

НБ ОНУ імені І.І.Мечникова

Август. Август

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M A C B E T H

A

T R A G E D Y

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

WITH THE ADDITIONS

Set to Music by Mr. LOCKE and Dr. ARNE.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

T h e a t r e - R o y a l i n D r u r y - L a n e



L O N D O N :

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M. DCC. LXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ, 1785.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Macbeth	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. HOLMAN.
Banquo	Mr. BENSLEY.	Mr. FARREN.
Duncan	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. HULL.
Rosse	Mr. AIKIN.	Mr. DAVIES.
Malcolm	Mr. R. PALMER.	Mr. CLARKE.
Macduff	Mr. BRERETON.	Mr. DARLEY.
Hecate	Mr. BANNISTER.	Mr. CUBITT.
Lenox	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Seyton	-	Mr. FEARON.
Doctor	-	Mr. BOOTH,
Witches	{ Mr. PARSONS,	{ Mrs. PITT,
	{ Mr. MOODY,	{ Mrs. KENNEDY.
	{ Mr. BADDELEY.	
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. SIDDONS.	Miss YOUNGE.

MACBETH.

* * * The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as at Line 32 to 34, in P. 16.

ACT I. SCENE, *An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I WITCH.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly'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 to meet Macbeth.

[*Padocke calls within.*

1 *Witch.* I come : — Grimalkin ! —

All. Padocke calls : — Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Thunder. The Witches sink,*

SCENE, *The King's Palace at Foris.*

Alarum within. 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 newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity : — Hail, brave friend !
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

A 2

And

And choak their art. The merciless Macdonel,
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to That
 The multiplying villainies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
 Of Kernes and Gallow-glass was supply'd;
 And Fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a 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 fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,
 'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

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

King. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

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
 'Doubly' 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.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes?

So

So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
 'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
 The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

[*tion;*]

Ross. Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves composition:
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
 Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom-interest: — Go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *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 mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: — *Give me,*
 quoth I.

Avoint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger:
 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' the shipman's card. —

I will

I will drain him dry as hay :
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 He shall live a man forbid :
 Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
 Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew 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,
 Poters 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.

A March. Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. Command they make a halt upon the heath
Sol. (*within*) Halt, halt, halt.

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 the inhabitants o'the 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'the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*]
 Which outwardly ye shew ? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of

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, tho' thou be none :
 So, 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 am Thane of Glamis ;
 But how, of Cawdor ? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman : and, to be King,
 Stands not within the prospect of 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.

[*Thunder—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 corporal, melted
 As breath, into the wind. — 'Would they had staid !

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.

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

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success : and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's 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'the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,

A 4

Nothing

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with 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 bade 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? [me

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment 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 that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. (*Aside*)—Thanks for your pains.
[To Angus.

Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings? [To Banquo.
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

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 Rosse and Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. (*Aside*)—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [To Rosse and Angus.
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,

Why

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am 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 fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance
may crown me, [Aside.

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
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 forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak [To Banquo
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E the Palace.

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

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? 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

A 5

Became

Became him, like the leaving it: He died,
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 Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than 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,
Safe toward 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, 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. From hence to Inverness,
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

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,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not 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 so valiant;
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. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. They 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 van-
ish'd. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, came mis-
sives from the King, who all-bail'd me, Thane of Caw-
dor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me,
and refer'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 might'st not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is pro-
mis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor;—and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false, [*mis,*
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Gla-
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
' And that which 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,

A 6

Which

Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. —

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

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

Mes. 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. The raven himself is hoarse,

[Exit Mes.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Where-ever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! — Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, bold, bold!

Enter Macbeth.

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

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night,

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see! —

Your

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 it. He, that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and mafterdom.

Macb. We shall speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour, ever, is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E *before Macbeth's Castle-gate.*

Flourish. *Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo,
Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, 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 mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty 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, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid god-yeild 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 his 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.*]

SCENE, an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,
But *here*:—upon 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 the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the 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 murth'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
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 heavens cherubim, hors'd
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye;
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady.

