

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancients of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. It is most convenient; pray, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go. [*aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Manet Albany. Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay, till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bastard.

Bast. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E