have but hit your Thoughts

Which can interpret farther: Onely I say

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:

And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,

Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolme, and for Donalbaine

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,

How it did grieve Macbeth? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?

Was not that Nobly done? Aye, and wisely too:

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He has borne all things well, and I do thinke,

That had he Duncans Sonnes under his Key,

(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleance.

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare

Macduffe lives in disgrace. Miss, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

**Lord 2.** The Sonnes of Duncane

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)

Lives in the English Court, and is receiv’d

Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,

That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing

Takes from his high respect.

**Lord 3.** Thither Macduffe

Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward,

That by the helpe of these (with him above

To ratifie the Worke) we may againe

Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:

Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;

Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,

All which we pine for now.

**Lord 2.** And this report

Hath so exasperate their King, that hee

Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

**Lennox.** Sent he to Macduffe?

**Lord 3.** He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I

The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,

And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time

That clogges me with this Answer.

**Lennox.** And that well might

Advise him to a Caution, t’ hold what distance

His wisedome can provide. Some holy Angell

Flye to the Court of England, and unfold

His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soone returne to this our suffering Country,

Under a hand accurs'd.

**Lord 2.** I’lle send my Prayers with him.

*Exeunt*

*Act IV, Scene 1*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

**Witch 1**. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

**Witch 2**. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

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

**Witch 1.** Round about the Caldron go:

In the poisond Entrailes throw

Toad, that under cold stone,

Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,

Boile thou first i'th'charmed pot.

**All.** Double, double, toile and trouble;

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

**Witch 2.** Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boile and bake:

Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,

Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:

Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,

Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:

For a Charme of powerfull trouble,

Like a Hell-broth, boile and bubble.

**All.** Double, double, toile and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

**Witch 3.** Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,

Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe

Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke:

Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:

Liver of Blaspheming Jew,

Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,

Sliver'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:

Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,

Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.

Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,

For th'Ingredience of our Cauldron.

**All.** Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

**Witch 2.** Coole it with a Baboones blood,

Then the Charme is firme and good.

By the pricking of my Thumbes,

Something wicked this way comes:

*Enter Macbeth.*

**Macbeth.** What is't you do?

**All.** A deed without a name.

**Macbeth.** I conjure you, by that which you Professe,

(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

**Witch 1.** Speake.

**Witch 2.** Demand.

**Witch 3.** We'll answer.

**Witch 1.** Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,

Or from our Masters.

**Macbeth.** Call 'em: let me see 'em.

*Thunder.*

*1st Apparition,an Armed Head.*

**1st Apparition.** Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

*He Descends.*

**Macbeth.** What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks

Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

**Witch 1.** He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

*Thunder.*

*2nd* *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*

**2nd Apparition.** Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Be bloody, bold, and resolute: Laugh to scorne

The power of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth.

*Descends.*

**Macbeth.** Then live Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet I’lle make assurance: double sure,

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

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

And sleepe in spite of Thunder.

*Thunder*

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

What is this?

**3rd Apparition.** Be Lion mettled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great Birnam Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him.

*Descend.*

**Macbeth.** That will never bee:

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet bodements, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

Of Birnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Heart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue ever

Reigne in this Kingdome?

**All.** Seeke to know no more.

**Macbeth.** I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.

**Witch 1.** Show.

**Witch 2.** Show.

**Witch 3.** Show.

**All.** Show his Eyes, and grieve his Hart,

Come like shadowes, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse*

*in his hand.*

**Macbeth.** Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:

Thy Crowne does seare mine Eyeballs. And thy haire

Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:

A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,

Why do you show me this? --- A fourth? Start eyes!

What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?

Another yet? A seventh? I’lle see no more:

And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,

Which showes me many more: and some I see,

That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,

For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this so?

**Witch 1.** Aye Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

I’lle Charme the Ayre to give a sound,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

*Musicke.*

**Macbeth.** Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious houre,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

*Enter Lennox.*

**Lennox.** What's your Graces will.

**Macbeth.** Saw you the Weird Sisters?

**Lennox.** No my Lord.

**Macbeth.** Came they not by you?

**Lennox.** No indeed my Lord.

**Macbeth.** Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them.

Who was't came by?

