

# MACBETH

By

William Shakespeare

Act 5, Scene 7



SCENE. Another part of the field.

(Alarums. 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?

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.

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,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

(Exit)

(Alarums. Enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st 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  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.  
Exit. Alarums

(Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD)

SIWARD

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

MALCOLM

We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

SIWARD

Enter, sir, the castle.

(Exeunt. Alarums)