

Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
 Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!
 Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
 That braves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
 With something rich about me: from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
 Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Gonerill, and Bastard.

Gon. WELCOME, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
 Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
 I told him of the army that was landed;
 He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming;
 His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

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Gon.