










<p>Fair is foul and foul is fair Hover through the fog and filthy air</p>		<p>Look like th' innocent flower, But be the serpent under't</p>
<p>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</p>		<p>I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself And falls on th'other-</p>
<p>What, can the devil speak true? The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes?</p>		<p>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 As you have done to this.</p>
<p>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.</p>		<p>A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain</p>
<p>There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face. He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust</p>		<p>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.</p>
<p>Stars, hide your fires, Let not light see my black and deep desires, The eye wink at the hand</p>		<p>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</p>
<p>Yet I fear thy nature It is' too full o' th'milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great, Art not without ambition.</p>		<p>O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!</p>
<p>Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here And fill me from the crown to the toe topfull Of direst cruelty;</p>		<p>Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed.</p>
<p>Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,</p>		<p>It will have blood they say: blood will have blood. Stone have been known to move and trees to speak.</p>
<p>I am in blood Stepped in so far that should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er</p>		<p>Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: beware Macduff, Beware the Thane of Fife.</p> <p>Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.</p> <p>Macbeth shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him</p>
<p>Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned In evils to top Macbeth.</p>		<p>Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes Savagely slaughtered.</p>
<p>Out damned spot! Out, I say!</p>		<p>The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What' will these hands ne'er be clean?</p>
<p>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</p>		<p>The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear</p>
<p>I have almost forgot the taste of fears; The time has been, my senses would have cooled To hear a night-shriek</p>		<p>I have supped full with horrors; Direness familiar to my slaughters thoughts Cannot once start me.</p>
<p>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.</p>		<p>They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, But bear-like I must fight the course.</p>
<p>Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripped</p>		<p>Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen</p>

