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SCENES FROM  
MACBETH TRAVESTIE

Edited for Dramatic Reading

by

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*Curator of the The Harvard Theatre Collection*

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SCENES FROM  
MACBETH TRAVESTIE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duncan	King of Scotland
Macbeth	A General in Duncan's army
Macduff	A Nobleman of Scotland
Banquo	A General in Duncan's army
Malcolm	Son of Duncan
Donaldblain	Son of Duncan (non-speaking)
Fleance	Son of Banquo
Rosse	A Nobleman of Scotland
Lennox	A Nobleman of Scotland (non-speaking)
Seyton	An Officer attending on Macbeth
Lady Macbeth	
The Weird Sisters	Three Witches
Hecate	Queen of the Witches (appears only in omitted scenes) (in Greek, pronounced HEK-a-tee; in Shakespeare, HEK-it)
Servant	
Doctor	
Gentlewoman	
Officer	

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS

Banquo	
Munday	A prophet
Yankee Peddler	
Cheap John	A tradesman

SCENES FROM  
MACBETH TRAVESTIE

— Conductor

Author's Preface:

This Travestie was written for the Olympic Theatre, New York, and was first played at that establishment on the 16th of October, 1843. It met with great success, having drawn crowded houses for several weeks. This success was undoubtedly owing, in a great measure, to the inimitable acting of the manager, Mr. William Mitchell, who performed Macbeth in his own peculiar style — half tragic, half comic. He was admirably supported by his highly talented company, amongst which Mrs. Booth deserves honourable mention for her performance of Lady Macbeth. Throughout she ably maintained that comic gravity so essential to burlesque acting.

The author of “Macbeth Travestie” lays no claim to any literary pretensions respecting the piece — his effort was merely to devote a few leisure hours to aid in developing the talents of the Olympic company, and thereby in a very small degree to be a contributor to the “Laugh and Grow Fat” stream which is continually flowing from that Temple of Mirth.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

— Conductor

View of a Vacant Lot.  
Three Witches discovered.

1 Third Witch

A drum! a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

2 First Witch

We, rag-pickers, hand in hand,

3 Second Witch

In every city of this land,

4 Third Witch

There do go about, about. —

5 Second Witch

Thence with rags

6 Third Witch

Do fill our bags,

7 First Witch

To sell again

8 All

To paper men.

9 First Witch

Peace, it's all cleared up.

— Conductor Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

10 Macbeth Command they make a halt upon the green.  
So hot and cold a day is seldom seen.

11 Banquo How far is 't now afore us? — but who the devil have we here,  
Whose withered looks do make their mugs look queer?  
Ye are not women of the world, I'll boldly say,  
Yet on the earth ye live from day to day.  
Say, if I do question, will ye promptly answer? —  
Are you a woman, marm, or are you man, sir?

— Conductor The Witches put their fingers to their noses.  
[Banquo] Ye fix your skinny thumbs upon your nose, and take a sight,  
As though you understood; and understood aright.  
Ye should be women, each having on a bustle, —  
But reason and conviction hotly tussle.  
Your beards forbid that I should call you fair;  
And blow me, if I know exactly what you are.

12 Macbeth Speak, if you can, and tell us what your name is.

13 First Witch All hail to thee, Macbeth, — hail to thee, Thane of  
**Glamis!** <sup>[rhyme]</sup>

14 Second Witch All hail to thee, Macbeth, — hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

15 Third Witch All hail, Macbeth, who'll be next King in order!

16 Banquo (*To Macbeth*)  
  
Why do you start? — for fear there's little ground;  
There's nothing frightful in so fair a sound.  
Say, can you look into the seeds of time — for there's a  
monstrous lot —  
And say which grain will grow, and which will rot?  
If you cannot speak, why, tell us with a nod;  
Or if you won't we'll ask old Laurie Todd.

17 First Witch Hail!

18 Second Witch ... Hail!

19 Third Witch ... Hail!

20 First Witch Taller than Macbeth, though not so fat.

21 Second Witch And not so happy, — but you can't help that.

22 Third Witch You can't be King.

23 First Witch ... But you'll get one without fail.

24 Second Witch So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo, hail!

25 Third Witch ... Hail!

26 First Witch ... Hail!

— Conductor The Witches going.

27 Macbeth Stay, unfinished speakers — your story lame is!  
 By Sinel's death [= Macbeth's father], I know I'm Thane of  
**Glamis**, — [rhyme]  
 But how of Cawdor? — and as for being King,  
 I have no chance or prospect of the thing; —  
 Tell me why, then, — in face of open day,  
 You try to stuff me in this blasted way?

— Conductor The Witches vanish.

28 Banquo The earth hath bubbles as the South Sea had,  
 And these three lots, I b'lieve, are just as bad.  
 There's speculation in their rise, I do declare.

29 Macbeth What seemed corporeal, has melted into air.  
 There's something in the wind, — would they had stayed —  
 Your children shall be kings, I think they said.

30 Banquo You're to be King.

31 Macbeth ... Of Cawdor, too, the Thane.  
 Went it not so?

32 Banquo ... The tune and words were just the same.

— Conductor Enter Macduff and Rosse.

33 Macduff The King, Macbeth, has felt the blows  
 By which you gave the quietus [pronounced kwee-AY-tus] to his foes.

34 Rosse And we are sent to thank you as we ought,  
 And herald you, most noble sir, to court.

35 Macduff That he's in earnest, judge by this soft  
 solder [pronounced SOD-der], —  
 He bade us greet you, sir, as Thane of **Cawdor**.

36 Macbeth The Thane of Cawdor lives; and do you suppose  
 I'll let you dress me thus in his old clothes.

37 Macduff Who was the Thane is yet alive, but then  
He is in jail and can't get out again.

38 Macbeth Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! — the King is very kind —  
But the best of this fine *tale* yet hangs behind.  
(*To Banquo*) Do you not hope your children will be kings?

39 Banquo The devil sometimes tells truth in trifling things,  
To lure us till he nabs us in a toil.  
Cousins, I would speak apart with you awhile.

— Conductor They retire upstage.

