

**SIDE C**

*Warm and politic, you greet the victorious Macbeth.*

**ROSS**

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense  
And poured them down before him.