

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Brn. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Columinus.*
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day
 More then *Ottavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his liues History:
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarm. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Brn. Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Brn. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Cesar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarm. *Reuolt.* Enter *Antony*, *Ottavius*, *Messala*,
Lucillus, and the Army.

Ott. What man is that?

Mess. My Masters man *Strato*, where is thy Master?
Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*.
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucillus* saying true,
Ott. All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them,
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. If *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Ott. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mess. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mess. *Ottavius*, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cesar*:
 He, onely in a generall honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them,
 His life was gentle, and the Elements
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
 And say to all the world, This was a man.

Ott. According to his Vertue, let vs vshim
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall,
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. Here shall we three meet againe?
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
 When the Battraile's lost, and wonne.
 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
 1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1. I come, *Grim*, *Malin*.

All. *Fadock* calls noon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
 Houer through the foggie and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King *Malcome*, *Dona-
 baine*, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting
 a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
 The newest date.

Mal. This is the Sericant,
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
 Gaint my Captiuitie: Haile brave friend:
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
 As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choake their Art: The merciflesse *Diadem*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Doe warre vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallow gossies is supply'd,
 And Fortune on his dammed Quarry trailing,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
 For brave *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
 Dislayning Fortune, with his brandish'd Steele,
 Which smask'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minton) caru'd out his passage,
 Till hee fac'd the Slave:
 Which neuer shooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
 Till hee vsfeam'd him from the Natiue roth' Chops,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Bartlements.

King. O vallan: Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection,
 Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
 No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
 But the Norweyan Lord, surneying vantage,
 With furbe the Armes, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Discusy'd not this our Capraines, *Macbeth* and
Banquet?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;

Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,

So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,

Or memorize another *Calgathis*,

I cannot tell: but I am faint,

My Gallies cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
 They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?

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

Rosse. God saue the King.

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

Rosse. From Fife, great King,

Where the Norweyan Bannery flew the Skie,
 And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
 The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal Conflict,
 Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, leapt in prooffe,
 Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
 Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
 Corbing his luill spirit: and to conclude,
 The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now, *Sueme*, the Norweyes King,
 Craues composition:

Nor would we deidge him but all of his men,
 Till hee disbursed, at *Saint Colmes* yncht,
 Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No