**Lennox.** 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:

Macduff is fled to England.

**Macbeth.** Fled to England?

**Lennox.** Aye, my good Lord.

**Macbeth.** Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke

Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprise,

Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o'th'Sword

His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

This deed I’lle do, before this purpose coole,

But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

*Exeunt*

*Act IV, Scene 2*

*Enter Macduff’s Wife, her Children, and Ross.*

**Lady Macduff.** What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

**Ross.** You must have patience Madam.

**Lady Macduff.** He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,

Our feares do make us Traitors.

**Ross.** You know not

Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

**Lady Macduff.** Wisedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe does flye? He loves us not,

He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren

(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,

Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;

As little is the Wisedome, where the flight

So runnes against all reason.

**Ross.** My deerest Coz,

I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,

He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes

The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,

But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors

And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor

From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea

Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I’lle be heere againe:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,

To what they were before. My pretty Cousine,

Blessing upon you.

**Lady Macduff.** Father'd he is, and yet hee's Father-lesse.

**Ross.** I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once.

*Exit Ross.*

**Lady Macduff.** Sirra, your Fathers dead,

And what will you do now? How will you live?

**Son.** As Birds do Mother.

**Lady Macduff.** What with Wormes, and Flyes?

**Daughter.** With what I gets he meanes, and so do they.

**Lady Macduff.** Poore Bird, thou'dst never Feare the Net, nor Lime, the Pitfall, nor the Gin.

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

**Lady Macduff.** Yes, he is dead: How wilt thou do for a Father?

**Daughter.** Nay how will you do for a Husband?

**Lady Macduff.** Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

**Daughter.** Then you'll buy 'em to sell againe.

**Lady Macduff.** Thou speak'st withall thy wit, and yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

**Son.** Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

**Lady Macduff.** Aye, that he was.

**Son.** What is a Traitor?

**Lady Macduff.** Why one that sweares, and lies.

**Son.** And be all Traitors, that do so.

**Lady Macduff.** Every one that does so, is a Traitor, and must be hang'd.

**Son.** And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

**Lady Macduff.** Every one.

**Son.** Who must hang them?

**Lady Macduff.** Why, the honest men.

**Daughter.** Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Liars and Swearers enough, to beate the honest men, and hang up them.

**Lady Macduff.** Now God helpe thee, poore Monkey: But how wilt thou do for a Father?

**Daughter.** If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely have a new Father.

**Lady Macduff.** Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

*Enter a Messenger.*

**Messenger.** Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,

Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;

I doubt some danger does approach you neerely.

Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones

I dare abide no longer.

*Exit Messenger*

**Lady Macduff.** Whither should I flye?

I have done no harme. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world: where to do harme

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harme?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

**1st Murderer.** Where is your Husband?

**Lady Macduff.** I hope in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st finde him.

**2nd Murderer.** He's a Traitor.

**Son.** Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

**1st Murderer.**  What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery?

**Daughter.** He has kill'd him Mother,

**Son.** Run away I pray you.

*Exit crying Murder.*

*Act IV, Scene 3*

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

**Malcolm.** Let us seeke out some desolate shade, and there

Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

**Macduff.** Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal Sword: and like good men,

Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,

New Widowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorrowes

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like Syllable of Dolour.

**Malcolm.** What I believe, I’lle waile;

What know, believe; and what I can redresse,

As I shall finde the time to friend: I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,

He hath not touch'd you yet.

**Macduff.** I am not treacherous.

**Malcolm.** But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoile

In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;

Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace

Yet Grace must still looke so.

**Macduff.** I have lost my Hopes.

**Malcolm.** Perchance even there where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?

Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,

Without leave-taking. I pray you,

Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,

But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,

What ever I shall thinke.

**Macduff.** Bleed, bleed poore Country,

Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear yu thy wrongs,

The Title, is affear'd.

**Malcolm.** Be not offended:

I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,

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

Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,

There would be hands uplifted in my right:

And heere from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands. But for all this,

When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head,

Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country

Shall have more vices than it had before,

More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,

By him that shall succeede.

