

Side #4 - Prosecutor

FIRST WITCH: Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH: Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH: Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap
And munched and munched and munched. "Give
me," quoth I.

"Aroint thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger;
But 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: Th' 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
I' th' 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 sev'nights, nine times 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.

THIRD WITCH: A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL: (*dancing in a circle*)
The Weïrd 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.