40 Macbeth Fancy is busy sketching in this distracted head,  
The outlines, I do perceive, of murder in a bed.  
If I know what to think, may I be shot, —  
For nothing is, I vow, but what is not.

41 Banquo Look how our partner's wrapped him in his tartan **plaid**. <sup>[rhyme]</sup>

42 Macbeth If chance will have me King, why chance, the saucy jade,  
May crown me if it will, if there's no harm meant.

— Conductor Exeunt.

#### ACT 1, SCENE 2

— Conductor Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donaldblain, and Court,  
preceded by the Chamberlain.

1 Duncan Is execution done on Cawdor?

2 Malcolm ... The Captain, sir was beheaded by your order.  
Before he died, my liege, he very frankly said,  
In life's toss-up he played, and lost his head.  
As for death, my lord, he didn't seem to mind a *sous* about it;  
For hastening to be gone, he left his trunk, and went ahead  
without it.

3 Duncan Physiognomy's <sup>[pronounced fizzy-ON-a-mee]</sup> a humbug, for one cannot  
trace  
The mind's construction in a tutored face.  
This gentleman, until his treason busted,  
To any reasonable amount I would have trusted.

— Conductor Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Lennox.  
Macbeth and Banquo kneel to Duncan.

[Duncan] Ah, worthy cuz, I'm glad to see you here, my tight 'un,  
The weight of my ingratitude to lighten.  
Had you less merit, I vow to goodness gracious  
My means of recompense had been more spacious.  
I must take the two-third act — or find some other way, —  
For more is due to thee than I can ever pay.

— Conductor Duncan raises and embraces Macbeth.

[Duncan] And Banquo, too, we'd place within our breast.

— Conductor Duncan raises and embraces Banquo.

4 Banquo "There, in that bosom" — but you know the rest.

5 Duncan Listen, all! I would have it known throughout the land,  
That my son Malcolm, now, is Prince of Cumberland.

— Conductor A flourish is heard.  
All bow to Malcolm.

[Duncan] From hence to Inverness, and make us more your debtor.

6 Macbeth The which honor, I will inform my wife by letter.  
On second thoughts, I'll bear myself the joyful news;  
So humbly take my leave.

7 Duncan ... My worthy Cawdor, accept of our adieus.

8 Macbeth (*Aside*) Malcolm Prince of Cumberland! that is a rise  
Which I must o'erleap, for in my way it lies.  
Stars, go out — see not my eye winking at my hand:  
A wink will do for those who understand.

— Conductor Exit Macbeth.

9 Duncan Come, let us after him whose care has gone before; —  
To be behind his welcome indeed would be a bore.

— Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 1, SCENE 3

— Conductor A Chamber.  
Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

1 Lady Macbeth "*They met me in the day of success, and I declare,  
Ere I could speak, they vanished into air.  
Whilst I stood rapt in wonder and my **plaid**, [rhyme]  
A message from the King arrived, which said*

*To this effect: — he hailed me Thane of Cawdor;  
Which at first appeared a little out of order, —  
But the Witches before had told me the same thing —  
And added, too — they soon will hail thee King.”*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shall be  
What thou’rt promised, or I’ll raise a spree.  
Yet I do fear thy nature when I put thee to the test,  
So full of the milk of kindness is thy breast,  
And not the sky-blue skim that’s brought from  
Goshen [= dairy town in New York] —  
But rich and thick; a quart would lactify an ocean.

- Conductor Enter Seyton.
- [Lady Macbeth] What news?
- 2 Seyton ... The King tonight comes here.
- 3 Lady Macbeth Art mad — or art thou drunk with beer?  
Your boss is with him; and he wouldn’t go to bring  
A stranger, without due notice — especially a King.
- 4 Seyton I don’t know how that is, marm; but this I know —  
The Thane’s a-coming; a fellow just told me so,  
Who arrived in haste, with just enough breath in his body  
To tell his message out, and call for whiskey toddy.
- Conductor Exit Seyton.  
Enter Macbeth.
- 5 Lady Macbeth Great Glamis, I am transported with your news —  
And almost see you now in Duncan’s shoes.
- 6 Macbeth My dearest love, the King will lodge with us tonight.
- 7 Lady Macbeth When goes he hence.
- 8 Macbeth ... Tomorrow, if report speak right.
- 9 Lady Macbeth Never! Your face, my Thane, is a book which does disclose  
Strange sentiments, by its eyes and nose.  
Look like the time, and take a glass, —  
’Twill help to make the creeping sluggard pass.  
Bear welcome in your hand — your tongue — your eye.
- 10 Macbeth Let’s in — we’ll talk again of this, dear, bye and bye.
- Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 1, SCENE 5

- Conductor A Chamber in Macbeth's Castle.  
Enter Macbeth, thoughtfully.
- 1 Macbeth If it were done when 'tis done, there's no doubt  
'Twere quite as well 'twere quickly set about.  
If the same knife which cuts poor Duncan's life supporters  
Could only cut the throats of common news reporters,  
And thus make dumb the press — it's pretty clear  
This cut would be the be-all, and the end-all here.  
But still I am his kinsman, and his subject too; —  
In either case, the bloody work is hard to do.  
I think I'll hire a man to do the deed:  
I shouldn't murder when I ought to feed.  
And who can bear to be the common scoff,  
For "the deep damnation of his taking off?"  
I have no spur to prick me on — full well I know it —  
So, vaulting ambition, I say, prithee, go it!  
Don't overleap yourself, and then come tumbling down  
With dislocated neck, or broken crown.
- Conductor Enter Lady Macbeth.  
[Macbeth] How now, Mrs. M., did he eat those oysters that you stewed?
- 2 Lady Macbeth He supped on nothing else: — your leaving us was rude.
- 3 Macbeth I will not do this deed; he has so honoured me of late,  
And bought me golden pippins, which I ate.
- 4 Lady Macbeth Coward! You much desire to be a King,  
But tremble at the means which do the thing.
- 5 Macbeth I dare do all that becomes a man; so do not vex me,  
If more you want, why, damn it, ma'am, unsex me.
- 6 Lady Macbeth What a beast are you: when you told me first your plan,  
I thought you quite an enterprising sort of man.  
Ten children I have suckled, as you know,  
And surely never mother loved her babbies so.  
Yet would I take each of the ten and slap —  
Place one by one across their mother's lap,  
And spank them till their backs were black and blue,  
Ere I'd back out from doing what I said I'd do.

