

MACBETH (5.5.1–29)

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with Drum and Colors.

1 **MACBETH.** Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
2 The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
3 Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
4 Till famine and the ague eat them up.
5 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
6 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
7 And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women.

What is that noise?

8 **SEYTON.** It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]
9 **MACBETH.** I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
10 The time has been, my senses would have cooled
11 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
12 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
13 As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors;
14 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
15 Cannot once start me.

[*Enter SEYTON.*]

Wherefore was that cry?

16 **SEYTON.** The Queen, my lord, is dead.

17 **MACBETH.** She should have died hereafter;
18 There would have been a time for such a word.
19 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
20 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
21 To the last syllable of recorded time;
22 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
23 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
24 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
25 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
26 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
27 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
28 Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue;

29 Thy story quickly.

A

- 2 The **cry** is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
 3 Will **laugh** a siege to scorn
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- 15 **Wherefore** was that cry?
 16 **SEYTON**. The Queen, my lord, is dead.
 17 **MACBETH**. She should have died **hereafter**;
 18 **There** would have been a time for such a word.
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- 17 She should have died **hereafter**; [future]
 18 There **would have been** a time for such a word. [past]
 19 **Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow**, [future]
 20 **Creeps** in this petty pace from day to day, [present]
 21 To the **last syllable of recorded time**; [future/past]
 22 And all our **yesterdays have lighted** fools [past]
 23 The way to dusty death.
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- 20 Creeps in this **Petty Pace** from **Day to Day**,
 21 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 22 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 23 The way to **Dusty Death**. Out, out, brief candle!
 24 Life's but a walking shadow, a **Poor Player**,
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- 19 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and **TOMORROW**,
 20 Creeps in this petty pace **from** day **TO DAY**,
 21 **To** the last syllable of recorded time;
 22 And all our **YESTERDAYS** have lighted fools
 23 The way **to** dusty death.
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- 23 Out, out, brief **CANDLE**!
 24 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 25 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 26 And then is heard no more.

2.1.4-5:

There's husbandry in heaven,
 Their **CANDLES** are all out.

5.1.19-25:

Enter **LADY** [**MACBETH**] *with a* **TAPER**.

GENTLEWOMAN. Lo you, here she comes! This is her very
 guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand
 close.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her. She has light by
 her continually, 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense are shut.

G

- 21 To the **last** syllable of recorded time;
 22 And all **our yesterDays** have lighted fools
 23 The way to **dusty Death**. *Out, out*, brief candle!
 24 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 25 That **struts** and frets **his hour** upon the stage,
 26 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 27 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 28 Signifying nothing.

Enter a **MESSENGER**.

- Thou com'st to use thy tongue;
 29 Thy **story** quickly.
-

H

- 18 There would have been a time for such a **WORD**.
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26 It is a **TALE**

27 **Told by an idiot**, Full of sound and **Fury**,

28 **Signifying** nothing.

Enter a **MESSENGER**.

- Thou com'st to use thy tongue;
 29 Thy **STORY** quickly.