

Toil and Trouble (Macbeth)

Elizabeth: lyrics.
James: guitars, whistle.
Nigel: percussion, highland pipes, cello.
Kris and James: vocals.

Double, double. Toil and trouble
Fire, burn and cauldron, bubble!

The wind blows cold on Highland heath
Three wicked witches await Macbeth
Future King of Scotland they prophesy
Macbeth drinks in their honeyed lies

There is no art to trace
A man's intention in his face
He wins who dares
Fair is foul and foul is fair

Lady Macbeth is full of joy
Says: "Kill Duncan, it's our only ploy
Then you will be King and I will be Queen
Fame and riches as have never been seen"

So, the plot is hatched and murder done
A life of sound and fury has begun
Lady Macbeth haunted by their crime
Loses all reason. Loses all rhyme

There is no art to trace
A man's intention in his face
He wins who dares
Fair is foul and foul is fair

A walking shadow, Macbeth strides on
Certain no man of woman born
Can take his life as the witches said
Till Macduff cuts off his head.

We are but poor players
On the stage of life
No one hears our prayers
To end war and strife.
Oh when will we ever learn?
Oh, when will we ever learn?