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The Works Of Shakespear

In Six Volumes ; Adorned With Sculptures

Consisting Of Tragedies

Shakespear, William

Oxford, 1771

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

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F. Hayman inv.

MACBETH. Act. 5. Sc. 1.

J. Goulet sculp.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

MACBETH



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *Sons to the King.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

LENOX, }
MACDUFF, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to BANQUO.*

SIWARD, *General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD his Son.

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on MACBETH.*

Son to MACDUFF.

Doctor.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady MACBETH.

HECATE, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of BANQUO, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE *in the end of the fourth Act lies in England, through
the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at MACBETH'S Castle.*

*Supposed to be true history; taken from HECTOR BOETIUS, and
other Scottish Chroniclers.*

MACBETH.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I WITCH.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.* I come, I come: —

Grimalkin!

2 *Witch.* *Paddocke* calls. — Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through fog and filthy air.

[they rise from the stage and fly away.]

SCENE II.

The Palace at Foris.

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding captain.*

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The



The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant, who
Like a right good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. — Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art: the merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
With *Kerns* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like the rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth*, (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage,
Till he had fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun gives his reflection,*
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, king of *Scotland*, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kerns* to trust their heels,
But the *Norweyan* lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

* By this is meant the rainbow the strongest and most remarkable reflection of any the sun gives.

Cap.

Cap. Yes,
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks,
 So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
 I cannot tell: —
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
 They smack of honour both. — Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Rossie, and Angus.

But who comes here!

Mal. The worthy thane of *Rossie*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
 That seems to speak things strange.

Rossie. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rossie. From *Fife*, great king,
 Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold.
Norway, himself with numbers terrible,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;
 Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lap'd in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
 The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rossie. Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* king, craves composition:
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at faint *Colmkil*-isle,
 Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

* *Colmkil* is one of the western isles of Scotland, otherwise call'd *Jona*.

King.



King. No more that thane of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom int'rest. — Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1 Witch. WHERE hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *Tiger* :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other ;

And the very points they blow,

All the quarters that they know,

I'th' shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid ;

He shall live a man forbid :

Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :

Though

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*drum within,*

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth, and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? — Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

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

1 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Glamis!*

2 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Cawdor!*

3 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? my noble partner

[*to the Witches.*

VOL. V.

P p p

You



You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

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

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

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

All-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*!

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinel's* death I know I'm thane of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*? the thane of *Cawdor* lives,
A prosp'rous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? — speak, I charge you.

[*witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind.

'Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

• *The father of Macbeth.*

Macb.



Macb. And thane of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' selfsame tune, and words: but who is here?

S C E N E V.

Enter *Rosse*, and *Angus*.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of, what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee thane of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

[*aside.*

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

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,

P p p 2

Have



Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of *Cawdor*!

The greatest is behind. — [*aside.*] Thanks for your pains. —

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

[*to Angus.*
to Banquo.

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of *Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —

Cousins, a word I pray you.

[*to Rossie and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm thane of *Cawdor*:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present feats
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder's yet but fantasy,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

[*aside.*

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me
Without my stir.

[*aside.*

Ban. New honours come upon him

Like

Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, [aside.
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us tow'rd the king. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time, [to Banquo.
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends. [Exeunt.

S C E N E : VI.

The Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and
Attendants.

King. **I**S execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter



Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O my most worthy cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude ev'n now
Was heavy on me: thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I've left to say,
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Shap'd tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. — Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, 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*: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*, [to Macbeth.
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

¶

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The prince of *Cumberland*! that is a step, [aside.
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
Let no light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see! [Exit.

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full of valour,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd
by the perfectest report, they have more in them than
mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further,
they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While 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 weird sisters
saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with Hail,
king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my
dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of
rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness 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 I fear thy nature;

It



It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illnefs should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thoud'ft have, great *Glamis*,
 That which cries, *This thou must do, if thou have it.*
 And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mef. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:

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

Mef. 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.

Lady. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. [*Exit Mef.*] The raven himself is hoarse,
 That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unfex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up th'acces and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th'

Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers!
 Wherever in your fightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night!
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*embracing him.*
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ign'rant present time, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O! never

Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters: to beguile the time
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;

To alter favour, ever, is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE VIII.

