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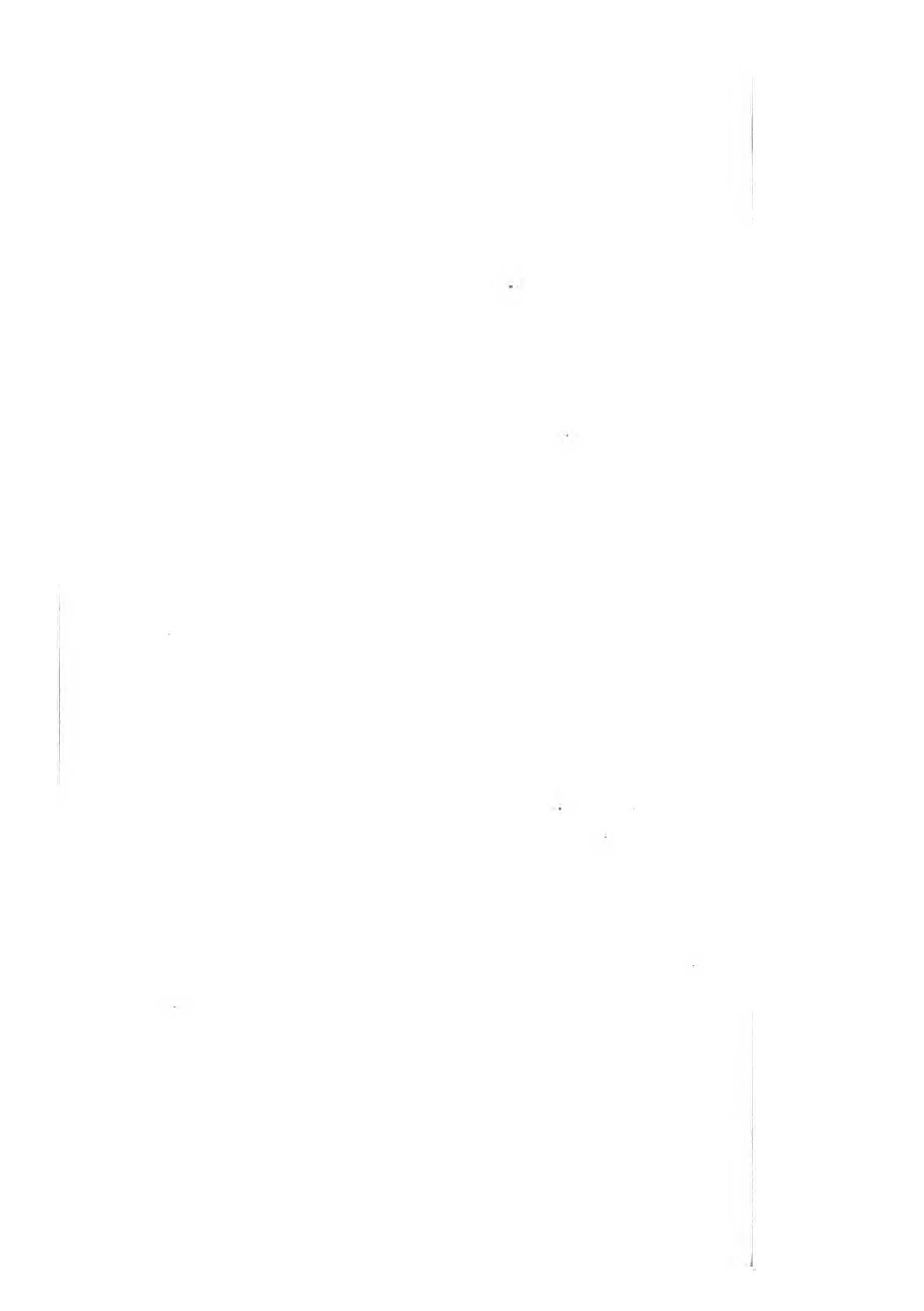
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Macbeth Travestie

performed at Henley, July 17, 1847

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MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

A Burlesque.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAMMON AND GAMMON,"

NUMBER I. A. &C.

AS PERFORMED AT HENLEY ON THE DAY OF
THE REGATTA, JUNE 17, 1847.

THIRD EDITION.

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MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

—o—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

MACDUFF^r }
ROSSE, } *Thanes.*
LENOX, }

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

THREE WITCHES.

LADY MACBETH.

GENTLEWOMAN.

TWO MURDERERS, SERVANTS, MESSENGERS, ARMY,
APPARITIONS, &c.

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—*A Blasted Heath. Rain, Thunder, and Lightning.*

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, under an umbrella. (L.)
The Three Witches discovered crouching, one smoking
a short pipe. (R.)*

Banquo. So foul and fair a day I never saw.

Macbeth. No ! you don't say so—well, I never—Lor'.

Ban. I think so, really. Macbeth, my fine feller,
Confess 'twas well I brought the umberella.

Macb. You'll just allow me to observe, my pippin,
You get its shelter, and give me the dripping.

But who [*seeing witches*] are these abominable hags ?

Why, Banquo, did you ever see such scraggs ?—

What ugly brutes ! how rough and wild in dress !

Who and what are ye ? Answer.

Witches. Can't you guess ?

Macb. You *should* be women, but I never heard

Of women wearing whiskers, and a beard !

Speak, if you can, and, if you can't, why don't ;

Come, speak out plainly—won't you—oh, you won't ?

(*Menaces them.*)

1 *Witch.* Hail ! Thane of Glamis !

2 *Witch.* Thane of Cawdor, hail !

3 *Witch.* Macbeth, by perseverance, shall not fail
To be the king of Scotland !

All. Hail ! hail ! hail !

Macb. What mean these salutations, noble Thane ?

Ban. These showers of "hail !" prognosticate your "*reign* " !

Macb. to Witches. Young women, do you see aught in my eye,
That smacks at all of verdure, that you try

To gammon me ? I'm far too old a bird

Thus to be caught with chaff—it's too absurd.

