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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.		

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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.	