

- **First Witch:** When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

oScene i

- Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

oWitches, scene i

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--
Worthy to be a rebel...
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For 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
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

o Captain, scene ii

- Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.
 o **First Witch**, scene iii

- So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
 o **Macbeth**, scene iii

- **First Witch**: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of
Glamis!
Second Witch: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of
Cawdor!
Third Witch: All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
 o scene iii

- Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
 Banquo, scene iii

- Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

oBanquo, scene iii

- 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.

oBanquo, scene iii

- Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

oMalcolm, scene iv

- There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

oDuncan, scene iv

- What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Banquo, scene iii

- 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.

Macbeth, scene iii

- The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Macbeth, scene iv

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

oMacbeth, scene iv

- 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
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it.

oLady Macbeth, scene v

- 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; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!

oLady Macbeth, scene v

- Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.

oLady Macbeth, scene v

- If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the 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.

oMacbeth, scene vii

- I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

oMacbeth, scene vii

- 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.

oLady Macbeth, scene vii

- **Macbeth**: If we should fail —
Lady Macbeth: We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

oScene vii

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

o**Macbeth**, scene vii