

# MACBETH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Retold by Helen Street

## Language Comparison

In this language comparison, you can see the Real Reads retelling of *Macbeth* with William Shakespeare's original lines highlighted in bold italic.



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# MACBETH

## ACT ONE, SCENE ONE A DESERT HEATH

First witch

*When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?*

Second witch

*When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost or won.*

Third witch

*That will be ere the set of sun.*

First witch

*Where the place?*

Second witch

*Upon the heath.*

Third witch

*There to meet with Macbeth.*

All three witches

*Fair is foul, and foul is fair;  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.*

Duncan

*What bloody man is that?* His open wounds  
Do show he comes fresh from the battlefield.

Malcolm

This is the sergeant,

*Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail brave friend!  
Say to the King, the knowledge of the fight  
As thou didst leave it.*

*Captain*

*Doubtful it stood*, then did brave Macbeth  
(He well deserves that name) carve out a path  
With fiery sword towards the rebel fiend.  
Then was the merciless Macdonald slain.  
His head is now upon our battlements!

*Duncan*

*O valiant cousin!* Worthy Macbeth!

*Captain*

And yet no sooner was this victory won  
But Norway's king began a fresh assault.

*Duncan*

*Dismayed not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?*

*Captain*

In as much as sparrows frighten eagles!  
*But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.*

*Duncan*

Thou hast done well. Take him to a surgeon.

*Malcolm*

*The worthy Thane of Ross.*

*Duncan*

What news?

Ross

The vast Norwegian army and their king,  
*Assisted by that most disloyal traitor*  
*The Thane of Cawdor*, bore down upon our men.  
But fearless, brave Macbeth confronted them  
*And, to conclude, the victory fell on us.*

Duncan

The Thane of Cawdor shall be put to death  
*And, with his former title, greet Macbeth.*

Ross

*I'll see it done.*

Duncan

*What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.*

Witches

*A drum! A drum! Macbeth doth come.*

Banquo

How far is it to Forres? *What are these,*  
*So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?*

Macbeth

*Speak if you can: what are you?*

First witch

*All hail Macbeth!*

*Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!*

Second witch

*All hail Macbeth!*

*Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!*

Third witch

*All hail Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!*

Banquo

You greet my noble friend with great predictions.

*If you can look into the seeds of time,*

*And say which grain will grow, and which will not,*

*Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear*

*Your favours, nor your hate.*

All three witches

Hail! Hail! Hail!

First witch

*Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.*

Second witch

*Not so happy, yet much happier.*

Third witch

*Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.*

*So all hail Macbeth, and Banquo.*

Macbeth

*Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.*

*By Sinel's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,*

*But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,*

*And to be king stands not within belief.*

Banquo

*The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,*

*And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?*

Macbeth

To air. *Melted, as breath into the wind.*

*Your children shall be kings.*

Banquo

*You shall be king.*

Macbeth

*And Thane of Cawdor, too – went it not so?*

Banquo

Those very words, my friend. But who comes here?

Ross

The King has heard the happy news, Macbeth,

Of your success, and as reward for this

*He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor.*

Macbeth

*The Thane of Cawdor lives.*

*Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?*

Ross

*Who was the Thane lives yet,*

But soon will lose his life for treachery.

Macbeth

*Thanks for your pains.*

*Do you not hope your children shall be kings,*

*When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me*

*Promised no less to them?*

Banquo

They also promised you the crown. Sometimes

*The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, then trick us  
In more important things.*

*Macbeth*

*Two truths are told, and so why not the third?  
These supernatural messages I think  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.*

If ill, why am I then Thane of Cawdor?  
If good, why do I think this evil thought  
*Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs?*

*Banquo*

Look how our partner's lost in thought.

*Macbeth*

If fate will have me king, then fate may crown me  
Without the need for me to do the deed.

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO  
ELSEWHERE ON THE HEATH

Duncan

*Is execution done on Cawdor?*

Malcolm

It is, my liege.

Duncan

Worthy Macbeth! My thanks are not enough  
For all that you have done for me. Welcome.

Macbeth

Your highness, duty has its own reward.

Duncan

And noble Banquo, no less deserving.  
Let me embrace thee. Now the war is won,  
I wish you all to know that my dear son,  
My eldest, Malcolm, shall be my rightful heir.  
And now, Macbeth, we will to Inverness  
To stay with you and make our friendship strong.

