Scene 1 Macbeth’s castle at Dunsinane.

A sleepwalking Lady Macbeth is observed by a concerned attendant, or gentlewoman, and a doctor. Lady Macbeth appears to be washing imagined blood from her hands. Her actions and confused speech greatly concern the doctor, and he warns the attendant to keep an eye on Lady Macbeth, fearing that she will harm herself.

[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.]

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon’ t, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumb’ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and ’tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

[Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.]

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.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here’s a spot.

Doctor. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot, out, I say! One. Two. Why then, ’tis time to do ’t. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeard?
30 What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? A

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne’er be clean? No more o’ that, my lord, no more o’ that. You mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here’s the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on ’s grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed. There’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come. Give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Lady Macbeth exits.]

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisp’ring are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all. Look after her.

Remove from her the means of all annoyance

And still keep eyes upon her. So good night.

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.

I think but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

[They exit.]
Scene 2 The country near Dunsinane.
The Scottish rebels, led by Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Lennox, have come to Birnam Wood to join Malcolm and his English army. They know that Dunsinane has been fortified by a furious and brave Macbeth. They also know that his men neither love nor respect him.

[Drum and Colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.]

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them, for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam Wood Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry. There is Siward’s son And many unrough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he’s mad; others that lesser hate him Do call it valiant fury. But for certain He cannot buckle his distempered cause Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands. Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach. Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant’s robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith. Who, then, shall blame His pestered senses to recoil and start When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?

Caithness. Well, march we on To give obedience where ’tis truly owed. Meet we the med’cine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we in our country’s purge Each drop of us.
Lennox. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[They exit marching.]

Scene 3 Dunsinane. A room in the castle.
Macbeth awaits battle, confident of victory because of what he learned from the witches. After hearing that a huge army is ready to march upon his castle, he expresses bitter regrets about his life. While Macbeth prepares for battle, the doctor reports that he cannot cure Lady Macbeth, whose illness is mental, not physical.

[Enter Macbeth, the Doctor, and Attendants.]

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

[Enter Servant.]
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Servant. There is ten thousand—

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence.

[Servant exits.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fall’n into the sere, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.—
Seyton!

[Enter Seyton.]

Seyton. What’s your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I’ll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.

Seyton. ’Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I’ll put it on.

Send out more horses. Skirr the country round.
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I’ll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.

[Attendants begin to arm him.]

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again.—Pull ’t off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear’st thou of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Language Coach

Denotation/Connotation. The images or feelings associated with a word are its connotations. Reread line 32. The word hacked has several synonyms, including chopped and sliced. What connotations or feelings accompany hacked and its synonyms?

TRAGEDY
In lines 39–45, Macbeth asks the doctor to remove the sorrow from Lady Macbeth's memory and relieve her overburdened heart. Why are these lines so moving?

47–54 Macbeth has lost his faith in the ability of medicine (physic) to help his wife. Then as he struggles into his armor, he says that if the doctor could diagnose Scotland’s disease (cast . . . land) and cure it, Macbeth would never stop praising him.

54 Pull ‘t off: Macbeth is referring to a piece of armor.

56 scour: purge; them: the English.
Macbeth. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor. [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[They exit.]

Scene 4 The country near Birnam Wood.
The rebels and English forces have met in Birnam Wood. Malcolm orders each soldier to cut tree branches to camouflage himself. In this way Birnam Wood will march upon Dunsinane.

[Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward’s son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, and Soldiers, marching.]

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear ’t before him. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before ’t.

Malcolm. ’Tis his main hope;
For, where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.
[They exit marching.]
With its universal themes of ambition and guilt, *Macbeth* is often reimagined in other cultural settings. These photos show a Zulu version of the play, set in South Africa; a famous film adaptation, *Throne of Blood*, set in medieval Japan; and a version set among the Tlingit, an Alaskan native tribe. Notice how the settings and costumes, such as the Japanese statue and samurai dress in the middle photo, reflect these different cultural contexts.