In what the first fair creature says no harm is,
 By Sinel's death I know I'm Thane of Glamis.
 But this fact is in my digestion sticking ;
 The Thane of Cawdor is alive—and kicking—
 A jolly sort of cove;—and to be a king !
 Oh ! gemini, who'd dream of such a thing ?
 No more than to be Cawdor (*aside*)—yet, good gracious,
 To be a king would really be splendacious !

Ban. to Witches. Really, young ladies, you are rather going it,
 For my lot I don't care much for the knowing it ;
 But since you are in a prophesying vein,
 Just tell us what you think of me. Again,
 I say, with nonsense don't attempt to cram one,
 And, as you'd save your *bacon*, spare your *gammon*.

Witches. Thou shalt get kings, though thou thyself be none !

Ban. Oh, stuff and nonsense !

Macb. I am diddled—done !
 Don't go, young women, till you've said from whence
 You owe this very strange intelligence :
 D'ye think that we don't know the time o' day,
 That on this *blasted* heath you stop our way ?
 Stay—none of that. If you don't quickly speak,
 I'll send you on a visit to next week.
 They've vanished ! [*Witches vanish.* (R.)

Ban. I am sorry this you troubles ;
 The earth, Sir, like the water, has its bubbles.

Enter ROSSE. (R.)

Rosse. Macbeth, the king has sent me, as you see,
 To congratulate you on your victory ;
 He says that you are brave, he's well aware,
 And for the sound of cannon do not care ;
 At sight of swords and bayonets don't stick,
 And stand a *mortar* like a regular *brick* ;
 He therefore bids me hail you Cawdor's Thane !

Macb. Good gracious me ! why there it is again—
 Here's a rum go ! why, Banquo, did you ever ?

Ban. I confidently may affirm, I never !

Macb. Upon my life the king is very kind.
 Glamis and Cawdor. (*Aside*) The greatest is behind.
 If chance insists upon my regal sway
 Why—chance may crown me—that's all I've to say !

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Oh, I'll attend you with a deal of pleasure !
 March, there ! [*Aside*] Those witches, what on earth could
 bring 'em.

Advance your standards!—Banquo hoist the gingham !

[*Exeunt, arm in arm under the umbrella.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Palace. (Trumpet).*
Enter (L.) DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
Lords and Attendants. Meeting. (R.) MACBETH,
BANQUO, and ROSSE.

Duncan. Noble Macbeth, to this heart let me fold *yer*.
 We've just now heard all from a bloody soldier,
 Who said you skewered Mc. Donwald through and through;
 Sir, you're a trump, and Banquo so are you;
 The joy within us, friends, like steam, is pent,
 And we must *bust* if we can't give it vent!
 How to give utterance to what we feel
 We know not,—'spose we *cotton* to a *reel*!

Air—Jim Crow, to which MACBETH, BANQUO, and
ROSSE dance a reel at back. DUNCAN dances fan-
tastically by himself in front.

Dun. That dance has gi'en our appetite a whet,
 And made us precious dry—go, some one, get
 A pot of half-and-half—stay—how far hence
 Do you hang out? [*to Macb.*] We'll dine at your expense.
 What says Macbeth? You see we're self-invited,

Macbeth. Lady Macbeth I'm sure will be delighted;
 We lodge at No. 3, in the next street.

Dun. We'll pick a bone.

Macb. An your highness think it *meet*

Dun. Put't to the vote—say how the ballot goes.

Banquo. The "*Ayes*," my Lord, are precious near the "*Noes*."

Dun. Oh! *blow* the "*noes*." Sir, dine with you we will;
 We like to get a *chop* without a *bill*;
 But mind, for dainties we don't care a button.

Macb. We've in the house some excellent cold mutton,
 That we were going to dine off, but for *you*
 We'll put the house into a regular stew;
 I'll fly, my Lord; the splendid banquet order.

Dun. Adieu, Macbeth, our worthy Thane of Cawdor.

Macb. To obey, my Lord; I'm off like any cracker,

[*Aside*] Stars! douse your glims, and keep a little *backer*.
 Don't let light see, especially don't shew
 These people here what I should *like* to do. [*Exit. (L.)*]
 We've said our Royal say—let's on—but no
 We'll try our royal voice before we go.

Air—DUNCAN.—“*Bow, wow, wow.*”

Oh we are Caledonia's king and—matters not to mince, sirs,
We think we may assert ourselves, a very pattern prince, sirs.
Now tell me true, my subjects all, d'ye think that any one can,
Point out amid the monarch's round a jollier king than Duncan ?

Chorus—Courtiers—No, no, no !

Dun. 'Cause, if you can, speak out at once !

Courtiers, Oh—No, no, no !

By some, I'm called a tyrant—but I'll trouble you to find, sirs,
The interest of the state neglected—where my own's combined,
sirs.

Speak out—there's no compulsion but you must—& I opine, sirs,
I ne'er yet checked a wish of yours—when it happened to be
mine, sirs.

Courtiers—No, no, no !

Dun. 'Cause if I did, speak out at once !

Courtiers—No, no, no ! (*bowing.*)

Ban. Shall you lodge there, my Lord, or spend the day ?

Dun. Not being Ferguson—perhaps we may.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Terrace of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter. (U.E.L.)

Lady Macbeth. (*reading*) “We met, 'twas on a heath, and
on that day

“When victory had flushed us, really they
“Both turned our blood to *curds*, and stopped our *way* ;

“Sally, report has said, and I have got

“A Gothic notion, they know not what is what ;

“They called me, dear, all manner of rum things ;

“While Cawdor's title in my noddle rings,

“Would you believe it, but a flunkey brings

“The news of Cawdor's death ; I have to thank

“That queer old *file* for giving me his *rank* ;

“One hailed me king—I pause to wipe my eye,

“For it's affecting—Sally, dear, good bye,

“Ever affectionately yours, till death

“Pops on his extingisher,

“SAMUEL MACBETH.”

