

## Macbeth

### Quotations

Captain	For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name) Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody exectuion, Like Valour's minion, carv'd out his passage, Till he fac'd the slave...	I.i
Macbeth	So foul and fair a day I have not seen.	I.iii
Banquo	Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?	I.iii
Macbeth	.... Say from whence You owe this intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting? – Speak, I charge you. <i>Witches vanish</i>	I.iii
Banquo	.... But 'tis strange 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.	I.iii
Macbeth	.... If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murther 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.	I.iii
Duncan	.... There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.	I.iv

Macbeth	The Prince of Cumberland! – That is a step On which I must fall down, or else o’erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires.	I.iv
Lady Macbeth	<i>Reading a letter</i> ‘They met me in the day of success; and I have learn’d by the perfect’st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.... This I have thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might’st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis’d thee...’	I.v
Lady Macbeth	.... Yet do I fear thy nature: It is too full o’th’ milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way.	I.v
Lady Macbeth	.... 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, top-full Of direst cruelty!	I.v
Macbeth	.... if th’ assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all – here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We’d jump the life to come. – But in these cases, We still have judgement here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which being taught, return To plague th’inventor....	I.vii
Macbeth	.... his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu’d against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And Pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven’s Cherubins, hors’d Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye...	I.vii
Macbeth	.... I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition...	I.vii

Lady Macbeth	<p>.... 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.</p>	I.vii
Macbeth	<p>Is this a dagger, which I see before me...</p>	
Macbeth	<p>.... Witchcraft celebrates  Pale Hecate's off'rings, and wither'd Murther,  Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  Moves like a ghost.</p>	II.i
Macbeth	<p>Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  'Glamis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor  Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'</p>	II.ii
Lady Macbeth	<p>.... The sleeping, and the dead,  Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood  That fears a painted devil.</p>	II.ii
Macbeth	<p>What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  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.</p>	II.ii
Macbeth	<p>To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself</p>	II.ii
Porter	<p>Here's aknocking, indeed! If a man were Porter of  Hell Gate, he should have old turning the key.</p>	II.ii
Macduff	<p>O horror! horror! horror!  Tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee!</p>	II.iii
Macbeth	<p>Had I but died an hour before this chance,  I had liv'd 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.</p>	II.iii

Macbeth	O! yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.	II.iii
Macbeth	Upon my head they plac'd 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.	III.i
Macbeth	.... If't be so, For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind; .... and mine eternal jewel Given to the common Enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!	III.i
Macbeth	Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept All by the name of dogs:	III.i
Macbeth	We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the words suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear....	III.ii
Macbeth	Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.	III.iv
Macbeth	What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or th'Hyrcean tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble.	III.iv
Macbeth	It will have blood, they say: blood will have blood: Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; Augures, and understood relations, have By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth The secret'st man of blood.	III.iv
Macbeth	.... I am in blood Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er.	III.iv
Lennox	..... Some holy Angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold	

	His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accurs'd!	III.v
1 <sup>st</sup> App.	Macbeth! Macbth! Macbeth! beware Macduff; Beware the Thane of Fife – Dismiss me – Enough.	IV.i
2 <sup>nd</sup> App.	Be blood, bold and resolute: laugh to scorn The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.	
Macbeth	Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?	IV.i
3 <sup>rd</sup> App.	Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where the conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him.	IV.i
Macbeth	.... From this moment, The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand.	IV.i
Lady Maduff	Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion, and his titles, in a place From whence himself does fly?	IV.ii
Malcolm	What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will.	IV.iii
Malcolm	Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, Yet Grace must still look so.	IV.iii
Malcolm	Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you.	IV.iii
Macduff	Fit to govern? No, not to live – O nation miserable! With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again...	IV.iii
Malcolm	Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good truth and honour.	IV.iii

Lady Macbeth	Out, damned spot! out, I say! – One; two: why, then ‘its time to do’t. – Hell is murky. – Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt? – Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?	V.i
Macbeth	I have liv’d 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.	V.iii
Macbeth	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: 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.	V.v
Macbeth	Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back, my soul is too much charg’d With blood of thine already.	V.viii
Macbeth	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!’	V.ix