

*Mef.* Both, both, my lord. —  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer:  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* One way I like this well;  
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life. Another way  
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

*Mef.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

*Mef.* No, my good lord; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mef.* Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,  
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* *Glo'ster*, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;  
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Dover.

*Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* **T**HE king of *France* so suddenly gone back!  
Know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which  
Imports the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The mareschal of *France*, monsieur le *Far*.

*Kent.*