Of all rum goes this really is the rummest :
Cawdor thou art, and shalt be what thou'rt promised.
Yet will thy scruples my intentions clog ;
To go at once the unadulterate hog
Is not thy nature. Thou'rt the style of buck
That hast the *will* to sin, but not the *pluck*.

Come Macbeth, let me pour into thine ears
My notions of what's what ; chastise the fears
 Alone impede thy sovereignty—how now ;

Enter a Messenger. (L.)

Out with thy news, and tell us,—what's the row ?

Messenger. The king comes here to night.

Lady M. Whence did you glean it ?
 The king come here ? you surely cannot mean it !
 If't be so, where's thy master then—Macbeth ?

Mess. Madam, I've nearly run myself to death,
 To bring the news ; indeed, I'm out of breath ;
 The worthy Thane comes with him.

Lady M. With him?—So !
 Well, if that's all, why fellow, don't you go ?

Mess. [*hesitating.*] Your ladyship, I've been running, and
 the weather
 Is hot and dry, so Madam, altogether—

Lady M. Speak out thy errand, wilt stand here a week ?
 Come to the *pint* at once.

Mess. The *pint* I seek
 Is one of beer—I prefers half-and-half,
 Which to your ladyship's best health I'd quaff ;
 I hope your ladyship don't think me rude.

Lady M. You'll find down stairs, some excellent home-brewed ;
 No more—now walk. (*Exit Messenger.*)

Fiends who delight to vex,
 Do me the kindness just to change my sex ;
 Let me no shadow of remorse to feel,
 Make me a lump of guilt from head to heel :
 Fulfil, I pray, this delicate request,
 And add aught that your kindness may suggest,
 Yet mask it all with stuff they call *soft sawder*.

Enter MACBETH. (L.)

Welcome great Glamis ! welcome worthy Cawdor !
 Nay, greater. (*They embrace.*)

Macb. Ducky ! Duncan comes to night,
 To stay and sup with us.

Lady M. Yes, that's all right :
 (*Significantly.*) When goes he hence ?

Macb. To-morrow he'll endeavour.

Lady M. (*mysteriously*) Not if I knows it, Sammy, trust me
 never

Macb. What mean you ?

Lady M. Why at such things you a muff are !

Macb. You wouldn't have me spiflicate the buffer ?

I must think more of this.

Lady M. Look (so thou wilt less
Suspicion rouse) particularly guiltless—
Leave all the rest to me.

Macb. The rest : don't fret at all.
If I do this, no rest for me, you'll get it all.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Air—"Sich a getting up stairs."

*Enter DUNCAN and ROSSE at back, much out of breath,
the former with a carpet bag and umbrella.*

Dun. We're up at last, but I'm quite out of breath
In coming up so high, and where's Macbeth?
The castle's pleasant, and the prospect fair
To look upon:

Rosse. What a delicious air,
So mild, my liege—

Dun. Well, pr'aps you're right, but I,
To tell the truth, don't like *my hare so high!*
Ha, ha! Egad! that's not so bad a one—

Rosse. A what, my liege?

Dun. Of course I mean the pun—
Hare—high—dy'e twig? —But you don't laugh.

Rosse. My Lord,
I was just going to, upon my word!

(*Laughs forcedly.*)

Dun. Methinks your apprehension's somewhat shady?
There, that'll do, you muff, here comes the lady.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, (L.) with a garden bonnet on,
and with a watering-pot in hand.*

Lady Macbeth. You do us proud, my liege—our best attention
Can ne'er repay this awful condescension,
Though ill prepared for such a guest.

Dun. Ne'er mind,
Madam, you're supereminently kind—
We're quite *en garçon*, the rest behind us lag,
Whilst we walked forward with our carpet bag;
And, as for splendour, we don't care a pin for it,
But just dropped in—

Lady M. (aside). Egad, you've just dropped in for it.
(*Aloud*) My Lord, the best our poor house can supply
Is at your highness' service.

Dun.

By the bye

Forgive me—but to-night a berth Macbeth
Has promised.

Lady M. (aside). Yes, your *berth* will be your *death* !

(Aloud) So please you, I'll go see the feast prepared,
And mind your royal highness' bed's well aired !

[Exit Lady M. (L.)]

Dun. We follow Marm—

(He is impeded by the carpet-bag and umbrella.)

I say, Rosse, my good feller,
Just lend a hand here with this curst umbrella !

[Exeunt (L.)]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber of the Castle—Enter Lady Macbeth with a candle in her hand, followed by Duncan.*

Air—DUNCAN—"Truandaise."

Well, Ma'am, here I am—
And to tell no lies of it
We feel—dead beat—
That's about the size of it.

L.M. Then, sire, to retire,
Perhaps to rest were wise if it
Should suit your royal highness' gracious pleasure !

Dun. Yes !

The night is—whettish—
And likely to be riotous,
Yet we—must be—
Up early, so to quiet us.
Kind friend, pray send
Some gruel, or such diet as
A treacle posset, or of arrow-root a mess !

(They dance to the air, a pas de fascination.)

Dun. Good night, good hostess, think on what we've said.

[Exit (R.).]

Lady M. You'll get your gruel—when you've gone to bed !

[Exit (L.).]

A Servant with a tray on which are oysters and porter, passes over L. to R. Then enter MACBETH: he suddenly sees the servant, brings him down the stage, drinks, swallows an oyster, and motions him off.

Macbeth. If done at all, the sooner such a thing
Is done, the better—but to kill a king

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

1

In this off-hand way's rather a rum go,
Or, as the French say, hardly "*comme il faut*."
First, I'm his kinsman, in a sort of way,
[How many times removed I cannot say ;
Then, for a host, you know, to kill his lodger
Ain't quite the thing—and such a rare old codger
Is Duncan, on *his* breath to put a stopper,
I fear me, won't be looked upon as proper.
The subject's rather difficult to handle.

