

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.*



THE DUNSINANE RANGE

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Cavern. In the Middle, a Boiling
 Cauldron. Thunder*

Enter the three Witches

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

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

Third Witch. Harpier cries,— 't is time, 't is time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
 In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has 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.

Second 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 howlet'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.

Third 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 tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

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

Enter HECATE

Hecate. O, 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,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song:* 'Black spirits,' etc. *Hecate*
retires.

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. 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 palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germens tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me
 To what I ask you. 60

First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters.

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

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
 From the murtherer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
 Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

First Witch. He knows thy thought;
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
 beware Macduff;
 Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me; enough.
 [Descends.]

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution
 thanks,
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word more, —
First Witch. He will not be commanded; here 's
 another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second Apparition: a bloody Child*

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute;
 laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
 Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

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

Thunder. *Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a
 tree in his hand*

What is this,
 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 to 't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take
 no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*

Macbeth. That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, — if your art
Can tell so much, — shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

100

All. Seek to know no more.
Macbeth. I will be satisfied; deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!
Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

110

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo's Ghost following*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. — And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. —
A third is like the former. — Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? — A fourth! — Start,
eyes! —

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom? —

Another yet! — A seventh! — I'll see no more. —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass —
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! — Now I see 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. —

120

[*Apparitions vanish.*

What, is this so?

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

130

Music. *The Witches dance, and then vanish, with
Hecate.*

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

Lennox. What 's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Lennox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! — I did hear
The galloping of horse; who was 't came by? 140

Lennox. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England!

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
exploits;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
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 it thought and done;
The castle of Macduff I will surprise, 150
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 sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS

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

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
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.

Ross. 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, ²⁰
 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!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he 's father
 less.

Ross. 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.*

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father 's dead: ³⁰
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

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

Lady Macduff. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the
 net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
 not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
 for a father?

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

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
 market. ⁴⁰

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

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and
 yet, i' faith,
 With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor,
 and must be hanged. ⁵⁰

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

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

Lady Macduff. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
 But how wilt thou do for a father? ⁵⁹

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.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. 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.

Lady Macduff. 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? —

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer. What, you egg!

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother;

Run away, I pray you!

Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'

[Exeunt Murderers, following her.]

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's Palace*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
 there

Weep-our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
 Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. 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.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose.
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my
 doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 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, 30
 Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee ! wear thou thy
 wrongs ;

The title is affeer'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.

Malcolm. Be not offended ;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal
 There would be hands uplifted in my right,
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands ; but 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.

Macduff. What should he be ?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean, in whom I know 50
 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.

Macduff. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name ; but there 's no bottom, none, 60
 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'erbear
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
 Than such an one to reign.

Macduff. 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 70
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 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.

Malcolm. With this there grows
 In my most ill-compos'd affection such
 A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
 Desire his jewels and this other's house ; 80
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more, that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macduff. 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 foisons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd. 90

Malcolm. But I have none ; the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland ! 100

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

Macduff. 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 sainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
 Died every day she liv'd. — Fare thee well !
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here !

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. 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 120
 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 130
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly
 Is thine and my poor country's to command;
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
 once
 'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Malcolm. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth,
 I pray you? 140

Doctor. 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.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macduff. What 's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'T is 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, 150
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers; and 't is 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 Ross

Macduff. See, who comes here?

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

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither. 161

Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes re-
 move

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. 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 rent the air

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff. O, relation
 Too nice, and yet too true !

Malcolm. What 's the newest grief ?

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

Macduff. How does my wife ?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

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

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

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how
 goes 't ? 180

Ross. 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,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
 Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be 't their comfort
 We are coming thither. Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ; 190
 An older and a better soldier none
 That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 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 latch them.

Macduff. What concern they ?
 The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief
 Due to some single breast ?

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

Macduff. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

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

Macduff. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes
 Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner
 Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer,
 To add the death of you.

Malcolm. 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. 210

Macduff. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

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

Ross. I have said.

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

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

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so; 220
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!

Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let
grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heavens,
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!

Malcolm. 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.

240
[*Exeunt.*]