"Macbeth" by Mary Holtby

This is the life of Mac the Knife
whose fate was foretold by witches:
They said he'd be King, so he and his wife
worked out the possible hitches.
When good King Dunc in sleep was sunk,
they thrust him through with a dagger,
And although poor Mac was blue with funk
he carried it off with a swagger.
The King was dead, the princes fled,
and the kingdom Mac's for the taking,
But Banq's for the chop since the witches
Said his sons were kings in the making.
The thugs are slow off the mark, and so
they half-complete their mission,
But enough to make Mac's party go
when he sees Banq's apparition;
This bloodstained ghost upsets the host
but makes him even keener
To put his enemies on toast,
and take them to the cleaner.
The witches bluff him with some stuff
which is truthful yet deceiving;
His target is now the tough Macduff,
who's off to England, leaving
His wife and chicks to cross the Styx,
fit tidings to incite him
To end the tyrant's testy tricks,
so he joins the prince to fight him.
Meanwhile the Knife observes his wife
parade, out-out-damn-spotting*—*
Curses the shadow-play of life,
such pointless parts allotting,
Now branches hood his foes*—*not good
for Mac, who, white as linen,
Recalls what's said of Birnam Wood
advancing to Dunsinane.
Still he won't run*—*no woman's son
slays this predestinarian . . .
Macduff explains he isn't one
(a posthumous Caesarian);
His sword goes smack through poor old Mac*—*
alas for realm and riches!
It's better to endure their lack
than put your trust in witches.