**The Tragedy of Marybeth**

**By Shakespeare**

*Excerpt from ACT V, SCENE I*

**Doctor**

You see her eyes are open.

**Gentlewoman**

Ay, but their sense are shut.

**Doctor**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**Gentlewoman**

It is an accustom’d action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this 15 minutes.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here’s a spot.

**Doctor**

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

**LADY MACBETH**

Out, damn’d spot! out, I say! One—two—why then, ’tis time to do it. Hell is murky. Fe Fie Fo Fum, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when accompt? 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? I guess I need more soap! 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. O, O, O!

**Doctor**

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg’d.

**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 walk’d 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 Lady Macbeth*