

MACDUFF

FTLN 0746 ~~Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed~~FTLN 0747 ~~That you do lie so late?~~PORTER ~~Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second~~FTLN 0749 ~~cock, and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three~~ 25FTLN 0750 ~~things.~~MACDUFF ~~What three things does drink especially~~FTLN 0752 ~~provoke?~~PORTER ~~Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.~~FTLN 0754 ~~Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes~~ 30FTLN 0755 ~~the desire, but it takes away the performance.~~FTLN 0756 ~~Therefore much drink may be said to be an~~FTLN 0757 ~~equivocator with lechery. It makes him, and it~~FTLN 0758 ~~mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it~~FTLN 0759 ~~persuades him and disheartens him; makes him~~ 35FTLN 0760 ~~stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates~~FTLN 0761 ~~him in a sleep and, giving him the lie, leaves~~FTLN 0762 ~~him.~~MACDUFF ~~I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.~~FTLN 0764 PORTER ~~That it did, sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I~~ 40FTLN 0765 ~~requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too~~FTLN 0766 ~~strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime,~~FTLN 0767 ~~yet I made a shift to cast him.~~FTLN 0768 MACDUFF ~~Is thy master stirring?~~*Enter Macbeth.*FTLN 0769 ~~Our knocking has awaked him. Here he comes.~~ 45*Porter exits.*

LENNOX

FTLN 0770 ~~Good morrow, noble sir.~~FTLN 0771 MACBETH ~~Good morrow, both.~~

MACDUFF

FTLN 0772 ~~Is the King stirring, worthy thane?~~FTLN 0773 MACBETH ~~Not yet.~~

MACDUFF

FTLN 0774 ~~He did command me to call timely on him.~~ 50FTLN 0775 ~~I have almost slipped the hour.~~

FTLN 0776	MACBETH	I'll bring you to him.	
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0777	I know this is a joyful trouble to you,		
FTLN 0778	But yet 'tis one.		
	MACBETH		
FTLN 0779	The labor we delight in physics pain.		55
FTLN 0780	This is the door.		
FTLN 0781	MACDUFF	I'll make so bold to call,	
FTLN 0782	For 'tis my limited service.	<i>Macduff exits.</i>	
FTLN 0783	LENNOX	Goes the King hence today?	
FTLN 0784	MACBETH	He does. He did appoint so.	60
	LENNOX		
FTLN 0785	The night has been unruly. Where we lay,		
FTLN 0786	Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,		
FTLN 0787	Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of		
FTLN 0788	death,		
FTLN 0789	And prophesying, with accents terrible,		65
FTLN 0790	Of dire combustion and confused events		
FTLN 0791	New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird		
FTLN 0792	Clamored the livelong night. Some say the Earth		
FTLN 0793	Was feverous and did shake.		
FTLN 0794	MACBETH	'Twas a rough night.	70
	LENNOX		
FTLN 0795	My young remembrance cannot parallel		
FTLN 0796	A fellow to it.		
	<i>Enter Macduff.</i>		
FTLN 0797	MACDUFF	O horror, horror, horror!	
FTLN 0798	Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!		
FTLN 0799	MACBETH AND LENNOX	What's the matter?	75
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0800	Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.		
FTLN 0801	Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope		
FTLN 0802	The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence		
FTLN 0803	The life o' th' building.		

FTLN 0804	MACBETH	What is 't you say? The life?	80
FTLN 0805	LENNOX	Mean you his Majesty?	
	MACDUFF		
FTLN 0806		Approach the chamber and destroy your sight	
FTLN 0807		With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.	
FTLN 0808		See and then speak yourselves.	
		<i>Macbeth and Lennox exit.</i>	
FTLN 0809		Awake, awake!	85
FTLN 0810		Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason!	
FTLN 0811		Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!	
FTLN 0812		Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,	
FTLN 0813		And look on death itself. Up, up, and see	
FTLN 0814		The great doom's image. Malcolm, Banquo,	90
FTLN 0815		As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites	
FTLN 0816		To countenance this horror.—Ring the bell.	
		<i>Bell rings.</i>	
		<i>Enter Lady Macbeth.</i>	
FTLN 0817	LADY MACBETH	What's the business,	
FTLN 0818		That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley	
FTLN 0819		The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!	95
FTLN 0820	MACDUFF	O gentle lady,	
FTLN 0821		'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.	
FTLN 0822		The repetition in a woman's ear	
FTLN 0823		Would murder as it fell.	
		<i>Enter Banquo.</i>	
FTLN 0824		O Banquo, Banquo,	100
FTLN 0825		Our royal master's murdered.	
FTLN 0826	LADY MACBETH	Woe, alas!	
FTLN 0827		What, in our house?	
FTLN 0828	BANQUO	Too cruel anywhere.—	
FTLN 0829		Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself	105
FTLN 0830		And say it is not so.	