*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.  
Enter the three Witches.*

**1 WITCH.** Thrice the brinded cat hath mew’d.  
**2 WITCH.** Thrice and once, the hedge-pig whin’d.  
**3 WITCH.** Harpier cries:—’tis time! ’tis time!  
**1 WITCH.** Round about the caldron go;  
In the poison’d entrails throw.—  
Toad, that under cold stone,  
Days and nights has thirty-one;  
Swelter’d venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot!  
**ALL.** Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.  
**2 WITCH.** Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder’s fork, and blind-worm’s sting,  
Lizard’s leg, and owlet’s wing,—  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
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