(*Duncan outside is heard to bawl.*)

Dun. I'll thank you to bring up my chamber candle,
From Glamis' Thane you can a night-cap borrow,
And call me, please, at seven o'clock to-morrow.
I'll leave my boots aside—

(*Noise of boots dropping.*)

Macb.

Alas ! poor feller !

Dun. (*without*) Dry at the kitchen-fire my umbereller,
Macb. This misplaced confidence—too soon he'll rue it !

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. The old boy's a-bed, and *now's* your time to do it.

Macb. I'm out of sorts—I feel a kind of dizziness,
And won't proceed no farther in this business.

Lady M. Pooh ! you're a spoon.

Macb.

To tell the truth, I'm loath

To stop the old man's wizen.

Lady M.

But your oath !

You're bold enough when there's no danger nigh—
When once it comes then you're for "fighting shy."

Macb. I dare do all that may a man become.

Lady M. To an oath once made you should stick fast—*by Gum*
If t's not from cowardice you keep aloof,
Strike off the prince, and let me have a *proof*.

Macb. Suppose the king disposed of—yet, my dear,
It seems my next course is'nt over clear—

Malcolm, my cousin, nine times removed, or so !
I'm in a fix—I fear it is no go.

Lady M. Nine times *removed already* ! Then it's plain
It can't hurt to *remove him once again*

Macbeth, pluck up a little courage, do man !

Macb. Who would believe you were a female woman ?
We shall be sorry for it !

Lady M.

For a warrior

I may say that I never saw a *sorrier* !
Say, who hast sought in battle undismayed
The hot *affray*, of what thou art *afraid* !

Macb. Egad—I'll do it !

Lady M. Why do you turn so pale?

Macb. An awkward thought's just struck me—should we fail!

Lady M. Fail! Stuff and nonsense—Fail! Your courage screw
But to the sticking-place, and we shall do.
Come, "if you die a pantile, be a brick!"

Macb. The *sticking-place* is exactly *where I stick*!

Lady M. Duncan's attendants are so full of beer,
They'll be quite muddled, that is very clear;
When they're asleep, bedaub their faces o'er—

Macb. With blood? I understand. O my! O Lor!
Is this a clasp-knife, such as plough-boys use
For cutting bread-and-cheese?—You'll me excuse,
Perhaps you are but a clasp-knife of the brain.

(*Snatches at it.*)

Egad, I missed it—there it is again!
And out's blade gouts of—No—the maker's name,
Which was not there before—it's all a sham! [*Bell rings.*]

Lady M. Of course it is! Now go, d'ye hear the bell?

Macb. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That tolls you into heaven, or to —, never mind
Which of the two it is, you'll too soon find. [*Exit (R.)*]

Lady M. sings. Air—"Lucy Neal."

Softly slip your shoes off,
Soft to the chamber steal;
When Duncan finds you by his side,
How happy he will feel.

Oh! poor king Duncan!
When he finds the steel
In his bread-basket, I should guess,
Will wriggle a great deal!

But soft, he is about it,
I thought I heard a squeal:
When Duncan has it in his side,
How happy he will feel.

Re-enter MACBETH, with daggers.

Lady M. Is't done, my husband? What's the matter now

Macb. I've done the deed; didn't you hear the row?
I stumbled (where I hadn't seen them standing)
Over the old boy's bluchers, on the landing;
You heard it?

Lady M. No one else did.

Macb. That's all right,
But just look here—this is a sorry sight.
(*Looking at his hands.*)

Lady M. Pshaw! stuff!

Macb. One sung out in his sleep—how soon,
I fear he'll sing to quite another tune!
They were both beery—one declared outright
He'd no intention to go home that night.
The other in no high state of sobriety,
Heedless of manners, sung out—" *Tulla-li-ety*;"
I couldn't echo it—"What was amiss?"

Lady M. Oh! nonsense, now, you mustn't think of this.

Macb. How much more need of joyousness had I, yet he
Sung, and I couldn't echo " *Tulla-li-ety*."

Lady M. Why did you bring those daggers from their places?
Go, take them back, and smear the sleepers' faces
With blood.

Macb. (doggedly.) No: come you know, I've done one murder;
That's quite enough, and I sha'n't go no furdur.

Lady M. Don't leave the job unfinished, come now, don't;
Go:

Macb. If I do I'm —, never mind, I wont!

Lady M. Be mine the task, since you the courage lack;
Give me the daggers, I shall soon be back. [Exit (R.)]

Macb. (solus.) Were all the waters of the Serpentine,
With those of the New River to combine—
Were e'en the potent Thames to lend its aid,
And Regent Park's canal; I am afraid,
Failing to wash from off my hands this gore,
They'd make *red* what *mud-coloured* was before.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are like yours, p'raps a little redder.
(Loud knocking.)

I thought I heard a knock; we'd best to bed.

Macb. Ah!

And not to lose the public's good opinion—

Lady M. We'll red our eyebrows with a Spanish onion!
(Knocking repeated.)

Air—"Who's dat knocking at the door?"

Macb. Who's that knocking at the door? (Knock.)

Lady M. Who's that knocking at the door? (Knock.)

Macb. I don't care a pin,
He sha'n't come in.

Lady M. Our hands are not clean,
So he *can't* come in!

Both. Whoever is a knocking at the door, at the door?
Whoever is a knocking at the door?

(Loud knocking.)

Macb. There's certainly a knock, let's in to rest;
All's safe, a *host* won't be a murderer *guessed*.

[*Exeunt* (L.)]

Knocking.—*A porter passes across the stage, (R. to L.) rubbing his eyes, and yawning as just awake—then enter MACDUFF, (L.) the Porter following.*

Macduff. I hope you've kept me long enough before
You condescended to unbar the door;
What ails the porter, that he can't appear?

Porter. It's not the *porter's* fault, it was the *beer*;
I drank too freely, besides, I am so *stout*,
It takes me some time, Sir, to get about.

Macd. I have to call the King—Fetch me a light—
His room?

