

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus! [*kills him.*

Serv. O, I am slain — my lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! — [*dies.*

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it: out, vile gelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [*treads out the other eye.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless — where's my son *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go, thrust him out
At th' gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*

How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: follow me, lady. —
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — *Regan*, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be *worst*,
(The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune)

Stands