**Macduff.** What should he be?

**Malcolm.** It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know

All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth

Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State

Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd

With my confinelesse harmes.

**Macduff.** Not in the Legions

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

In evils, to top *Macbeth.*

**Malcolm.** I grant him Bloody,

Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,

Sudden, Malicious, smacking of every sinne

That has a name. But there's no bottome, none

In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,

Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up

The Cisterne of my Lust, and my Desire

All continent Impediments would o’er-beare

That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,

Then such an one to reigne. With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such

A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,

I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,

Desire his Jewels, and this others House,

And my more-having, would be as a Sauce

To make me hunger more, that I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,

Destroying them for wealth.

**Macduff.** Yet do not feare,

Scotland hath Foisons, to fill up your will

Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,

With other Graces weigh'd.

**Malcolm.** But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,

As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,

Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,

Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,

I have no rellish of them, but abound

In the division of each severall Crime,

Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I power, I should

Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,

Uproare the universall peace, confound

All unity on earth.

**Macduff.** O Scotland, Scotland.

**Malcolm.** If such a one be fit to governe, speake:

I am as I have spoken.

**Macduff.** Fit to govern?

No not to live. O Nation miserable!

With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,

When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?

Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne

By his owne Interdiction stands accus’d,

And does blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father

Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,

Oftner upon her knees, than on her feet,

Diede every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,

Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breast,

Thy hope ends heere.

**Macolm.** Macduff, this Noble passion

Childe of integrity, hath from my soule

Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

To thy good Truth, and Honor. Devillish Macbeth,

By many of these traines, hath sought to win me

Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me

From over-credulous hast: but God above

Deale betweene thee and me; For even now

I put my selfe to thy Direction, and

Unspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abjure

The taints, and blames I laide upon my selfe,

For strangers to my Nature. I am yet

Unknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,

Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne.

At no time broke my Faith, would not betray

The Devill to his Fellow, and delight

No lesse in truth than life. My first false speaking

Was this upon my selfe. What I am truly

Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:

Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse

Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

**Macduff.** Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter Ross.*

**Macduff.** See who comes heere.

**Macduff.** My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Stands Scotland where it did?

**Ross.** Alas poore Countrey,

Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot

Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing

But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:

Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the aire

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes

A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,

Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens lives

Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken.

**Macduff.** Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

**Malcolm.** What's the newest griefe?

**Ross.** Each minute teemes a new one.

**Macduff.** How does my Wife?

**Ross.** Why well.

**Macduff.** And all my Children?

**Ross.**  Well too.

**Macduff.** The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

**Ross.** No, they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em

**Macduff.** Be not a miser of your speech: How gos't?

**Ross.** When I came hither to transport the Tydings

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour

Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out.

Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland

Would create Soldiers, make our women fight,

To doffe their dire distresses.

**Malcolm.** Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither:

**Ross.** Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert aire,

Where hearing should not latch them.

**Macduff.** What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe

Due to some single brest?

**Ross.** No minde that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part

Pertaines to you alone.

**Macduff.** If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

**Ross.** Let not your eares despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

**Macduff.** I guesse at it.

**Ross.** Your Castle is surpris'd: your Wife, and Babes

Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner

Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere

To adde the death of you.

**Malcolm.** Mercifull Heaven:

What man, ne’er pull your hat upon your browes:

Give sorrow words; the griefe that does not speake,

Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

**Macduff.** My Children too?

**Ross.** Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

**Macduff.** And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

**Ross.** I have said.

**Malcolm.** Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,

To cure this deadly griefe.

**Macduff.** He has no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme

At one fell swoope?

**Malcolm.** Dispute it like a man.

**Macduff.** I shall do so:

But I must also feele it as a man;

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,

And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,

They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,

Not for their owne demerits, but for mine

Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

**Malcolm.** Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe

Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**Macduff.** O I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,

Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,

Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe

Within my Swords length set him, if he scape

Heaven forgive him too.

