

MACBETH 1

Act I, Scene III

Macbeth

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo

How far is't call to Forres? *[Enter Witches]* What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

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.

MACBETH 2

Act I, Scene V

Lady Macbeth

'They met me in the day of success, and I
Have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in
Them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire
To question them further, they made themselves air, into
Which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
Of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me
'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these Weird
Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
Time with 'Hail, king that shalt be.' This have I thought
Good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
That thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
Ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to
Thy heart, and farewell.'

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. 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,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries' Thus thou must do' if thou have it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise, with the valor of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

MACBETH 3

Act I, Scene VII

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 poisoned 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 the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murdered 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 cherubim 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'erlaps itself
And falls on the other...

MACBETH 4

Act II, Scene II

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 drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend 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
Confounds 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.

[Enter Macbeth]

My husband.

Macbeth

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Source

Paradigm Education, LLC. (n.d.). *My Macbeth*. <https://myshakespeare.com/macbeth/>