

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To *Dover*, sir.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril —

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? let him answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night indur'd, would have bouy'd up

And quench'd the stellar fires:

Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, good porter, turn the key;

All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. — Fellows, hold the chair.  
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*[Gloster is held down while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.]*

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help. — O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:  
I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

*[fight, in the scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]*

Reg.