

## Significant Quotes in *Macbeth*

### Act I

**Witches:** Fair is foul and foul is fair. (I, I, 10)

**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. (I, iii, 48-50)

**First Witch:** Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**Second Witch:** Not so happy, yet much happier.

**Third Witch:** Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none. (I, iii, 65-67)

**Macbeth:** So foul and fair a day I have not seen. (I, iii, 10)

**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, 121-125)

**Macbeth:** Two truths are told, / As happy prologues to the swelling act / Of the imperial theme. (I, iii, 127-129)

**Duncan:** 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 owed / As 'twere a careless trifle. (I, iv, 7-11)

**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, 11-14)

**Lady Macbeth:** Yet I do fear thy nature; / It is too full o' the milk of human kindness / To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; / Are not without ambition, but without / The illness should attend it. (I, v, 11-15)

**Lady 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! make thick my blood. (I, v, 35-38)

**Lady Macbeth:** Your face, my thane, is as a book where men / May read strange matters. To beguile then 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: and you shall put / This night's great business into my dispatch. (I, 56-63)

**Macbeth:** 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 end-all here. (I, vii, 1-5)

**Macbeth:** He's here in double trust: / First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, / Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, / Who should against his murderer shut the door. (I, vii, 12-15)

**Lady Macbeth:** What beast was't then / That made you break this enterprise to me? / When you durst do it, then you were a man; / 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. (I, vii, 46-58)

**Macbeth:** False face must hide what the false heart doth know. (I, vii, 82)

## Act II

**Macbeth:** If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, / It shall make honor for you.

**Banquo:** So I lose none / In seeking to augment it, but still keep / my bosom franchised and allegiance clear, / I shall be counsel'd. (II, i, 25-29)

**Macbeth:** Is this a dagger which I see before me, / The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee...nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse / The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates / Pale Hecate's offerings. (II, i, 51)

**Lady Macbeth:** The attempt and not the deed / Confounds us. (II, ii, 10-11)

**Macbeth:** Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,' / When they did say 'God bless us!' (II, ii, 28-29)

**Lady Macbeth:** These deeds must not be thought / After these ways; so it will make us mad. (II, ii, 33-34)

**Lady Macbeth:** You do unbend your noble strength, to think / So brainsickly of things. / Go get some water, / And wash this filthy witness from your hand. (II, ii, 45-47)

**Porter:** Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key...But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil porter it no further. (II, iii, 1-12)

**Lennox:** The night has been unruly: where we lay, / Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, / Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death, / ...some say, the earth / Was feverous and did shake. (II, iii, 34-41)

**Lady Macbeth:** Woe, alas! / What, in our house? (II, iii, 68-69)

**Macbeth:** 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. (II, iii, 71-73)

**Banquo:** Fears and scruples shake us: / In the great hand of God I stand, and thence / Against the undivulged pretense I fight / Of treasonous malice. (II, iii, 111-114)

## Act III

**Banquo:** Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all, / As the weird women promised, and I fear / Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said / It should not stand in thy posterity. (III, I, 1-4)

**Macbeth:** We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed / In England... / Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers / With strange invention: but of that tomorrow... Goes Fleance with you? (III, I, 29-35)

**Macbeth:** To be thus is nothing; / But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo / Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature / Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares... / Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand, / No son of mine succeeding. (III, 48-54)

**Macbeth:** Do you find / Your patience so predominant in your nature, / That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd... (III, I, 85-87)

**Lady Macbeth:** Naught's had, all's spent, / Where our desire is got without content: / 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy / Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. (III, ii, 4-6)

**Macbeth:** Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; / Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: / Unsafe the while, that we / Must have our honors in these flattering streams, / And make our faces vizards to our hearts, / Disguising what they are. (III, ii, 29-33)

**Macbeth:** O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! (III, ii, 36)

**Macbeth:** Come, seeling night, / Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, / And with thy bloody and invisible hand / Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond / Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow / Makes wing to the rocky wood: / Good things of day begin to droop and drowse, / Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. (III, ii, 46-53)

**Macbeth:** Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. (III, ii, 62)

**Macbeth:** Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, / Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal; / Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd / Too terrible for the ear: the time has been, / That, when the brains were out, the man would die, / And there an end; but now they rise again. (III, iv, 75-79)

**Macbeth:** It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood. (III, iv, 122)

**Macbeth:** All causes shall give way: 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, 136-137)

**Macbeth:** My strange and elf-abuse / Is the initiate fear that wants hard use; / We are yet but young I deed. (III, iv, 147-149)

**Witches:** And you all know security / Is mortals' chiefest enemy. (III, v, 32-33)

## Act IV

**Second Witch:** By the pricking of my thumbs, / Something wicked this way comes. (I, i, 43-44)

**First Apparition:** Macbeth! Macbeth! Macebeth! beware Macduff; / Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. (IV, i, 69-70)

**Second Apparition:** Be bloody, bold, and resolute; lugh to scorn / The power of man, for none of woman born / Shall harm Macbeth. (IV, i, 77-79)

