

Original Text

Enter a **DOCTOR** of physic and a waiting-**GENTLEWOMAN**

DOCTOR

I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the line-effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR

You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN

Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter **LADY MACBETH** with a taper

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

DOCTOR

15 How came she by that light?

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2**GENTLEWOMAN**

Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command.

DOCTOR

You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN

Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCTOR

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

20 It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH**Modern Text**

A **DOCTOR** and a waiting-**GENTLEWOMAN** enter.

DOCTOR

I've stayed up with you for two nights now, and I haven't seen any evidence of what you were talking about. When was the last time you saw her sleepwalking?

GENTLEWOMAN

Since Macbeth went to war, I have seen her rise from her bed, put on her nightgown, unlock her closet, take out some paper, fold it, write on it, read it, seal it up, and then return to bed, remaining asleep the entire time.

DOCTOR

It's unnatural to be asleep and act as if you're awake. When she is like this, besides walking and performing various activities, have you heard her say anything?

GENTLEWOMAN

She says something, sir, but I will not repeat it to you.

DOCTOR

You can tell me. You really should.

GENTLEWOMAN

I will not confess it to you nor to anyone else, because there was no one else to witness her speech.

LADY MACBETH enters, holding a candle.

Look, here she comes! This is exactly how she always looks, and—I swear it—she is fast asleep. Watch her. Keep hidden.

DOCTOR

How did she get that candle?

GENTLEWOMAN

It stands by her bedside. She always has to have a light next to her. Those are her orders.

DOCTOR

You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN

Yes, but they don't see anything.

DOCTOR

What's she doing now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

She often does that. She looks like she's washing her hands. I've seen her do that before for as long as fifteen minutes.

LADY MACBETH

Original Text

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Hark! She speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH

- 25 Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—One, two. Why, then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

DOCTOR

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

- 30 The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR

Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 3

GENTLEWOMAN

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, Oh, Oh!

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR

Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN

Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR

- 40 This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Modern Text

There's still a spot here.

DOCTOR

Listen! She's talking. I'll write down what she says, so I'll remember it better.

LADY MACBETH

(rubbing her hands) Come out, damned spot! Out, I command you! One, two. OK, it's time to do it now.—Hell is murky!—Nonsense, my lord, nonsense! You are a soldier, and yet you are afraid? Why should we be scared, when no one can lay the guilt upon us?—But who would have thought the old man would have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR

Did you hear that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will my hands never be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more of that. You'll ruin everything by acting startled like this.

DOCTOR

Now look what you've done. You've heard something you shouldn't have.

GENTLEWOMAN

She said something she shouldn't have said, I'm sure of that. Heaven knows what secrets she's keeping.

LADY MACBETH

I still have the smell of blood on my hand. All the perfumes of Arabia couldn't make my little hand smell better. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR

What a heavy sigh! Her heart is carrying a heavy weight.

GENTLEWOMAN

I wouldn't want a heart like hers even if you made me queen.

DOCTOR

Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN

I hope what she's saying is well, sir!

DOCTOR

This disease is beyond my medical skills. But I have known people who sleepwalked and weren't guilty of anything.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Don't look so frightened. I tell you again, Banquo is buried. He cannot come out of his grave.

Original Text

DOCTOR

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

45 To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!

DOCTOR

Will she go now to bed?

Exit

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4

GENTLEWOMAN

Directly.

DOCTOR

Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
50 Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
55 And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

Modern Text

DOCTOR

Is this true?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! There's a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

LADY MACBETH *exits.*

DOCTOR

Will she go to bed now?

GENTLEWOMAN

Yes, right away.

DOCTOR

Evil rumors are going around. Unnatural acts will cause **supernatural** things to happen. People with guilty and deranged minds will confess their secrets to their pillows as they sleep. This woman needs a priest more than a doctor. God forgive us all! (*to the waiting- GENTLEWOMAN*) Look after her. Remove anything she might hurt herself with. Watch her constantly. And now, good-night. She has bewildered my mind and amazed my eyes. I have an opinion, but I don't dare to say it out loud.

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

They exit.

Act 5, Scene 2

Drum and colors.

Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and soldiers

MENTEITH

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
5 Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS

Near Birnam Wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
10 And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX,
and soldiers enter with a drummer and flag.

MENTEITH

The English army is near, led by Malcolm, his uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. They burn for revenge. The wrongs they have suffered would make dead men rise up and fight.

ANGUS

We'll meet them near Birnam Wood. They are coming that way.

CAITHNESS

Does anyone know if Donalbain is with his brother?

