

# Act 1 Scene 3

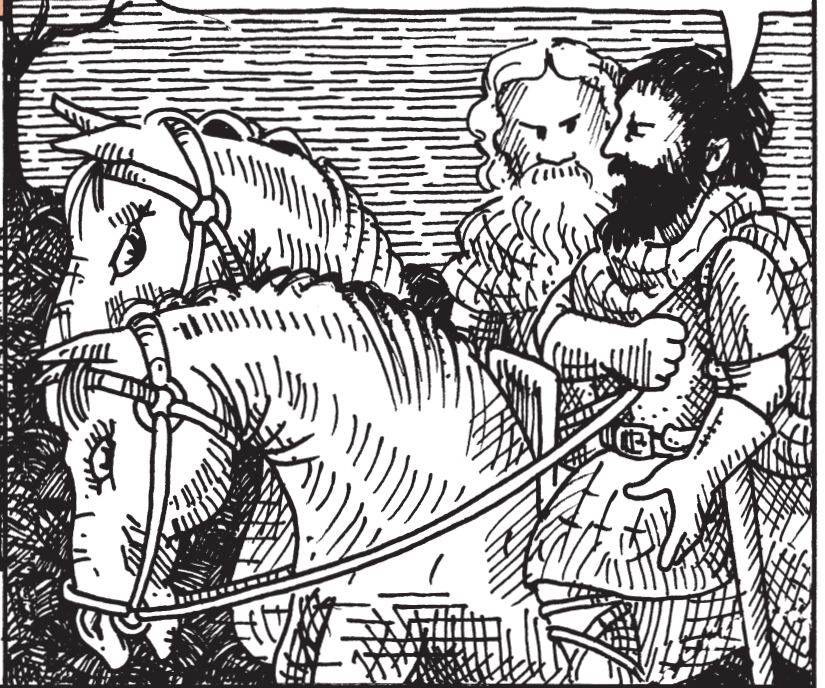
The witches wait for Macbeth.

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.  
Hear that drum?  
Macbeth is on his way.



Peace, the charm's wound up.  
The spell is ready.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
Good things and bad have  
become all mixed up today.



What are these,  
So withered and so wild in their  
attire,  
That look not like th'inhabitants  
o'th'earth,  
And yet are on't? -  
You should be women  
And yet your beards  
forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

Who are these weird looking  
people? They look like  
women, but they can't be -  
they've got beards.

What are you?  
What are you?

All hail Macbeth,  
Thane of Glamis.

All honour to Macbeth,  
Thane of Glamis.

All hail Macbeth,  
Thane of Cawdor.

All honour to Macbeth,  
Thane of Cawdor.

All hail Macbeth, that shalt  
be king hereafter.

All honour to Macbeth,  
who's going to be king  
one day.

