

# 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)