

# The Tragedy of Macbeth

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## SCENE VII. 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 bruited. 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*