

## Quotations Macbeth's attitude to death

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

quit my sight! Let  
the earth hide thee/  
Thy bones are  
marrowless, thy  
blood is cold

I bear a  
charmed life,  
which must not  
yield/ To one of  
woman born

Is this a dagger  
I see before  
me? / The  
handle toward  
my hand?

Methought I  
heard a voice cry  
'sleep no more!' /  
Macbeth does  
murder

His wife, his  
babes, and all  
unfortunate  
souls/ That trace  
him in his line

Will all great  
Neptune's ocean  
wash this blood/  
Clean from my  
hand?

It will have  
blood, they  
say, blood  
will have  
blood

Out, out, brief  
candle!/ Life's but a  
walking shadow