Macbeth

I'll send a joyful message to my wife  
Of your approach, and ride ahead of you  
To make the preparations for your stay.

*I humbly take my leave.*

Malcolm shall be his heir; *that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires.*



**ACT TWO, SCENE ONE**  
**MACBETH'S CASTLE AT INVERNESS**

*Lady Macbeth*

‘They met me in the day of victory, and I am sure they were not of this world, for when I questioned them further they vanished into the air. Then messengers from the King declared me Thane of Cawdor, by which title the weird sisters had hailed me earlier, as well as king that shall be. This have I thought good to share with you.

*Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.’*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be*

*What thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature.*

*It is too full of the milk of human kindness.*

Make haste to me that I may make thee bold  
To grasp this crown that has been offered thee.

*Messenger*

*The King comes here tonight.*

*Lady Macbeth*

You bring great news.

*The raven himself is hoarse*

*That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan*

*Under my battlements.* Then come, thick night,

And hide thee in the blackest smoke of hell,

*That my keen knife sees not the wound it makes,*

*Nor heaven peep through blanket of the dark*

*To cry, ‘Hold, hold’.*

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO  
MACBETH'S CASTLE AT INVERNESS,  
LATER THAT NIGHT

Macbeth

If we decide to do this dreadful deed  
It must be swiftly done to have success.  
And yet the things we do sometimes come back  
To punish us. *He's here in double trust.*  
First, I am his kinsman and his subject.  
Secondly, I am his host; my part  
Should be to keep him safe from villainy,  
*Not bear the knife myself.*  
*How now? What news?*

Lady Macbeth

*He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?*

Macbeth

*Hath he asked for me?*

Lady Macbeth

*Know you not he has?*

Macbeth

*We will proceed no further in this business.*

Lady Macbeth

Has boldness turned to cowardice in you?

Macbeth

*Prithee, peace, I dare do all that may become a man.*

Lady Macbeth

*When you durst do it, then you were a man.*

Macbeth

*If we should fail?*

Lady Macbeth

*But we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
I will his guards with so much wine make drunk  
That they will sleep as soundly as the dead.*

*What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan?*

Macbeth

O, spirited  
And fearless wife! *Will it not be believed  
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
That they have done it?*

Lady Macbeth

It will, my dearest,  
For we'll lament and weep with all the rest  
*Upon his death.*

Macbeth

*I am settled.* But now  
*Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.*

ACT TWO, SCENE THREE  
INVERNESS CASTLE

Macbeth

*Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,*

*She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.*

*Is this a dagger which I see before me,*

*Handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.*

*I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.*

*Art thou real and solid, or art thou but*

*A dagger of the mind, a false creation?*

*Thou point'st towards the way that I was going,*

*And on thy blade and handle drops of blood*

*Which was not so before. There's no such thing.*

*This bloody business does play tricks on me.*

*I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.*

*Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell*

*That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.*

ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR  
INVERNESS CASTLE

Lady Macbeth

*That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;  
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.  
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shrieked.  
Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I'd have done it.*

Macbeth

*I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?*

Lady Macbeth

*I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.*

Macbeth

*Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more:  
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'*

Lady Macbeth

*O, worthy thane, you do upset your mind  
To think these thoughts. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.*

Macbeth

*I'll go no more;*

*I am afraid to think what I have done.*

*Look on it again I dare not.*

Lady Macbeth

*You coward!*

*Give me the daggers. If he do bleed,*

*I'll daub the faces of the grooms with it,*

*For it must seem their guilt.*

Macbeth

These hands! I cannot bear to look on them.

*Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood*

*Clean from my hand?* No, rather will my hand

The waters stain, making the green sea red.

Lady Macbeth

*My hands are of your colour, but I shame*

*To wear a heart so white.*

*I hear a knocking at the south entry.*

*Retire we to our chamber;*

*A little water clears us of this deed.*

ACT TWO, SCENE FIVE  
INVERNESS CASTLE

Macduff

Is the master stirring?

*Our knocking has awaked him: here he comes.*

Lennox

*Good morrow, noble sir.*

Macbeth

*Good morrow both.*

Macduff

*Is the King stirring, worthy thane?*

Macbeth

*Not yet.*

Macduff

*He did command me to call timely on him:*

*I have almost slipped the hour.*

Macbeth

*I'll bring you to him. This is the door.*

Lennox

*The night has been unruly. Where we lay*

*Our chimneys were blown down, and (as they say)*

*Lamentings heard in the air; strange screams of death.*

*Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.*

Macbeth

*'Twas a rough night.*

Macduff

*O horror! Horror! Horror!*

*Tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.*

Most cruel and bloody murder has stolen

The very life of our most precious lord.

