

From *Macbeth*, Act 5, scene 1

Doctor

Foul **whisperings** are abroad: **unnatural** deeds

Do breed unnatural **//** troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will **discharge** their **secrets**:

More needs she the **divine** than the **physician**.

God, **//** **God** **forgive** us all! **//** Look after her;

Remove from her the **means** of all **annoyance**,

And **still keep eyes upon her**. So, good night:

My **mind** she has **//** **mated**, and **amazed** my **sight**.

I **think**, but dare not **speak**.

bold = punch / highlight = paint / // = pause