Cross-cultural productions may even reinterpret the play to comment on broader political issues, such as in Tlingit adaptation of *Macbeth*. In Tlingit culture, one should always value the welfare of the tribe above one’s own interests. Macbeth clearly favors his own desires at the expense of his countrymen’s lives. In the Tlingit *Macbeth*, when characters adhered to communal values, those cast members spoke in the language of the Tlingit; when they voiced individual concerns, they spoke Shakespearean English. According to the Tlingit adaptation of *Macbeth*, English is the language of selfish individuality and violence, while Tlingit is the language of tribal unity and peace.

If you could choose to set *Macbeth* in another cultural setting, what would it be? How would you adjust the set, costumes, or other aspects of the play to reflect this cultural setting?
Scene 5  Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Convinced of his powers, Macbeth mocks the enemy; his slaughters have left him fearless. News of Lady Macbeth’s death stirs little emotion, only a comment on the emptiness of life. However, when a messenger reports that Birnam Wood seems to be moving toward the castle, Macbeth grows agitated. Fearing that the prophecies have deceived him, he decides to leave the castle to fight and die on the battlefield.

[Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.]

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls. The cry is still “They come!” Our castle’s strength Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forced with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

[A cry within of women.]

What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [He exits.]

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been my senses would have cooled To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in ’t. I have supped full with horrors. Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

[Enter Seyton.]

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time, And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more. It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Thou com’st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.
30 Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do ’t.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath, if ’t be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak’st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt th’ equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. “Fear not till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane,” and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. —Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I ’gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish th’ estate o’ th’ world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell! —Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.  

[They exit.]

Scene 6 Dunsinane. Before the castle.
Malcolm and the combined forces reach the castle, throw away their
camouflage, and prepare for battle.

[Drum and Colors. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army,
with boughs.]

Malcolm. Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down
And show like those you are. —You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon ’s what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant’s power tonight,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

38–52 The messenger’s news has dampened Macbeth’s determination
(resolution); Macbeth begins to fear that the witches have tricked him (to
doubt th’ equivocation of the fiend).
His fear that the messenger tells the truth (avouches) makes him decide
to confront the enemy instead of staying in his castle. Weary of life, he
nevertheless decides to face death and ruin (wrack) with his armor (harness) on.

TRAGEDY
Reread lines 47–52. Note that
Macbeth vows to take action,
which will probably lead to the
drama’s catastrophe, or tragic
resolution. What is the likely
outcome of his action?

1–6 Malcolm commands the
troops to put down their branches
(leafy screens) and gives the battle
instructions.

7 power: forces.
Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[They exit. Alarums continued.]

Scene 7 Another part of the battlefield.  
Macbeth kills young Siward, which restores his belief that he cannot be  
killed by any man born of a woman. Meanwhile, Macduff searches for  
the hated king. Young Siward’s father reports that Macbeth’s soldiers  
have surrendered and that many have even joined their attackers.  
[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, abhorrèd 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,  
Brandished by man that’s of a woman born. [He exits.]  
[Alarums. Enter Macduff.]

Macduff. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou beest 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 unbattered 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.  
[He exits. Alarums.]
[Enter Malcolm and Siward.]

**Siward.** This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.

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.

[They exit. Alarum.]

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**Scene 8 Another part of the battlefield.**

Macduff finally hunts down Macbeth, who is reluctant to fight because he has already killed too many Macдуffs. The still-proud Macbeth tells his enemy that no man born of a woman can defeat him, only to learn that Macduff was ripped from his mother's womb, thus not born naturally. Rather than face humiliation, Macbeth decides to fight to the death. After their fight takes them elsewhere, the Scottish lords, now in charge of Macbeth's castle, discuss young Siward's noble death. Macduff returns carrying Macbeth's bloody head, proclaiming final victory and declaring Malcolm king of Scotland. The new king thanks his supporters and promises rewards, while asking for God's help to restore order and harmony.

[Enter Macbeth.]

**Macbeth.** Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

[Enter Macduff.]

**Macduff.** Turn, hellhound, turn!

**Macbeth.** Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

**Macduff.** I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

[Fight. Alarum.]

**Macbeth.** Thou losest labor.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother’s womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. I’ll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o’ th’ time.
We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
“Here may you see the tyrant.”

Macbeth. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.

Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries “Hold! Enough!”

[They exit fighting. Alarums.]

[They enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain. Macduff exits carrying off
Macbeth’s body. Retreat and flourish. Enter, with Drum and Colors,
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.]