How now! what news?

Lady.

Lady. He has 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 would be worn now in their newest gloss,
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' the adage?

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

Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize 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 the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we shall 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 his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

That

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
The 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 mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood these sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, a Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the
clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. 'Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heaven,

'Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.'
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Refrain me in the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—'Give me my sword;'

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.
Who's there?

Macb.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure;
Sent forth great largesse to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and 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 well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st 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 counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit. with Fleance.*]

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

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppres'd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—

Thou mar'shal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'the 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;—

If

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half 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, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—' While I threat, he lives—

[*A bell rings.*

' Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.'

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.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold;

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:—

Hark! peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
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 have drugg'd their
possets,

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

Macb. [*within*] Who's there?—what, ho!

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

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a
noise?

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

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i'the 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 his sleep, and one
cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other: 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. [*ther;*

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen!* the o-
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear. I could not say, *Amen,*

When they did say, *God bless 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,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry; *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, fore 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 cried, *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 cried? 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.

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 do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.]

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green, One red—

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [Knock.]
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.—Hark, more knocking!
[Knock.]

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'Twere best not know
myself. [Knock.]
Wake, Duncan, with thy knocking! I would, thou
couldst! [Exit.]

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.] *Port.* Here's a knocking, in-
deed! if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have
old turning the key. *[Knock.]* Knock, knock, knock.
Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? here's a farmer,
that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come
in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll
sweat for't. *[Knock]* Knock, knock. Who's there
i'the 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 heaven: oh, come in, equivo-
cator. *[Knock]* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?
Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing
'out

'out of a French hose: come in, taylor; 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 the everlasting bonfire. *[Knock]* Anon, anon;
'I pray you remember the porter. *[He opens the door.]*
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.
'Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes
'the desire, but it takes away the performance: There-
'fore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with
'lethery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him
'on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-
'heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to:
'in conclusion, equivocates him in 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'the very throat o'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.'

Macd. Is thy matter 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 have almost slipt 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, physicks pain.
This is the door.

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

[Exit Macduff.
Len.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does: 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'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

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

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
Cannot conceive, nor name thee! — [heart

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'the 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! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror:—'Ring the bell.'

Bell rings. 'Enter Lady Macbeth.

'*Lady.* What's the business,

'That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley

'The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,—

'*Macd.* O, gentle lady,

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

'The repetition in a woman's ear

'Would murder as it fell.'—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

'*Lady.*

'*Lady.* Woe, alas!

'What, in our house?'

Ban. 'Too cruel, any where.—

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

Re-enter Macbeth, and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but died 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, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

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

Macb. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
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?

[*furious,*

Macb. Who can be wife, amaz'd, temperate, and
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here, lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For Ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers
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 his love known?

'*Lady.* Help me hence, ho!—

'*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

May rush, and feize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. 'Look to the lady;
'And when we have our naked frailties hid,
'That suffer in exposure,' let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of 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 treasonous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

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

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To shew 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 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 changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning.

Music. Enter several Witches.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister,—is the deed done?

2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom flow,
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 *Witch.* The worst of creatures safest propagate,
Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,
And ev'ry place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

2 *Witch.*

2 *Witch.* He must!

3 *Witch.* He shall!

4 *Witch.* He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.

2 *Witch.* Agreed.

3 *Witch.* Agreed.

4 *Witch.* Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die about, about we go;
When lightning, and dread thunder,
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What shou'd we do?

Chor. Rejoice—we shou'd rejoice.
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What shou'd we do?—

Chor. Rejoice—we shou'd rejoice.

I.

1 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by *Duncan's* death.

2 *Witch.* Sometimes like branded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er ternes or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs:
Or if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly; nimbly dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[*Exeunt.*

B

SCENE

SCENE, *the Outside of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Roffe, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roffe. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living night should kiss it;

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

Roffe. 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 mankind.

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

Roffe. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter Macduff.

—How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

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

Macd. Those, that Macbeth hath slain.

