

ACT II. SCENE III.

45

Enter LADY MACBETH.

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

Macduff.
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—

O gentle lady,

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

70

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

80

Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm.

O, by whom?

69-71. The comment of the equivocator. Banquo is not surprised.