Lennox

*Mean you his majesty?*

Macduff

Approach the chamber, and look upon it,

But do not bid me say what I have seen.

*Ring the alarum bell: murder, and treason.*

*Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!*

*As from your graves rise up.* Sound the alarm!

Lady Macbeth

What is the meaning of this commotion

That wakes the sleepers of the house? Speak.

Macduff

*O gentle lady,*

*'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.*

*O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.*

Lady Macbeth

*Woe, alas! What, in our house?*

Banquo

*Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,*

*And say it is not so.*

Macbeth

*Had I but died an hour before this time*



*I had lived a blessed life.*

Malcolm

*What is amiss?*

Macduff

*Your royal father's murdered.*

Malcolm

*By whom?*

Lennox

*Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.*

Macbeth

*O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.*

Macduff

*Wherefore did you so?*

Macbeth

O, who could blame me? For there lay Duncan,  
*His silver skin laced with his golden blood*  
That poured from out such piteous wounds.  
My love for him cried out aloud for vengeance.

Lady Macbeth

Help me!

Banquo

Look to the lady!

Let's quickly dress and in the hall we'll meet,  
*To question this most bloody piece of work.*

All

Agreed.

Malcolm

I do not trust these men. There could be worse  
To come. *What will you do? I'll to England.*

Donalbain

*To Ireland I.* Separate ways are safer.  
*Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.*

ACT TWO, SCENE SIX  
OUTSIDE INVERNESS CASTLE

Ross

*Here comes the good Macduff.  
How goes the world, sir, now?*

Macduff

*Why, see you not?*

Ross

*Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?*

Macduff

*Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons  
Have fled away, which puts upon them both  
Suspicion of the deed.*

Ross

*Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.*

Macduff

*He is already named and gone to Scone  
To be invested.*

Ross

*Will you to Scone?*

Macduff

*No, cousin, I'll to Fife. Who knows how well  
Or ill may prove this newest state of things.*

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE  
THE COURT AT INVERNESS CASTLE

Banquo

*Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou played most foully for it. Yet 'twas said  
That I, not thou, should be the ancestor  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine  
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.*

Lady Macbeth

*Here's our chief guest.*

Macbeth

*If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our feast.*

Lady Macbeth

*Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.*

Banquo

*As your highness wishes.*

Macbeth

*Let everyone be master of his time.  
We'll keep ourself till supper-time alone.  
Some men are by the gate. Bring them to me.  
I'm king, but for how long will that remain?  
Our fears in Banquo stick deep. The sisters  
Did hail him father to a line of kings;*

*Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.*

His sons, not mine, shall have this throne from me;

*For them the gracious Duncan have I killed.*

*Was it not yesterday we spoke together?*

*First murderer*

*It was, so please your highness.*

*Macbeth*

You know that Banquo is your enemy.

*Second murderer*

We do, my lord.

*Macbeth*

*So is he mine.* And in your hands I place

The task of ridding me of him.

It must be done tonight away from here.

Fleance, his son, must also die. Now go.

*Lady Macbeth*

*How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?*

Don't dwell on troubled thoughts. *What's done is done.*

*Macbeth*

Good Duncan is at peace and in his grave.

*After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;*

While we lie tossed in *these terrible dreams*

*That shake us nightly.*

*O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.*

*Lady Macbeth*

*Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,*

*Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.*

Macbeth

*So shall I, love, and so I pray be you.*

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO  
THE CASTLE'S BANQUET HALL

Macbeth

*There's blood upon thy face.*

Murderer

*'Tis Banquo's then.*

*My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.*

Macbeth

And did you do the same for Fleance?

Murderer

Most royal sir, Fleance is fled.

Macbeth

This vexes me! But go, we'll speak again.

Macbeth

Welcome, gentlemen. Sit down.

All

Your majesty!

Macbeth

'Tis pity noble Banquo is not here.