Roffe. 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.

Roffe. 'Gainst nature still:—
Thriftless ambition! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means. — Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?

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

Roffe.

Roffe. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roffe. Will you to Scone?

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

Roffe. Well, I will thither.

[*adieu?*]

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
Lest our old robes fit easier than our new!

'*Roffe.* 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 C T III.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou playd'st 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. *Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Roffe, 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.

B 2

Macb.

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 take to-morrow.
Is it far your ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt 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 you to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Pleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: Our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swit, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.—

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every 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.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

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

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus is nothing.

[*Exit Servant.*]

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,
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 hid,
Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And

And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be 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
Given 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 the utterance!—Who's there?—

[*Enter Servant, and two Murderers.*]

Now 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

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; 'which, you thought, had been
'Our innocent self: this I made good to you
'In our last conference past in probation with you,
'How you were borne in hand; how cross; the instru-
'ments;

'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.* You made it known to us.

'*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 you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clefted
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, 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,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that 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, ’ my liege,
 ‘ 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. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near’t 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.

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

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. — Within this
 hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 ‘ Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ the 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

Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,
 I’ll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv’d, my lord.

Macb. ‘ I’ll call upon you straight:—Abide within.’
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul’s flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, Madam; but returns again to-night.

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

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought’s had, all’s spent,
 Where our desire is got without content.
 ’Tis safer 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 died
 With them they think on? Things without all 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 the frame of things disjoint,
 Both the worlds 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 domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; gentle my lord,
 Sleek o’er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
 Among your guests to-night.

‘ *Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you;
 ‘ Let your remembrance apply to Banquo.

B 4

‘ Present

' Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue.
' Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
' In these flattering streams, and make our faces
' Vizors to 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 lives.

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

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown,
His cloyster'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,
Skarf 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 the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While 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, prythee, go with me. [Exit.]

SCENE a Park.

Enter three Murderers

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
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.
[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.*

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

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the 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. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [Dies. Fleance escapes.]

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

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [Exit.]

SCENE a Room of State.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants. A Flourish.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at 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 down.]

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

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their heart's
thanks:

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

Enter first murderer, to the door.

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[Aside to the murderer.]

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

B 5

Macb.

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

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

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut throats: Yet he's
good,
That did the like for Fleance: 'if thou did'st it,
'Thou art the non-pareil.'

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd. [feet;

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been per-
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am 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 the present.—Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

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

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

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

Len. May it 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!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.

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

Macb. Where?

Len.

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: Never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Ross. 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; upon 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?

[Aside to Macbeth.

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

Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam, Shame itself!
'Why do you make such faces?' When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? if thou can'st nod, speak too.—
If channel-houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost sinks.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

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

B 6

L dy.

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

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the 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 a-*

Macb. Avaunt! 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 the Hyrcanian tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, 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 mockery, hence! [*the ghost sinks again*] Why
so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

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
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question

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. A kind good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood.—They say, blood will have
blood.

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Angurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies, and 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 one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious, as go o'er.
'Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
'Which must be acted, ere they may be 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 are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

I Witch. Why, how now, Hecat? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic 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 shew the glory of our art?

And,

And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful 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' the morning; thither he
 Will come, to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside.
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that distill'd by magic 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.

[*Music and a song.*]

'Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 'Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.'

Spirits in the Clouds call.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate, — come away.

*Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd,
 My little merry airy spirit see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me,*

Spi. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate. (within)

*Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
 So pleasing to my ear,
 At which I post away,
 With all the speed I may.*

Where's *Puckle*?

Enter Witches.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where Stradling?

Witch. Here.

