"Out, damned spot!"

_macbeth_

_william shakespeare_


_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.

_Doctor_

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

_LADY MACBETH_
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 hollily 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!