Macbeth – Man or coward?

In many different ways, the play repeatedly asks what it means to be a man.

> you should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so.
> (I, iii, 45-7)

> Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
> What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature:
> It is too full o'th'milk of human kindness,
> […]
> 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! make thick my blood,
> […]
> Come to my woman's breast,
> And take my milk for gall,
> (I, v, 15-48)

> and you shall put
> This night's great business into my dispatch
> […]
> Leave all the rest to me.
> (I, v, 67-73)

> Art thou afeard
> To be the same in thine own act and valour,
> As thou art in desire? Would'st 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,'
> Like the poor cat I'th'adage?
> Pr'ythee, peace.
> I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more, is none.
> […]
> 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.
> (I, vii, 35-51)

> If we should fail?
> We fail?
> But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
> And we'll not fail.
> (I, vii, 59-62)

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.
(I, vii, 73-5)

We are men, my Liege.
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs
(III, i, 90-4)

Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
[…]
Feed, and regard him not—Are you a man?
Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the Devil.
(III, iv, 52-9)

You look but on a stool.
[…]
What! quite unmann'd in folly?
(III, iv, 66-71)

What man dare, I dare
[…]
Unreal mock'ry, hence!—
Ghost disappears.
Why, so;—being gone
I am a man again.
(III, iv, 98-106)

Did you say all?—O Hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Dispute it like a man.
I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man:
[…]
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself,
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
This tune goes manly.
(IV, iii, 216-35)

Near Birnam wood
Shall we meet them: […]
there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
(V, ii, 5-11)