**Macbeth**: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is’t you do?

**All the witches**: A deed without a name.

**Macbeth**: I conjure you by that which you profess,

Howe’er you come to know it, answer me.

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches, though the yeasty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up,

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down,

Though castles topple on their warders’ heads,

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure

Of nature’s germen tumble altogether

Even till destruction sicken: answer me

To what I ask you.

**Macbeth**: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is’t you do?

**All the witches**: A deed without a name.

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