And *Hopper* too, and *Hellway* too.
 We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Voi.*

3 *Voi.* Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,
 From church-yard yew,
 I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[*Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the Machine.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,
 Malkin my sweet spirit and I,

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,
 When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss,
 Over woods, high rocks and mountains;

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

Cho. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

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

'Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

'*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 'Which can interpret further.—Only, I say, [Duncan
 'Things have been strangely borne.—The gracious
 'Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
 'And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 'Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
 'For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 'Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 '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, and wisely too;
 'For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 'To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 'He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 'That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 '(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find
 'What 'were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 'But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he sail'd
 'His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Mac-

- ' 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 holy 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 exasperated the king, that he
 ' Prepares for some attempt of war.
 ' *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 caution, 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.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a dark Cave; in the middle a Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

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

3 Witch. Harper cries—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
 In the poison'd entrails throw.
 Toad, that under the cold stone,
 Days and nights hath thirty-one,
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

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

1 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 blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful 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 ravin'd salt sea-shark;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 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 slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For the 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. Oh! well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' the gains.
 ' And now about the cauldron sing,
 ' Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 ' Inchanting all that you put in,

1st.

- ' 1st. Black spirits and white,
' 2^d. ————— Red spirits and gray,
' 2 *Voices*. Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
' 3^d. Tiffin, tiffin.
' Keep it stiffin.
' 4th. Fire drake pucky
' Make it lucky.
' 5th. Liard Robin
' You must bob in.
- ' *Chor.* Round, around, around, around about.
' All ill come running in, all good keep out.
- ' 1st. Here's the blood of a bat.
' *Hec.* O, put in that.
' 2^d. Here's lizard's brain.
' *Hec.* Put in a grain.
' 3^d. Here's juice of toad.
' 4th. ————— Here's oil of adder.
' Which will make the charm grow madder.
' *Hec.* To add to these, and raise a pois'nous stench,
' Here—here's three ounces—of a red-hair'd wench.
- ' *Chorus.* Round, around, around, around about.
All ill come running in, all good keep out.
- 2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes: —
Open locks, whoever knocks.

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,
(How'er you come to know it) answer me:
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

Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 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 matters?
Macb. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, dostly show. [*Thunder.*]

1st *Apparition, 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. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks:
Thou hast 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. 2^d *Apparition, a bloody child.*
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power 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

That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this

[*Thunders.*

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand.

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 high Dunfinane 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!
'Rebellious 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.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd:—Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 Witch. Shew!

2 Witch. Shew!

3 Witch. Shew!

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

[*A shew of eight kings; the last with a glass in his hand. Then Banquo.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; Down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye balls:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former: Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
'What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?'—
A fifth!

A fifth!

Another yet?—A seventh? I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; 'and some I see,
'That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible fight!—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 spirits,
And shew 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 eye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

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. (*Aside.*) Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits;

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done:

I

The

The castle of Macduff I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o'the 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 this purpose cool.
'But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?
'Come, bring me where they are.' [Exeunt.]

S C E N E Macduff's Castle.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

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. Wildom! 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 natural 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. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know 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:
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.

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, with worms and flies?

'Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

'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, the 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 prattler! 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 worse to you, were fell cruelty,
'Which is too nigh your person.' Heaven preserve
you:

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm, But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no 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'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
'*Mur.* What, you egg?
'Young fry of treachery?
'*Son.* He's kill'd me, mother.
'Run away, I pray you.

[*'L. Macduff, crying Murder.'*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE England.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let 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,
'Beside our down-fallen birthdom.' Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
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 am young; but some-
thing

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. 'But I shall 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 look still so.'

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

'Why in that rawness left your wife and children,
'(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
'Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
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 affear'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.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yolk;

C

I:

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
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
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 evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Lururious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every 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
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
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 hood-wink,
We have 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 staunch-

‘ A staunchless 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
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeming lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons 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 gr
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish for them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

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

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
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,
Oftn'er upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. 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

C 2

To

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power: 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 laid upon myself,
 'For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 'Unknown to woman; 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 Seyward with ten thousand war-like men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at
 once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

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 Heaven 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 have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
 'Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
 'All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 'The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 'Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,

Put

'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 sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 'That speak him full of grace.'

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

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

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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: 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. Oh, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's 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 all at peace when I did leave
 them.

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

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

C 3

For

Eor that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
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 Seyward and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, 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 general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; 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 heaven ! —
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 have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ? Oh, hell-kite ! — All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam.
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven 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. Heaven rest them now !

