

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't :
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows :
 They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macduff.

Wherefore did you so ?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
 The expedition of my vicient love
 Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature.
 For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make 's love known ?

Lady Macbeth.

Help me hence, ho !

Macduff. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where
 our fate,
 Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?
 Let 's away ;
 Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Note Ross never appears in any place of danger, hence he is absent from this awful scene. In the next scene he is found near the castle endeavouring to learn from the old man and from Macduff how the wind blows.