

Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam:

The *British* pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before: our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about:
Therefore great *France* my important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Regan's Palace.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. BUT are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, *Gloster's* eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch

His