

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

MACBETH

Act V, scene 8: Macduff, Macbeth

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee...

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword!

[They fight, Duff is cut]

MACBETH

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm; Macduff was from his mother's
womb untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward, we'll have thee painted on a pole, and underwrit, 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will try the last.

Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries,
'Hold, enough!'

[Macduff kills Macbeth]

MACDUFF

THE TIME IS FREE!