

REGAN, CORNWALL, GLOUCESTER ACT III SCENE VII

CORNWALL Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER

What means your Graces? Good my friends, 35
consider

You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL

Bind him, I say.

REGAN Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER

Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. 40

CORNWALL

To this chair bind him. *Servants bind Gloucester.*

Villain, thou shalt find—

Regan plucks Gloucester's beard.

GLOUCESTER

By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN

So white, and such a traitor? 45

~~GLOUCESTER Naughtly lady,~~

~~These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin~~

~~Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host;~~

~~With robber's hands my hospitable favors~~

~~You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?~~ 50

CORNWALL

Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN

Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL

And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN To whose hands 55

You have sent the lunatic king. Speak.

GLOUCESTER

I have a letter guessingly set down

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL Cunning. 60

REGAN And false.

CORNWALL Where hast thou sent the King?

GLOUCESTER To Dover.

REGAN

Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at 65
peril—

CORNWALL

Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLOUCESTER

I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN Wherefore to Dover?

GLOUCESTER

Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister 70

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

~~The sea, with such a storm as his bare head~~

~~In hell black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain. ————— 75~~

~~If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said "Good porter, turn the
key."~~

~~All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children. 80~~

CORNWALL

See 't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLOUCESTER

He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help!