

1. "Fair is foul and foul is fair." --Act 1, Scene 1, Line 10: The witches in conversation

2. "And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths." --Act 1, Scene 3, Lines 122-3: Banquo to Macbeth about the witches

3. "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." --Act 1, Scene 4, Lines 10-11: King Duncan to Malcolm

4. "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." -- Act 1, Scene 5, Lines 50-3: Macbeth to himself

5. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly. If th'assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and end-all-here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come." --Act 1, Scene 7, Lines 1-7: Macbeth to himself

6. "False face must hide what the false heart doth know." --Act 1, Scene 8, Line 82: Macbeth to his wife

7. "Is this a dagger I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight, or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?" --Act 2, Scene 1, Lines 33-39: Macbeth to himself

8. "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep!" --Act 2, Scene 2, Lines 34-5: imaginary voice to Macbeth

9. "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? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" --Act 5, Scene 1, Lines 34-39: Lady Macbeth to herself while sleepwalking

10. "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." --Act 5, Scene 5, Lines 19-28: Macbeth to himself