

## **Rebelde**

### **"Husbandry In Heaven"**

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[Prologue]

[Lady Macbeth:]

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements

Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty

Come to my woman's breasts, make thick my blood  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my  
keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven  
peep through the blanket of the dark To cry "Hold,  
hold"

[Macbeth:]

We still have judgement here, that we but teach Bloody  
instructions which, being taught, return To plague th'  
inventor. This even-handed justice Commends th'  
ingredience of our poisoned chalice to our own lips.  
He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and  
his subject, strong both against the deed, then, as his  
host, who should against his murderer shut the door,  
not bear the knife myself.

[Decision]

[1]

No further shall we go  
I've been honoured don't you know  
I should stand by Duncan's side  
Not kill the man in greedy pride

[2]

Did you not hope, did you not dream  
The hero I knew like a coward does seem

Had I spoken as you did  
There would be no mercy I would stick to it

[Bridge:]  
The crown - my deeds  
The men who do betray  
The crown - my deeds  
Every man must find his way

[Ref.:]  
Husbandry in heaven  
Fair is foul and foul is fair  
Thunder cracks the sky  
And there is evil in the air

Husbandry in heaven  
Prophecies they turn to hate  
Kill the king take the crown  
Macbeth what is your fate

[3]  
What man does I will dare  
But for more I shall never care  
Once you talked mischief to me  
Then you were a man - wild and free

[4]  
If we fail what will become  
No way to hide what we've done  
Screw your courage forget your fear  
Stab him in his sleep the crown is so near

You screw your courage to the sticking place  
You can do the murder with a smile on your face

[The Murder]

[Macbeth:]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, inform as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates  
The weird sisters offerings,  
The murder shall be done.  
Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
I go, and it is done The bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Epilogue]

As the owl shrieked with a single cut  
I took his life I spilled his blood  
So red are these hands like I've never seen  
So red are these hands will they ever be clean  
I heard a voice it cried sleep no more  
The king is dead his life spilled on the floor  
Macbeth he takes the crown with blood on his hands  
He shall sleep no more until the end

[Narrator:]

Oh Macbeth, you have it all now, just as the witches  
have promised, but you played most foully for it.  
Suspicion of the murder however falls upon the king's  
sons, who flee to England accompanied only by a  
handful of loyal knights and Thanes, amongst them  
Macduff.  
Macbeth the greatest of the Thanes and most  
respected man in Scotland is crowned at Scone to be  
the new king. But the secret knowledge of his treason  
and of the prophecies that Banquo has heard lie heavy  
on his soul....

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