7 Macbeth Suppose we fail? the thought brings on a dizziness!

8 Lady Macbeth We fail; and there will end our business.  
Put courage to the sticking-place, my master,  
And bind it tight with Badeau's poor man's plaster.  
When Duncan is in bed and soundly snoring,  
I will, with drink, his chamberlain be flooring.  
Their natures — being well soaked in potent liquors —  
Will to our purpose be no sort of stickers.  
What we will do to Duncan when alone,  
Is surely no one's business but our own.

9 Macbeth If more children bless you, let them all be lads —  
Your *mettle* is unfit for *belles*, but just the thing for dads.  
I'm settled and bent up — the murder shall be done!  
Away! and mock the time with rarest fun.

— Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 1, SCENE 6

— Conductor A Chamber.  
Enter Banquo and Fleance, preceded by a Servant with a candle.

1 Banquo How goes the night, boy?

2 Fleance ... Pretty well, sir; — how are you?

3 Banquo I'm sore oppressed, and know not what to do.  
I have a load upon me like a lump of lead,  
Which qualms my stomach, and affects my head.  
Who's there?

— Conductor Enter Macbeth, preceded by Seyton with a candle.

4 Macbeth ... A friend.

5 Banquo ... I thought you were a-bed, sir, long ago.  
The King is most well pleased, he'll have you know.  
He gave the servants all a *crown* apiece,  
And laughing, called them *Knights*, sir, of the *Fleece!*  
I have a present for your lady from the King;  
He begs to greet your wife, sir, through this ring.

— Conductor Puts a ring on Macbeth's finger.

6 Macbeth I'm unprepared to thank him as I ought.

(*Aside*) I wonder where so fine a ring he bought.

7 Banquo All's well. I dreamed last night of those old hags  
We met the other day collecting rags.  
To you they've shown some truth in what they said.

8 Macbeth I have thought not of them, more than of one dead.  
But some other time, if it be your pleasure,  
We'll chat again of this affair at leisure.  
Good night, now, worthy Banquo.

9 Banquo Good repose, Macbeth.

10 Macbeth ... I thank you.

— Conductor Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.  
[Macbeth] Go, bid my wife prepare a cobbler —

— Conductor Exit Seyton.  
[Macbeth] ... Here, not so fast —  
And say I'd like to have this cobbler stronger than the last.

— Conductor Exit Seyton. As Macbeth turns to look off, a large dagger  
appears, the handle towards him.  
[Macbeth] Is this a dagger I see fornenst [= against] my nose —  
The handle towards me? I'll clutch it; and here goes.

— Conductor The dagger jumps up quickly.  
[Macbeth] I have thee not, and yet I swear I thought I had!  
That dodge of thine, old dagger, was too bad.  
Are my eyes grown dim, or do they need a wipe?  
Or is that dagger but a false  
Daguerreotype [patented in 1839, 4 years before this play was produced].  
I see thee yet, or my eyes do sadly play the fool,  
As palpably as those I used to make at school.

— Conductor The dagger moves a little.  
[Macbeth] You beckon me your way; I'm sorry to refuse,  
For just such an instrument I was to use.  
I see thee still — and upon they handle gout's of blood, —  
Which seems most strange upon a dagger made of wood.  
Ah! but now I look more closely, I behold instead,  
Only a dab of deep Venetian red.

— Conductor The dagger vanishes.

[Macbeth] It's no such thing, that's plain enough,  
 And the paint upon the handle's bloody stuff.  
 Nature now to half the world has given up the ghost,  
 And each good watchman sleeps against his post.  
 Thou firm-set earth, hear not the creaking of my shoes  
 And, oh ye paving stones, tell not the news.

— Conductor A bell strikes two.

[Macbeth] I go — the bell strikes two, whilst I shall strike but one.  
 Feel not the blow, oh Duncan, ere thy job be done.

— Conductor As he is about to open the door, thunder is heard. Macbeth  
 starts, recovers, and exits.  
 Enter Lady Macbeth.

11 Lady Macbeth Alack! I'm afraid they are awake.  
 Unless the deed be done, the attempt confound —  
 I put the daggers where they could be found.  
 If he has missed them, it is indeed too bad.  
 I had done it, but he looked so like my dad.

— Conductor Re-enter Macbeth, with two bloody daggers.

12 Macbeth I have done the deed — did you not hear a row?

13 Lady Macbeth I heard the cat squall out just now.  
 Did you not speak?

14 Macbeth ... When?

15 Lady Macbeth ... Now!

16 Macbeth My boot did creak.

17 Lady Macbeth How?

18 Macbeth ... There!

19 Lady Macbeth ... Where?

20 Macbeth Upon the stair.

21 Lady Macbeth Go, wash yourself — and it will do you good  
 To lose a little of that royal blood.  
 Why did you bring these daggers from the room?  
 Take them, and bloody make the face of every groom.

22 Macbeth I'll go no more! I'm full of horror crammed,  
 And if I look on 't again, may I be damned.

23 Lady Macbeth Give me the daggers: I do not dread to see —  
Living or dead, they are all the same to me.  
I'll gild their faces o'er with strongest *gilt*,  
And stick it fastly on, with blood that's spilt.

— Conductor Exit.  
Knocking is heard without.

24 Macbeth How is it with me? what the plague can be the matter,  
When thus I tremble at every little clatter?  
I *shake* at every noise the merest trifle makes,  
And yet, I swear, I feel like no great *shakes*.  
Look at these awful paws, so dyed in blood;  
Can Neptune wash them clean? I wish he could.  
But that's a thing I fear can never be,  
For he has got already one red sea.

— Conductor Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

25 Lady Macbeth My heart is not so white; my hands as yours are red.

— Conductor Knocking is heard.

[Lady Macbeth] I hear a knocking in the yard — come, husband, let's to bed.

