

## 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 afraid? 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.

## 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.

## 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.

**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	Modern Text
<b>DOCTOR</b> Even so?	<b>DOCTOR</b> Is this true?
<b>LADY MACBETH</b> 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!	<b>LADY MACBETH</b> To bed, to bed! There's a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!
<i>Exit</i>	<i>LADY MACBETH exits.</i>
<b>DOCTOR</b> Will she go now to bed?	<b>DOCTOR</b> Will she go to bed now?
<b>Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4</b>	
<b>GENTLEWOMAN</b> Directly.	<b>GENTLEWOMAN</b> Yes, right away.
<b>DOCTOR</b> Foul whisp'lings 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.	<b>DOCTOR</b> Evil rumors are going around. Unnatural acts will cause <i>supernatural</i> 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! ( <i>to the waiting- GENTLEWOMAN</i> )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.
<b>GENTLEWOMAN</b> Good night, good doctor.	<b>GENTLEWOMAN</b> Good night, good doctor.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

**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 burns 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

**MENITEITH**

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.

## Modern Text

**MENITEITH**

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.

## Act 5, Scene 2, Page 2

**MENITEITH**

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*

**MENITEITH**

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.

## 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.

*Exeunt*

*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	Modern Text
<b>MALCOLM</b> Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe.	<b>MALCOLM</b> Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be safe in their own bedrooms.
<b>MENTEITH</b> We doubt it nothing.	<b>MENTEITH</b> We don't doubt it.
<b>SIWARD</b> What wood is this before us?	<b>SIWARD</b> What's the name of this forest behind us?
<b>MENTEITH</b> The wood of Birnam.	<b>MENTEITH</b> Birnam Wood.
<b>MALCOLM</b> 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.	<b>MALCOLM</b> 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.
<b>SOLDIERS</b> It shall be done.	<b>SOLDIERS</b> We'll do it.
<b>SIWARD</b> We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure 1 Our setting down before 't. 0	<b>SIWARD</b> We have no news except that the overconfident Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay siege to the castle.
<b>MALCOLM</b> '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.	<b>MALCOLM</b> 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.
<b>MACDUFF</b> Let our just censures 1 Attend the true event, and put we on 5 Industrious soldiership.	<b>MACDUFF</b> We shouldn't make any judgments until we achieve our goal. Let's go fight like hardworking soldiers.

## Act 5, Scene 4, Page 2

<b>SIWARD</b> 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.	<b>SIWARD</b> 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.
<i>Exeunt, marching</i>	<i>They exit, marching.</i>

## Act 5, Scene 5

<i>Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with drum and colors</i>	<b>MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS</b> enter with a drummer and flag.
<b>MACBETH</b> 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,	<b>MACBETH</b> 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.  
Direnness, 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

	Original Text	Modern Text
	Am I to fear, or none.	only one I'm afraid of, nobody else.
	<i>Enter YOUNG SIWARD</i>	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> enters.
5	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> What is thy name?	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> What's your name?
	<b>MACBETH</b> Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.	<b>MACBETH</b> You'll be afraid to hear it.
	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell.	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> No I won't, even if you were one of the worst demons in hell.
	<b>MACBETH</b> My name's Macbeth.	<b>MACBETH</b> My name's Macbeth.
10	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> The devil himself couldn't say a name I hate more.
	<b>MACBETH</b> No, nor more fearful.	<b>MACBETH</b> No, nor could the devil's name be more frightening.
	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.	<b>YOUNG SIWARD</b> You lie, you disgusting tyrant. I'll prove with my sword that I'm not scared of you.
	<i>They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain</i>	<i>They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is killed.</i>
	<b>MACBETH</b> Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, 15 Brandished by man that's of a woman born.	<b>MACBETH</b> 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	<b>MACBETH</b> exits.
	<i>Alarums. Enter MACDUFF</i>	<i>Trumpets and battle sounds. MACDUFF enters.</i>
	<b>MACDUFF</b> 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	<b>MACDUFF</b> 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.
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.	
	<i>Exit. Alarums</i>	<b>MACDUFF</b> exits. More battle noises.
	<i>Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD</i>	<b>MALCOLM</b> and old <b>SIWARD</b> enter.
	<b>SIWARD</b> 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.	<b>SIWARD</b> 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.
	<b>MALCOLM</b> We have met with foes	<b>MALCOLM</b> 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 loonest 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 charmèd 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****Modern 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.  
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**

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.  
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.

**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.

**Act 5, Scene 8, Page 3****SIWARD**

Then he is dead?

**ROSS**

Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow  
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.

And so, his knell is knelled.

**MALCOLM**

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

**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****Modern 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!

**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.

**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.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

*Trumpets play. They all exit.*