Port. Upstairs, the first door on your right.

[*Exit Macd.* (R.)]

And now to sleep again, we've work to-morrow,
Should the King stay. (*Going*—MACDUFF *rushes in.*)

Macd. Oh! horror! horror! horror!
A hideous sight, tongue cannot name nor tell:
Alarm the house, and ring the upstairs bell!

(*Porter goes to back and rings vigorously—then*)

Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, ROSSE, LENOX, and attendants, on all sides, in great confusion, with night dresses and night caps on, and with lighted chamber candles in their hands—they surround MACDUFF, and sing.

Chorus—"Out John." (*First Part.*)

How, Sir—how, Sir!
What's the matter now, Sir?
For goodness' sake, speak out at once,
And tell us what's the row, Sir.

Macd. Oh, Sirs! oh, Sirs!
Here's a heavy blow, Sirs,
Has fallen on our country and
The Princes! here's a go, Sirs!

The rest. Well, Sir; well, Sir!
Is any body ill, Sir?
Why do you bring us all down stairs
In this here *dishabille*, Sir?

Macd. He's dead, Sirs ; dead, Sirs !
 Horrid to be said, Sirs,
 While we were fast asleep, the King
 Was murdered in his bed, Sirs !
 (*General consternation.*)

Chorus, all. Oh, Sirs ! oh, Sirs !
 Here's a heavy blow, Sirs,
 Has fallen on our country and
 The Princes ! Here's a go, Sirs !

Macb. What, Royal Duncan murdered ? you don't mean it.

Macd. I'd not believe it, if I hadn't seen it.
 [*Macbeth draws, and exit. (R.)*]

Macb. to Malcolm. O Princes, you have lost your Royal Dad !

Lady M. And in *our* house, too ; oh, this is too bad !
 (*Faints into Banquo's arms.*)

Malc. Our bark of happiness no longer floats.

Re-enter MACBETH, with drawn sword.

Macb. Well, never mind, *I've* cut the villains' throats.
 I almost do repent me of my fury,
 And know the case was matter for a jury ;
 But I was so disgusted that I—

Macd. Well, but
 You know.

Macb. Oh, *I* know, but I couldn't help it.

Chorus—"Robert de Diable."

Our grief and sorrow within compass
 We can't keep ; our tears must flow :
 Oh crikey ! won't there be a rumpus,
 When poor Duncan's fate they know ?

*They dance the accompaniment. MACBETH and
 Lady MACBETH exchange glances and signs with
 one another.*

Macb. Who could have had a heart so cruel ?
 Ah, who could ? I should like to know—
All. As to give the King his gruel ;
 Who could strike the coward blow ?

Dance,
 Our grief and sorrow, &c. (*repeated.*)

*Dance as before ; at the conclusion of which MACBETH,
 Lady MACBETH, BANQUO, and MACDUFF, fall into*

the attitudes in the "Pas de Quatre;" Lady M. crosses her arms over her breast in the centre; the other characters form a tableau, and the drop scene falls.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT 2.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Castle.**Enter MACBETH (R.) as King.*

Macbeth. Those ladies were prophetic, Duncan's dead,
 And I, as certainly, reign in his stead.
 To sovereignty I have shown my cousins, rather;
 They ain't no *nearer*, though they've got no *Father*.
 And so they promised 'gad, but I don't see
 They shouldn't be right with Banquo as with me!
 A nice man *in his way*, but I incline
 To think he'll prove a nice young man *in mine*.
 They told him—e'en now in my ears it rings—
 He should be father of a line of kings.
 If this be so, he'll be for overthrowing of
 My rule, and reaping what I've had the sowing of.
 Oh! I can't stand this; and since I've had the luck
 To leap into the throne, no want of pluck
 Shall kick me out; shall all concisely put it—
 "He scarce had *got* his '*luckie*' ere he '*cut it*.'"
 Perish the thought; he'll his ambition rue.

Enter Two Murderers. (L.)

Ah! gentlemanly villains—how d'ye do?
 You have considered what I said to you last night?

1 *Murderer.* Ay, and will do't, my Lord.

Macb. Well, that's all right;
 To do it myself I shouldn't care a jot,
 But on the whole, perhaps I had better not.
My friends, you see, are *his*, and I doubt whether
 They'd quite approve it—in fact—altogether,
 'Twere best you do it—name your own reward,
 And claim it when it's done.

Murds. Agreed, my Lord.

Macb. He rides to-night with the boy Fleance, and
 Now is your time to—eh? you understand?

(Significantly.)

Murds. Perhaps we *rather* do.

Macb. Well, come and tell
 Me when 'tis done, and till 'tis done—farewell.

[Exeunt Murderers.]

Macb. So, Mr. Banquo, now your goose is cooked,
 And you're for Orcus, by the down-train booked!

Enter Lady MACBETH, as Queen. (L.)

Lady Macb. Come now, cast off this nonsense, this is folly ;
Your end is now attained, so let's be jolly.

Macb. I don't know why you this disturbance make,
You know we've only *Scotched* the *Scottish* snake,
Not killed it—and that I can't sleep, nor you,
For fear that we should *nap* it when we do !
Reflect, my dear, Banquo and Fleance live.

Lady M. And, pray, what trouble can this knowledge give ?
Don't give way to these foolish fancies, don't ;
They will not live for *ever*.

Macb. (significantly.) No, they *won't*,
I've taken care of that.

Lady M. Mind now, at supper,
You drop this style of talk, it won't be proper ;
But deck your face in smiles.

Macb. There—that's enough ;
D'ye think, my dear, that I'm not “ up to snuff ? ”
The confidence of our guests we mus'n't lose,
So mind your *P's*, and don't forget your *Q's*.

Lady M. Be witty, be *amusing*, don't be caught
On things *a-musing* which you didn't ought.

[Exeunt. (L.)]

