"Round about the Cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw—
Toad, that under coldest stone
Days and nights has't thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot!

"Fillet of a fenny snake
In the Cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil, and bubble!

"Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our Cauldron.

"Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn: and Cauldron, bubble!
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good."

THE WITCHES—*Macbeth*, Act iv, Sc. i.

"Haud prorsus indignum qui in juniorum, et rure degentium medicorum gratiam typis mandetur"—*(1700)*.