LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm  
To kill his gracious father? Damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—  
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! For from broad words and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?
LADY MACDUFF

Sirrah, your father's dead.
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF

What, with worms and flies?

Son

With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor bird! Thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
LADY MACDUFF

Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

Son

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

Son

And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one.

Son

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.
Orlando Shakes *Macbeth* Sides
Directed by Irwin Appel

**ACTOR 8: WITCH CALLBACK SIDE**
*Please prepare as one monologue, and not the dialogue of three actors.*

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**First Witch**

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swellter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**Second Witch**

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**Third Witch**

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark.
Second Witch

    Cool it with a baboon's blood,
    Then the charm is firm and good.

First Witch

    By the pricking of my thumbs,
    Something wicked this way comes.