*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.   
  
     Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman*   
  
Doctor I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive   
     no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?   
  
Gentlewoman Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen   
    her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon   
     her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,   
     write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again   
     return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.   
  
Doctor A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once   
     the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of   
     watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her   
     walking and other actual performances, what, at any   
     time, have you heard her say?   
  
Gentlewoman That, sir, which I will not report after her.   
 Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to   
     confirm my speech.   
  
     *Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*

  Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;   
    and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.   
  
Doctor How came she by that light?   
  
Gentlewoman Why, it stood by her: she has light by her   
     continually; 'tis her command.   
  
Doctor You see, her eyes are open.   
  
Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.   
  
Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus   
     washing her hands: I have known her continue in   
     this a quarter of an hour.   
  
LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot   
  
 Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,   
     then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my   
     lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we

fear who knows it, when none can call our power to   
account?--Yet who would have thought the old man

to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor Do you mark that?

.

LADY MACBETH The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--   
     What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'   
     that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with   
     this starting.   
  
Doctor Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.   
  
Gentlewoman She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of   
     that: heaven knows what she has known.   
  
LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still: all the   
     perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little   
     hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.   
  
Gentlewoman I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the   
     dignity of the whole body.   
  
Doctor This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known   
     those which have walked in their sleep who have died   
     holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so   
     pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he   
     cannot come out on's grave.   
  
Doctor Even so?   
  
LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:   
     come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's   
    done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!   
 *Exit*

Doctor Will she go now to bed?   
  
Gentlewoman Directly.   
  
Doctor Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds   
     Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds   
     To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:   
     More needs she the divine than the physician.   
     God, God forgive us all! Look after her;   
     Remove from her the means of all annoyance,   
     And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:   
     My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.   
     I think, but dare not speak.   
  
Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.   
  
     *Exeunt*