**Macbeth Quotes Review**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor Glamis, all, As the weird women promised, an I fear thou play’dst most fouly for’t.

Come, seeling night, scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale!

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

I am in blood stepp’ed in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o’er.

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

Something wicked this way comes.

None of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstling of my hand.

All my pretty ones? Did you say all” O hell-kite! All?

But I must also feel it as a man.

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?

I have liv’d long enough: my way of life is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Canst though not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff which weights upon the heart?

Macduff was from his mother’s womb untimely ripped.

Yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield.

What’s done is done.

I bear a charmed life.

Out, damned spot! Out, I say.

Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

To bed, to bed. There’s knocking at the gate.

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all. Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear.

Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard of no more.

Tyrant, show thy face!

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.

We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, painted upon a pole and underwrit “Here may you see the tyrant.”

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair, thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

He loves us not; he wants the natural touch; for the poor wren will fight, her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

Every one that does so is a traitor and must be hanged.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest. You have loved him well.

I am not treacherous.

Your wives, your daughters, your matrons and your maids could not fill up the cistern of my lust and my desire…

Your eye in Scotland would create soldiers, make our women fight to doff their dire distresses.

Dispute it like a man.

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot, and so I do commend you to their backs.

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.

You do not give good cheer. The feast is sold that is not often vouched, while ‘tis a –making, ‘tis given with welcome.

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake thy gory locks at me.

This is the very painting of your fear.

This is more strange than such a murder is.

Conduct me to my host. We love him highly. And shall continue our graces towards him.

My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls the first that ever Scotland, in such an honor named.

Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!