

Macbeth; a tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatres.  
By Shakespear (London, 1734).

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MACBETH;

A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEAR.

<motif>

LONDON:

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The Following is the Music as perform'd  
in the Tragedy of Macbeth.

Music in the Second ACT.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

Enter several Witches.

1st. Witch. Speak, Sister --- is the Deed done?

2d. Long ago, long ago;

Above twelve Glasses since have run;

3d. Ill Deeds are seldom slow,

Or single, but following Crimes on former wait,

4th. The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.

Many more Murders must this one ensue;

Dread Horrors still abound,

And ev'ry Place surround,

As if in Death were found

Propagation too.

2d. He must!

3d. He shall!

1st. He will spill much more Blood,  
And become worse to make his Title good;

Cho. He will, he will spill much more Blood,  
And become worse, to make his Title good.

1st. Now let's dance.

2d. Agreed.

3d. Agreed.

4th. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Cho. We shou'd rejoice when good Kings bleed.  
When Cattle die about, about we go;  
When Lightning, and dread Thunder,  
Rend stubborn Rocks in sunder,  
And fill the World with Wonder,  
What should we do?

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Cho. Rejoice ----- we shou'd rejoice.  
When Winds and Waves are warring,  
Earthquakes the Mountains tareing,  
And Monarchs die desparing,  
What shou'd we do? -----

Cho. Rejoice ---- we shou'd rejoice.

I.

1st. Lets have a Dance upon the Heath,  
We gain more life by Duncan's Death.

2d. Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,  
Having no Musick but our Mew,  
To which we dance in some old Mill,  
Upon the Hopper, Stone, or Wheel;  
To some old Saw or bardish Rhime,

Cho. Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow Tree,  
Around, around, around dance we;  
Thither the chirping Crickets come,  
And Beetles sing in drowsy Hum:  
Sometimes we dance o'er Ferns or Furs,  
To Howls of Wolves, or Barks of Curs,  
Or if with none of these we meet,  
Cho. We dance to th' Echoes of our feet.

Cho. At the Night Ravens dismal Voice,

When others tremble we rejoice,  
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
To th' Echoes from a hollow Hill. [Exeunt.

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Music in the Third ACT.

Enter Hecate, &c.

Spirits in the Clouds call.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate, ----- come away

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd  
My little merry airy Spirit see,  
Sits in a foggy Cloud and waits for me.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate,  
Thy chirping Voice I hear,  
So pleasing to my Ear,  
At which I Post away,  
With all the Speed I may,

Where's Puckle?

Spi. Here.

Hec. Where's Stradling?

Spi. Here,  
And Hopper too, and Hellway too.  
We want but you, we want but you.

3 Voc. Come away, come away, make up th'account.

Vers. With new fall'n due,  
From Church-yard Yew,  
I will but noint and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my Flight  
Symphony whilst Hecate places in the Machine.

Now I go, and now I fly,  
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I,  
O what a dainty Pleasure's this,  
To sail in the Air

When the Moon shines fair,  
To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss.  
Over Woods, high Rocks, and Mountains;  
Over Hills and misty Fountains;  
Over Steeples, Tow'rs and Turrets,

We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits,  
Cho. We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.  
[Exit.

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ACT the Fourth.

Music at the Cauldron.

Enter Hecate, and all the Witches.

1st. Black Spirits and white,

2d. ----- Red Spirits and gray

2 Voices. Mingle, mingle, mingle you that mingle may.

3d. Tiffin, Tiffin  
Keep it stiffin.

4th. Fire drake Pucky  
Make it lucky.

5th. Liard Robin  
You must bob in.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,  
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

1st. Here's the blood of a Batt.

Hec. O, put in that.

2d. Here's Lizards Brain.

Hec. Put in a Grain

3d. Here's juice of Toad,

4th. ----- Here's oyl of Adder,  
Which will make the Charm grow madder.

Hec. To add to these and raise a pois'nous Stench  
Here -- here's three Ounces; of a red haired Wench.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,  
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

FINIS.