— Conductor Knock.

[Lady Macbeth] Why stand you shilly shally, there, as if you didn't know  
Which way to stir your stumps — whether to stay or go.  
Take now the cobbler that I made, (if you've not already drank  
it,)  
Put on your night-cap, and then clap your head beneath the  
blanket.

— Conductor Knock.

26 Macbeth To know the deed that I have done indeed is very shocking, —  
Duncan, why the devil can't *you* wake with this confounded  
knocking.

— Conductor Exeunt.  
Enter Seyton, opens door, and enter Macduff and Rosse.

27 Macduff You went quite late to bed, by the way you've snoozed this  
morning.

28 Seyton Faith, sir, indeed we did carouse till day was almost dawning.

29 Macduff Is your royal master stirring yet? — to wake him I am loth.

30 Seyton He comes.

— Conductor Re-enter Macbeth, in a gown and nightcap.

31 Rosse Good morrow, sir.

32 Macbeth ... Good morrow, both,

33 Macduff Is the King awake?

34 Macbeth ... Not yet; most soundly he has slept.

35 Macduff He bade me call him, but the hour has slipped.

36 Macbeth I'll call him.

37 Macduff ... I will not trouble you, worthy Thane.

38 Macbeth The trouble that we love, like Brandreth's pills [= Benjamin Brandreth's Universal Vegetable pills, a purgative], does physic pain.  
There is the door.

— Conductor Exit Macduff.

39 Rosse ... Goes the King hence today?

40 Macbeth 'Twas so, I think, I heard his servant say.

41 Rosse Last night was the squalliest one I ever knew —  
The wind must have been drunk, it was so *blew*.  
It reeled along the streets, so no one safe could pass;  
And every window that it broke did take another glass.  
Loud screams arose in every quarter of the town,  
And chimney pots from every house came madly tumbling  
down.  
Some say that direful, dread events, will quickly come to pass;  
And that father Miller, after all, is not an A. double S.  
That the earth was feverish, and shook: if, then, 'tis not a  
fixture,  
Why could it not be quickly cured by Rowland's Tonic  
mixture [= another patent remedy, made by William Rowland]?

42 Macduff (*Without*) Oh, Horror! Horror! Horror! Horror! Horror! Horror! Horror!  
Horror! Horror!

— Conductor Re-enter Macduff.  
[Macduff.] Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to tell  
What is not possible for one to do as well!

43 Macbeth Why, what's the matter!

44 Rosse ... What on earth's the row?

45 Macduff Murder's the matter — robbery's the row!  
Some sacrilegious chap, — I scarce can tell the rest —  
Hath broken ope the King, our master's chest,  
And stole his life! — 'twas all he had — oh, horrid theft!  
And nothing but his bloody trunk is left.

46 Macbeth What is 't, say you? is it his life they've stole?

47 Macduff Approach yourself, and see the ghastly hole  
Thorough which they let the daylight on his soul.

— Conductor Exit Rosse and Macbeth.  
[Macduff] Wake up the town — let every bell ring loud,  
And gather round the door an anxious crowd.

— Conductor A bell rings.  
Enter Malcolm, Banquo, and all the Court.

48 Malcolm What's the fix?

49 Macduff ... You are, my boy, and do no know it!  
Your royal dad is dead.

50 Malcolm ... Who did it! blow it!

— Conductor Re-enter Macbeth and Rosse.

51 Macbeth If I had only died six hours ago,  
The chances are, I had not felt this blow.

52 Malcolm I want to know, who dared our royal blood to shed?

53 Rosse They, as we think, who slept in the next bed.  
They were all covered, sir, with blood from head to feet,  
And one had wiped his crooked nose upon the royal sheet.  
When they awoke they looked distracted, wild;  
But they couldn't anyhow deceive this child.

54 Macbeth I'm sorry I took the lives of both those chaps away.

55 Macduff Ah! wherefore did you do it — Macbeth, say?

56 Macbeth At once, can I be wise and furious? — the devil's in it,  
If a man can be all these, sir, in the same minute.  
There lay King Duncan; the sight my blood did put up,  
For never before saw I a King so badly cut up.  
His gashes looked like, — as most of us have seen

In pork, — a streak of fat, and then a streak of lean.  
Which formed the varied gateways to a place  
Where ruin went to hid his hideous face.  
There lay his butchers — calm as a summer's night;  
With love like mine, who could have borne the sight.

57 Banquo I have my scruples — but for the present, mum.

58 Macduff So I.

59 All So all.

60 Banquo We'll meet in the hall, and con this deed lamented,  
To know it further —

61 All We are well contented.

Chorus.

62 All The King's been murdered in his bed  
There's sundry gashes on his head,  
Who did the deed has not been said,  
So we'll be mum awhile.

But let's against all treason fight,  
The body is a horrid sight;  
So we will meet again tonight  
And talk the matter o'er.

— Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

— Conductor A banquet.  
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, etc., are discovered, all  
standing.  
A Flourish is heard.

1 Macbeth You're welcome, friends, so feel at ease.  
Sit down; you know your own degrees.  
Our wife's a little stiff at this first meeting,  
But by and by you'll get her hearty greeting.

2 Lady Macbeth Nay, greet you them for me; for I here vow,  
That they are very welcome anyhow.

3 Macbeth Their hearts are loud in thanks, if you could hear 'em,  
But here I'll sit, in order to be near 'em.

Be merry all: — fill for a toast; see, friends, it goes  
The table round —

— Conductor Enter Murderer.

[Macbeth] (*To the Murderer*)

... There's blood upon your nose.

4 Murderer Then blow it; it is Banquo's.

5 Macbeth ... Ah, I much do fear —

6 Murderer There is no ground; his throat is cut from ear to ear.

7 Macbeth You cut his jugular? — that were a clever *trick!*  
You did the same for Fleance?

8 Murderer ... Sir, he's cut his stick [= run away].

9 Macbeth Then comes my fit again! — But Banquo — he is dead?

10 Murderer He is, my lord, as any herring that is red.

11 Macbeth Fleance' escape has filled my cup with sorrow.  
But more of this anon; go, call again tomorrow.

— Conductor Exit Murderer.

