

Gifted English 10
Macbeth Quotations for Close-Reading and Analysis

“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”
(1.2.16-19)

“So foul and fair a day I have not seen.”
(1.3.38)

“Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.”
(1.3.65)

“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.—”
(1.3.124-127)

“I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.”
(1.4.29-30)

“Stars hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand—yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.”
(1.4.51-54)

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature,
It is too full o’ th’ milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.”
(1.5.14-17)

“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,
Stop up th’ access and passage to remorse”
(1.5.39-43)

“Give me your hand,
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.”
(1.6.29-31)

“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.”
(1.7.12-16)

“Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green, and pale,
At what it did so freely?”
(1.7.35-38)

“I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.”
(1.7.46-47)

“False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”
(1.7.83)

“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.”
(2.1.46-50)

“Still it cried ‘Sleep no more’ to all the house:
‘Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more.’”
(2.2.40-42)

“What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
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.”
(2.2.58-62)

“My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.”
(2.2.63-64)

“A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.”
(2.2.66-67)

“The night has been unruly: where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i’ th’ air, strange screams of death.”
(2.3.55-57)

“Confusion now hath made his masterpiece:
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o’ th’ building.”
(2.3.68-72)

“Who can be wise, amazed, temp’rate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th’ expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason.”
(2.3.110-113)

“where we are,
There’s daggers in men’s smiles—the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.”
(2.3.141-143)

“Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the Weird Women promised, and I fear
Thou played’st most foully for’t”
(3.1.1-3)

“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.”
(3.2.5-8)

“Avaunt, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee—
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou does glare with.”
(3.4.94-97)

“You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeing,
With most admired disorder.”
(3.4.110-111)

“It will have blood they say: blood will have blood.”
(3.4.123)

“There’s not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee’d.”
(3.4.132-133)

“Come, we’ll to sleep—my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use—
We are yet but young in deed.”
(3.4.143-145)

“By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes—”
(4.1.59-60)

“Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.”
(4.1.93-95)

“Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinan Hill
Shall come against him.”
(4.1.106-108)

“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.”
(4.1.162-164)

“He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.”
(4.2.8-11)

“What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country’s to command.”
(4.3.131-132)

“Let’s make us med’cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.”
(4.3.213-215)

“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?”
(5.1.33-35)

“Here’s the smell of blood still—all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O,
O, O.”
(5.1.48-50)

“Foul whisp’rings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets”
(5.1.69-71)

“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.”
(5.5.23-28)

“I ‘gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish th’ estate o’ th’ world were now undone.
Ring in the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.”
(5.5.49-52)

“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”
(5.7.96-99)