**Third Apparition:** Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care / Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are, / Macbeth shall never vanquished be until / Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill / Shall come against him. (IV, i, 87-92)

**Witches All:** Show his eyes and grieve his heart; / Come like shadows, so depart! (IV, i, 106-107)

**Macbeth:** Infected be the air whereon they ride; / And damned all those that trust them! (IV, I, 135-136)

**Lady Macduff:** His flight was madness. When our actions do not / Our fears do make us traitors. (IV, ii, 3-4)

**Malcolm:** Why in that rawness left you wife and child, / Those precious motives, those strong knots of love. (IV, iii, 26-27)

**Macduff:** Boundless intemperance / In nature is a tyranny; it hath been / The untimely emptying of the happy throne, / And fall of many kings. (IV, iii, 66-69)

**Malcolm:** Were I king, / I should cut off the nobles for their lands, / Desire his jewels and this other's house: / And my more-having would be as a sauce / To make me hunger more, that I should forge / Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, / Destroying them for wealth. (IV, iii, 77-83)

**Macduff:** This avarice / sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root / than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been / the sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; /Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will. (IV, iii, 84-88)

**Macduff:** Fit to govern! / No, not to live. O nation miserable! / Thy royal father / Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee, / Fare thee well! / These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself / Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast, / Thy hope ends here! (IV, iii, 102-113)

**Malcolm:** [I] Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure / the taints and blames I laid upon myself, / For strangers to my nature. I am yet / Unknown to woman, never was forsworn, / Scarcely have coveted what was mine own, / At no time broke my faith, would not betray / The devil to his fellow, and delight / No less in truth than life: my first

false speaking / Was this upon myself: what I am truly, / Is thine and my poor country's to command. (IV, iii, 123-131)

**Macduff:** Alas, poor country! / Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing, / But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; / Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air, / Are made, no mark'd; where violent sorrow seems / a modern ecstasy. (IV, iii, 159-170)

**Malcolm:** Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, / To cure this deadly grief. (IV, iii, 214-215)

**Malcolm:** Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief / Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it. (IV, iii, 228-229)

**Malcolm:** Macbeth / Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above / Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; / The night is long that never finds the day. (IV, iii, 237-239)

## Act V

**Gentlewoman:** Why, she has light by her continually; 'tis her command. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. (V, I, 20-21)

**Lady Macbeth:** Out, damned spot! Out, I say! — One, two. Why, then 'tis 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 account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? (V, I, 25-28)

**Lady Macbeth:** Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. (V, I, 36-37)

**Doctor:** Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds / Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds / To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets: / More needs she the divine than the physician. (V, I, 51-55)

**Caithness:** Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: / Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, / Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, / He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause / Within the belt of rule. (V, ii, 12-16)

**Angus:** Now does he feel / His secret murders sticking on his hands... / Now does he feel his title / Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe / Upon a dwarfish thief. (V, ii, 16-22)

**Caithness:** Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, / And with him pour we, in our country's purge, / Each drop of us. (V, ii, 27-29)

**Macbeth:** I have lived long enough: my way of life / Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf, / And that which should accompany old age, / As honor, love, obedience, troops of

friends, /I must not look to have; but, in their stead, / Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath, / Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. (V, iii, 21-28)

**Macbeth:** Cure her of that. / Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, / Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, / Raze out the written troubles of the brain, / And with some sweet oblivious antidote / Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff / Which weighs upon the heart? (V, iii, 39-44)

**Malcolm:** Let every soldier hew him down a bough, / And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow / The numbers of our host, and make discovery / Err in report of us. (V, iv, 4-7)

**Macbeth:** I have almost forgot the taste of fears: / The time has been, my senses would have cool'd / To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair / Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir / As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors / Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, / Cannot once start me. (V, v, 9-14)

**Macbeth:** 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, 19-28)

**Macbeth:** Of all men else I have avoided thee; / but get thee back; my soul is too much charged / With blood of thine already. (V, viii, 4-6)

**Macduff:** I have no words: / My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain / Than terms can give thee out! (V, viii, 6-8)

**Macduff:** Despair thy charm, / And let the angel whom thou still hast served / Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb / untimely ripp'd. (V, viii, 13-16)

**Macbeth:** I will not yield, / To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, / And to be baited with the rabble's curse. / Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, / And thou opposed, being of no woman born, / Yet I will try the last: before my body / I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff. / And damned be him who first cries 'Hold enough!' (V, viii, 27-34)

**Macduff:** Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands /The usurper's cursed head: the time is free. (V, viii, 54-55)

**Malcolm:** We shall not spend a large expense of time / Before we reckon with your several loves, / And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, / Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland / In such an honor named. / What's more to do, / Which would be planted newly with the time, / As calling home our exiled friends abroad / That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, / Producing forth the cruel ministers / Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, / Who, as 'tis thought, buy self and violent hands / Took off her life; this, and what needful else / That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace / We

will perform in measure, time and place: / So thanks to all at once and to each one, /  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. (V, viii, 60-75)