LENNOX

He is definitely not there, sir. I have a list of all the important men. Siward's son is there, as well as many boys too young to have beards who will become men by joining in this battle.

Original Text**MENTEITH**

What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,
15 He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS

Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands.
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
Those he commands move only in command,
20 Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Act 5, Scene 2, Page 2**MENTEITH**

Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
25 Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS

Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

LENNOX

Or so much as it needs,
30 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching

Modern Text**MENTEITH**

What is the tyrant Macbeth doing?

CAITHNESS

He is fortifying his castle at Dunsinane with heavy defenses. Some say he's insane. Those who hate him less call it brave anger. One thing is certain: he's out of control.

ANGUS

Now Macbeth feels the blood of his murdered enemies sticking to his hands. Now, rebel armies punish him every minute for his treachery. The soldiers he commands are only following orders. They don't fight because they love Macbeth. Now he seems too small to be a great king, like a midget trying to wear the robes of a giant.

MENTEITH

Who can blame him for acting crazy, when inside he condemns himself for everything he's done?

CAITHNESS

Well, let's keep marching and give our loyalty to someone who truly deserves it. We're going to meet Malcolm, the doctor who will cure our sick country. We'll pour out our own blood to help him.

LENNOX

However much blood we need to give to water the royal flower and drown the weeds—to make Malcolm king and get rid of Macbeth. Let's proceed on our march to Birnam.

They exit, marching.

Act 5, Scene 3

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and attendants

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
5 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
10 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a SERVANT

MACBETH, a DOCTOR, and attendants enter.

MACBETH

Don't bring me any more reports. I don't care if all the thanes desert me. Until Birnam Wood gets up and moves to Dunsinane, I won't be affected by fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Wasn't he born from a woman? The spirits that know the future have told me this: "Don't be afraid, Macbeth. No man born from a woman will ever defeat you." So get out of here, disloyal thanes, and join the weak and decadent English! My mind and courage will never falter with doubt or shake with fear.

A SERVANT enters.

Original Text

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT

There is ten thousand—

MACBETH

Geese, villain?

SERVANT

15 Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go, prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT

20 The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit **SERVANT**

Modern Text

May the devil turn you black, you white-faced fool! Why do you look like a frightened goose?

SERVANT

There are ten thousand—

MACBETH

Geese, you idiot?

SERVANT

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go pinch your cheeks and bring some color back into your face, you cowardly boy. What soldiers, fool? Curse you! That pale face of yours will frighten the others as well. What soldiers, milk-face?

SERVANT

The English army, sir.

MACBETH

Get out of my sight.

The **SERVANT** *exits.*

Act 5, Scene 3, Page 2

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
25 Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath
30 Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter **SEYTON**

SEYTON

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.

SEYTON

35 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on.
Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?

Seyton!—I'm sick at heart when I see—Seyton,
come here!—This battle will either secure my
reign forever or else topple me from the throne. I
have lived long enough. The course of my life is
beginning to wither and fall away, like a yellowing
leaf in autumn. The things that should go along
with old age, like honor, love, obedience, and
loyal friends, I cannot hope to have. Instead, I
have passionate but quietly whispered curses,
people who honor me with their words but not in
their hearts, and lingering life, which my heart
would gladly end, though I can't bring myself to
do it. Seyton!

SEYTON *enters.*

SEYTON

What do you want?

MACBETH

Is there more news?

SEYTON

All the rumors have been confirmed.

MACBETH

I'll fight until they hack the flesh off my bones.
Give me my armor.

SEYTON

You don't need it yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on anyway. Send out more cavalry.
Scour the whole country and hang anyone
spreading fear. Give me my armor. (*to*
the DOCTOR) How is my wife, doctor?

Original Text

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord,
40 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Act 5, Scene 3, Page 3

MACBETH

Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
45 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR

Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
50 Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
55 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of
them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
60 Makes us hear something.

MACBETH

Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCTOR

(aside) Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exeunt

Modern Text

DOCTOR

She is not sick, my lord, but she is troubled with
endless visions that keep her from sleeping.

MACBETH

Cure her of that. Can't you treat a diseased
mind? Take away her memory of sorrow? Use
some drug to erase the troubling thoughts from
her brain and ease her heart?

DOCTOR

For that kind of relief, the patient must heal
herself.