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siward. Some must go off; and yet by these I see
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt.

He only lived but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siward. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siward. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siward. Why then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knolled.

Malcolm. He’s worth more sorrow, and that I’ll spend for him.
Siward. He’s worth no more.
They say he parted well and paid his score,
And so, God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

[Enter Macduff with Macbeth’s head.]

Macduff. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands
Th’ usurper’s cursèd head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom’s pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.

Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[Flourish]

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What’s more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
(Who, as ‘tis thought, by self and violent hands,
Took off her life)—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.

So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[Flourish. All exit.]
Comprehension

1. **Recall** What happens to Lady Macbeth in Act Five?

2. **Clarify** Why does Macbeth have to face his enemies basically alone?

3. **Summarize** How do the apparitions’ three predictions in Act Four come true?

Literary Analysis

4. **Compare Scenes** Reread Scene 1, lines 28–55. Compare this scene, revealing Lady Macbeth’s madness, with Scene 4 in Act Three, in which Macbeth believes he sees Banquo’s ghost. What is ironic about Lady Macbeth’s behavior in these scenes? (Recall that situational irony is a contrast between what is expected and what actually occurs.)

5. **Examine Shakespearean Drama** Review the notes you recorded as you read Act Five. How have both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth changed during the course of the play? Cite evidence to support your response.

6. **Interpret Figurative Language** Reread Macbeth’s famous soliloquy in Scene 5, lines 19–28. In the metaphors in these lines, what does Shakespeare compare life to? What do the metaphors suggest about Macbeth’s mental state?

7. **Analyze Shakespearean Tragedy** In a chart like the one shown, identify the characteristics of tragedy in Macbeth. To what extent is Macbeth redeemed in Act Five? In what ways could he be considered a tragic hero rather than a villain?

8. **Synthesize Themes** A theme is the central idea the writer wishes to share with the reader. Use specific details to explain the message Macbeth conveys about the following issues:
   - appearance versus reality
   - loyalty
   - impulses and desires

Literary Criticism

9. **Critical Interpretations** In a famous critique of Shakespeare’s plays, the poet and critic Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote, “The interest in the plot is always . . . on account of the characters, not vice versa.” Do you agree, based on your reading of Macbeth? Support your answer.

**Can you ever be too AMBITIOUS?**

Do you think Macbeth’s downfall is a result of fate, his own ambition, or other factors? Cite evidence from the play to support your argument.
Conventions in Writing

◆ **GRAMMAR AND STYLE: Vary Sentence Structure**

Review the Grammar and Style note on page 361. A key aspect of Shakespeare’s style is his use of inverted sentences, in which the subject follows the verb or part of the verb phrase. The Bard also often inverts word order by putting an object before a verb, an adjective after a noun, or a prepositional phrase before the noun or verb it modifies. Here are two examples from *Macbeth*:

*Come, go we to the King.* (Act Four, Scene 3, line 239)

*O, never / Shall sun that morrow see!* (Act One, Scene 5, lines 57–58)

Notice that in the first line, the verb *go* precedes the subject *we*. In the second sentence, the direct object *sun* appears before both the subject *morrow* and the verb *see*. Shakespeare used this kind of sentence structure primarily for poetic effect. You can use inverted sentences and other types of inverted word order to add variety to your writing or to emphasize a specific word or idea.

**PRACTICE** Write down each of the following lines from *Macbeth*. Identify the inverted parts of speech in each sentence and then write your own lines with a similar pattern.

**EXAMPLE**

*Now does he feel / His secret murders sticking on his hands.*

*Now does she taste the sweet strawberries growing on the vines.*

1. *My dull brain was wrought / With things forgotten.*
2. *O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!*  
3. *I’ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.*

**READING-WRITING CONNECTION**

Expand your understanding of Shakespeare’s language by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tips** to improve your speech.

**WRITE A SPEECH** In a persuasive speech, you use the power of language to influence others. Imagine that you live in Scotland during the time of Macbeth. Write a three-to-five-paragraph speech in which you call for the overthrow of Macbeth. Be sure to use evidence that will support your position and persuade your audience.

**REVISING TIPS**

• Make sure you state your position clearly.
• Vary sentence structure in the speech by adding one or two inverted sentences.