

#### TEXT S (= Source)

'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' the 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'ldst 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 valour of **my tongue** all that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crown'd withal.

#### TEXT A

'They met me in **a** day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest **report, that 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. **While** I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me **'Lord** 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 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 **you are**, and Cawdor; and **shall** be what thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; it is too full o' the 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'ldst **have, it**; and that which rather thou dost fear to do than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither, that I may pour my **spirit** in thine ear; and chastise with the valour of **my fierce** tongue all that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crown'd withal.