MACBETH

Medicine is for the dogs. I won't have anything to
do with it. *(to SEYTON)* Come, put my armor on
me. Give me my lance. Seyton, send out the
soldiers. *(to the DOCTOR)* Doctor, the thanes are
running away from me. *(to SEYTON)* Come on,
sir, hurry. *(to the DOCTOR)* Can you figure out
what's wrong with my country? If you can
diagnose its disease by examining its urine, and
bring it back to health, I will praise you to the
ends of the Earth, where the sound will echo back
so you can hear the applause again.—
(to SEYTON) Pull it off, I tell you. *(to*
the DOCTOR) What drug would purge the English
from this country? Have you heard of any?

DOCTOR

Yes, my good lord. Your preparation for war
sounds like something.

MACBETH

(to SEYTON) Bring the armor and follow me. I will
not be afraid of death and destruction until
Birnam forest picks itself up and moves to
Dunsinane.

DOCTOR

(to himself) I wish I were far away from
Dunsinane. You couldn't pay me to come back
here.

They exit.

Act 5, Scene 4

Drum and colors.

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF,
Siward's SON, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS, marching

MALCOLM, old SIWARD and
his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGU
S, LENNOX, ROSS, and SOLDIERS enter marching,
with a drummer and flag.

Original Text

MALCOLM

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

MENTEITH

We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH

The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough
5 And bear 't before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

SOLDIERS

It shall be done.

SIWARD

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
1 Our setting down before 't.
0

MALCOLM

'Tis his main hope:
For, where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF

Let our just censures
1 Attend the true event, and put we on
5 Industrious soldiership.

Modern Text

MALCOLM

Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be
safe in their own bedrooms.

MENTEITH

We don't doubt it.

SIWARD

What's the name of this forest behind us?

MENTEITH

Birnam Wood.

MALCOLM

Tell every soldier to break off a branch and hold it in
front of him. That way we can conceal how many of us
there are, and Macbeth's spies will give him inaccurate
reports.

SOLDIERS

We'll do it.

SIWARD

We have no news except that the overconfident
Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay
siege to the castle.

MALCOLM

He wants us to lay siege. Wherever his soldiers have an
opportunity to leave him, they do, whatever rank they
are. No one fights with him except men who are forced
to, and their hearts aren't in it.

MACDUFF

We shouldn't make any judgments until we achieve our
goal. Let's go fight like hardworking soldiers.

Act 5, Scene 4, Page 2

SIWARD

The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
20 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the war.

Exeunt, marching

SIWARD

Soon we'll find out what's really ours and what
isn't. It's easy for us to get our hopes up just
sitting around thinking about it, but the only way
this is really going to be settled is by violence. So
let's move our armies forward.

They exit, marching.

Act 5, Scene 5

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with
drum and colors*

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
5 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,

*MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS enter with
a drummer and flag.*

MACBETH

Hang our flags on the outer walls. Everyone
keeps yelling, "Here they come!" Our castle is
strong enough to laugh off their seige. They can
sit out there until they die of hunger and disease.
If it weren't for the fact that so many of our

Original Text

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

10 The time has been my senses would have cooled

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts

15 Cannot once start me.

Enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

Modern Text

soldiers revolted and joined them, we could have met them out in front of the castle, man to man, and beaten them back to England.

A sound of women crying offstage.

What's that noise?

SEYTON

It's women crying, my good lord.

SEYTON exits.

MACBETH

I've almost forgotten what fear feels like. There was a time when I would have been terrified by a shriek in the night, and the hair on my skin would have stood up when I heard a ghost story. But now I've had my fill of real horrors. Horrible things are so familiar that they can't startle me.

SEYTON comes back in.

What was that cry for?

SEYTON

The queen is dead, my lord.

Act 5, Scene 5, Page 2

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

20 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

25 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER

Thou comest to use

Thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER

Gracious my lord,

30 I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do 't.

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought

The wood began to move.

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

MACBETH

She would have died later anyway. That news was bound to come someday. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. The days creep slowly along until the end of time. And every day that's already happened has taken fools that much closer to their deaths. Out, out, brief candle. Life is nothing more than an illusion. It's like a poor actor who struts and worries for his hour on the stage and then is never heard from again. Life is a story told by an idiot, full of noise and emotional disturbance but devoid of meaning.

A MESSENGER enters.

You've come to tell me something. Tell me quickly.

MESSENGER

My gracious lord, I should tell you what I saw, but I don't know how to say it.

MACBETH

Just say it.

MESSENGER

As I was standing watch on the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and I thought I saw the forest begin to move.

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

MESSENGER

Original Text

35 Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Modern Text

Punish me if it's not true. Three miles from here
 you can see it coming, a moving forest.