The Castle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. THIS castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath
Smells sweet and woingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid godild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

An Apartment in the Castle.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes and service
over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. I F it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all *here*,
Here only, on this bank and shoal of time;
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been

Q q q 2

So



So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
 Upon the fightless courfers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other side.

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He hath almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which should be worn now in their newest goss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? from this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat i'th' adage.*

* *The proverb here meant is this, The cat loves fish but dares not wet her feet.*
 [Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.]

Macb.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprife to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

That



'This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of most kind hostess, and's shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's very well.
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they've show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exe. Banquo and Fleance.*]

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. — [*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch 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 heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,

Thou



Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools 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 business which informs
 This to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecate's* offerings; and wither'd murder,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of that we're about,
 And take the present horrour from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he lives: —^a

[*a bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
 What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. — Hark! — Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal belman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. — He is about it: —
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their possets,

^a ----- he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, &c.

That

That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us: — hark! — I lay'd their daggers ready,
He could not mis' em. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. — My husband?

Macb. I've done the deed: — didst not thou hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — who lies i'th' second chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Macb. This is a sorry fight. *[looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd, *Murder!*
They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and, *Amen,* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Lift'ning their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, god blefs us.

Lady. 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.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought on
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

VOL. V.

R r r

Macb.



Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. 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!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
 That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*
 [*knock within.*
 [*starting.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will rather^b
 Make the green ocean red. —

^a ----- innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of &c.

^b ----- will rather
 Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*knock.*] Hark, more knocking!
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. T'unknow my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: 'would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

Making the green one red.
Enter Lady Macbeth. &c.
* ---- would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! if a man were porter of hell-gate, he 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 himself in th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for god's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: o, come in, equivocator. [*knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an *English* tailor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*knock.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:
And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Litchery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with litchery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' th' very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

SCENE &c.

R r r 2

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almost slip'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in^a phyficks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesyings with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night. Some say, the earth
Was fev'rous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

^a Heals or cures pain.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horrou! horrou! horrou!
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece! —
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

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

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake! —

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the alarum-bell. — Murder! and treason! —
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Donalbain!*
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horrou. —

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,*
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady.



Lady. Wo, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where. —

Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

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 serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Are left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop'd; the very source of it is stop'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted,
As no man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin lac'd with his goary blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,

Steep'd

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! [*seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
 Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
 May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
 The foot of motion.

Ban. Look there to the lady: [*lady Macbeth is carried out.*
 And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
 In the great hand of god I stand, and thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
 To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
 The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

Is



Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft,
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rossie, with an old man.

Old Man. **T**HREESCORE and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time, I've seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rossie. Ah, good father,
 Thou see'st, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On tuesday last,
 A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rossie. And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange and certain!)
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rossie. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
 That look'd upon't.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*. —

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up
Its own life's means. Why then it is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

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

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to ^b*Colmkil*,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well! may you see things well done there! adieu.
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*]

[^a *Scone* was the place where the Scottish kings were always crowned, a stone being inclosed there,
in a wooden chair, for their inauguration. Camden's *Britannia*.]

^b *Colmkil* is one of the western isles of Scotland, otherwise call'd *Jona*.





ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now; king, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet, it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but, hush; no more.

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

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but

We'll

We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'T'wixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will 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;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. —

Exit Banquo.

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: till then, god be with you!

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Ser.*] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,

S f f 2

He



He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Antony's was by *Cæsar's*. 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 sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo* kings:
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance! — Who's there!

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there till we call. — [*Exit Servant.*
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have 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 self: this I made good to you
 In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you;
 How you were born in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else that might
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy,

Mur.



Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'th of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep 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 drop; but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
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: (always thought
That I require a clearness) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within. —

Exeunt Murd.

It is concluded: — *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. IS *Banquo* gone from court?

Ser. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis better to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

Gentle

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Park, the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* **B**UT who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
[*speaking to the first.*

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within.*] Give light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile:

But he does usually, so all men do,
From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*they assault Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! — Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. — O, slave! [*dies.* *Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

VOL. V.

T t t

1 *Mur.*



- 1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
 3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
 Is fled.
 2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.
 1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, sit down:
 And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host:
 Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
 We will require her welcome.

[*they sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
 For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
 Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' midst:
 Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
 The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.

[*to the Murderer aside at the door.*]

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him within.
 Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
 That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou didst it,
 Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur.

