

The tragedy of Macbeth. By Mr. William Shakespear
(London, 1734).

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

By Mr. William Shakespear.

To which are added,
All the ORIGINAL SONGS.
Never Printed in any of the former Editions.

<portrait>

LONDON:
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Proprietors; and sold by the Booksellers
of London and Westminster.

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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?

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

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When Winds and Waves are warring,
Earthquakes the Mountains tareing,
And Monarch's die desparing,
What shou'd we do? -----

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

I.

1st. Let's 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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Musick in the Third ACT.

Enter Heckat, &c.

Spirits in the Clouds call.

Spi. Heckat, Heckat, ----- 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. Heckat, Heckat,
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 Churchyard Yew,
I will but noint and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight
Symphony whilst Heckat 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.

Musick at the Cauldron.

Enter Heckat, 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 hair'd wench.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

FINIS.