

Macbeth: 4.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED

At the

DUKE'S-THEATRE.



LONDON,

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Hath rung Nights yawning Peals,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. VVhat's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pityful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
VVhich keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Goods things of Day begin to droop and drowse.
While's Nights black Agents to their prey's do rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, makes strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me;

Scene the Third. *Enter three Murderers.*

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. *Macbeth.*

2. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.

1. Then stand with us:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,
To gaine the timely Inne, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3. Heark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis he:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.

1. His horses go about.

3. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace-Gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis he.

1. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be Rain to Night,

1. Let it come down.

2. *Ban.* O Treachery!

Exeunt.

Fly

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1. Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treacherie!

Flie, good *Fleans*, flie, flie, flie;

Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one down: the son is fled.

2. We have lost

Best half of our Affair.

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

Exeunt.

SCENE the fourth, *Banquet prepar'd.* *Enter Macbeth.*

Lady. *Rofs, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcom.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,

And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her state, but in best time

VVe will require her welcom.

La. Pronounce it for us, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcom.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks,

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' midst,

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure

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

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better he without, then thee within.

Is he dispatch'd?

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

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

Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans*:

If thou didst it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir

Fleans is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again:

I had else been perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,

As broad and general, as the casing Air;

But

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears, But *Banquo's* safe:

Mar. I, 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 VVorm'th at's fied
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, tomorrow
VV'e'll hear our selves again.

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence the fawce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

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

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May it please your Highness, Sir.

Macb. Here had we now our Countreys Honour roof'd,
VVere the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Then pity for mischance.

Ross. His absence, (Sir)
Lays blame upon his Promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Here, my good Lord,
What is it that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

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

Ross. Gentlemen, rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sir worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath begg'd from his youth. Pray you keep Sear,

He 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?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appale the devil.

La. O proper stuff:
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn-dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A Womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self,
Why do you make such faces? when all's done
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithce see there;
Behold, look, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, and speak too-
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
shall be the Maws of Kites,

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly,

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i'th' olden time,
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle VVeal:
I, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
An' there an end: but now they rise again
VVith twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns.
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Then such a Murther is.

La. 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.

[*Enter Ghost.*
drink

I drink to th' general joy o'th' 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.

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

La. Think of this good Peers

Put 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 th' *Hircan* Tigre,
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 inhabit then, protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man again : pray you sit still.

La. 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 Summers 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 Rubie of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ros. What sights, my Lord ?

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

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde Good-night to all.

Macb. I will have blood, they say :

Exit Lords

Blood

Blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak :
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, and Choughes, and Rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?

La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How sayst thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La. 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
keep a Servant feed. I will tomorrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speak : for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o're :

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. 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 but young indeed.

Exeunt.

SCENE the Fifth. *Thunder.* Enter the three Witches
meeting Mecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you look angerly ?
Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are ?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade and Traffick with *Macbeth*,

in Riddles and Affairs of death ;
And I the Mystrifs of your Charmes,
The close Contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art ?

And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Sightful and wrathful, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now : Get you gone,

And