Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(Witches, Act One Scene One)

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all as the weird women promised; and I fear thou plays’t most foully for it.

(Banquo, Act Three Scene One)

Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles.

(Doctor, Act 5 Scene One)

Come we’ll to sleep. My strange and self abuse is the initiate fear that wants hard use; we are but young in deed.

(Macbeth, Act 3 Scene 4)

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

(Macbeth, Act 3 Scene 3)

Despair thy charm; and let the angel whom thou hast served tell thee, Macduff was from his mother’s womb untimely ripped.

(Macduff, Act 5 Scene 8)

I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting ambition.

(Macbeth, Act 1 Scene 7)

What’s done is done.

(Lady Macbeth, Act 3 Scene 1)

I shall do so, but first I must also feel it as a man.

(Macduff, Act 4 Scene 3)

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

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.

(Macbeth, Act 5 Scene 6)

Yet do I fear thy nature; it is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.

(Lady Macbeth, Act One Scene Five)

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.

(Macbeth, Act One Scene 7)

Had I but died an hour before this chance

I had liv’d a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There’s nothing serious in mortality,

(Macbeth, Act Two Scene Three)

The thane of Fife has a wife: where is she now? What! Will these hands ne’er be clean? No more o’ that my lord, no more o’ that: you mar all with this starting.

(Lady Macbeth, Act Five Scene One)