Ross

He breaks his promise to attend; but sire,  
Please *grace us with your royal company.*

Macbeth

*The table's full.*

Lennox

*Here is a place reserved, sir.*

Macbeth

*Where?*

Lennox

*Here, my good lord.*

*What moves your highness?*

Macbeth

*Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake*

*Thy gory locks at me.*

Ross

*Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.*

Lady Macbeth

*Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,*

*And hath been since his youth. Pray you keep seat.*

*Why do you make such faces? When all's done*

*You look but on a stool.*

Macbeth

*Prithee see there!*

*The ghost disappears.*

*If I stand here, I saw him.*

Lady Macbeth

*Fie for shame. This is the very painting of your fear.*

*This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,*

*Led you to Duncan.*

*My worthy lord, your noble friends do lack you.*

Macbeth

*I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing*

*To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,*



*Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we miss.  
Would he were here! To all, and him, we drink.*

All

*Our duties, and the pledge.*

Macbeth

*Avaunt and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee.  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.  
Hence, horrible shadow, hence.*

Lady Macbeth

*You have displaced the mirth,  
I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.*

Lennox

*Goodnight, and better health attend his majesty.*

Lady Macbeth

*A kind goodnight to all.*

Macbeth

*I am in blood  
Stepped in so far that should I wade no more.  
Returning were as tedious as going o'er.*

ACT FOUR, SCENE ONE  
THE HEATH

First witch

The spirits cry: 'tis time, 'tis time.  
Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned entrails throw.

All the witches

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second witch

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog.

Third witch

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing.

First witch

For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All the witches

Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

First witch

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

Macbeth

How now you sear, black, and midnight hags,  
What is't you do?

All the witches

*A deed without a name.*

Macbeth

I conjure you to answer what I ask.

First witch

*Speak.*

Second witch

*Demand.*

Third witch

*We'll answer.*

All the witches

We call you, masters, your powers now show

All that wicked Macbeth would know.

First apparition

*Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

*Beware Macduff, beware the Thane of Fife.*

Macbeth

*Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.*

Second apparition

*Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn*

*The power of man, for none of woman born*

*Shall harm Macbeth.*

Macbeth

*Then live Macduff, what need I fear of thee?*

But yet, I must be sure. *Thou shalt not live.*

Third apparition

*Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him.*

Macbeth

*That will never be;  
Who can command the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Yet my heart  
Throbs to know: shall Banquo's children ever  
Reign in this kingdom?*

All the witches

*Seek to know no more.*

Macbeth

*I will be satisfied. Deny me this  
And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know.*

All the witches

*Show his eyes and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart.*

Macbeth

*What? Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Horrible sight, now I see 'tis true,  
The blood-spattered Banquo smiles upon me  
And points at them, for they are his. 'Tis so.*

Lennox

*Macduff is fled to England.*

Macbeth

*Fled to England?*

Lennox

*Ay, my good lord.*

Macbeth

*The castle of Macduff I will surprise,  
Seize upon Fife, put to death his wife,  
His babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. This deed I'll do.*

ACT FOUR, SCENE TWO  
AT THE ENGLISH COURT

Macduff

Sire, we have need of you to be our king  
And march with us against Macbeth.

Malcolm

Though I am young and inexperienced,  
Myself at my poor country's service lay.  
Old Siward with ten thousand Englishmen  
Is setting forth to bring the tyrant down,  
So shall we ride to free our countrymen.

Macduff

*My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.*  
What news from Scotland?

Ross

*Let not your ears despise my tongue forever.*

Macduff

Speak.

Ross

*Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughtered.*

Malcolm

*Merciful heavens!*

Macduff

*My children too?*

Ross

*Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.*

Macduff

*Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee.*

Malcolm

*Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief  
Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart, enrage it!*

Macduff

O bring this fiend of Scotland before me,  
Within sword's length, then will he know my grief.

Malcolm

The time has come, our soldiers are now ready.  
Come, go we to the King and take our leave.

ACT FIVE, SCENE ONE  
AT DUNSINANE CASTLE

Lady-in-waiting

I have seen her, sir, rise from her bed,  
And, at her table, write while still asleep.

Doctor

And does she speak while thus?

Lady-in-waiting

She does. But what she says I shall repeat to no one.  
But lo, she comes. Her eyes are open  
But she is fast asleep, I swear.

Lady Macbeth

*Out damned spot, out I say!  
Yet who would have thought the old man  
To have so much blood in him?*

Lady-in-waiting

Did you hear that?