SCENE II.—*Hall of the Castle ; (flourish) a Banquet
prepared ; Lady MACBETH, MACBETH, Lords, and
Attendants, all sit, as he says—*

Macb. Come, take your seats, my hearties—ne'er mind me,
I'm going to have a short soliloquy.

(Aside.) 'Tis time 'was done. *[Enter Servant. (L.)]*

Fellow, I didn't call.

Servant. My Lord, two gents a-waiting in the hall
Request an audience,

Macb. Wherefore is this shyness ?
What sort of gentlemen ?

Serv. Your Royal Highness,
Two blacker muzzled rascals—

Macb. That's enough.
They *are* my friends, so shew them up, you muff,

Enter Two Murderers. (L.)

Macb. (to them.) Well, my good-looking friends, you've done it ?

1 Murd. Rather

We couldn't catch the son, but stuck the father !

Macb. He's dead. That's well—but incomplete's my joy,

You couldn't *stick* a little *trifling* boy ?

This fault the deed of half its merit rifles—

1 *Murd.* My Lord, we're not the men to *stick at trifles* !

We lay concealed among the trees, all right,

When the young boy, beneath the moon's faint light

The glimmering of my stiletto sees,

And cries, " Pa, I scent treason in the trees !"

" Come on," says Banquo, " I don't care a curse ;"

The son replies—" Go *Father*, and fare worse !"

Macb. Come, draw it mild, my hearties, you're no lispers,

They're sure to hear your very loud stage whispers :

Go on—

Murd. We fixed the governor, but he

Cried, " Fleance, flee and save yourself, fly, flee !"

He ran too fast, we couldn't catch the kid !

Macb. Humph ! Banquo you left a *corse* ?

Murd. O'course we did.

Macb. That 'll do, but mind I expect, when I engages

Workmen, they'll not mind *striking for their wages* !

[*Exeunt Murderers.* (L.)

Macb. (to guests) Your pardon, friends—I join ye—how is this
Our good friend Banquo from the feast we miss ?

Lady M. Oh, he'll soon come ; sit down, and never fear.

Macb. Meanwhile to drink his health—a glass of beer !

Our good friend Banquo—wishing he was here !

(*Drinks.*)

(*The Ghost of Banquo rises, all white,
and takes Macbeth's seat.*)

Rosse. Will it please your highness sit ?

Macb. There aint no chair.

Lady M. No chair ! what's this ?

Macb. (seeing Banquo.) Oh ! crimini, look there !

Lady M. At what ?

All. At what, my Lord ?

Macb. There ! don't you see ?

Vy do you *vink* your *vicked* eye at me ? (To ghost.)

Rosse. We had better leave him.

Lady M. Gents, you'd better not.

Rosse. He's mad !

Lady M. It's nothing but a way he's got.

Macb. Come as the rugged Russian bear, or arm'd
Rhinceros, I shouldn't be alarmed :

Take any shape but that—Don't cock *yer* eye

In that way ! get out, unreal mock-er-y !

Air---“ Ole Dan Tucker.”

Get out of the way, you white-faced buffer ; (*three times.*)
 No one asked *you* to come to supper!
 Learn that Macbeth's not the chap—no,
 To care 'cause an old fool pops up a trap—no ;
 For you, or your bones, I don't care a rap—no ;
 But out of that door head-first you slap go.
 So get out of the way, &c.

(*During which, BANQUO takes from either side two rib-bones, a pair in each hand, and plays bones accompaniment—they dance—at the conclusion MACBETH kicks the Ghost off, (R.) and sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

Lady M. His Highness *can't* be well—there's something hitching,
 And I must beg you all to “clear the kitchen !”

Air—“ Clar de kitchen.”

(*During which, guests go off in confusion ; Lady MACBETH seems to be remonstrating with, and upbraiding MACBETH, in dumb show, and exeunt.*) (R.)

SCENE III.—*A dark Cave ; in the middle a large cauldron, boiling ; the three Witches discovered dancing round it, and singing :*

Witches. We'll raise a jolly good spell—oh !
 We'll raise a jolly good spell—oh !
 We'll raise a jolly good spell—oh !
 Macbeth to terrify ;
 Macbeth to terrify ;
 Macbeth to terrify.

It's way they had on the stage—oh !
 When Melodrame was all the rage on—oh !
 The audience with spells to engage—oh !
 So we'll at a spell have a shy !
 So we'll, &c.

The Encantation.

1 *Witch.* Apron strings of old maids—tabbies ;
 Tongues of spifflicated babbies ;

Joinville of a greasy gent,
Reeking with unhallowed scent !
2 *Witch.* Beards of maggots, maws of mummies,
Fingers of flue-strangled chummies ?
Heap in humbugs all to aid us,
Banjos, bones, and serenaders !
Holloway's grease, and Frampton's pills,
Fuel fierce of human ills,
Liver of Doudney, heart of Moses,
Seventy-seven street-sweepers' noses ;
Fashion new, that taste perverts—
See "*the last new thing* in shirts !"
Slangy coats, of aspect rare ;
And the "gent's real head of hair !"
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Enter MACBETH, at back, sliding in.

Macb. That's right, my hearties, keep the pot a boiling ;
But after all, tell me what is't you brew ;
I've just dropped in to take *pot luck* with you ;
That is, I'd know my destiny ; you see
I'm not so easy as I'd wish to be. }

1 *Witch.* You've come to the right shop, my Lord, for we
Can read the future. }

Macb. *Read!* you know full well
It takes you all you know to raise a *spell!*

2 *Witch.* Learn, Macbeth, for your *haughtiness* of late
Your's is a sort of *horti-cultural fate!*

Macb. No matter, let me know it.

1 *Witch.* If it ease you,
But don't blame me if what you hear don't please you.

(*Gong—crash, the apparition of an
armed head rises and sings.*)

Air—"The Fall of Paris."

