

ACT V Scene 5

Original text

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,

20 And all our
yesterdays have
lighted fools

25 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.

Modern Text

MACBETH

She would have died
later anyway. That
news was bound to
come someday.
Tomorrow, and
tomorrow, and
tomorrow. The days
creep slowly along until
the end of time. And
every day that's already
happened has taken
fools that much closer
to their deaths. Out,
out, brief candle. Life is
nothing more than an
illusion. It's like a poor
actor who struts and
worries for his hour on
the stage and then is
never heard from again.
Life is a story told by an
idiot, full of noise and
emotional disturbance
but devoid of meaning.