

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!

Exit

DOCTOR

Will she go now to bed?

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 siege. 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.

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

Modern Text

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

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, abhorrèd 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

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

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

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD

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

MACBETH exits.

Trumpets and battle sounds. MACDUFF enters.

MACDUFF

The noise is coming from over there. Tyrant,
show your face! If someone other than me kills
you, the ghosts of my wife and children will haunt
me forever. I can't be bothered to fight these lame
soldiers who only fight for money. I'll either fight
you, Macbeth, or else I'll put down my sword
unused. You must be over there. By the great
noise, it sounds like one of the highest-ranking
men is being announced. I hope I find him! I ask
for nothing more than that.

MACDUFF exits. More battle noises.

MALCOLM and old SIWARD enter.

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

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

Enter MACDUFF

MACDUFF

Turn, hellhound, turn!

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.

MACDUFF

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

They fight

MACBETH

- Thou losest 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.

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.

MACBETH enters.

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.

MACDUFF enters.

MACDUFF

Turn around, you dog from hell, turn around!

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

They fight.

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

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.

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,

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 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!"

Original Text

“Here may you see the tyrant.”

MACBETH

- I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.
30 Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, “Hold, enough!”

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums. They enter fighting,
and **MACBETH** slain. Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with
drum and
colors **MALCOLM**, **SIWARD**, **ROSS**, **THANES**,
and **SOLDIERS***

MALCOLM

- 35 I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD

Some must go off. And yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

- Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt.
40 He only lived but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Act 5, Scene 8, Page 3

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

- Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
45 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

- Why then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
50 And so, his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM

He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

Modern Text

MACBETH

I’m not going to surrender and have to kiss the ground in front of Malcolm, or be taunted by the common people. Even though Birnam Wood really did come to Dunsinane, and I’m fighting a man not of woman born, I’ll fight to the end. I’ll put up my shield and battle you. Come on, let’s go at it, Macduff, and damn the first man who cries, ‘Stop! Enough!’

*They exit fighting. Trumpets and battle noises.
The trumpet of one army sounds a call to retreat.
The other army’s trumpet sounds a call of victory.
The victorious army enters, led by **MALCOLM**,
old **SIWARD**, **ROSS**, the other **THANES**, and
soldiers, with a drummer and flag.*

MALCOLM

I wish all of our friends could have survived this battle.

SIWARD

In every battle, some people will always be killed, but judging from the men I see around us, our great victory didn’t cost us very much.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and so is your noble son.

ROSS

My lord, your son has paid the soldier’s price: death. He only lived long enough to become a man, and as soon as he proved that he was a man by fighting like one, he died.

SIWARD

So he’s dead?

ROSS

Yes, and he’s been carried off the field. Your grief should not be equal to his worth, because then your sorrow would never end.

SIWARD

Were his wounds on his front side?

ROSS

Yes, on his front.

SIWARD

Well then, he’s God’s soldier now! If I had as many sons as I have hairs on my head, I couldn’t hope that any of them would die more honorably than he did. And that’s all there is to it.

MALCOLM

He is worth more mourning than that, and I will mourn for him.

Original Text

SIWARD

He's worth no more.
They say he parted well and paid his score.
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter MACDUFF with MACBETH's head

MACDUFF

Hail, king! For so thou art. Behold where stands
55 The usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of Scotland!

Modern Text

SIWARD

He is worth no more than that. They tell me he
died well, and settled his scores. With that, I hope
God is with him! Here comes better news.

MACDUFF enters, carrying MACBETH's head.

MACDUFF

Hail, king! Because that's what you are now.
Look, here I have Macbeth's cursed head. We
are free from his tyranny. I see that you have the
kingdom's noblemen around you, and they're
thinking the same thing as me. I want them to join
me in this loud cheer, Hail, King of Scotland!

Act 5, Scene 8, Page 4

ALL

60 Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
65 In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
70 Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
75 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Trumpets play.

MALCOLM

It won't be long before I reward each of you as he
deserves. My thanes and kinsmen, I name you all
earls, the first earls that Scotland has ever had.
We have a lot to do at the dawn of this new era.
We must call home all of our exiled friends who
fled from the grip of Macbeth's tyranny, and we
must bring to justice all the evil ministers of this
dead butcher and his demon-like queen, who,
rumor has it, committed suicide. This, and
whatever else we are called to do by God, we will
do at the right time and in the right place. So I
thank you all, and I invite each and every one of
you to come watch me be crowned king of
Scotland at Scone.

Trumpets play. They all exit.