

Macduff. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-paining, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macduff. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

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

30

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

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

[*Exit.*]

Lennox. Goes the king hence to day?

Macbeth. He does; he did appoint so.