App. Macbeth, you are green indeed, to wish to know the
sort of plight
That you are like to be in, ere you can say you're settled quite.
Listen to the say of one who knows about as much as you,
And settled once, is settled quite; but in another point of view.
First and foremost of the lot you'd best beware the Thane of Fife;
For if you dont take good care, he's like to prove your bane of life;
Since your conduct such is,
Keep out of his clutches ;

Since you caused the death of Banquo, and a very—

Macb. (*interrupting.*) Hold your jaw!

Shall I by empty prophecies be bothered?

No, never! Apparition you be—smothered!

(*Apparition descends.*)

Know for your *chaff*, Sir, I don't care a *straw*,

Give me good news, or let me hear no more.

I thought this queer abode would *bode* me well,

I've strange suspicions that this *cave's a sell*!

1 *Witch.* We're not to blame for doing as you bade us;

Come up then, Ethiopian—

Macb. Sir, and aid us!

(*Gong—the apparition of an Ethiopian Serenader, with banjo, rises and sings.*)

Air—“Come, darkies, sing.”

App. I wonder you this agitation show,
In coming here to question us to-night,
'Cause by this time you surely aught to know,
There's no man born can beat Macbeth in fight.

Chorus. Sing, sing, ye witches sing;
Sing till the cavern ring, ring, ring;
Sing, sing, ye witches sing;
Sing to Macbeth the King.

(*Apparition descends.*)

Macb. That's something like; the Thane of Fife, now soon
Will play his *fife* to quite another tune—
But what is this,

(*The apparition of a “gent” rises.*)

That rises like the issue of a snob,
And bears upon his baby brow the nob,
And mark of gentishness?

App. No trouble ere shall visit Cawdor's Thane
'Till Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane. (*Descends.*)

Macb. If e'er I from the cares of state am freed,
A *dunce-inane* must I then be indeed!
By these *low spirits* I am quite *elated*;
Perhaps you'll tell me, Sir—I wish he'd waited;
An awkward thought is rankling in my gizzard,
That Banquo's sons should reign—and sure it is hard
To abdicate for him—p'rhaps you'll assist,
For, though he's *Scotch*, his *reign* will not be *missed*;
Show me.

Witch. No further seek it.

Macb. Let me know;

I'm quite determined the whole hog to go!

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

1 *Witch*. Show!

2 *Witch*. Show!

3 *Witch*. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and give him pain;
Show, and then go back again!

Gong—*Apparitions of eight Gents pass over the stage, behind the transparency at back, the last with a glass of sherry-cobbler in his hand. BANQUO follows with his finger to his nose.*

Macb. Eight Gents! This magic hollow beats Her Dobbler;
The last, too, bears a glass of sherry cobbler,
Reminding me of more—With such as these
How often have I lived a life of ease,
And smoked, and drank, and thought myself *the cheese*:
All this is past, and, worst of all my woes;
Banquo applies his finger to his nose
As in derision. Alas! never more
Shall I suck sherry-cobbler through a straw!

1 *Witch*. Think not of this; dance, sing, and make no pause,
And *Weber* soon shall banish thoughts of *Strauss*!

(*They dance from "Der Freychutz,"*
and vanish severally.)

Macb. That's cool at any rate! if ever I
Come here again, I'll know the reason why. [Exit at back.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber of the Castle—Enter a Physician and Gentlewoman. (L.)*

Physician. Walk in her sleep? nonsense, I don't believe you,
I've watched three nights, and yet—

Gentlewoman. I'd not deceive you;
I've seen her oft, if you've not chance to meet her;
I am her watch.

Phys. For once be a repeater,
And tell me what she said.

Gentlew. Not for the earth!
'Twould be as much, Sir, as my place is worth.

Phys. What is the cause of this?

Gentlew. Is but, they say,
A way she's got.

Phys. How does she get a-way
Unnoticed from her chamber?

Gentlew. Well, that's more
Than I know—hush! she's here, so hold your jaw.

Enter Lady M. (U. F. R.) a lighted candle in her hand,

During the following couplet and symphony she advances to the front, stares vacantly around her, retires up and deposits her candle on a little table at the back ; then comes forward and sings.

Gentlew. to Phys. And fast asleep !

Phys. to Gentlew. How came she by that light ?

Gentlew. She always burns one in a shade at night.

Phys. How fixed and stern her eye !

Gentlew. Hush ! you'll her make
Look more a-stern to find you in her wake.

(They watch her in astonishment as she sings.)

Air—" The Cork Leg."

Lady M. I've told my story again and again,
But I'll tell it once more to make it quite plain ;
How I, the wife of Cawdor's Thane,
Am the biggest rascal in Dunsinane !

Ri, too, ral, loo, &c.

How that night, when all was still,
And Macbeth of wine had taken his fill,
I urged him, much against his will,
The king for to go, and to take, and to kill,
Ri, too, ral, loo, &c.

Air—" George Barnwell."

And he stuck his dagger deep in
Duncan's very royal ribs :
And he did it when he was sleeping.

Phys. to Gentlew. Is she telling of truth or fibs ?

Lady M. Folder-iddle, &c. (1st line of Chorus.)

Phys. to Gentlew. Folder-iddle, &c. (2nd line.)

Gentlew. to Phys. Folder-iddle, &c. (3rd line.)

Lady M. Folder-iddle, &c. (4th line.)

Lady M. dances by herself the accompaniment—Physician with Gentlewoman—at the conclusion he attempts to kiss her—she slaps his face, when the Air suddenly changes to—

Air—" Who's dat knocking at de door."

Lady M. Who's that knocking at the door ?
Who's that knocking at the door ?

Here's a spot—no, there's not ;
 Out, damned spot, or I shall go to pot !
 For there's somebody a knocking at the door—at the
 door.

For there's a somebody knocking at the door !
 Come to bed, come to bed !

(*Snatches up the candle, and exit*
(R.) hastily, while Physician and
Gentlewoman exeunt. (L.))

SCENE V.—*Another Chamber.*

Enter MACBETH as for battle with a truncheon—and
Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no reports ; 'tis written, "No man
 Shall tackle Macbeth that is born of woman !"
 Hang out our banners from the outward walls,
 The cry is still, "They come ?" look out for *squalls* ;
 I've a suspicion that there'll be a row.