12 Lady Macbeth Come, my good lord, and pick a bit of meat;  
For it is meet, among your guests, that you do take a seat.

13 Macbeth Sweet wife, those Sherman's Lozenges [= patent lozenges for intestinal  
worms] you made me swallow,  
Hath made our appetite beat our digestion hollow.

— Conductor The ghost of Banquo rises from below the stage and sits in a  
chair, with his back to Macbeth. He is smoking a cigar.

[Macbeth] We should enjoy our meal, if Banquo were but here;  
His absence we begin to think a little queer.

14 Rosse Never mind, my lord, it cannot make us dull;  
Will you pray take a seat?

15 Macbeth ... The table's full.

16 Rosse Here is a place reserved, sir.

17 Macbeth ... Where?

— Conductor Banquo turns around.

18 Rosse Here, my lord. What is it makes you stare?

19 Macbeth Who did this?

20 Rosse ... What, my lord?

21 Macbeth ... Crikey! can't you see?

— Conductor Banquo, smoking, shakes his head.  
[Macbeth] I didn't do it, so you needn't shake your locks at me.  
It was not I who stole the jewel from your trunk.

22 Rosse Friends, rise; I do suspect his Highness is a little drunk.

23 Lady Macbeth Keep your seats, my friends; my lord is often thus —  
He's only in a sort of fit, so do not make a fuss.  
If you stare on him in this idle fashion,  
You'll put him surely in a roaring passion.  
Come, quit this nonsense, sir — are you a man?

24 Macbeth I don't exactly know, but still I think I am,  
When I can dare to look upon that stool,  
And see old Banquo smoking there so cool.

25 Lady Macbeth Stuff! a painting in the air; like a dagger which you said,  
Beckoned and led you straight to Duncan's bed.  
Tell the marines such tales, and you'll deceive 'em.  
'Twon't do to tell the Tars — the sailors won't believe 'em.

— Conductor Banquo rises and winks his eye.

26 Macbeth Look! Ha! he winks his eye! I say I didn't do the theft.

— Conductor Exit Banquo, walking backward.

27 Lady Macbeth What, daft entirely!

28 Macbeth ... As I stand here, I've Banquo seen.

29 Lady Macbeth For shame!

30 Macbeth ... Why, shame indeed; the time has been,  
When the brains were out, a man would kick the bucket;  
But now the living do without 'em; and, for a ducat  
You can get the credit of more wit, than midnight oil  
To student gives, however hard he toil:  
And now ghosts rise again to see their brainless brothers,  
And leave their graves, without the knowledge of their  
mothers.

31 Lady Macbeth Of rudeness, my lord, this is the very essence;  
Your royal guests do sadly need your presence.

32 Macbeth Pardon me: the fit which made me absent, itself is gone —  
 So with your worthy selves I'll now count one.  
 Give me some wine: your glasses fill — come, here's a health to  
 each:  
 Here's health to Banquo, also, to whom may all good reach.

— Conductor Macbeth takes a large pitcher from the table, and reveals  
 Banquo's head under it.

[Macbeth] Avaunt! the presence quit — hide behind some place,  
 And don't show here that damnably long face.  
 Put out those goggle eyes — I want no overseers.

33 Lady Macbeth Take you no notice of this second fit, good peers.

— Conductor Macbeth puts the pitcher down over Banquo's head.

[Macbeth] Hence, King of Trumps, and hie thee to thy grave.

— Conductor Macbeth raises the pitcher, and the head is gone.

[Macbeth] Why so! thou'rt gone — I now will play the knave.

34 Lady Macbeth Good night, my friends; — all shortly will be well:  
 Stand not upon the order of your going, but start pell mell.

— Conductor All exeunt, except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

35 Macbeth Blood will have blood, and I must have some more.  
 What is the night?

36 Lady Macbeth ... Why, night will soon be o'er.

37 Macbeth You say Macduff declined to come when you did send?

38 Lady Macbeth So much I heard from one he calls a friend.

39 Macbeth If I do send, he'd better not refuse, —  
 No servant here my lenity shall abuse.  
 Tomorrow to the witches I will go;  
 The very worst I am resolved to know.  
 I'm over head in blood, and so I may  
 As well go on, as go the other way.

— Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 3

— Conductor The Witches' hut.

The three Witches discovered.

1 First Witch Three new novels have the newsboys cried.

2 Second Witch Thrice to read them have we tried.

3 Third Witch The newsboys called them cheap — the newsboys lied.  
Round about the cauldron go,  
And in the charmed ingredients throw  
Here's a slip of the bark from off the tree  
General Morris [= Gouverneur Morris] went to see.  
And a bit of the axe of the woodman bold,  
Made blunt at the edge with a tip of gold.  
Here's a stone from the Fountain in the Green,  
The oddest concern that ever was seen.  
And a drop from the nose of the statue of stone,  
That in the Alhambra this summer is shown.

4 The Three Witches Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

5 Second Witch Tail of the Sea Serpent take,  
Keep it bubbling for the sake  
Of landlords, they who never fail,  
Yearly to rake up the *tale*.  
A Mermaid Fiji [= the Fiji Mermaid, a famous fake] — all a hum [humbug]  
The big fat girl, and little Tom Thumb [Barnum's attractions].  
Ellsler's [= Fanny Ellsler, famous ballet dancer] leg, and foot to boot,  
Will make young men to jump and hoot;  
For 'tis a charm of powerful trouble,  
Although it is all bubble, bubble!

6 The Three Witches Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

7 First Witch Of modern poetry — sorry stuff —  
A couple of lines will be enough.  
A lawyer's conscience put in, too,  
'Twill make a most infernal stew.  
Bit of soaplock lost in a lark,  
Near the Fountain in the Park.  
When the whole boils up and thickens,  
Throw in the last great work of Dickens.

— Conductor The witches make a great noise.

8      The Three Witches    Double, double, toil and trouble,  
    Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

9      First Witch                Cool it with a whole hog's blood,  
    Then the soup is thick and good.  
    By the pricking of my thumbs,  
    Something wicked this way comes.

