**Group of Three: First Witch, Second Witch, and Third Witch: Act I, Scene 1**

**First Witch**: When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**Second Witch**: When the hurly-burly’s done, when the battle’s lost and won.

**Third Witch**: That will be ere the set of sun.

**First Witch**: Where the place?

**Second Witch**: Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**: There to meet with Macbeth.

**First Witch**: I come, Graymalkin.

**Second Witch**: Paddock calls.

**Third Witch**: Anon.

**All Three Witches**: Fair is foul, and foul is fair, hover through the fog and filthy air.

**Group of Three: First Witch, Second Witch, and Third Witch: Act I, Scene 3**

**First Witch**: Where hast thou been, sister?

**Second Witch**: Killing swine.

**Third Witch**: Sister, where thou?

**First Witch**: … In a sieve I’ll thither sail, And like a rat without a tail, I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

**Second Witch**: I’ll give thee a wind.

**First Witch**: Thou art kind.

**Third Witch**: And I another.

**First Witch**: I myself have all the other, and the very ports they blow, all the quarters that they know in the shipman’s card. I’ll drain him dry as hay. Sleep shall neither night nor day hang upon his penthouse lid. He shall live a man forbid. Weary seven nights, nine time nine, shall he dwindle, peak, and pine. Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. Look what I have.

**Second Witch**: Show me, show me.

**First Witch**: Here I have a pilot’s thumb, wracked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*]

**Third Witch**: A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

**All Three Witches**: [*dancing in a circle*] 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. [*Enter Macbeth and Banquo*.

**Group of Five: Macbeth, Banquo, First Witch, Second Witch, and Third Witch: Act I, Scene 3**

**Macbeth**: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**Banquo**: How far is it called to Forres? -- What are these, so withered, and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants of the earth and yet are on it? -- Live you? Or are you aught that man may question? You seem to understand me by each at once her choppy fingers laying upon her skinny lips. You should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so.

**Macbeth**: Speak if you can. What are you?

**First Witch**: All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

**Second Witch**: All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

**Third Witch**: All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

**Banquo**; Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear things that do sound so fair? -- In the name of truth, are you fantastical, or that indeed which outwardly you show? My noble partner you greet with present grace and great prediction of noble having of royal hope, that he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak, then, to me …

**First Witch**: Hail! **Second Witch**: Hail! **Third Witch**: Hail!

**First Witch**: Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

**Second Witch**: Not so happy, yet much happier.

**Third Witch**: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**First Witch**: Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**Macbeth**: Stay, you imperfect speakers. Tell me more. By Sinel’s death I know I am Thane of Glamis. But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives a prosperous gentleman, and to be king stands not within the prospect of belief, no more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence or why upon this blasted health you stop our way with such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish*.]

**Banquo**: The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them. Whither are thy vanished?

**Macbeth**: Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

**Banquo**: Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?

**Macbeth**: Your children shall be kings.

**Banquo**: You shall be king.

**Macbeth**: And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

**Banquo**: To the selfsame tune and words …