

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

Second Witch: When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch: That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch: Where the place?

Second Witch: Upon the heath.

Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth.

Witches (Act 1, Scene 1)

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Witches (Act 4, Scene 1)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
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. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[a bell rings]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Macbeth (Act 2, Scene 1)

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword,
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 4)

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
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.

Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 5)

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
(Witches, Act 1, Scene 1)

What bloody man is that?
King Duncan (Act 1, Scene 2)

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 3)

Nothing is
But what is not.
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 3)

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 3)

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.
Banquo (Act 1, Scene 3)

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which
will not.
Banquo (Act 1, Scene 3)

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Banquo (Act 1, Scene 3)

What! can the devil speak true?
Banquo (Act 1, Scene 3)

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
King Duncan (Act 1, Scene 4)

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements
Lady Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 5)
Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
Lady Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 5)

Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like th'
innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.
Lady Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 5)

False face must hide what the false heart
doth know.
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 7)

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 7)

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
well
It were done quickly.
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 7)

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th'other'
Macbeth (Act 1, Scene 7)

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
Macbeth (Act 2, Scene 1)

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.
Macbeth (Act 2, Scene 2)

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no
more!
Macbeth does murder sleep: the innocent
sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of
care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's
bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
Macbeth (Act 2, Scene 2)

There's daggers in men's smiles
Donalbain (Act 2, Scene 3)

Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macduff (Act 2, Scene 3)

Things bad begun make strong themselves
by ill.
Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 2)

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 2)

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.
Lady Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 2)

It will have blood, they say: blood will have
blood.

Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 4)

Then comes my fit again. I had else been
perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined,
bound in
To saucy doubts and fears
Macbeth (Act 3, Scene 4)

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes
Second Witch (Act 4, Scene 1)

How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!
Macbeth (Act 4, Scene 1)

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.
Third apparition (Act 4, Scene 1)

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Lady Macduff (Act 4, Scene 2)

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds.
Malcom (Act 4, Scene 3)

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.
Lady Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 1)

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand.
Lady Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 1)

What's done cannot be undone.
Lady Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 1)

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Angus (Act 5, Scene 2)

The patient
Must minister to himself.
Doctor (Act 5, Scene 3)

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-
faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 3)

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death.
Macduff (Act 5, Scene 6)

I bear a charmed life.
Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 8)