Mur. Most royal fir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To faucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that: —
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. — Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear thee ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is cold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making;
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present —
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, fir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.]

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, fir.

Macb. Where?



Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your highness?

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

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

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man? [*to Macbeth aside.*]

Mach. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. 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 flaws and starts
(Impostors of true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done
You look but on a stool.

Mach. Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? — [*pointing to the ghost.*]
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*the Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Mach. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame!

Mach. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too

Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot: —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: — give me some wine, fill full: —
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [*the Ghost rises again.*]

Macb. Avant, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrceanian* tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! — Why, so; — be gone: —

I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still. [*the Ghost vanishes.*]

[*the Lords rise.*
Lady.]



Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? you make me strange
Ev'n at the disposition that I owe,
Now when I think you can behold such fights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. 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;
Augurs that understood relations have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a thane of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

Which

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We're yet but young in deeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. WHY, how now, *Hecat'*? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning; thither he
Will come, to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air: this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And



And that, distill'd by magick flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [*musick and a song.*]
 Hark, I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
 Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*sing within: Come away, come away, &c.*]
 1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. MY former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pitied 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 walk too late.
 You cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
 It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
 To kill their gracious father; damned fact!
 How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
 He has born all things well: and I do think,
 That, had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
 (As an't please heav'n he shall not,) they should find

What

What 'twere to kill a father; so should *Fleance*.
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of *Duncan*,
 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. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone to pray the king upon his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
 That, by the help of these, (with him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasp'rated the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

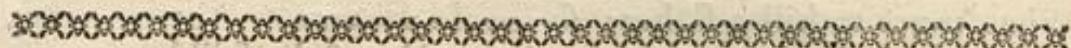
Lord. He did; and, with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a care to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
 His message ere he come! that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country,
 Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.]

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravining salt sea-shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of *Turk*, and *Tartar's* lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick, and flab.
 Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' th' gains:
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

Musick, and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
 Blue spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes: —
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight hags?
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.

U u u 2

Though



Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Ev'n till destruction sicken: answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
 Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call'em; let me see'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; greafe that's sweaten
 From the murd'rer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
 Thyself and office deftly show.

[*thunder.*]

*Apparition of an armed Head rises.**

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!* —
 Beware the thane of *Fife.* — Dismiss me: enough. [*descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks:
 Thou'ft harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another
 More potent than the first.

[*thunder.*]

* [Of these three spirits, or apparitions, the armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The Child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down each a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. Upton.]

Apparition

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

[*descends.*]

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

[*thunder.*]

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. 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 *Dunfinane's* high hill
Shall come against him.

[*descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good! —
Rebellion's head, 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 mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*the cauldron sinks into the ground.*]

Macb.



Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know. —
Why finks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [hautboys.

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order; the last holding
a glass in his hand: Banquo following them.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eyeballs. — And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first: —
A third is like the former. — Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? — A fourth? — Start, eye! —
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom? —
Another yet? — A seventh! — I'll see no more: —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! — Nay, now I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly? —
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[musick.

[the Witches dance and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the kalendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flightly purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firflings of my heart shall be
The firflings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprize;
Seize upon *Fife*; give to the edge o'th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.
But no more fights. — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rossie

L. Macd. **W**HAT had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd.



L. Macd. He had none ;
His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? he loves us not ;
He wants the nat'ral touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl :
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. Dearest cousin,
I pray you, school yourself : but, for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' time. I dare not speak much further ;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know't ourselves : when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you ;
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

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

[*Exit Rosse.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? how will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies ?

Son. On what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. 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?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars
and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou
do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not,
it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do less, to you were fell cruelty,

VOL. V.

X x x

Which



Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world; where, to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good, sometime,
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I'ad done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ft, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

[stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother;
Run away, pray you.

[Exit Lady Macduff crying murder; Murderers pursue her.]

S C E N E IV.

The King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

Mal. **L**ET us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfal birthdom: each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out

Like

Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
 What know, believe; and what I can redress,
 As I shall find 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. I'm young; but something
 You may deserve of him through me: 'tis wisdom
 To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
 T' appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
 Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave-taking?
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
 His title is affect'd. — Fare thee well, lord:
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

X x x 2

I think,



I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds : and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
 And here from gracious *England* have I offer
 Of goodly thousands : but yet for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before,
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean ; in whom I know^a
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
 In ill to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of each sin
 That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'er-bear
 That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

^a This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland.

