

Macbeth

5.7

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH

They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

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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

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

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

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YOUNG SIWARD

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

They fight, and Young Siward is slain

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman,
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

Exit [with the body]