

Witch 2b Sides

Scene 16 and 18

Scene 16

A Heath.

Witch 2b: Student

Witch 3b: Student

Thunder. Enter severally Witches meeting HECATE.

Second Witch

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

HECATE

Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
*And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,*
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Exeunt

Scene 18

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Witch 2b: Student

Witch 3b: Student

Apparitions: Students

Kings: Students

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

Third Witch

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

First Witch

Harpier cries:-Tis time, 'tis time.

Third Witch

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

ALL WITCHES

**Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.**

First Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

**Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.**

Second Witch

**Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:**

ALL

**Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.**

Third Witch

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

HECATE

O well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains;

First Witch

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

ALL

**Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!**

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

First Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

First Witch

He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

Second Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.-

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Descends

MACBETH

That will never be
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?
Sweet bodements! good! Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

First Witch

Show!

Second Witch

Show!

Third Witch

Show!

ALL

**Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!**

A show of Kings; GHOST OF BANQUO following

