

## **Macbeth - Act 5 Study Guide**

Identify the speaker(s) and what is being said. If possible, also identify who is being spoken to, and *about whom* s/he is speaking.

1. Here's the smell of the blood still: **all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand**. Oh, oh, oh!

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2. Foul whisperings 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.

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3. 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 distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.**

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4. 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.

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5. 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.

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6. 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:

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7. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
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 supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.

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8. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
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.

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9. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

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18. 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.

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

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11. Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

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12. 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 damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

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Find one example each of: allusion, hyperbole, metaphor, personification