**Malcolm.** This time goes manly:

Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,

Our lacke is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above

Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may,

The Night is long, that never findes the Day.

*Exeunt*

*Act V, Scene 1.*

*Enter Doctor and Gentlewoman.*

**Doctor.** I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

**Gentlewoman.** Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

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

**Gentlewoman.** That Sir, which I will not report after her.

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

**Gentlewoman.** Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse

to confirme my speech.

*Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

**Doctor.** You see her eyes are open.

**Gentlewoman.** Aye but their sense are shut.

**Doctor.** What is it she does now? Looke how she rubbes her hands.

**Gentlewoman.** It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

**Lady Macbeth.** Yet heere's a spot.

**Doctor.** Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

**Lady Macbeth.** Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knows it, when none can call our power to account: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.

**Doctor.** Do you marke that?

**Lady Macbeth.** The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

**Gentlewoman.** She has spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she has knowne.

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

**Doctor.** What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

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

**Doctor.** This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

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

**Doctor.** Even so?

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

*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

**Doctor.** Will she go now to bed?

**Gentlewoman.** Directly.

**Doctor.** Foule whisp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected mindes

To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:

More needs she the Divine, then the Physician:

God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,

Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,

And still keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight,

My minde she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I thinke, but dare not speake.

**Gentlewoman.** Good night good Doctor.

*Exeunt.*

*Act V, Scene II*

*Enter Menteith, Caithness,* *Angus, Lennox, Soldiers.*

**Menteith.** The English power is neere, led on by Malcolm,

Revenges burne in them.

**Angus.** Neere Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

**Caithness.** Who knowes if Donalbaine be with her brother?

**Lennox.** For certaine Ma’am, she is not: I have a File

Of all the Gentry; there is Siwards Girl,

And many unruffe youths.

**Menteith.** What does the Tyrant.

**Caithness.** Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:

Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of Rule.

**Angus.** Now does he feele

His secret Murders sticking on his hands,

Those he commands, moue onely in command,

Nothing in love.

**Caithness.** Well, march we on,

To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:

Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,

And with him poure we in our Countries purge,

Each drop of us.

**Lennox.** Or so much as it needes,

To dew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:

Make we our March towards Birnam.

*Exeunt marching.*

*Act V, Scene 3.*

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

**Macbeth.** Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy Malcolme?

Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know

All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:

Feare not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman

Shall e’er have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,

And mingle with the English Epicures,

The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,

Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

*Enter Servant.*

The devill damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:

Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

**Servant.** There is ten thousand.

**Macbeth.** Geese Villaine?

**Servant.** Soldiers Sir.

**Macbeth.** Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare

Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

**Servant.** The English Force, so please you.

**Macbeth.** Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at heart.

*Enter Seyton.*

**Seyton.** What's your gracious pleasure?

**Macbeth.** What Newes more?

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

**Macbeth.** I’lle fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

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

How does your Patient, Doctor?

**Doctor.** Not so sicke my Lord,

As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies

That keepe her from her rest.

**Macbeth.** Cure her of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,

Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,

Which weighes vpon the heart?

**Doctor.** Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

**Macbeth.** Throw Physicke to the Dogs, I’lle none of it.

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

What Rubarb, Senna, or what Purgative drugge

Would scoure these English hence: hear'st thou of them?

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,

Till Birnam Forrest come to Dunsinane.

**Doctor.** Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,

Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

*Exeunt*

*Act V, Scene 4*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduffe,* *Young Siward, Menteith, Caithnes, Angus,* *and Soldiers Marching.*

**Malcolm.** Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand

That Chambers will be safe.

**Menteith.** We doubt it nothing.

**Siward.** What wood is this before us?

**Menteith.** The wood of Birnam.

**Malcolm.**Let every Soldier hew him downe a Bough,

And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our Host, and make discovery

Erre in report of us.

**Soldier.** It shall be done.

**Siward.** We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant

Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will endure

Our setting downe befor't.

**Malcolm.** 'Tis his maine hope:

**Siward.**

Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,

But certaine issue, strokes must arbitrate,

Towards which, advance the warre.