Lady Macbeth

*The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?*

Doctor

*She has spoke what she should not.*

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 of his grave.*



*What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.*

Doctor

I can do nothing for her. *Look after her*  
*And still keep eyes upon her.*

Lady-in-waiting

*Good night, good doctor.*

ACT FIVE, SCENE TWO  
THE COUNTRY NEAR DUNSINANE

First lord

*The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.*

Second lord

*Near Birnam Wood shall we meet with them  
And join their ranks to march against Macbeth.*

First lord

*What does the tyrant?*

Lennox

*Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;  
Some say he's mad.*

Second lord

*Now does he feel  
The secret murders sticking on his hands.  
Now does he feel his title hang loose about him,  
Like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.*

Lennox

*Well, march we on  
To give obedience to where 'tis truly owed.*

ACT FIVE, SCENE THREE  
DUNSINANE CASTLE

Macbeth

*Bring me no more reports, let them fly all.*

*Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane*

I shall not be afraid. *What's the boy Malcolm?*

*Was he not born of woman? Fly, false thanes,*

And join the English force to do your worst.

Servant

There are ten thousand, sire!

Macbeth

*I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.*

*Send out more horses, skirt the country round,*

*Hang those that talk of fear! Give me my armour!*

ACT FIVE, SCENE FOUR  
BIRNAM WOOD

Malcolm

*What wood is this before us?*

Lennox

*The wood of Birnam.*

Malcolm

Let every soldier cut him down a bough  
And carry it before him; thereby  
Shall we disguise the number of our force.

Lords

*It shall be done.*

Macduff

The tyrant stays in Dunsinane and waits  
For us to come to him.

Lennox

He has no choice.  
So many have deserted him that now  
His soldiers stay from fear of him, not love.

ACT FIVE, SCENE FIVE  
DUNSINANE CASTLE

Macbeth

*Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn.  
What cry is that?*

Servant

*The queen, my lord, is dead.*

Macbeth

*If she had died some other time but now  
There would have been a time to speak our grief.  
Out, out, brief candle.  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more.  
Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly!*

Messenger

*As I did stand my watch upon the hill  
I looked toward Birnam, and soon I thought  
The wood began to move.*

Macbeth

Liar!

Messenger

*Let me endure your wrath if it be not so.  
Within this three mile you may see it coming.*

Macbeth

*If thou speakest false, upon the next tree*

*Shalt thou hang alive.* But if it be true  
So is the prophecy fulfilled: *fear not*  
*Till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane.*  
*And now a wood* does come against me.  
Take up your weapons. To battle go,  
There is no point in staying here to die,  
For I've begun to weary of this life.  
*Ring the alarm bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!*  
*At least we'll die with armour on our back.*

ACT FIVE, SCENE SIX  
THE BATTLEFIELD

Macbeth

They have me trapped, I cannot fly from here.  
Then I must stay and fight. Who could it be  
That was not born of woman? He's the one  
That I should fear, or none at all.

Young Siward

Thy name?

Macbeth

*Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.*

Young Siward

I doubt that could be so.

Macbeth

*My name's Macbeth.*

Young Siward

*The devil himself could not pronounce a name  
More hateful to my ear.*

Macbeth

*Thou wast born of woman.*

Macduff

*Turn hell-hound, turn!*

Macbeth

*Of all men else I have avoided thee,  
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.*

Macbeth

You waste your time and strength on me, Macduff.

'Tis easier to wound the swirling air

With thy sharp sword, than 'tis to make me bleed.

*Let fall thy blade on vulnerable heads;*

*I bear a charmed life, which must not yield*

*To one of woman born.*

Macduff

Let the angel who promised you this

*Tell thee: Macduff was from his mother's womb*

*Untimely ripped.*

Macbeth

*Accursed be that tongue that tells me so.*

I will not *fight with thee.*

Macduff

*Then yield thee, coward!*

Macbeth

*I will not yield*

*To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet.*

*Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane*

And thou, against me, of no woman born,

*Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,*

*And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'*

Ross

This way, my lord, the castle has been taken,



*The noble thanes do bravely in the war.*

The day almost declares itself as yours.

Malcolm

*I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.*

Ross

Some will die, my noble lord, yet even so

*So great a day as this is cheaply bought.*

Macduff

*Hail king, for so thou art.*

*Behold* here stands the tyrant's evil head.

All

*Hail, king of Scotland! Hail, king of Scotland!*

Malcolm

*My thanes and kinsmen shall henceforth be earls,*

*The first that* Scotland such an honour named.

Thanks be to *all at once and to each one*

*Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone!*