

SCENE VI.

*The country near Dover.**Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar as a peasant.*

Glo. **W**HEN shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No truly, not.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir, here's the place — stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

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Glo.