

Lennox. The night has been unruly ; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

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Macbeth.

'Twas a rough night.

Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macbeth. }
Lennox. }

What 's the matter ?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's annointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the Building.

Macbeth.

What is it you say ? the life ?

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Lennox. Mean you his majesty ?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

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.

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[*Bell rings.*]