Enter Messenger (L.) who kneels to MACBETH.

You lily-livered milk-sop spoon—how now ?

Mess. My Lord, the English are in sight ! You must
 Call out your army—'neath a cloud of dust
 They are coming down.

Macb. Aye, and if I'm not wrong,
 They'll come down handsome *with the dust* ere long,
 To be well out of this—

Enter second Messenger.

At once declare
 Your news, and don't stand like an idiot there !

Mess. As I, my Lord, kept guard, from Birnam tract
 The wood seemed moving !

Macb. Liar ! (*Menaces him.*)

Mess. It's a fact !

A funny sight to see a grove *go roving*.

Macb. Funny ! it was a precious *sight* too *moving* !

Mess. Beneath the trees they crouching came, like thieves.
 They made their *bows*, and then they took their *leaves*.
 They are coming down, we know not how to turn 'em.

Macb. Curse *Birnam wood*, would any one *would burn 'em* !
 Go, ask them if their mother knows they are out ;
 A ball or two will send them to the *rout* !
 I vote we show them, when we *do* begin,

We're not *sewn up* although we are *hemmed in* !
Give blows for blows, and stick to them like *wax* ;
At least, we'll die with harness on our backs !

Air—" Old Aunt Sally."

Ra, re, ri, ro, we'll make a sally !

The rest. Ra, re, ri, ro, he'll make a sally !

[*To which exeunt (L.)*]

SCENE VI. and last.—*Battle-field—Castle in the distance—Trumpet—Enter MACDUFF, with sword drawn.*

Macd. Let me but find the man who killed my babbies,
I'll settle him, s'help me several Jewish Rabbies !

Enter MACBETH. (L.)

Turn, coward, or I'll make you. Turn and face me !

Macb. No, youngster, no—a fight with you'd disgrace me !
Your threats I laugh at, and your taunts I scorn,
Macbeth don't yield to none of woman born !

Macd. And such am I.

Macb.

Liar !

Macd.

Well, you're another !

I never had no father, nor no mother !

Macb. No ! you don't say so ?

Macd.

You turn pale ? ar't staggered ?

Macb. I really couldn't fight with such a bla'guard !

Macd. To empty prophecies this comes of trusting.

Macb. No parents, lor' ! It's really quite disgusting !

I really can't—

Macd.

Then yield, beast, and to badger ye

We'll have you in a travelling menagerie,

Stirred up between the bars with heartless poles,

Or poked at by the ladies' parasols !

And o'er it thus inscribe—for want of betterer—

"Here may you see the live"—you know—*et cetera* :

Adding moreover, "He's put here because

He led a life he *didn't* ought to was !

Macb. Have you been draining cups of whiskey toddy,

That thus you boast ? No, no, before my body

I throw my shield !

Macd.

Hallo ! that's not a bad one !

Macb. I mean I *should* have thrown it, if I had one,

At it like one o'clock—lay on Macduff,

Perhaps you'll sing out when you've had enough.

(*They fight in the extreme of melodrame—A pause.*)

Macd. Why you're sewn up. (*to audience*) I'll into him now
pitch.

Macb. No, not sewn up, I've only got one stitch.

(*They fight as before—Macbeth falls.*)

Macb. Oh, lor! will some one a physician run for?
For I've a strange suspicion that I'm done for; (*Dies.*)

Macd. Ha! ha! my boy, hurrah! His neck I'll wring,
Cut off his head, then cut off to the king.

Enter MALCOLM, Lords, Army, Attendants, etc.

Malc. There is no need, for see, the king is here!
Refresh our soldier with a pint of beer.

(*A pint of beer is brought to Macduff,
he drinks and passes it on to the
army, etc.*)

Macd. The tyrant's dead! You now the kingdom claim,
Receive the crown. (*Presenting it.*)

(*Duncan enters, comes between them, nods
and winks at them, takes the crown and
places it on his own head. They fall
back in astonishment.*)

Dun. Thank you! If it's all the same
To you, I'll wear it! (*Puts it on.*)

Malc. Well, this is a baulker!
I thought you were spifflicated.

Dun. Walker!
I'm not the cove, my boy, so soon to die.

Macd. Well, well, I never!

Macb. (*rising to a sitting posture, and looking round.*)

No more did I!

If that old cock can jest and sport his squibs

After those several *oners* in the ribs,

I don't see why I shouldn't live as well,

And so here goes—

(*Rises.*)

Macd. I say—hallo, my swell!
You're an ex-Monarch—but it don't appear
If *treble-ex* you'd think yourself *small beer*!

Macb. I tender, Sir, of course, my resignation,

(*They appear satisfied.*)

Since all's in *train* for me to leave my *station*.

So at your feet I lay my regal diadem

Without regret, nor wish again that I had 'em. (*To Dun.*)

Enter at back, BANQUO and Lady MACBETH, arm-in-arm, the latter with an extravagant bonnet, parasol, and shawl—they make their way through the army to the front.

Macb. My wife and Banquo too! this is a treat.

Ban. You don't down there get half enough to eat; I didn't like it; and so, with your wife,

Gave up the ghost.

Macb.

Died?

Lady M.

No, we came to life.

Macb. We live at present, but *how long* depends Upon the kind indulgence of our friends; Let me entreat them but their favour give, And kind applause, and we shall *truly live*!

Finale—from "L'Elixir de l'Amore."

Macb. and Lady M.

Now if we've the approbation,
Of our kind friends here, to-night,
We shall need no incantation,
To find out that all goes right.

For we who are assembled here, to gain your kind applause,
Will all die again with pleasure, I am sure, in such a cause.

Ban. Will all die in such a cause.

Macd. Will all die in such a cause.

All. Will all die again with pleasure,
I am sure, in such a cause.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

Macd., Ban., Lady M., Mac., Dunc., Mal., Don.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.



THE END.

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