

Macbeth

5.10

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, 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. 5

MACDUFF I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

They fight; alarum

MACBETH Thou lovest labour.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed. 10
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
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb 15
Untimely ripped.

MACBETH

Accurse that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense, 20
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.
We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are, 25
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit

`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,

30

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 is slain. [Exit
Macduff with Macbeth's body]*