
FTLN 0071 ~~And fan our people cold.~~
 FTLN 0072 ~~Norway himself, with terrible numbers,~~
 FTLN 0073 ~~Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,~~ 60
 FTLN 0074 ~~The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,~~
 FTLN 0075 ~~Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,~~
 FTLN 0076 ~~Confronted him with self-comparisons,~~
 FTLN 0077 ~~Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,~~
 FTLN 0078 ~~Curbing his lavish spirit. And to conclude,~~ 65
 FTLN 0079 ~~The victory fell on us.~~
 FTLN 0080 DUNCAN Great happiness!
 FTLN 0081 ROSS ~~That now Sweno,~~
 FTLN 0082 ~~The Norways' king, craves composition.~~
 FTLN 0083 ~~Nor would we deign him burial of his men~~ 70
 FTLN 0084 ~~Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's Inch~~
 FTLN 0085 ~~Ten thousand dollars to our general use.~~
 FTLN 0086 DUNCAN ~~No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive~~
 FTLN 0087 ~~Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present~~
 FTLN 0088 ~~death,~~ 75
 FTLN 0089 ~~And with his former title greet Macbeth.~~
 FTLN 0090 ROSS ~~I'll see it done.~~
 FTLN 0091 DUNCAN ~~What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.~~

They exit.

Scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FTLN 0092 FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?
 FTLN 0093 SECOND WITCH Killing swine.
 FTLN 0094 THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?
 FTLN 0095 FIRST WITCH
 FTLN 0096 A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap 5
 FTLN 0097 And munched and munched and munched. "Give
 FTLN 0098 me," quoth I.
 "Aroint thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.

FTLN 0099	Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' <i>Tiger</i> ;	
FTLN 0100	But in a sieve I'll thither sail,	
FTLN 0101	And, like a rat without a tail,	10
FTLN 0102	I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.	
	SECOND WITCH	
FTLN 0103	I'll give thee a wind.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0104	Th' art kind.	
	THIRD WITCH	
FTLN 0105	And I another.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0106	I myself have all the other,	15
FTLN 0107	And the very ports they blow;	
FTLN 0108	All the quarters that they know	
FTLN 0109	I' th' shipman's card.	
FTLN 0110	I'll drain him dry as hay.	
FTLN 0111	Sleep shall neither night nor day	20
FTLN 0112	Hang upon his penthouse lid.	
FTLN 0113	He shall live a man forbid.	
FTLN 0114	Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,	
FTLN 0115	Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.	
FTLN 0116	Though his bark cannot be lost,	25
FTLN 0117	Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.	
FTLN 0118	Look what I have.	
FTLN 0119	SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.	
	FIRST WITCH	
FTLN 0120	Here I have a pilot's thumb,	
FTLN 0121	Wracked as homeward he did come.	<i>Drum within.</i> 30
	THIRD WITCH	
FTLN 0122	A drum, a drum!	
FTLN 0123	Macbeth doth come.	
	ALL, [<i>dancing in a circle</i>]	
FTLN 0124	The Weïrd Sisters, hand in hand,	
FTLN 0125	Posters of the sea and land,	
FTLN 0126	Thus do go about, about,	35
FTLN 0127	Thrice to thine and thrice to mine	