

Fair is foul and foul is fair Hover through the fog and filthy air		Look like th' innocent flower, But be the serpent under't
For brave Macbeth – well he deserves that name – Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel Which smoked with bloody execution, Like Valour's minion carved out his passage Till he faced he slave		I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself And falls on th'other-
What, can the devil speak true? The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes?		I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn <u>As you have done to this.</u>
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man that function Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is, But what is not.		A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain
There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face. He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust		Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood That fears the painted devil.
Stars, hide your fires, Let not light see my black and deep desires, The eye wink at the hand		Nought'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
Yet I fear thy nature It is' too full o' th'milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldest be great, Art not without ambition.		O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here And fill me from the crown to the toe topfull Of direst cruelty;		Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed.
Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,		It will have blood they say: blood will have blood. Stone have been known to move and trees to speak.
I am in blood Stepped in so far that should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er		Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: beware Macduff, Beware the Thane of Fife.
Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned In evils to <u>top</u> Macbeth.		Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.
Out damned spot! Out, I say!		Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him
Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title Hang loosely about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief		Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes Savagely slaughtered.
I have almost forgot the taste of fears; The time has been, my senses would have cooled To hear a night-shriek		The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What' will these hands ne'er be clean?
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.		The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear
Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripped		I have supped full with horrors; Direness familiar to my slaughter thoughts Cannot once start me.
		They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, But bear-like I must fight the course.
		Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend –like queen

