

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep:
(II, i, 50-1)

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
(II, i, 62)

I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
(II, ii, 14)

I could not say, 'Amen',
When they did say, 'God bless us.'
Consider it not so deeply.
(II, ii, 28-9)

Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murmur Sleep,'—the innocent Sleep;
[...]
Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murmur'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'
(II, ii, 34-42)

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, 44-6)

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? No, [...]
(II, ii, 56-60)

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[...]
—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
(II, ii, 66-71)

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;
[...] There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: [...]
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
(III, i, 47-61)

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh! oh! oh!

[...]

This disease is beyond my practice

[...]

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

[...]

To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate.
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
(V, i, 30-65)

What does the tyrant?

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad;
(V, ii, 11-3)

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman?
(V, iii, 1-4)

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
(V, iii, 32)

Wherefore was that cry?

The Queen, my Lord, is dead.
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.
(V, v, 15-28)

They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.
(V, vii, 1-4)

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 oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
(V, viii, 27-34)

—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th'other—
(I, vii, 25-8)

Thriftless Ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means
(II, iv, 28-9)