
ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Enter Bastard, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

BASTARD.

KNOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course? he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Bast. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No, by mine honour.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Fear not; she and the duke her husband —

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. —
Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as *France* invades our land,
Not holds to th' king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Reg.