

Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Not yet.

He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.

I'll bring you to him.

I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.

The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

Goes the king hence today?

He does. He did appoint so.

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to th' woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

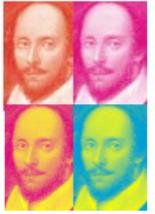
'Twas a rough night.

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

What's the matter?

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life o' th' building.
What is 't you say? The life?



Mean you his Majesty?

Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak.
See and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself. Up, up, and see
The great doom's image. Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror.—Ring the bell.

What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell. O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered.

Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Too cruel anywhere.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.