

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Lennox Soliloquy, Act 3

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