

Macbeth

ACT 1

- ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. (1.1)
- SERGEANT brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name--
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage (1.2)
- MACBETH So foul and fair a day I have not seen. (1.3)
- BANQUO If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me (1.3)
- MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more (1.3)
- BANQUO oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths (1.3)
- MACBETH My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not. (1.3)
- MACBETH [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir. (1.3)
- DUNCAN He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. (1.4)
- DUNCAN I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. (1.4)
- MACBETH [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap (1.4)
- MACBETH Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires (1.4)
- L. MACBETH Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be

What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness (1.5)
- L. MACBETH Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round (1.5)

- L. MACBETH Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! (1.5)
- L. MACBETH look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. (1.5)
- MACBETH in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor (1.7)
- MACBETH his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off (1.7)
- MACBETH I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other. (1.7)
- L. MACBETH Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? (1.7)
- MACBETH I dare do all that may become a man (1.7)
- L. MACBETH I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this. (1.7)

ACT 2

- MACBETH Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? (2.1)
- MACBETH Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts (2.1)
- MACBETH Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!' (2.2)
- L. MACBETH These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad. (2.2)
- MACBETH I am afraid to think what I have done (2.2)

- MACBETH Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? (2.2)
- L. MACBETH My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (2.2)
- MACBETH from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. (2.3)

ACT 3

- BANQUO Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't (3.1)
- MACBETH To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. (3.1)
- MACBETH Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd (3.1)
- MACBETH Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. (3.1)
- L. MACBETH Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content (3.2)
- MACBETH We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it (3.2)
- MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. (3.2)
- MACBETH Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. (3.4)
- MACBETH What man dare, I dare (3.4)
- MACBETH It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood (3.4)
- MACBETH There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. (3.4)
- MACBETH I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er (3.4)

ACT 4

- 2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. (4.1)
- 2nd Apparition Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. (4.1)
- MACBETH from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. (4.1)
- L. MACDUFF I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly (4.2)
- MACDUFF Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth. (4.3)
- MACDUFF O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd (4.3)
- ROSS Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd (4.3)
- MACDUFF He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All? (4.3)
- MACDUFF O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! (4.3)

ACT 5

- L. MACBETH The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean? (5.1)
- Doctor Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets (5.1)
- ANGUS 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. (5.2)
- MACBETH: that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath (5.3)
- MACBETH I have almost forgot the taste of fears (5.5)

- MACBETH I have supp'd full with horrors (5.5)
- MACBETH To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time (5.5)
- MACBETH Out, out, brief candle! (5.5)
- MACBETH 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. (5.5)
- MACBETH Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. (5.5)
- MACBETH my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already. (5.8)
- MACDUFF I have no words:

My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out! (5.8)
- MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time (5.8)
- MACBETH Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' (5.8)