"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.