

Macbeth abbreviated

Act 5, Scene 5

Introspection

Situation: When advised in his castle at Dunsinane that Macduff, Malcolm and Siward are approaching from Birnam Wood, shielded by boughs cut from trees in the forest, Macbeth asks himself rhetorically, thinking of Macduff “was he not born of woman?”

MACBETH: What is that noise?

SEYTON: It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Seyton exits. And then Seyton re-enters.

MACBETH: Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON: The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH: She should have died hereafter.

Macbeth to himself, No. 4

If not now, there would have been tomorrow.
For soon there'd be a day for such sorrow.
Days creep at a petty pace with scant relief
To time's last syllable as yesterdays'
Light the way to dusty death. Out, out brief
Candle! Life's but a thick shadow that weighs
On each player who struts on the stage for
His hour and then is heard no more.
Say Birnam Wood moves now to Dunsinane?
If what he avouches do appear, we're
Lost. O, I grow weary of the rain
And sun; wish the estate of the world here
Undone. Ring the alarm. Fight hard and cry
Fiercely. At least in our armor we'll die.