

# MACBETH

By

William Shakespeare

Act 5, Scene 1



SCENE. 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.

Doctor

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman

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.

Doctor  
Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from  
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH  
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  
Well, well, well,—

Gentlewoman  
Pray God it be, sir.

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)