

## Macbeth

### Act 1 scene 3 (part 1)

<i>Original text</i>	<i>Modern text</i>
<p><i>Thunder. Enter the three Witches</i></p> <p><b>First Witch</b> Where hast thou been, sister?</p> <p><b>Second Witch</b> Killing swine.</p> <p><b>Third Witch</b> Sister, where thou?</p>	<p><b>First Witch</b> Where have you been, sister?</p> <p><b>Second Witch</b> Killing pig</p> <p><b>Third Witch</b> And you sister?</p>
<p><b>First Witch</b> A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:-- 'Give me,' quoth I: 'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger: But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.</p>	<p><b>First Witch</b> A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and munched away at them. "Give me one," I said. "Get away from me, witch!" the fat woman cried. Her husband has sailed off to Aleppo as master of a ship called the <i>Tiger</i>. I'll sail there in a kitchen strainer, turn myself into a tailless rat, and do things to him—</p>
<p><b>Second Witch</b> I'll give thee a wind.</p> <p><b>First Witch</b> Thou'rt kind.</p> <p><b>Third Witch</b> And I another.</p>	<p><b>Second Witch</b> I'll give you some wind to sail there.</p> <p><b>First Witch</b> How nice of you!</p> <p><b>Third Witch</b> And I will give you some more.</p>
<p><b>First Witch</b> I myself have all the other, And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. I will drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall neither night nor day</p>	<p><b>First Witch</b> I already have control of all the other winds, along with the ports from which they blow and every direction on the sailor's compass in which they can go. I'll drain the life out of him. He won't catch a wink of sleep, either</p>

<p>Hang upon his pent-house lid;  He shall live a man forbid:  Weary se'nnights nine times nine  Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  Though his bark cannot be lost,  Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  Look what I have.</p>	<p>at night or during the day. He will live  as a cursed man. For eighty-one  weeks he will waste away in agony.  Although I can't make his ship  disappear, I can still make his journey  miserable. Look what I have here.</p>
<p><b>Second Witch</b>  Show me, show me.</p> <p><b>First Witch</b>  Here I have a pilot's thumb,  Wreck'd as homeward he did come.</p> <p><i>Drum within</i></p>	<p><b>Second Witch</b>  Show me, show me.</p> <p><b>First Witch</b>  Here I have the thumb of a pilot who  was drowned while trying to return  home.</p> <p><i>Drum within</i></p>
<p><b>Third Witch</b>  A drum, a drum!  Macbeth doth come.</p> <p><b>ALL</b>  The weird sisters, hand in hand,  Posters of the sea and land,  Thus do go about, about:  Thrice to thine and thrice to mine  And thrice again, to make up nine.  Peace! the charm's wound up.</p>	<p><b>Third Witch</b>  A drum, a drum! Macbeth has come.</p> <p><b>ALL</b>  <i>(dancing together in a circle)</i> We  weird sisters, hand in hand, swift  travellers over the sea and land,  dance around and around like so.  Three times to yours, and three times  to mine, and three times again, to  add up to nine. Enough! The charm is  ready.</p>