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

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle Heaven !
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,
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.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of physic, and a waiting 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
the last walk'd ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her

her rife from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, 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, fir, 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 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 soldier, 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 this starting.

Doct.

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: Heaven knows, what she has known.

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

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, fir.

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 night-gown; 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, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, 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 has mated, and amaz'd my sight; I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exit.]

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

Ment. The English power is near, lead on by Malcolm,

C 5

His

- ' His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
 ' Revenges 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 have a file
 ' Of all the gentry; there is Seyward's son
 ' And many unrough youths, that even now,
 ' Protest their first of manhood.
 ' *Ment.* What does the tyrant?
 ' *Cath.* Great Dunfinane 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 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 pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
 ' When all that is within him does condemn
 ' Himself, for being there?
 ' *Cath.* Well, march we on,
 ' To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
 ' Meet we the medicin 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 marching.*]

SCENE Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports:—Let them fly all:
 'Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane,

I can-

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 me thus
 ' Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
 ' Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false
 Thanes,
 And mingle with the English Epicures.
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

' The devil damn thee black,' thou creamfac'd loon!
 Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

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.—[*Exit Servant.*] Seyton!

—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or dis-feat 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,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton!—

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 be
 hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

C 6

Send

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine ar-
mour.—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleave the stuff'd 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 mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—
Come, sir, dispatch :—If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest 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 Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
' Profit again should hardly draw me here.'

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Birnam Wood.*

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers
marching.

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

Ment.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before us.

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

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

' Sold. It shall be done.' [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sey. 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.

Sey. 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 *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 :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[*A Cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze and stir,

As

As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaugh'trous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

[*Re-enter Seyton.*]

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow : a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : It is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing :

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ;—Thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
I should report that which, I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, fir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave ! [*Striking him.*]

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

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
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 the 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 nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun ;

And

And wish, the estate o'the 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 *before Dunfinane.*

Drum and Colours. *Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,*
and their Army with Boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough :—Your leavy screens throw
down,
And shew like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well :—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all your trumpets speak ; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

S C E N E, *a Battle.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have 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 Seyward.

Yo. Sey. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Sey. No, though thou call'st it thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

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

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Sey. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Seyward's slain.*
Macb.]

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, shew 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 kernes, 'whose arms
 'Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 'Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
 'I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st e:—
 'By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 'Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune! and
 'More I beg not.' [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

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

Mal. We have met with foes,
 That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter 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.

Enter Macduff.

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

Macd. I have 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't 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 thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd 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 shew, and gaze o' the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
 Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will 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 Dunsinane,
 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 him, that first cries, Hold, enough. [Thy fight.]

Macd. This for my royal master Duncan;
 This for my bosom friend, my wife; and this for
 The pledges of her love and mine, my children. [Macbeth falls.]

Sure there are remains to conquer—I'll
 As a trophy bear away his sword, to
 Witness my revenge. [Exit Macduff.]

Macb. 'Tis done! the scene of life will quickly close.
 Ambition's vain, delusive dreams are fled,
 And now I wake to darkness, guilt and horror;
 I cannot bear it! let me shake it off—
 'Two' not be; my soul is clogg'd with blood—
 I cannot rise! I dare not ask for mercy—
 It is too late, hell drags me down; I sink,
 I sink,—Oh, my soul is lost for ever!
 Oh!

[Dies.
 Retreat.]

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

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

Sey. 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 paid 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 died.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
forrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sey. Why then, God's soldier 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.

Sey. He's worth no more;

'They say, he parted well, and paid his score,
'And, God be with him!'—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

'The usurper's cursed head.' The time is free:
The tyrant's dead; and though I should not boast
That one whom guilt might easily weigh down,
Fell by my hand, yet I present you with his sword,
To shew that Heav'n appointed me to take revenge,
For you, and all that suffer'd by his cruel power.
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!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*
Macb.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinf-
men,

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 needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
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.*

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