To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold; the time you may so hoodwink:
 We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
 That vulture in you to devour so many,
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
 And my more-having would be as a fauce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-teeming lust: and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
 Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Sour the sweet milk of concord into hate,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O, *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd.



Macd. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live. — O nation miserable!
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
 Was a most fainted king; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. O, fare thee well,
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. — O my breast!
 Thy hope ends here.

Mal. 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. Dev'lish *Macbeth*
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste; but god above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I lay'd upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to women; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old *Siward*, with ten thousand warlike men
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and our chance, in goodness,

Be



Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They presently amend.

[*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd, the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here-remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And fundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal.



Mal. I know him now. Good god, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

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

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thousand men;

An

An older, and a better foldier, none
That christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? concern they
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some wo, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! — My wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. —
What, all my pretty ones? did you say, all?



What, all? —

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall:

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

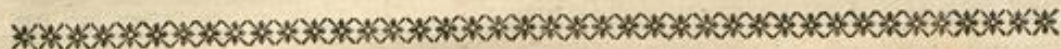
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

* ---- O, hell-kite! ---- What, all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Endure it &c.

ACT



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

An Antechamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

D O C T O R.

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

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon 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.

Doct. 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 actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

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

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes: this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep: observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing

Y y y 2

her



her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — one; two; why then 'tis time to do't: — hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a foldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of *Fife* had a wife; where is she now? — what, will these hands ne'er be clean? — no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. O, o, o!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray god, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad: unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
Good god, forgive us all! — Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: so, good night.
My mind she'as mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. **T**HE *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Siward's* son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsmine* he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His



His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
 His peester'd senses to recoil, and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
 Meet we the med'cin of the sickly weal;
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
 To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
 Make we our march towards *Birnam*.

[*Exeunt.*]

 S C E N E III.

Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. BRING me no more reports; let them fly all:
 Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
 Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.* — Fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the *English* epicures!
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There are ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, fir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
'Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. — *Seyton!* — I'm sick at heart,
When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — this push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curfes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh is hack'd. —
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That



That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to minds diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it. —
Come, put my armour on; give me my staff. —
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me. —
Come, sir, despatch. — If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence? hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunsmine*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsmine* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*aside. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth,
Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. COUSIN, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt marching.]

S C E N E V.

Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. HANG out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up:

VOL. V.

Z z z

Were



Were they not ^aforc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dafeul, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noife?

[*a cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the tafte of fears:
The time has been, my fenfes would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a difmal treatife roufe, and ftir
As life were in't. I have fufteit with horroures,
Direnefs familiar to my flaught'rous thoughts
Cannot now ftart me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen is dead.

Macb. She fhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for fuch a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laft fyllable of recorded time;
And all our yefterdays have lighted fools
The way to duiky ^b death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking fhadow, a poor player,
That fruts and frets his hour upon the ftage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of found and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Mefenger.

Thou com'ft to ufe thy tongue: thy ftory quickly.

Mef. My gracious lord,
I fhould report that which, I'd fay, I faw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, fay it, fir.

Mef. As I did ftand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,

^a For reenfore'd.

^b Dusky graves. *Rich.* 3. 373. and the infernal god is call'd dusky *Dis*, *Temp.* 55.

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*striking him.*

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt 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: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunfinane; and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunfinane*. — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the state o'th' world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum bell: — blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunfinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughs.

Mal. **N**OW near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. — You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —

Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,

Z z z 2

Let



Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*
[*alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [*fight, and young Siward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: tyrant show thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kerns*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undecided. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems

Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [Exit. alarum.

Enter Malcolm, and Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. alarum.

S C E N E VII.

Reenter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Reenter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [fight. alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell



Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! — I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show, and gaze o'th'time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunsmine*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he that first cries, hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting. alarum.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm,
Siward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has pay'd a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw.

Siw. Then is he dead?

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

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, god's foldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and pay'd his score:
So, god be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
Th' usurper's curst head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine: —
Hail, king of *Scotland!* hail!

All. Hail, king of *Scotland!*

[*flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an honour 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 watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what's needful else

That

That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one;
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*flourish*. *Exeunt omnes*.]

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

