

# The Prophecy

## Rebellion

We ride all alone from the battlefield  
The rebels beaten they had to yield  
Banquo and I we silently ride  
Brothers in arms side by side

There s a fog which falls on the weary soul  
It engulfs our souls as we head for home  
The lands we pass we ve never seen  
Clad in a twilight like a dream

Out of the shade three women rise  
Appear in features that please the eye  
How can such grace walk the earth  
Can it be of human birth

Their eyes glowing with unearthly light  
Shining like diamonds in the falling night  
They hail our names as we greet  
Their voices sound like music sweet

A Prophecy for great ambitions  
A promise weaved in gold  
Evil speaks a pleasant language  
The Evil speak a pleasant language  
A Prophecy is told

Hail Hail Hail Macbeth  
Thane of Claims and Cawdor  
and Master of death  
All Hail Macbeth we greet thee with laughter  
Hail Macbeth thou shalt be king hereafter

We bid them stay as they did turn  
More about our fate to learn  
Too sweet did their visions sound  
To ambitious men for glory bound

They turned to Banquo and hailed his name  
Revealing to him the greatest fame  
My brother listened pleased and well  
To the promises they had to tell

Hail Banquo hail to thee  
Lesser than Macbeth yet greater thou It be  
Father of a line of kings to come  
Hail to Banquo the chosen one

Macbeth the Thane of Glamis has won a great victory,  
beating the rebels in a fierce battle he did a great service to his King  
and his country As King Duncan gains knowledge of this he decides to reward  
the most noble deeds of his greatest warrior.  
He bestows the Thanehood of Cawdor on Macbeth  
To express his gratitude even further Duncans decides to visit Macbeth and t  
o celebrate  
the victory together with its honourable protagonist.  
Naught does the king know about the witches prophecies  
and the ambitions of the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor Naught does he fear

as he in best spirits approaches the stronghold of Macbeth.