—      Conductor                 Enter Macbeth.

10     Macbeth                      How now, ye black, but living heaps of rags —  
    What are ye at?

11     Third Witch                ...      John Smith — a man without a name.

12     Macbeth                      Ah! and yet John Smith has got a sort of fame.  
    But no more of this. — I must your patience tax.  
    I want to know —

13     First Witch                ...      Speak!

14     Second Witch                ...      Demand!

15     Third Witch                ...      We'll answer what you ax.

16     First Witch                From ourselves, or master, would you hear?

17     Macbeth                      Whichever you please, my little dear.

18     First Witch                Throw in the leg of a hog which died in the street,  
    With a little molasses to sweeten the meat.

19     The Three Witches        Come high — come low — come far — come near —  
    Spirit of New England — appear! appear!

—      Conductor                 The apparition of a Yankee clock peddler rises from  
    below. [modeled on Sam Slick, fictional peddler and cracker-barrel philosopher]

20     Peddler                      Macbeth, I reckon you ain't exactly up to snuff:  
    Do you just keep your eye on old Macduff;  
    And old Fife, too — they'll shave you if they can.  
    But I must go ahead, for you see, my man,  
    My steam is up now good and strong,  
    My byler <sup>[boiler]</sup> 'll bust if I stay here too long.

—      Conductor                 The apparition of the Peddler sinks below the stage.

21     Macbeth                      Do tell! I want to know! More questions let me pop 'em.

22     First Witch                He's gone, and all creation cannot stop him.

—      Conductor                 The apparition of Munday, the prophet, rises.

[= George H. Munday, a homespun self-proclaimed prophet]

[First Witch] But here is one — a prophet great, who knows what's past.  
23 Munday Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! don't look so much aghast.  
24 Macbeth Had I three ears, *three years* I would be mute.  
Munday Be bloody, bold Macbeth, and boldly resolute.  
Laugh thou the petty power of man to scorn,  
For none can hurt thee who's of woman born.  
The world is topsy-turvy — and now, alas!

25 First Witch Sic —  
26 Second Witch ... Transit —  
27 Third Witch ... Gloria —  
28 Munday ... Munday!  
29 All ... Pass!

— Conductor The apparition of Munday sinks below the stage.  
30 Macbeth Then live, Macduff; — I do not care, I swear,  
Since I can boldly tell pale-hearted fear,  
It lies not in it to make me knuckle under.

— Conductor The apparition of Cheap John rises [= a famous cheap retailer].  
[Macbeth] For I will sleep in spite of thunder.  
But who is this, so like Cheap John in Chatham  
Square [= in New York City, located in present Chinatown]  
Who sells in four cent lots his curious ware?  
Upon his head he wears a shabby sort of covering,  
For one who has a crown, and daily makes a *sovereign!*

31 First Witch Listen, but do not speak; do you see?  
32 Cheap John Be stubborn, proud, and who may fret, ne'er mind at all;  
Until great Birnam's wood comes boughing to your hall.  
Macbeth's invincible! Only four cents!

— Conductor The apparition of Cheap John sinks below the stage.  
33 Macbeth Well, that can never be,  
For who the plague e'er saw a walking tree.  
Tell me, — if that your art can show so much —  
Shall Banquo's issue Scotland's sceptre clutch?

34 All Begone, Macbeth, and seek to know no more.

35 Macbeth I will be satisfied — this interruption is a bore.  
Farther I fain would know of my queer lot.

— Conductor The witches' cauldron begins to sink below the stage.  
[Macbeth] Why sinks the cauldron — is it gone to pot?

36 First Witch Show!

37 Second Witch ... Show!

38 Third Witch ... Show!

39 First Witch Blow his eyes!

40 Second Witch ... Let's grieve his heart —

41 Third Witch So, dark shadows, do your part.

— Conductor The witches' cauldron disappears, and the back of the stage  
becomes a large hogshead cask with a transparent bung-hole.  
Through the bung-hole can be seen a figure crossing the stage,  
followed by others.

42 Macbeth That looks like Banquo's spirit past that bung-hole walking:  
The sight does blear my eyes; — another yet comes stalking.  
A third! — Vile hags, I do entreat you, tap no more —  
Such a waste of spirits I ne'er saw before.  
A fourth! why, then, by Jove, I'll start and run.  
And yet a fifth! why, will they ne'er be done?  
Another, too, who bears a glass! I'm thinking  
He's quite a jolly ghost, and has been drinking.

— Conductor The witches and the transparency vanish.  
[Macbeth] Why is this so? — Where are they gone? — I'm diddled quite;  
This cursèd hour has seemed a long dark night.  
Come in, without there.

— Conductor Enter Seyton.

43 Seyton ... Pray, what wants your grace?

44 Macbeth Saw you the sisters as they left this place?

45 Seyton I neither saw, nor heard, nor smelt them.

46 Macbeth Came they not by you?

47 Seyton ... I ne'er felt them.

48 Macbeth Did I not hear a horse but just now pass?

49     Seyton                    It was an express rider on an ass,  
To bring you word Macduff was gone  
To England.

50     Macbeth                    Time, time, thou cheat of human bliss,  
At least I am obliged to you for this.  
I'll seize the Castle of Macduff, then take his Fife,  
And play a dying tune to his dear babes and wife.  
No boasting like a fool — I'll do the deed, I say.  
Show me the gentlemen on the ass, I pray.

—     Conductor                 Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 4

—     Conductor                 A Wood.  
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

1     Malcolm                    The woodman hath spared this tree in spite of trade —  
So let us take advantage of its grateful shade,  
To tell our troubles o'er.

2     Macduff                    ...     Don't let us waste in words  
The time when we should use our trusty swords.  
Oh, Scotia [pronounced SKO-shuh], my native land, you're in a fix,  
And daily subject to a tyrant's kicks.  
The widow's howling makes a dreadful noise —  
And all the towns are full of workhouse boys.

3     Malcolm                    Suppose, Macduff, that vile Macbeth were slain,  
I do not see what 'vantage you would gain;  
For I should play the tyrant worse than he.  
So tell me — would you choose a King like me?

