

ACT I

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Valour's minion / Bellona's bridegroom

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

...why do you dress me / In borrowed robes?

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

...my single state of man

...Chance may crown me, / Without my stir.

...Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;

...Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

...The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, topful
Of direst cruelty...

...Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall,

...Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,

..To beguile the time,
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower
But be the serpent under't.

...He that's coming
Must be provided for;

...Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.

...I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition,

...mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

ACT II

...A dagger of the mind...

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

..."Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," - the innocent sleep;

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

A little water clears us of this deed:

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, 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.

...a breach in nature...

...Where we are/ There' daggers in men's smiles;

ACT III

...To be thus is nothing, / But to be safely thus.

We have scotched the snake, not killed it:

Quotations from William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

...a deed of dreadful note....

What man dare, I dare:

...I am in blood

Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

...that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

ACT IV

...A deed without a name.

Be bloody, bold and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

...But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly:

...Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

...Macbeth / Is ripe for shaking,

ACT V

...all the perfumes of Arabia
will not sweeten this little hand.

Quotations from William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

...Unnatural deeds / Do breed unnnatural troubles:

...valiant fury...

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

I'll fight, till my bones my flesh be hacked.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

...I have supped full with horrors:

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.

...(I) begin
To doubt th'equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undone.

I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

...the time is free.