Act 5, Scene 5, Page 3

MACBETH

If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
 Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
 40 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in resolution and begin
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane"; and now a wood
 45 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.—
 50 Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Exeunt

MACBETH

If you're lying, I'll hang you alive from the nearest
 tree until you die of hunger. If what you say is
 true, you can do the same to me. *(to himself)* My
 confidence is failing. I'm starting to doubt the lies
 the devil told me, which sounded like truth. "Don't
 worry until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane."
 And now a wood is coming to Dunsinane.
 Prepare for battle, and go! If what this messenger
 says is true, it's no use running away or staying
 here. I'm starting to grow tired of living, and I'd
 like to see the world plunged into chaos. Ring the
 alarms! Blow, wind! Come, ruin! At least we'll die
 with our armor on.

They exit.

Act 5, Scene 6

*Drum and colors.
 Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their
 army, with boughs*

MALCOLM

Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down,
 And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
 5 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

SIWARD

Fare you well.
 Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

10 Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Exeunt

*MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their
 army enter carrying branches, with a drummer
 and flag.*

MALCOLM

We're close enough now. Throw down these
 branches and show them who you really are.
 Uncle Siward, you and your son will lead the first
 battle. Brave Macduff and I will do the rest,
 according to our battle plan.

SIWARD

Good luck. If we meet Macbeth's army tonight, let
 us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

Blow all the trumpets. They loudly announce the
 news of blood and death.

They exit.

Act 5, Scene 7

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,
 But, bearlike, I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one

*Trumpets and the noise of
 battle. MACBETH enters.*

MACBETH

They have me tied to a stake. I can't run away. I
 have to stand and fight, like a bear. Where's the
 man who wasn't born from a woman? He's the

Original Text

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD

YOUNG SIWARD

5 What is thy name?

MACBETH

Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

10 The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH

No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain

MACBETH

Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

15 Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

Modern Text

only one I'm afraid of, nobody else.

YOUNG SIWARD enters.

YOUNG SIWARD

What's your name?

MACBETH

You'll be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD

No I won't, even if you were one of the worst
demons in hell.

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD

The devil himself couldn't say a name I hate
more.

MACBETH

No, nor could the devil's name be more
frightening.

YOUNG SIWARD

You lie, you disgusting tyrant. I'll prove with my
sword that I'm not scared of you.

They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is killed.

MACBETH

You were born from a woman. Swords don't
frighten me. I laugh at any weapon used by a
man who was born from a woman.

Act 5, Scene 7, Page 2

Exit

MACBETH exits.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

Trumpets and battle sounds. MACDUFF enters.

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou beest slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

20 Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of the greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,

25 And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums

MACDUFF exits. More battle noises.

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD

MALCOLM and old SIWARD enter.

SIWARD

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,

30 And little is to do.

MALCOLM

We have met with foes

SIWARD

Come this way, my lord. The castle has been
surrendered without a fight. Macbeth's soldiers
are fighting on both sides. Our noblemen are
battling bravely. The victory is almost yours, and
it seems like there's not much left to do.

MALCOLM

Our enemies fight as if they're trying not to hurt

Original Text

That strike beside us.

SIWARD

Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarums

Modern Text

us.

SIWARD

Sir, enter the castle.

They exit. Battle noises continue.

Act 5, Scene 8

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH enters.

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

MACBETH

Why should I commit suicide like one of the
ancient Romans? As long as I see enemies of
mine alive, I would rather see my sword wound
them than me.

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF enters.

MACDUFF

Turn, hellhound, turn!

MACDUFF

Turn around, you dog from hell, turn around!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee.
5 But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACBETH

You are the only man I have avoided. But go
away now. I'm already guilty of killing your whole
family.

MACDUFF

I have no words.
My voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

MACDUFF

I have nothing to say to you. My sword will talk for
me. You are too evil for words!

They fight

They fight.

MACBETH

Thou lovest labor.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
10 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACBETH

You're wasting your time trying to wound me. You
might as well try to stab the air with your sword.
Go fight someone who can be harmed. I lead a
charmed life, which can't be ended by anyone
born from a woman.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
15 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

MACDUFF

You can forget about your charm. The evil spirit
you serve can tell you that I was not born. They
cut me out of my mother's womb before she
could bear me naturally.

Act 5, Scene 8, Page 2

MACBETH

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
20 That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACBETH

Curse you for telling me this. You've frightened
away my courage. I don't believe those evil
creatures anymore. They tricked me with their
wordgames, raising my hopes and then
destroying them. I won't fight you.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.
25 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,

MACDUFF

Then surrender, coward, and we'll put you in a
freakshow, just like they do with deformed
animals. We'll put a picture of you on a sign, right
above the words "Come see the tyrant!"