4     Macduff                    No: for I knew your father well — but how unlike his son!  
Your mother, too, — she ranked, indeed, as an A Number 1.  
Her pickles were the very best I ever eat,  
And tasted very nice with cold roast meat.

5     Malcolm                    Stay, Macduff, stay: this passion for my sainted mother's  
pickles,  
Causes this tear which down my cheek now trickles.  
I love your spirit; — and I only spoke in fun;  
I do assure you, then, I *am* my father's son.  
But who's this man who walks along so stately?

6 Macduff My cousin Rosse it is, or my eye deceives me greatly.

— Conductor Enter Rosse.

[Macduff] Stands Scotland where it did a week ago?

7 Rosse Not quite; 'tis greatly moved by the vile tyrant's blow;  
The face of the whole country is pitted o'er with care,  
And the *wail* that it has on it, is the *wail* of dark despair.

8 Macduff What is the newest grief of which they now complain?

9 Rosse Why, that with griefs they're overflowed in the present reign.

10 Macduff How is my wife, my little children dear?

11 Rosse Well, The truth I cannot tell, for fear.  
But you should be in Scotland, and there maintain her laws.  
Your very presence, sir, would breed brave soldiers in her  
cause.

12 Macduff Make our respects, and say we'll quickly come  
With fifty men to sound of fife and drum.

13 Rosse I've news to tell, but know not how to bring it out.

14 Macduff Don't be a niggard of your speech, but spit it out.  
Come, sir, your silence is beyond endurance.

15 Rosse Your castle is burnt down.

16 Macduff ... And I had no insurance.

17 Rosse Your wife —

18 Macduff ... Another! I hope she's doing well?

19 Rosse ... A-lass!

20 Macduff I was in hopes it was a boy — but let that pass.

21 Rosse Sir, you have neither wife, nor son, nor daughter;  
They were all killed in one inhuman slaughter.

22 Macduff My children — all, I think it was you said?

23 Rosse Just so.

24 Macduff ... My wife, I think you said, was dead?  
My little chickens that I used to feed each morn and night,  
Are all gone, too. Well, well, it almost serves me right.  
I should have fricaseed them all before I left;  
But I'll have vengeance for this double theft.

25 Malcolm That's right — dispute it like a man, Macduff.  
 26 Macduff I will; — but still I feel my losses bad enough.  
 27 Malcolm Be vengeance sharp the whetstone of your sword —  
 'Twill make it sharp enough, upon my word.  
 28 Macduff Oh, I could play the woman with my eyes,  
 And also with my tongue — in that the mischief lies.  
 But heaven cut short such weak desires,  
 And fill my soul with vengeful fires;  
 Let not Macbeth escape my anger just,  
 If he blows longer, I shall surely bust.  
 — Conductor Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 5

— Conductor A room in Macbeth's castle.  
 Enter a Physician and a Gentlewoman.  
 1 Doctor Two nights I've watched, and find no truth in your report;  
 I'm afraid your story's but th' invention of your sport.  
 2 Gentlewoman No! since the King in person has his warriors led,  
 I've seen her several times jump out of bed.  
 3 Doctor Tell me what she has said, when this you have seen?  
 4 Gentlewoman Do you then think I'll blab? I am not quite so green.  
 — Conductor Enter Lady Macbeth, with a pail in one hand and a scrubbing  
 brush in the other.  
 [Gentlewoman] Look! here she comes; and, as I live, asleep.  
 5 Doctor How came she with the light she carries in her hand?  
 6 Gentlewoman Oh, she's a box of Loco Focos [= matches, "crazy lights"] always on her  
 stand.  
 7 Doctor Look! on her arm she has a pail, and in her hand a brush.  
 And look — she kneels upon the floor!  
 8 Gentlewoman ... Oh, Doctor, hush!  
 9 Lady Macbeth Out, damnèd spot! I'll try to scrub it all away.  
 I would I had a lump of potter's  
 clay [when made into a paste, used to remove stains].  
 — Conductor The clock strikes.

[Lady Macbeth] One! Then 'tis time! — A soldier, and afraid of slaughter?  
Out, out, I say! — but how, without some water?  
I'll to the pump, and fill this little pail.

— Conductor Lady Macbeth goes to the Doctor, hangs the pail on one of his  
arms and pumps the other.

[Lady Macbeth] Thank you.

— Conductor Lady Macbeth curtseys.

[Lady Macbeth] ... What need we fear? who knows our tale?

— Conductor She scrubs.

[Lady Macbeth] Who would have thought, — but that it's here so plain, —  
The old man's blood would leave so large a stain.

10 Doctor Go to! I've heard much more than I thought to.

11 Gentlewoman And she has said much more than she ought to.

12 Lady Macbeth Here's still the stain, upon the self-same spot,  
In spite of all the scrubblings that it's got.  
The smell's not pleasant, either, that I vow,  
And I've no Arabian perfume with me now.  
(*She sighs.*)

13 Doctor Oh, what a sigh is there! her heart is sorely charged.

14 Gentlewoman Perhaps, then, Doctor, it is much enlarged.  
Such a one would not I possess for half a crown.

15 Lady Macbeth Wash well your hands, my lord, put on your dressing-gown.  
Look not so pale — Banquo in his grave lies buried,  
And thence he won't come out again — unless he's greatly  
hurried.

16 Doctor True.

— Conductor Exeunt, Lady Macbeth on one side, the others to the other side.

ACT 2, SCENE 6

— Conductor A Room in Macbeth's Castle.  
Enter Macbeth, with a newspaper.

1 Macbeth Make me no more reports; will they have never done?  
The Thanes may go to blazes — ay, every mother's son.  
Of fear I need not bear the taint or stain,

Till Birnam's wood comes here to Dunsinane.  
 What's the boy Malcolm more than any other?  
 He was of woman born, because he had a mother.

— Conductor Enter an Officer.  
 [Macbeth] The devil damn thee black, thou pale-faced figure,  
 Who put that chalk upon your face?