*Exeunt marching*

*Act V, Scene 5*

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers*

**Macbeth.** I have almost forgot the taste of Feares:

The time has beene, my senses would have cool'd

To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire

Would at a dismall Treatise rouse, and stirre

As life were in't. I have supp’d full with horrors.

**Seyton.** The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

**Macbeth.** She should have diede heereafter;

There would have beene a time for such a word:

To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,

Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last Syllable of Recorded time:

And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles

The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,

That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a Tale

Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury

Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

**Gentlewoman.** Gracious my Lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to doo't.

As I did stand my watch upon the Hill

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon me thought

The Wood began to move.

**Macbeth.** Liar, and Slave.

**Gentlewoman.** Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:

Within this three Mile may you see it comming.

I say, a moving Grove.

**Macbeth.** If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive

Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in Resolution, and begin

To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,

That lies like truth. Feare not, till Birnam Wood

Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,

If this which she avouches, does appeare,

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

*Exeunt*

*Act V, Scene 6.*

*Enter Malcolme, Siward, Macduffe, and their Army,* *with Boughes.*

**Malcolm.** Now neere enough: Your leafy Screenes throw downe,

And show like those you are:

**Macduff.** Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath

Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.

*Exeunt*

*Act V, Scene 7.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

**Macbeth.** They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,

But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he

That was not borne of Woman? Such a one

Am I to feare, or none.

*Enter Young Siward.*

**Young Siward.** What is thy name?

**Macbeth.** Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

**Young Siward.** No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hotter name

Then any is in hell.

**Macbeth.** My name's Macbeth.

**Young Siward.** The devil himselfe could not pronounce a Title

More hatefull to mine eare.

**Macbeth.** No: nor more fearefull.

**Young Siward.** Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword

I’lle prove the lie thou speakst.

*Fight, and young Siward slaine.*

**Macbeth.** Thou was't borne of woman;

But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,

Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne.

*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Macduffe.*

**Macduff.** That way the noise is: Tyrant show thy face,

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

My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,

And more I begge not.

*Exit.* *Alarums.* *Enter Malcolme and Siward.*

**Siward.** The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,

The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,

The day almost it selfe professes yours,

And little is to do.

**Malcolm.** We have met with Foes

That strike beside us.

**Siward.** Enter Sir, the Castle.

*Exeunt.* *Alarum*. *Enter Macbeth.*

**Macbeth.** Why should I play the Roman Foole, and die

On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes

Do better upon them.

*Enter Macduffe.*

**Macduff.** Turne Hell-hound, turne.

**Macbeth.** Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already.

**Macduff.** I have no words,

My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine

Then tearmes can give thee out.

*Fight: Alarum*

**Macbeth.** Thou loosest labour

As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Aire

With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,

I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld

To one of woman borne.

**Macduff.** Despaire thy Charme,

And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb

Untimely ript.

**Macbeth.** Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;

For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:

And be these Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense,

That keepe the word of promise to our eare,

And breake it to our hope. I’lle not fight with thee.

**Macduff.** Then yield thee Coward,

And live to be the show, and gaze o'th'time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are

Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,

Heere may you see the Tyrant.

**Macbeth.** I will not yield

To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet,

Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body,

I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,

And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarums.*

*Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.* *Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*

**Malcolm.** Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Girl.

**Ross.** Your girl my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,

**Siward.** Then she is dead?

**Ross.** Aye, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by her worth, for then

It hath no end.

**Siward.** Why then, Gods Soldier be she:

**Malcolm.** She's worth more sorrow,

And that I’lle spend for her.

**Siward.** She's worth no more,

They say she parted well, and paid her score,

And so God be with her. Here comes newer comfort.

*Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.*

**Macduff.** Haile King, for so thou art. Behold where stands

Th'Usurpers cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compass’d with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That speake my salutation in their minds:

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

**All.** Haile King of Scotland.

**Malcolm.** We shall not spend a large expense of time,

Before we reckon with your severall loves,

And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland

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

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruel Ministers

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

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

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else

That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe in measure, time, and place:

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

Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.