

Macbeth

Quotes for Analysis

Act I, Scene 2

Servant (reporting to King Duncan):

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.

Act I, Scene 2

King Duncan: No more that Thane of
Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest; go pronounce his
present death,
and with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross: I'll see it done.

King Duncan: What he hath lost, noble
Macbeth hath won.

Act I, Scene 3

Macbeth: Speak, if you can: what are you?

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!

Act I, Scene 3

Banquo: 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 favors or your hate.

Act I, Scene 3

First Witch: Hail!

Second Witch: Hail!

Third Witch: Hail!

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:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Act I, Scene 3

Angus: We are sent

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross: And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane! For it
is thine.

Banquo: What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth: The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me in borrowed robes?

Act I, Scene 3

Angus: Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose...

Macbeth: (*Aside*): Glamis, and thane of
Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
when those that gave the thane of Cawdor
to me

Promised no less to them?

Act I, Scene 3

Macbeth: (*Aside*) Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you
gentlemen—

(*Aside*) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature?

If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me, without my stir.

Act I, Scene 5

Lady Macbeth: 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: what thou
wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false...

Act I, Scene 5

Lady Macbeth: Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden
round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Act I, Scene 5

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!

Act I, Scene 5

(Enter Macbeth)

Lady Macbeth: Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

**Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.**

Macbeth: My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?

Macbeth: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Act I, Scene 5

Lady Macbeth: O, never shall sun that morrow
see!

**Your face, my thane, is a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the
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.**

Act I, Scene 7

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 the end-all—here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. 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,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Act I, Scene 7

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It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
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Act I, Scene 7

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Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,

And falls on the other.

Act I, Scene 7

Macbeth: We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would"?

Act I, Scene 7

Macbeth: Prithee, peace:

**I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.**

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;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would
Be so much more the man.

Act I, Scene 7

Macbeth: If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth: We fail!

**But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?**

Act I, Scene 7

Macbeth: Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done it?

Lady Macbeth: Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth: I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what false heart doth know.

Act II, Scene 1

Banquo: I dreamt last night of the three
weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macbeth: I think not of them:

**Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We should spend it in some words upon that
business**

If you would grant the time.

Act II, Scene 1

Macbeth: 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 oppressed brain?

Act II, Scene 2

Lady Macbeth: That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do content about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth: [within] Who's there? What, ho!

Lady Macbeth: Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confound us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Act II, Scene 2

Macbeth: Still it cried “sleep no more!” to all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

Lady Macbeth: Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth: I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on it again I dare not.

Act II, Scene 2

Lady Macbeth: Infirm of purpose!

**Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood that
fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.**

[she exits]

Macbeth: Whence is that knocking?

**How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?**

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth]

Lady Macbeth: My hands are of your color, but I
shame to wear a heart so white.

Act III, Scene 1

Banquo: Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all

**That the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't.**

Act III, Scene 1

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;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list.
And champion me to the utterance!

Act III, Scene 2

Lady Macbeth: Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
Is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Macbeth: ...better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Act III, Scene IV

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH: See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

FIRST MURDERER: 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH: 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer: My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH: Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

First Murderer: Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH: 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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer : Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Act III, Scene 4

LADY MACBETH: Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH: Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH: O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Act III, Scene 4

MACBETH: It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:

**Stones have been known to move and trees to speak...
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?**

LADY MACBETH: Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH: How say'st thou, that MacDuff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH: Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH: I hear it by the way, but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst.

Act IV, Scene 1

MACBETH: I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

MACBETH: Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch: He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition:

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Act IV, Scene 1

MACBETH: Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one
word more,--

First Witch: He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

Second Apparition: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH: Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition: Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to
scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

MACBETH: Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

Act IV, Scene 1

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

MACBETH: What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL: Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition: Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

MACBETH: That will never be
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?

Act IV, Scene 1

MACBETH: Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art

Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

ALL: Seek to know no more.

MACBETH: I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following

MACBETH: Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.

Act IV, Scene 1

Macbeth: Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it; from this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights!--

Act IV, Scene 3

MALCOLM: What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;
but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF: I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM: But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.

[but]

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before...

Act IV, Scene 3

MALCOLM: It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF: Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM: I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Act IV, Scene 3

MALCOLM: But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF: O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM: If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Act IV, Scene 3

MACDUFF: Fit to Govern?

**No, not to live! O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!**

Act IV, Scene 3

MALCOLM: Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
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:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together.

Act IV, Scene 3

MALCOLM: Be comforted:

**Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.**

MACDUFF: He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM: Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF: I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM: Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Act V, Scene 1

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.

LADY MACBETH: The thane of Fife had a wife: where
is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with
this starting.

LADY MACBETH: Wash your hands, put on your
nightgown; look not so
pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he
cannot come out on's grave.

Act V, Scene 5

A cry of women within

MACBETH: What is that noise?

SEYTON: It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit

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.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON: The queen, my lord, is dead.

Act V, Scene 5

MACBETH: She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
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.

Act V, Scene 5

MESSENGER: As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH: Liar and slave!

MAESSENGER: Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH: If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Act V, Scene 5

MACDUFF: Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH: Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF: I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

MACBETH: Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

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.

Act V, Scene 8

MACDUFF: Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL: Hail, King of Scotland!

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 honour 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, by 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.