2 Macbeth Go, wash your face, then paint it red,  
 Thou lily-livered boy! — Soldiers was 't you said?  
 What soldiers, whey-face? tell it, if 'twill ease you.

3 Officer They are Macduff's black guards, sir, if it please you.

4 Macbeth Go, cut your stick [= run away]!

— Conductor Exit the Officer.  
 [Macbeth] ... Seyton! — at heart I'm sick,  
 When I behold — Seyton, I say, be quick!

— Conductor Enter Seyton.

6 Seyton What is your pleasure, gracious sir?

7 Macbeth ... What news more?

8 Seyton All is confirmed, my lord, you heard before.

9 Macbeth I'll fight till from my bones my flesh is hacked,  
 Although it's hard to fight when barely backed.  
 (*To Seyton*) Brush! send men out to scour the country round,  
 And hang upon a tree each craven hound.  
 Well, let them come — I'm not afraid of death and bane,  
 Till Birnam brings his trunks to Dunsinane.  
 Take in that shirt that's drying on the outer walls,  
 The cry is *steal* — so now look out for squalls.  
 There let them lie, till famine eat them up,  
 And worms upon them breakfast, dine, and sup.

— Conductor Women's screams are heard.  
 [Macbeth] What noise is that I hear so shrieking loud.

— Conductor Exit Seyton.

10 Macbeth I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
 The time was, when a night shriek in my ears,  
 My courage would have run quite down to zero.

And a novel, too, which had a dismal hero,  
Would rouse, and make my curly hair incline  
To stand, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.  
But I have supped of oysters, and 'tis their nature  
To make a murder a most familiar  
creature [because they are eaten alive].  
Their death don't start me.

- Conductor Re-enter Seyton.
- [Macbeth] ... Wherefore was that cry?
- 11 Seyton The Queen, my lord, is dead, and I —
- 12 Macbeth She should have died hereafter, but she'll keep;  
And perhaps tomorrow I shall have time to weep.  
Tomorrow — and tomorrow — and tomorrow —  
Aye, that's well thought of — I've a note [= bill] to pay,  
And the last recorded dollar to me lent,  
Was yesterday in whiskey-punches spent!  
Out, out, short candle! for burn brightly as you may,  
You cannot burn much *longer*, anyway.  
Life's but a walking shadow — or a poor player at most —  
Who murders Hamlet once, and then is cast the ghost.
- Conductor Enter an Officer, with a bill.
- 13 Macbeth How now? thy message — let not thy tongue stand still.
- 14 Officer As I stood looking at my watch upon the hill,  
A cartman bade me give you this little bill,  
For the load that he brought you of Birnam's wood.
- 15 Macbeth Liar! slave!
- Conductor The Officer kneels.
- 16 Officer ... I could not have misunderstood;  
And if it be not so, why, take my head and thump it —  
I'll swear I saw him at your door but just now dump it.
- 17 Macbeth If that thou liest and deceivest me,  
I'll have thee hung alive upon a tree,  
A thing for rooks and daws to pick at,  
And men and women to turn sick at.
- Conductor Exit the Officer.

[Macbeth] I begin to feel a little odd about my brain —  
 “Fear not till Birnam’s wood shall come to Dunsinane!”  
 The fiends said that, and then they all were dumb —  
 And now, behold, a load of wood is come.  
 Ring the alarm bell — let fall our blows upon them thwack,  
 At least we’ll make a *stir up*, though we be driven back.

— Conductor Exeunt.  
 A Flourish is heard.

ACT 2, SCENE 7

— Conductor The Battlements.  
 Alarum.  
 Enter Macduff.

1 Macduff This way the noise is. Tyrant, show your phiz [= face, physiognomy];  
 If any man has slain thee, ’twere no affair of his.  
 My wife’s and children’s ghosts will haunt me still,  
 If I am not the boy this murderer to kill.  
 He should be hereabouts, by all this clatter;  
 Let me but meet him, fortune, then — no matter.

— Conductor Exit Macduff on one side.  
 Enter Macbeth from the other side.

2 Macbeth Why should I play the Roman fool, when I am cast a King —  
 This dying on my sword is not a pleasant thing.

— Conductor Re-enter Macduff.

3 Macduff Turn, hell-hound, turn, and have a shy at me!

4 Macbeth You are the last man that I wished to see.  
 I’ve too much blood of thine upon my hands.

5 Macduff I have no words to waste, so you be hanged.

— Conductor They fight.  
 A flourish is heard.

6 Macbeth Put up your sword — from me you’ll draw no claret;  
 Your labour, Duff, is vain, so prithee spare it.  
 I wear a charmèd life, and no mistake;  
 No man that’s born of woman can that jewel take.

7 Macduff Despair — let not that charm your reason smother,  
 For know, Macbeth, I never had a mother.

8 Macbeth ... Then damme if I fight.

9 Macduff Then live, thou craven coward, to be a sight  
For little boys and girls to point and jeer at —  
And the noisy rabble in the street to sneer at.  
Like balloon at oyster cellar, we'll stick you on a pole,  
And underneath I'll have this writ, upon my soul:  
"Upon this pole behold a used-up man,  
In every style, on the Canal Street  
plan!" [= district where low quality goods were sold along the sidewalks]

10 Macbeth I will not yield to be a common sign —  
Upon my *stew* young Malcolm ne'er shall dine.  
He ne'er shall gaze or gloat upon my roasting.  
Nor will I be so raw as to stand his boasting.  
Although a load of wood was emptied at my door —  
And the man I fight no kindly woman bore —  
Yet would I face him if he were a score.  
Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who cries,  
'Nuff Said.'

— Conductor Flourish and shouts.  
They fight. Macbeth is killed.  
All enter and kneel to Macduff.

Finale.  
Chorus.

11 All There is no luck about the house,  
Although Macbeth is slain;  
We've only now to ask you how  
You like his dying strain.  
'Tis our delight, night after night,  
To give you cause for laughter —  
If our tragic muse does you amuse,  
We'll give you more hereafter.

— Conductor The End.

## MACBETH TRAVESTIE

### SCENES IN THE PLAY AND SPEAKING PARTS

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*Some scenes have been abridged*