

King. True worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue learn'd by
the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then mortall
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they
made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from the King, who all-
hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward
Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with
haile King that shalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee
(my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the

Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,

That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold.
Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.
Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange

Rosse. God saue the King

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?
Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs

King. Great happinesse

Rosse. That now Sweno, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,

sdfa

