**Act 5 Sc 1**

**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.

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